

The Heart System #Chapter 331 - Read The Heart System Chapter 331

Chapter 331: Chapter 331

We adjusted our grip again. As I leaned in, the wardrobe shifted just enough that my eyes caught something I absolutely should not have noticed. A flash of neon green fabric at the edge of her hip as she bent forward. Panties. Bright. Bold. Completely unfair.

I looked away immediately.

"Let's angle it more," I said.

Her cheeks flushed, but she did not comment. If she noticed me... uh, 'noticing,' she let it slide.

We pushed again. Hands brushed. Forearms bumped. Each accidental touch felt intentional even though it was not. The air between us felt tight.

"Are you alright?" she asked quietly.

"Yeah," I said. "This thing just hates me."

She smiled. "It hates everyone."

Finally, the wardrobe slid into place. We both stepped back, breathing a little harder than the effort alone justified.

"There," she said. "That's perfect."

I wiped my hands on my jeans. "Told you I earned that beer."

"You did," she said.

She left the room and came back with two cold bottles. She handed one to me, our fingers touching again. This time neither of us pulled away immediately.

"Payment," she said.

I took a sip. "Worth it."

We leaned against opposite sides of the room, drinking quietly. The storm outside rattled softly against the window. Snow tapped the glass.

"Thanks for helping," she said. "I was nervous asking."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "It felt personal."

"It was," I said. "That's not a bad thing."

She looked at me then, really looked. Her eyes stayed on mine. The room felt smaller.

"I'm glad you're here," she said.

I nodded. "Me too."

The moment stretched. I knew I could close the distance easily. I knew she was aware of it too. But I didn't move.

Instead, I lifted my bottle slightly. "To successfully moved furniture."

She laughed, relief and something warmer flickering across her face. "To that."

I shifted and moved in front of the window, leaning back against the windowsill. The glass was cold through my shirt, the storm outside pressing softly against it. I took a sip of my beer and glanced at the bed.

"So," I said, nodding toward it, "you changed the sheets, huh?"

She huffed a quiet laugh and lifted her bottle. "After the mess you made me deal with, I kind of had to."

I smirked. "Not apologizing for that."

"Don't," she said, taking a sip. "Because we both wanted it."

That sentence landed between us and stayed there. The room felt smaller suddenly. Being in the same bedroom with someone who had said let's just be friends after getting eaten out on that same bed was its own special kind of tension.

Our eyes met.

Neither of us looked away.

There was something in her gaze that made my chest tighten. Nervousness, yeah, I could see that. But behind it was want. Clear, honest want. She was not hiding it very well. Mendy was beautiful like this, open without meaning to be, sitting in her own space with her guard half-lowered. I wanted her back in that bed. Badly. But I stayed where I was. I was not rushing this. I was not crossing a line unless she opened the door herself.

She broke the distance first, walking toward me, then stopping and sitting down at the edge of the bed instead. Close. Close enough that there was only an arm's length between us. She rested the beer between her thighs, palms pressed behind her on the mattress, looking up at me with a small, careful smile.

"Kayla," she said, then hesitated, "told me you two had sex."

"Oh," I said. "Shit."

There it was.

God damn it. Of course Kayla would spill everything while drunk. I opened my mouth, closed it, then exhaled through my nose. The bottle in my hand was cold, condensation slick against my fingers, doing absolutely nothing to help my brain work faster.

"Yes," I said finally. "She was okay with it. She knows I'm in an open relationship with Nala."

Mendy's eyebrows pulled together. "I asked... how you were in bed."

I raised a brow. "Yeah?"

"She said you were ten out of ten."

I let out a short laugh. "Well. I am... kind of good in bed."

She patted the mattress beside her. "I already know that."

I shifted my weight but stayed where I was. "Right."

She studied me for a moment. "How," she asked, quieter now, "was Kayla okay with that?"

I ran a hand through my hair. "Because there was nothing hidden. She knew what she was walking into. We talked. We were both clear. No promises, no expectations, no pretending it was something more than it was."

"And Nala?" she asked. "She was fine with it too?"

"Yes," I said immediately. "She knew before it happened. She always knows."

Mendy tilted her head. "So you're honest with everyone."

"I try to be," I said. "It's the only way this doesn't turn into a mess."

She looked down at the bottle between her thighs, turning it slowly. "Then why," she said, "won't you let Nala sleep with another man?"

I exhaled slowly. That one stung because it was fair.

"You're right to ask that," I said. "And no, I don't think it's perfectly balanced. I won't pretend it is."

She looked back up at me, waiting.

"Nala loves me," I said. "And she loves the relationship we have. We talked about it a lot. She told me she doesn't want anyone else. That she doesn't need it."

"And you believe that," Mendy said.

"I do," I said. "But I also know part of it is me. I can't imagine her in someone else's arms. I just can't. Maybe that makes me selfish. I won't deny that."

Mendy nodded slowly. "You don't think she'd get hurt."

"I think she would tell me if she was," I said. "And I would listen."

She was quiet for a moment. "And Kayla."

"What about her?"

"You don't feel anything for her."

"No," I said. "I care about her. I love her, but not in... that way you think. It was physical. Mutual. Clean."

"And me," she said softly.

That one landed heavier.

I stepped away from the window and finally closed the distance, stopping in front of her but not touching. "With you," I said, "it's different. That's why I'm careful."

Her fingers tightened slightly on the mattress. "Different how."

"I don't want to rush you into something you're not sure about. What we did happened because you wanted it. Not because I pushed."

She swallowed. "And now."

"And now," I said, "I'm letting you decide what comes next."

She exhaled slowly, shoulders dropping as if she had been holding her breath this whole time. "You're complicated, Evan."

I smiled faintly. "I've been told."

She nodded, then took another sip of her beer. "I don't think there's something wrong with what you do. I just needed to understand it."

"That's fair."

She leaned back on her hands again, looking up at me. "You're not using people."

"No."

"And you're not hiding."

"No."

"Then," she said, after a pause, "I guess I just need time to figure out where I stand."

I nodded. "Take all the time you want."

Her lips curved into a small smile. "You're not making this easy."

"I'm not trying to."

She laughed softly, then nodded once more and let out a long breath. "Okay."

"Hmm."

"May I..." Mendy said, letting out a slow breath. "W-watch?"

I blinked. "Watch?"

"Yeah." She nodded, fingers tightening around the bottle. "You... in action. With the others."

Oh.

Oh, shit.

For a second I just stared at her, like my brain needed a reboot. I hadn't misheard. She wasn't joking. Her eyes weren't playful or teasing either. They were steady. Curious. Determined in that quiet way that made it even more dangerous.

I straightened a little. "You're serious."

She swallowed and nodded again. "I am."

I let out a breath through my nose and rubbed my jaw. "Okay. I'm not going to pretend that didn't catch me off guard." I looked at her. "Are you really sure?"

"Yes," she said, quicker this time. "I don't think I'll understand it unless I see it."

That honesty hit harder than anything else. No games. No manipulation. Just her trying to make sense of something instead of running from it.

"Alright," I said slowly. "Then we do this the right way."

She tilted her head. "What's the right way?"

"Tonight," I said. "I'll come pick you up. We'll go to my place. You won't be expected to do anything. You'll just... watch."

Her shoulders relaxed a little. "Okay."

"And," I added, making sure she was looking at me, "if at any point you feel uncomfortable, overwhelmed, scared—anything—you say the word. You can leave. No questions."

She hesitated. "If I... get scared, would you—"

"Like I said, I won't touch you," I said immediately. My voice came out firmer than I meant it to. "You'll be free to go. Always." I paused, then added more quietly, "Please don't confuse me with Richard. That actually hurts."

Her expression softened. "I wasn't trying to. I just... needed to hear it."

"I know," I said. "And you heard it."

She nodded, breathing out slowly. "I'm still not sure how I feel about all of this. I'm not saying I want it. I'm just... trying to understand you."

"That's enough," I said. "Understanding comes before deciding."

She looked down at her bottle, then back up. "So... tonight?"

"Tonight," I confirmed. "I'll pick you up at eleven."

"Eleven," she repeated, like she was committing it to memory.

She hesitated again. "W-who will be there?"

I thought about it for a second, then answered honestly. "Jasmine. Delilah. Nala. Tessa. Minne. Kim. Kayla." I met her eyes. "And you."

Her eyes widened. "Holy crap."

I laughed softly. "Yeah."

"I don't even know half of them."

"You will," I said. "They're not monsters. You'll probably like them more than you expect."

She shook her head with a nervous smile. "You live a strange life, Evan."

"I won't argue with that."

"Right?"

I finished my beer in one go and wiped my lips with the back of my hand. "Trust me, though. You're safe."

She looked at me for a long moment, then nodded. "Okay. Eleven."

"Eleven," I said back.

"Or..." Mendy checked her phone. "You can just wait here. It's nearly eleven."

"Oh... um. Sure. Yeah, okay."

"Cool... yup. Cool."

Yeah.

Now that...

That was a date.

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Yeah. I was supposed to visit Esme and Cora... but that plan was officially dead.

Mendy's idea had bulldozed straight through every intention I had for the evening. Watching me... no—watching us. The thought alone made my stomach twist. It was

either going to be painfully awkward or dangerously unforgettable. And the timing? Of course today had to be the night we'd agreed anal.

Yeah. No. This was going to be awkward as hell.

I leaned back into the couch and stared at the ceiling for a moment, letting out a slow breath. Waiting at Mendy's place, knowing exactly what we were walking into—it felt surreal. Awkward didn't even begin to cover it. Strange. Uncharted. My chest felt tight, like I'd stepped onto thin ice on purpose.

Mendy shifted beside me, the couch creaking softly. She tucked one leg under herself, then untucked it again. "Um..." she said quietly. "It's ten thirty. Should we...?"

"Oh—yeah." I got up a little too fast. "Yeah. I'll—uh—I'll call Kayla. We'll pick her up too."

She nodded, then hesitated. Her fingers twisted together in her lap. "Mm... wow. Is it bad that I... kind of regret what I said?"

I turned to her immediately, hands lifting without thinking. "No. No, not bad. Not at all." I shook my head. "If you don't want to go, we don't go. You can stay. I'm not forcing you into anything."

And I meant it. Completely.

She looked... fidgety. Like her thoughts were bouncing around faster than she could keep up with them. Doubt sat heavy on her face, and I couldn't blame her. Anyone sane would be second-guessing this.

Still, selfishly, I wanted her to come. Not for the night itself. For after. For what it might change between us. Mendy wasn't just another person in my life. She mattered. More than she probably realized. Hell, she was the reason I was tangled up in Dierella's mess instead of Karamine's in the first place.

She stood and walked toward the window, hugging her arms around herself. Snow brushed past the glass outside, the streetlights painting everything orange and white. She stared out, then glanced back at me. Then back to the window again. Back to me.

She did that a few times before letting out a sharp breath.

"Screw it," she said suddenly, grabbing her coat from the chair. "I'm game. Let's go before I change my mind, Evan. Please."

My heart jumped. "S-sure."

I grabbed my coat too, my movements clumsier than usual. We stepped outside together, the cold biting immediately. She turned back, fishing her keys from her pocket with shaky fingers and locking the door. Once. Twice.

I couldn't tell if she was trembling from the cold or the nerves.

She finally turned toward me, lips pressed together in a small, tight smile. We didn't say anything—just walked to the car and got in.

"Oh, shit," I muttered as I started it up. "I'm freezing." I cranked the heat. "There we go."

"Y-yeah," she said, rubbing her hands together. "Oh... god."

I eased the engine to life, released the handbrake, and waited a moment for the car to warm. When I glanced at her, she was staring straight ahead, deliberately avoiding my eyes. Embarrassed. Nervous. Cute. Dangerously cute.

I smiled without meaning to, then shook my head and focused back on the road as I pulled out. Snow whipped past the windshield, the wind louder now, but visibility was still decent. The storm was real—just not violent. Yet.

"I... I never asked before," she said after a moment, turning slightly toward me. "Where do your parents live?"

"England," I said. "They moved there a couple years back."

"Oh. Why?"

"My mom's from there. Dad's Australian," I said. "When my grandma got sick, they moved to take care of her. And when she passed... they decided to stay."

"Oh." Her voice softened. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," I said. "We weren't that close."

She tilted her head. "You didn't like her?"

"No, no. It's not that." I shrugged. "I just didn't have enough interaction to decide whether I loved her, hated her, or tolerated her."

She laughed quietly. "That's... oddly honest."

"Yeah."

She relaxed a little after that. "What about your parents? You mentioned them once—at dinner with Penelope and Kayla."

"They're decent people," I said. "Not perfect. But good to me." I glanced at her. "What about you?"

"I love my mom," she said without hesitation. "She's always been there. No matter what."

"You're lucky."

Well... this really wasn't the kind of subject you talked about while driving toward your penthouse for group sex, but I guessed it was better than sitting in awkward silence. At least she was talking. And weirdly enough, I was glad she brought up my parents.

I really did need to call them sometime. Let them know how I was doing. Ask if they needed any help with money. Last I heard, they were fine, but still—asking wouldn't hurt.

Thanks to TechForge, I could afford things I never could back when I worked at the gas station. That still messed with my head sometimes. How fast things changed. How different my life was now. And yeah... it was all thanks to Nala. If it wasn't for her, I'd probably be running some sketchy massage parlor by now, fueled by the Sensual Oil thing I bought from the Shop.

"So," Mendy said after a moment, breaking the hum of the engine. "Okay. I want to get some background on the women."

I glanced at her briefly, then back to the road. "Alright."

"Jasmine," she said. "Right? How did you two meet?"

"She was my next-door neighbor," I said. "She didn't like her job, so I... helped her."

"What was her job?"

"She can... tell you. It's kind of personal."

She nodded slowly. "Okay... Tessa?"

"Jasmine's friend," I said. "She's a... strange woman. Says the first thing that comes to her mind. Doesn't care what you think."

She smiled faintly. "Just like Penelope."

"Yeah," I chuckled. "They'd probably get along way too well."

"Okay... um... Me... Mi—"

"Minne," I said. "She's our maid."

She hesitated. "Oh... you... you don't force her, right?"

I exhaled through my nose. "You did it again."

"I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I just—"

"I'm not Richard, Mendy," I said, keeping my voice calm but firm. "Please stop asking me questions like that."

"I'm sorry. I'm really sorry," she said, shrinking a bit. "I just... even your maid? That's a lot to process."

"Yeah," I said. "I get that."

She nodded. "Okay... um... Kim?"

"She was my downstairs neighbor," I said. "She had a boyfriend, Tom. I'm not gonna go into details—it's her personal life. Just know that Tom was a cunt. A certified one."

"Huh," she smiled. "Noted. Delvin?"

"Delvin?" I frowned. "Oh—Delilah."

"Right, right. Sorry. Delilah."

I stopped at a red light. "I survived my college years thanks to her. She was like a mother to me."

"Really?"

I wasn't going to tell her about Ivy. About fucking my friend's mother. I wasn't lying—just... leaving out a small detail.

She took a breath. "Okay. Jasmine. Tessa. Delilah. Kim. Minne. I already know about Nala... and Kayla."

"Yup."

"B-before you all start, though," she said carefully, twisting her fingers together. "May I talk to them first? Would that be okay?"

"Absolutely," I said as the light turned green and I pressed the pedal. "Of course. I won't even ask why."

"Thanks."

We were getting close to Kayla's place now. I probably should've called her, warned her that Mendy was coming. But honestly? A part of me wanted to see her raw reaction. Seeing Mendy in the car. Realizing she was going to watch us while we had sex.

Yeah. The system was probably right about me being a Villain.

I turned right and slowed down, the snow crunching softly under the tires. Mendy went quiet, the engine and the wind filling the space between us.

"Uh," I said after a bit. "How did you and Richard meet?"

"Through a friend," she said. "I wish we hadn't, but... we did."

"Hmm."

"You?" she asked. "Richard was your friend, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "We worked at the same gas station." I let out a small chuckle. "Guess he was good at hiding that side of him."

"Yes," she said quietly. "Yes, he was."

I stopped at another red light and exhaled. Just as I was about to check the time, my dashboard lit up—my phone buzzing.

Eleanor.

I normally wouldn't answer, but knowing about her panic attacks... I couldn't ignore it.

I pulled the phone from my pocket and answered, angling it away so Mendy wouldn't hear.

"Hey," I said. "What's up?"

"It's... nothing," Eleanor said quickly. "I'll keep this short, Evan."

"O-okay. Is something wrong? Are you okay?"

"I just wanted to thank you," she said. "For giving me a place to stay. For helping me find a job. It's really kind of you. But... I feel like a charity case right now. I need to pay you back somehow."

I smiled softly. "Just keep your room clean and we're good. Okay?"

"Evan—"

"I'm hanging up," I said gently. "Don't get stuck on small details, Eleanor. Alright? Bye."

"I... uh. Yeah. Bye."

I ended the call and slid my phone back into my pocket. Mendy looked at me but didn't ask who it was.

Good. Because explaining Eleanor right now would've been a whole different headache. I didn't need that. Especially not now.

I turned another corner and pressed the pedal a bit more. Two minutes. Maybe less. Then we'd be at Kayla's place. My chest tightened. Damn.

Yeah... this was... this was exciting.

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I turned left and eased the car into the parking spot, snow crunching softly under the tires. The engine hummed as I put it in park. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone, already knowing who I was about to call.

Kayla answered almost immediately.

"Hey—" I started.

"Yup, I see you," she cut in. "Through the window. I'm coming down."

I snorted softly. "Alright."

I hung up and set the phone on the console. Beside me, Mendy shifted in her seat. She bounced her knee once, then stopped it with her hand, rubbing her palms together like she was trying to warm them up even though the heater was blasting.

She dragged both hands down her face, exhaling. "Okay. Okay. I'm fine."

I glanced at her. She definitely wasn't fine.

She turned toward me, eyes wide, nervous energy practically vibrating off her. "Y-you told her I was coming, right?"

I didn't answer right away. I just looked at her for a second.

Then I smirked.

Her eyes narrowed instantly. "Oh. No. You didn't."

Before I could reply, the apartment building door opened.

Kayla stepped out into the cold, bundled in a long, dark coat that reached almost to her calves, scarf wrapped around her neck, hands shoved deep into her pockets. She took a few steps forward—then stopped dead.

She'd seen Mendy.

Kayla froze right there on the sidewalk, staring at the car like it had personally betrayed her. For a second, she didn't move at all. Then she visibly gathered herself, straightened her posture, and walked the rest of the way over.

She opened the back door, slid inside, and shut it.

The silence was brutal.

"H-hey, Mendy," Kayla said finally, her voice tight. "What are you... uh... what are you doing here?"

I pulled the car out of the spot and started driving.

"Mendy," I said casually, "agreed to watch us."

The words hung in the air.

"That's a lie," Kayla said immediately. "Right? Right?" She leaned forward slightly. "Mendy wouldn't—"

She caught Mendy's reflection in the rearview mirror. Mendy didn't say anything. She just nodded. Small. Nervous. Real. Kayla leaned back hard against the seat, eyes wide, staring at the ceiling like she was trying to reboot her brain.

I couldn't help it. I smiled.

"Sorry," I added. "I probably should've told you."

"No shit, Evan," Kayla snapped. "Yes. You should have."

"Yup," I said. "My bad."

Kayla dragged a hand down her face. "But... why?" She looked at Mendy again, confused, almost gentle now. "Why, Mendy? I thought you were... um..."

Mendy shifted in her seat, fingers lacing together in her lap. "I'm just... curious," she said quietly. "That's all."

"Curious," Kayla muttered, shaking her head. "God..."

I glanced at the road ahead, then back at the mirror. "You ready, Kayla?" I asked. "Tonight's the anal night."

"A-anal night..." Mendy repeated faintly, almost under her breath.

Kayla smacked my shoulder. Hard. "Shut up, you idiot! You're making me embarrassed! Shut up, shut up, shut up!"

I made a dramatic sound and rubbed my shoulder. "Ow. Violence."

Mendy stared at us for half a second—then laughed. A real laugh. Kayla cracked too, shaking her head, and I joined in right after.

The tension eased, just a little.

The city lights started to rise ahead of us as we got closer to the penthouse, snow swirling lazily around the streetlights. I tightened my grip on the wheel, heart thudding—not with nerves.

With anticipation.

I kept driving, the tires humming softly against the road. From the back seat, Kayla and Mendy started talking in low voices, the kind of half-whispered conversation people use when they're embarrassed but can't stop themselves.

"Um..." Mendy said. "C-can you... like, maybe, re—reassure me?"

"So... like," Kayla said, tugging at the sleeve of her coat, "it's not... weird. We'll just... you know. Normal. As normal as this gets."

Mendy laughed nervously. "You're not helping."

"I'm trying," Kayla insisted. "I swear I am."

"I just—" Mendy paused, then cleared her throat. "I don't know where I'm supposed to look."

Kayla groaned. "Oh my god."

I smiled to myself and kept my eyes on the road.

I turned left and stopped at a red light. The dashboard clock glowed softly. Eleven on the dot. Delilah would already be there by now. So would the others. The night was lined up, waiting.

From where I sat, I could see the hotel clearly across the intersection, all glass and lights, towering and impossible to miss. Even after all this time, it still felt unreal that I lived there.

I glanced up at the rearview mirror. "You can take your jacket off if you want, Kayla. Car's warm."

She shook her head immediately, eyes glued to the window. "I... I'd rather not."

"Alright," I said, letting it go.

The light turned green. I drove on, slowed a few seconds later, and pulled up in front of the hotel entrance. The building loomed over us, bright and massive, like it knew exactly what kind of trouble lived inside it.

I got out first. Kayla and Mendy followed a second later, both of them adjusting their coats, sticking close to each other without realizing it. The valet stepped up, professional smile already in place. We shook hands. I passed him a hundred and he nodded like it was nothing.

Then we headed toward the stairs.

Kayla and Mendy walked a little behind me, just far enough that I could feel it. Their footsteps were quieter, hesitant. I could almost hear their thoughts.

Mendy kept looking around, her head tilting back as she took in the building. "This place is... huge," she murmured, awe slipping into her voice before she could stop it.

The automatic doors slid open and we stepped into the lobby. Warm air, polished floors, soft lighting. Everything smelled clean and expensive. We crossed it in silence and reached the elevator.

I pressed the button. A few seconds later, the doors opened and we stepped inside.

I stood in the middle. Kayla on one side. Mendy on the other.

The doors slid shut.

My heart started pounding, fast and heavy, not from fear but from everything piling up at once. Anticipation. Curiosity. The weight of what was about to happen.

Neither of them spoke. Kayla stared straight ahead. Mendy clasped her hands together, then unclasped them, then clasped them again.

The elevator chimed and the doors opened.

Penthouse floor.

We stepped out and walked down the hall. I reached into my pocket, pulled out the keycard, and swiped it. The lock buzzed softly and the door slid open.

We stepped inside.

Alright.

It was about to start.

Tessa stepped out of the bedroom first, completely naked except for a pair of black knee-high socks that hugged her calves. Her red hair was loose and wild, and as she turned slightly, the jeweled base of a buttplug glinted between her cheeks.

She froze the second she saw me—and Mendy standing beside me.

Tessa's eyes widened, then she shook her head with a laugh. "Evan, you idiot. If you'd told me Mendy was coming too, I wouldn't have greeted her with a buttplug in my ass."

Mendy's face went crimson. "I... it's... I'm just... w-watching."

Tessa arched a brow, smirking. "You're... going to watch? Watch what?"

"Us," I said simply, stepping closer.

Tessa's smirk turned wicked. "Well, I won't say no to an audience." She closed the distance, pressed her naked body against me, and kissed me hard—tongue sliding in, claiming.

I groaned into her mouth, hands dropping to her ass, fingers finding the plug and twisting it slow.

Tessa moaned loud, breaking the kiss to rest her forehead on my chest, legs trembling. "Fuck—Evan—yes—"

Mendy gulped audibly, fidgeting with her hands, eyes darting between us and the floor.

Then the bedroom door opened wider. The rest of the girls spilled out—Jasmine, Kim, Delilah, Nala, Minne—all naked, skin glowing in the low light. Minne wore a sexy maid

outfit—black lace, apron barely covering anything, skirt so short it showed everything when she moved.

Mendy's eyes went huge. She turned away fast, face burning. "O-oh god—everyone's—"

Jasmine laughed softly, walking closer. "Relax, Mendy. We're all friends here. Evan let me know you'd come."

Mendy peeked back, still flustered. "But... why are you doing this with Evan? All of you? Isn't it... unfair? He gets to be with other women, but you can't...?"

The girls shared looks, then Jasmine stepped forward first, voice gentle. "I was just a hooker before Evan. Living night to night, no real future. He pulled me out of that life... gave me something real. I don't want anyone else."

Tessa shrugged against my chest, still hugging me. "He's a good guy. I tolerate him." She smirked. "Kidding. I hate him, heh."

Mendy looked around at them, eyes wide.

Tessa clapped her hands suddenly. "Enough talk. More fucking."

The girls laughed, tension breaking.

I grinned, pulling Tessa closer. The night was just starting.

Tessa jumped on me suddenly, legs wrapping tight around my waist, arms around my neck. Her naked body pressed hot against me, tits crushing to my chest.

We kissed hard—messy, hungry, tongues battling as I held her up, hands gripping her ass.

I started walking toward the master bedroom, carrying her, our mouths never breaking. The girls followed behind us, soft footsteps and giggles trailing.

Mendy stayed back near the door, frozen.

I glanced over Tessa's shoulder, catching Mendy's wide eyes.

Jasmine noticed too. She smiled, slipped out of the group, went behind Mendy, and gently but firmly pushed her forward into the bedroom.

Once we were all inside, Jasmine closed the door with a soft click.

I set Tessa down on the edge of the bed. She grinned up at me as I stripped fast—shirt off, pants down, cock springing free, throbbing hard and ready.

Mendy stood just inside the closed door, eyes locked on it, not moving an inch.

I glanced at her, smirking faintly, then Tessa lunged, yanking me down on top of her.

"Focus here, stud," she purred, pulling me into another deep kiss.

I smiled against her lips, kissing back, hands roaming her body.

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Tessa flipped onto all fours, hands planted on the mattress, ass perched right at the edge of the bed, cheeks spread slightly.

I crouched behind her, tongue diving straight into her pussy—licking deep, tasting her wetness, swirling around her clit before thrusting inside.

She moaned loud, pushing back. I fingered her next—two sliding in easy, curling against her front wall, pumping fast while my tongue flicked her clit.

Then I focused on the buttplug—a black one with a jeweled pink base, nestled tight between her cheeks, stretching her hole just enough to make it gape slightly around it.

I grabbed the base, twisted slow, pulling gently then pushing back in.

Tessa gasped. "Fuck—that feels good—"

I played with it more—short pulls, twists, watching her hole clench and release.

Then I pulled it out fully with a wet plop, her ass gaping open for a second before winking closed.

"Fuck, that felt good," Tessa moaned. "I never thought I'd enjoy anal this much."

"We haven't even started," I said, leaning in to lick her asshole—tongue circling the rim, pressing inside, tasting her clean and musky.

I spread her cheeks wide with both hands, admiring the view—pink, tight, twitching under my gaze.

"Perfect little hole," I murmured, slapping both cheeks hard, watching them jiggle. Then back to licking, tongue thrusting deep.

Tessa smirked over her shoulder. "Let the maid taste my asshole."

I turned. Minne walked toward me shyly, eyes hungry. We kissed—sloppy, messy, tongues sliding, her moaning into my mouth as she tasted Tessa on me.

She panted when we broke, hand slipping between her legs instinctively.

"Wait for your turn, maid," Tessa teased with a grin. "Now come on, magic fingers. Fuck my tight little asshole."

Jasmine and Delilah moved to Mendy's sides, whispering softly to her—checking if she was okay. I couldn't catch the words over Tessa's moans.

I stood, aimed my cock at Tessa's waiting hole, tip pressing against the slick entrance.

"Come here, Minne," I said. "Spit on my cock. Make it easy for Tessa."

Minne approached shyly, leaning in close. She opened her mouth, letting a thick string of saliva drip down onto my shaft.

Minne then rubbed it in, making me slick and shiny.

"Good girl," I rasped.

"Y-yes, Master."

"Now stick my cock in her asshole."

Minne's small hands trembled as she guided my cock to Tessa's asshole. The tip pressed against the slick, stretched ring, and she pushed gently. The head popped in with a soft resistance, Tessa gasping loud, body tensing.

I grabbed Tessa's hips tight and thrust forward, sinking halfway in one smooth push.

"Fuck yeah," I groaned, voice rough. "Heaven... oh shit, so tight. Your ass is gripping me like a vice, Tessa. Perfect little hole."

Tessa moaned, pushing back. "Yes—fuck—fill my ass—love your cock stretching me—"

I pushed deeper until I was buried to the base, balls pressed against her pussy. "Feel that? All in your ass... taking every inch like a good girl."

I started moving—slow pulls back, then deep thrusts in, building rhythm. I grabbed Minne by the waist, pulled her close, and kissed her hard, tongue sliding deep as I fucked Tessa.

Minne moaned into my mouth, tasting Tessa on me again.

I broke the kiss, thrusting harder into Tessa. "Your ass is made for this cock... so hot, so tight... love ruining it."

Tessa whimpered, body rocking. "Fuck—yes—ruin my ass—love it—"

I glanced over. Jasmine and Delilah were still with Mendy near the door, talking softly to her, reassuring.

I kissed Minne again, quick and hungry, then stopped moving and pulled out of Tessa slowly, her hole gaping, twitching.

"Minne," I said. "Gape her asshole."

"Y-yes, Master."

Minne knelt, small hands spreading Tessa's cheeks wide, fingers pulling the ring open. Tessa's asshole gaped pink and slick, clenching greedily on nothing.

"Greedy," I smiled, lining up again and sliding back in smooth.

"Oh... fuck..." Tessa moaned as I filled her once more.

I stayed buried a moment, savoring the heat, then started moving—slow at first, building to harder thrusts, hips snapping.

I leaned forward, kissed her back, trailing lips down to her ass cheeks, biting lightly. One hand slid under to play with her pussy—fingers rubbing her clit fast, then plunging inside, curling.

"Fuck, Tessa... your pussy's dripping while I fuck your ass," I growled. "Love how wet you get... love owning both holes."

She moaned louder, pushing back. "Yes—play with my cunt—fuck my ass—love it—"

I grabbed her hair, yanked her head back hard, and kissed her deep over her shoulder, tongue claiming her mouth as I pounded her ass.

I broke the kiss, hand moving to her hip, quickening pace—hips slamming, cock driving deep.

Tessa's moans turned desperate. "Close—keep fucking my asshole—yes, like that—play with my fucking clit—oh fuck, fuck, fuck—"

I went faster, fingers flying on her clit, thrusts brutal.

She screamed, gritting her teeth, biting the blanket as she came hard—ass clenching wildly around my cock, pussy spasming on my fingers, gushing wet. Her body shook violently, moans muffled but raw.

"Good girl," I rasped, slowing to ride it out, fingers still teasing.

I pulled out slowly, cock slick and throbbing.

My eyes landed on Kayla, still in her long coat, watching from the side.

"You're next," I said, stroking my cock slow.

Kayla cleared her throat, then shrugged off the coat. Underneath—a sexy police uniform cosplay, but twisted: tight blue shirt unbuttoned low, badge glinting between her huge tits, short skirt hiked up, no panties, pussy bare and glistening. A jeweled buttplug sparkled in her ass, matching Tessa's earlier one.

Jasmine smirked. "Uh-oh. Are we busted?"

"This was the sexiest uniform I could find." Kayla shrugged, a little embarrassed.

"Oh it's... wow. Fuck." I muttered. "And that ass? Fuuck."

I walked to her, grabbed her waist firm.

We moved to the door, close to where Mendy stood watching wide-eyed.

I pressed Kayla's hands to the wall beside the door, her body arched, ass out.

Mendy took a shy step back, but her eyes stayed glued.

I stood behind Kayla, cock throbbing, ready.

Her ass was huge—the biggest of all the girls, round and thick, jiggling with every little movement. I couldn't help it—I smacked it hard, the crack echoing, watching the flesh ripple like waves.

"Fuck, Kayla," I groaned, slapping again. "This ass... biggest I've ever seen. So round, so firm... perfect for my hands."

Kayla moaned, pushing back. "Yeah? You love my big ass that much? Bigger than all your other girls?"

Nala came up beside me, eyes dark. "Yeah, I noticed last time she was here. Her ass is just... so round. Firm. Huge."

She put a hand on one cheek, squeezing hard. Kim joined on the other side, gripping the flesh.

"God, feel this," Kim said, kneading. "It's unreal. So thick... no wonder you can't keep your hands off."

Kayla shook her ass playfully, making it jiggle between their hands. "You all love my big ass, huh? Keep talking... makes me wet."

I slapped it again. "Biggest, juiciest ass... made for spanking, for fucking."

Nala dropped to her knees behind Kayla, hands spreading her cheeks wide. She gripped the buttplug base and pulled it out slow with a wet pop, Kayla gasping.

Nala dove in immediately—tongue licking broad stripes over Kayla's asshole, circling the rim, plunging inside deep, tasting her clean and musky. She moaned into it, hands squeezing the cheeks, pulling them apart for better access.

Kim crouched in front, taking my cock into her mouth, sucking deep, making it sloppy with spit.

"Now watch, Minne," Kim said, pulling off for a second, strings of saliva connecting. "This is how you make his cock slick."

She spat thick on my shaft, rubbed it in, then took me to the throat—gagging softly, making it messy and wet, spit dripping down my balls.

Minne walked closer, watching shyly, eyes wide.

I glanced at Mendy by the door—she was frozen, eyes huge, staring at everything. Jasmine had an arm over her shoulder, whispering something in her ear, but I couldn't hear.

Nala spat directly on Kayla's asshole, then smacked both cheeks hard. "So tasty... love eating this big ass."

She sat on the ground, head resting back against Kayla's thighs, facing me.

Kim pulled off my cock with a grin, strings of spit hanging.

Nala grabbed my shaft, stroked a few times, then guided me to Kayla's waiting asshole.

I pushed slow—the head popping in, Kayla moaning loud, body tensing.

"Fuck—yes—" Kayla gasped. "Your cock in my ass... so thick—stretching me—"

Halfway in, Nala leaned forward, mouth on my balls, sucking gently as I held.

I pushed deeper to the base, Kayla crying out, ass clenching tight.

Nala sucked my balls harder, tongue licking as I pulled back slow, then thrust in again to the hilt—she sucked again, moaning into me.

"Take it," I growled. "Love fucking this huge ass... so tight... gripping me perfectly."

Kayla moaned. "Yes—fuck my big ass—deeper—love your cock owning me—"

Nala licked my balls with every thrust. "Mmm... taste so good... fuck her harder."

Kim kissed my thigh. "Pound that big ass... make it jiggle for us."

I slammed harder, Kayla screaming with pleasure. "YES—FUCK MY ASS—YOUR COCK—SO GOOD—"

I pushed to the base in one smooth thrust, Kayla's ass taking me fully, tight heat gripping every inch.

Nala licked my balls again, tongue warm and wet, swirling as I held deep.

I pulled back slow, Nala releasing my balls with a soft pop, then thrust in again to the base. She licked once more, moaning into me.

Kim hugged my thigh tight, head resting on it, lips brushing my skin in slow kisses.

"Just like that, Evan," she whispered, voice husky. "Stretch that asshole... fuck her good. Make her take every inch of that big cock."

Kayla moaned loud, pushing back. "Yes—fuck—stretch me—love your cock in my ass—"

Chapter 335: Chapter 335

I glanced back quickly—Jasmine still with Mendy by the door, arm around her, whispering something. Mendy's face was flushed, eyes wide, but she hadn't moved. I turned forward, hypnotized by Kayla's huge ass—cheeks rippling with every thrust, biggest and thickest, jiggling perfectly as I slammed in.

The sight was mesmerizing—round, firm, red from my slaps, swallowing my cock over and over.

I went faster, hips snapping, hands spreading her cheeks wider to watch. "Fuck... this ass... biggest I've ever fucked. Bouncing so good... love wrecking it."

Kayla screamed, body rocking. "Yes—fuck my big ass—harder—love it—"

I pushed to the base one last time, held deep, then pulled out suddenly. I aimed downward—straight into Nala's waiting mouth—and started moving my hips, face-fucking her slow but deep.

I smacked Kayla's ass hard. "Shake that ass while I face-fuck Nala, baby."

Kayla obeyed instantly, shaking her huge ass side to side, cheeks jiggling wildly, even empty.

Mesmerizing.

Kim licked my thighs now, tongue trailing up, then down to my balls—sucking one gently, then the other, before going back to kissing and licking my thighs.

The pleasure was immense—Nala's throat tight around my cock, Kim's mouth on my balls and thighs, Kayla's ass shaking in front of me.

I pulled out of Nala's mouth, cock slick and throbbing, and slammed back into Kayla's ass.

She cried out, body jolting.

I played with her cunt now—fingers rubbing her clit fast, then sliding two inside, pumping in rhythm with my thrusts.

Kayla moaned loud, pushing back. "Fuck—yes—play with my pussy—fuck my ass—love it—"

I kept fucking her ass, hips driving deep, the tight heat gripping me with every thrust. My free hand slid between her legs, two fingers plunging into her soaked pussy, curling hard against her front wall while my thumb rubbed her clit fast.

Kayla moaned loud, body rocking forward with the force.

I leaned toward her neck, kissed the sweat-slick skin, then whispered hot against her ear. "You like getting fucked in front of Mendy, don't you? You like it—I just know it. Moan for her, Kayla. Let her hear how much you love my cock in your ass."

She moaned louder, voice breaking. "Keep talking to me, Evan—fuck... I love it—"

"You love showing off in front of her," I rasped, adding a third finger to her pussy, stretching her, thrusting them in rhythm with my cock. "You know you're sexier than her, don't you? You know I love your ass more than hers. You fucking love it."

"Yes... fuck, yes—I love it—I'm a fucking scum—"

"You need a punishment."

"Fuck... yes—yes, keep fucking me in front of her..."

I straightened up, grabbed her hair with both hands, yanking hard. Her head snapped back, body arching as I went to town—hips slamming brutal, fast, relentless. The sound echoed loud—wet slaps, skin on skin, the room filled with it. She screamed, raw and desperate, voice shaking with every thrust.

"Slut," I growled, yanking her hair tighter. "Tell me what you are."

"Slut! A scum!" Kayla screamed. "Fuck me! Make me cum, please! OH... FUUUUCK! EVAN! EVAN!"

She came hard—body locking up, ass clenching wildly around my cock, pussy spasming, gushing hot and wet. Her legs shook violently, screams turning into broken sobs as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming, body convulsing.

I didn't stop—kept pounding through it, fingers pumping her pussy, cock driving deep.

Then I let her hair go, smacked both cheeks hard—crack, crack—squeezed the thick flesh, and drove my hips one final time.

I came with a roar, cock pulsing deep in her asshole, thick ropes flooding her, pulse after pulse filling her until it leaked out around me. I thrust slow, grinding, emptying everything while Kim licked my thighs and Nala sucked my balls gently.

The pleasure was fucking incredible—vision blurring, body tensing as I emptied into her.

I pushed deeper one last time, then pulled out slow.

I spread her ass cheeks wide, gaping her asshole—it was stretched, pink and twitching, cum leaking thick and white down her thighs.

"Good girl," I rasped, voice wrecked.

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN   HERO

=====

Being rough on Kayla -20

=====

Current Reputation: Villain

- More EXP gain when cheating
- Using degrading words during sex

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)

=====

Earning good points will result in
various punishments.

Kayla's legs gave out completely. She collapsed to the floor, panting hard, body trembling, cum dripping from her ruined ass.

I turned, catching Jasmine's eye across the room.

Not a word needed.

She understood.

Jasmine began walking toward me, eyes dark.

We met halfway, and she kissed me hard.

"Get me hard again, Jas," I murmured against her lips.

She smiled wickedly, dropped to her knees, and took my cock into her mouth—sucking slow and deep, tongue swirling to clean and harden me all over again.

Mendy sat shyly on the edge of the bed, knees pressed together, hands fidgeting in her lap. Her eyes were wide, flicking between us and the floor, but she didn't move away—just watched, breath shallow.

Jasmine took me deeper, throat relaxing as she pushed down, gagging hard when I hit the back. Spit bubbled at her lips, dripping down her chin.

"Yes, baby—fuck," I groaned, hand in her hair. "Look up at me. Look at me while you gag on that dick."

She tried, eyes watering as she gagged again, but her reflex won and her head tilted down. I held her chin firm with one hand, the other pressing above her eyes, forcing them open wide.

"That's it—eyes on me," I rasped, pushing deeper. "Let me see those pretty eyes while you choke."

Her throat spasmed, gags loud and wet, spit pouring from her mouth, running down her chin and neck. Tears streamed, mascara smearing black trails down her cheeks.

I repositioned—guiding her head to the edge of the bed, her on the ground now, throat straight. Mendy was right there, inches away, watching frozen.

I face-fucked her hard—thrusts deep and fast, cock sliding down her throat, balls slapping her forehead. She gagged again, nearly retching, spit slobbering everywhere, face a complete mess—red, teary, shiny with saliva and pre-cum.

I pulled out suddenly, panting, cock slick and throbbing. I rubbed it all over her face—smearing the spit and pre-cum across her cheeks, forehead, lips, making it nastier, messier. Her skin glistened, eyes half-lidded and wrecked, mouth open and gasping, mascara ruined, cum and spit streaking her beautiful features. She looked utterly debauched—hot as hell.

I slapped my cock on her forehead three times—wet thuds, leaving shiny marks.

"Get up," I said, voice rough. "Let me see that asshole."

Jasmine pushed herself up, legs shaky, and climbed onto the bed. She turned her back to me, got on all fours—ass high, cheeks spread slightly, pussy and hole exposed.

I knelt behind her, hands spreading her cheeks wide, and dove in—tongue licking her asshole slow and deep, circling the rim, plunging inside.

I spat thick on it, watched it drip, then sucked hard, tongue fucking her hole.

Mendy was right beside me now—so close I could feel her nervous energy.

Our eyes met for a second—hers wide, shocked, but curious.

I held her gaze a moment, then turned back to Jasmine's ass, licking deeper, moaning into her.

Jasmine pushed back. "Fuck—yes—eat my ass—"

I looked back over my shoulder, tongue still buried in Jasmine's ass, and saw Delilah standing, fingers rubbing her pussy slowly, eyes locked on us, lips parted in a soft moan.

"Come here, baby," I rasped, voice thick. "Get on top of her. I'll fuck you both."

Delilah's eyes lit up, a wicked smile spreading as she crawled onto the bed. She lay on top of Jasmine, chest to back—her full tits pressing into Jasmine's shoulder blades, hips aligning, asses stacked perfectly.

Jasmine moaned beneath her, feeling the weight. "Fuck—yes—stack us for him."

I pulled out of Jasmine slow, her hole gaping a moment before clenching. I leaned down, tongue diving straight into Delilah's asshole—licking deep, swirling around the rim, tasting her clean and sweet.

"Fuck—so delicious," I groaned into her, hands spreading her cheeks wider. "Your ass tastes like heaven... love eating it while Jasmine waits for my cock."

Delilah moaned loud, pushing back against my face. "Yes—Evan—lick my ass—fuck—tongue deep—"

I thrust my tongue inside her hole, fucking it slow, then pulled back to lick broad stripes. Jasmine whimpered beneath her, ass twitching, waiting.

I straightened, lined my cock up with Jasmine's gaping asshole, and pushed in fully—one long thrust until my hips met her cheeks.

Jasmine screamed into the sheets. "FUCK—EVAN—YES—SO FULL—"

Delilah moaned on top of her, feeling the movement. "God—fuck her ass—make her feel it—I love being on top while you ruin her."

I started thrusting—deep, hard strokes into Jasmine's ass, the stacked position letting me feel both their bodies move with every slam. Delilah's ass jiggled above, her tits squishing against Jasmine's back.

"Fuck—look at you two," I growled, leaning down again to lick Delilah's asshole between thrusts. "Stacked like this... asses for me... love fucking one while I eat the other."

Jasmine moaned, body rocking. "Yes—fuck my ass—deep—love it—"

Delilah pushed back against my tongue. "Tongue-fuck my ass, Evan, fuck, taste me while you pound her—"

I licked deeper, tongue plunging, then pulled back to spit thick on her hole before diving in again. "So sweet... both your asses... perfect sluts for me."

I thrust harder into Jasmine, hips snapping, cock driving deep with every stroke. The slap of my hips against her ass echoed, her cheeks jiggling, Delilah's body moving with the rhythm on top.

"Feel that, Jasmine?" I rasped, licking Delilah again. "My cock owning your ass... while I tongue Delilah's hole. You love being under her, don't you? Love feeling her tits on your back while I fuck you."

"Yes—fuck—love it—pound me—" Jasmine cried, voice muffled in the sheets.

Delilah moaned louder. "His tongue—god—lick my ass deeper—Evan—yes—"

I alternated—thrust hard into Jasmine, then lean down to tongue-fuck Delilah's ass, hands spreading both their cheeks wide.

"You two are perfect," I growled. "Asses stacked... pussies dripping... made for my cock and tongue."

Jasmine's moans turned desperate. "Evan—close—gonna cum—fuck my ass harder—"

Delilah ground back against my face. "Make her cum—fuck her while you eat me—yes—"

I went faster, hips slamming into Jasmine, cock pounding her ass relentlessly, tongue swirling deep in Delilah's hole.

"Cum for me, Jasmine," I ordered, pulling back to slap her ass hard. "Cum on my cock with Delilah on top of you. Let me feel that ass squeeze."

Jasmine screamed, body locking up beneath Delilah—ass clenching wildly around my cock, spasming in violent waves as she came hard. Her whole body shook, moans raw and broken, pussy gushing even untouched, the climax ripping through her as Delilah's weight pinned her down.

I kept thrusting through it, slow and deep, drawing out every pulse, tongue back on Delilah's ass to keep her moaning too.

Jasmine panted beneath, body limp and trembling, ass still twitching around me.

I slowed, savoring the feel.

I pulled out of Jasmine with a wet pop, her ass gaping and twitching. I smacked it hard one last time, the flesh jiggling beautifully.

"It's Delilah's turn now—roll over."

Jasmine chuckled breathlessly and rolled onto her back, legs spreading lazily.

Chapter 336: Chapter 336

Delilah lay on the bed on her back, eyes dark with want. I grabbed her knees, pulled them back toward her chest, folding her—ass lifted high, her both holes exposed, completely open for me.

I grabbed my cock, lined up with her ass, tip pressing against the slick entrance.

But I stopped, frozen.

Jasmine—face still ruined with spit, cum, and tears—sat next to Mendy on the edge of the bed. Mendy gulped hard, eyes wide.

Jasmine smiled softly, took Mendy's hand gently, and guided it toward my cock. "Watching isn't free, honey," she whispered. "You gotta help us, right? It's only fair."

Mendy's hand hovered above my shaft, trembling. My cock throbbed hard with anticipation, pre-cum beading at the tip.

Mendy exhaled shakily, letting Jasmine lower her hand. Her fingers wrapped around me—soft, hesitant, but there.

The touch hit like lightning.

Something snapped. Pleasure surged too fast, too strong.

I groaned loud, hips jerking as I came—thick ropes shooting out, splattering across Delilah's ass and pussy, painting her skin white. Pulse after pulse, I emptied onto her, moaning uncontrollably, body shaking.

Mendy froze, hand still wrapped around my cock, not knowing what to do as I came, awkward but holding on.

Jasmine chuckled. "Look at what you did to him, Mendy. Just one touch, and he came. He really likes you, huh?"

I mumbled, panting. "Wow... I... I had no idea what... oh, fuck..."

Delilah groaned from the bed, looking down at the mess on her. "Look at his dick now... getting softer."

Jasmine leaned closer to Mendy. "It's only fair you make him hard again, right, Mendy? There's still so many girls to be fucked here. Only Tessa, Kayla, and I are done."

Kayla walked over, ass red from earlier spanking, shrugging. "She's got a point."

Mendy stayed frozen, unable to speak, eyes wide on Delilah—on the cum dripping down her skin. Her hand still loosely around my softening cock.

Jasmine slid her hand under Mendy's sweater, fingers deft as she unhooked the bra with a soft click. She pulled it free and let it drop to the floor.

"Come on," Jasmine said gently, smiling. "Remove your sweater."

Mendy shared a quick, nervous look with me, eyes wide.

Then she shook her head. "N-no. I can't do it. I'm sorry."

I smiled, crouched down in front of her, and picked up her bra from the floor. I handed it back to her carefully. "I won't force you. Okay?"

She nodded, clutching the bra to her chest. "I'm... I'd rather not get involved. J-just... watching."

"That's completely fine," I said, taking her hand gently, giving it a reassuring squeeze. Then I exhaled, eyes dropping. "Though... your nipples are peeking through your sweater. They look so stiff."

Mendy's face went crimson. She quickly crossed her arms over her chest, covering herself.

All the girls smiled softly, no judgment—just warmth.

"May I... see them?" I asked quietly. "If you don't want to, that's fine."

Mendy exhaled shakily, eyes on the floor a moment. Then, slowly, she grabbed the hem of her sweater and rolled it upward, exposing her big, full tits—pale skin, stiff pink nipples standing hard in the cool air.

I leaned closer, still crouched, and brushed my lips lightly against one nipple—just a soft touch. Fuck. It was so stiff, perfect.

"Can I lick them?" I whispered.

She shook her head fast. "N-no..."

"That's fine," I said, pulling back with a smile, hand already stroking my cock slow. "This is more than enough for me. No need to be greedy, right?"

Delilah shifted on the bed, pulling her knees back further, exposing both holes completely—pussy dripping, asshole winking.

Minne piped up eagerly. "I'll help Master!"

She walked over quick, knelt in front of me, and took my cock into her mouth—sucking softly, a little amateur, teeth grazing lightly here and there, but it didn't hurt, just added to the raw feel.

Kim came behind me, hugging me tight, arms around my chest, kissing my cheek slow. Her fingers drew lazy circles over my skin, teasing my nipples.

I hardened fast in Minne's mouth, the sight of Mendy's exposed tits, Delilah waiting, all of it pushing me.

"Take it deeper, Minne," I rasped.

She tried, gagging softly but pushing on, eyes watery but determined.

I looked at Delilah's exposed asshole, pregnant belly soft above it.

"Fuck... look at that pregnant ass," I murmured. "Gonna fuck it while my baby grows inside you... love knowing I bred you."

Delilah moaned, fingers spreading herself wider. "Yes—fuck my pregnant ass—fill me again—"

"P-pregnant?" Mendy muttered, eyes wide open as she looked at me.

"So am I." Kim said while she kissed my neck. "Surprised?"

"Oh..."

I was fully hard now.

"Thank you, Minne," I said, pulling her off gently. "Now guide my cock into her asshole."

Minne nodded eagerly, small hand wrapping around my shaft, aiming it at Delilah's waiting hole. The tip pressed against the slick ring, and she pushed gently—the head slipping in with a soft resistance.

Delilah moaned deep, eyes fluttering, hands hooked under her knees, pulling her legs back further to open herself completely.

I pushed my hips slow, inch by inch, feeling her tight heat envelop me. Each bit drew a louder moan from her—breathless, needy, her body trembling as I stretched her.

Halfway in, she gasped. "Evan—fuck—so full—"

I kept going, steady and deep, until I was buried to the base, balls pressed against her.

Delilah moaned loud, head falling back, legs shaking in her own grip. "God—yes—all in—love your cock in my ass—"

I looked at Minne. "Come on, honey. Lie down next to Delilah. Same position."

"Y-yes, Master!" she said eagerly, hurrying to the bed.

She lay beside Delilah, mimicking the pose—knees pulled back to her chest, ass lifted, pussy and hole exposed, maid outfit bunched around her waist.

I leaned over, slid one finger into Minne's tight asshole slow, curling it. She moaned soft, hips twitching.

"W-why... anal?" Mendy asked from the edge of the bed, voice small, eyes wide.

Jasmine smiled beside her. "We agreed on anal night. Why, you didn't like it?"

"It's just... I... never done a-anally..."

"An anal virgin," Tessa teased, walking closer. "I'd like to see Evan stretching her out now."

"I'm... I won't," Mendy said firmly, shaking her head. "No anal. No sex, please."

I stopped fingering Minne, leaned toward Delilah, and kissed her deep—slow, claiming, tongue sliding as I held still inside her ass.

Tessa reached us, stood behind me, grabbed my hand, yanked me back gently, and kissed me hard—hungry, possessive.

"Fuck yeah," she murmured against my lips. "Fuck her good, stud."

I kissed her back, groaning into her mouth.

Tessa broke it, smirking wicked. "Ruin that pregnant ass."

I turned back to Delilah, started moving—slow pulls, then deep thrusts, building rhythm.

Kim pressed against my back, hands trailing circles over my chest, lips at my ear. "Fuck her deep... make that pregnant ass take every inch... love watching you own her..."

I moaned, thrusting harder. "God—Delilah—your ass is perfect... so tight around me... love fucking you like this."

Delilah moaned loud. "Yes—Evan—fuck my pregnant ass, fill me, I love your cock—"

I gritted my teeth, pleasure building fast, then pulled out slow.

I smacked Delilah's ass hard. "Stay like that, Delilah."

She whimpered, holding the position, ass up and open.

I moved to Minne, cock throbbing, ready for her next.

"Fuck." I muttered. "Look at you, Minne. So fucking cute."

I pushed my cock against Minne's tight little asshole, pressure building, but it was too tight—resisting, barely giving. I tried again, harder, but no luck. She groaned softly, body tensing.

I pulled back, spat thick on my shaft, stroked it in, making it slick and shiny, then lined up once more.

Still no fit. Minne whimpered, gripping the sheets.

Kim walked beside me, smiling. "I got it."

She knelt, hands spreading Minne's small cheeks wide, then leaned in—tongue licking slow circles around the rim, wetting it thoroughly.

She spat directly on the hole, then slid one finger in slow.

I watched, stroking myself. "Fuck... so hot."

Kim worked the finger in and out, gentle but firm. Minne moaned, hips twitching.

Delilah let her legs dangle off the bed, turned toward Minne, and cupped her cheek softly. "Keep going, baby," she whispered, voice warm and dirty. "That's right... let your little asshole stretch for Master's cock. You're doing so good... gonna take him deep soon."

Kim added a second finger, scissoring slow.

Minne moaned louder, pushing back slightly. "M-Master—feels—ah—"

"Good girl," Delilah purred, stroking Minne's hair. "Relax for him... let that tight hole open up. You want his cock breeding you, don't you?"

Kim twisted her fingers, thrusting gentle. "So tight... but getting wetter. Gonna stretch this little ass perfect for him."

Three fingers now—Minne moaned sharp, body trembling.

"Fuck yes," I groaned, watching Kim work her open. "Look at that... opening up for me. Good girl, Minne... take those fingers."

Delilah leaned closer, kissing Minne's forehead. "That's it, baby... feel yourself stretching... gonna feel so good when Master's cock slides in. You're made for this... made to take him."

Kim removed her fingers slow, hole gaping slightly, slick and ready.

I stepped close, cock head pressing against the loosened ring.

I pushed—slow, steady pressure—and the head finally popped in.

I moaned loud. "FUCK—so tight... oh, fuck... Minne..."

"M-Master..." she gasped, voice shaking. "C-could I ask for something?"

"What is it, honey?" I asked, pushing deeper, inch by inch.

"C-can you cum inside my womb, Master?" she whispered shyly. "I... I want to get pregnant..."

I smiled wide, pushed to the base in one slow thrust, then leaned over her, hugging her tight from above. "I'll try, honey. Gonna fill that pussy full after I ruin this ass."

Delilah kept the dirty talk flowing, hand stroking Minne's hair. "Hear that, baby? Master's gonna breed you... gonna put a baby in your belly... but first, take his cock in your ass like a good girl."

I began to move—slow pulls, deep thrusts, building rhythm.

Minne moaned with every stroke, body adjusting, taking me easier now.

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I moaned low, eyes locked on Minne's asshole as I pulled back slow. Every time I withdrew, her tight ring gripped my cock harder, clinging like it refused to let go—stretching outward around my shaft, pink flesh pulling with me, sucking greedily as if trying to keep me inside. Then I pushed forward again, and the pleasure hit like a wave—hot, velvet pressure enveloping me completely, tighter on the in-stroke, her ass swallowing me whole in one slick glide.

"Fuck," I rasped, leaning in to kiss her lower back, lips trailing sweat-slick skin. "Your ass... it's sucking me back in every time... so greedy."

Minne whimpered, pushing back. "Master—feels so good—love your cock in me—"

I leaned further, mouth finding her small tits hanging beneath her, sucking one nipple hard, tongue swirling as I thrust deep again. Her ass gripped, pulled, released—relentless, perfect friction driving me insane.

She hugged the back of my head with one arm, fingers tangling in my hair, patting gently even as her body shook. "Master—yes—suck my tits—fuck my ass—"

"Fuck... oh, fuck, Minne... your ass is so tight," I groaned against her skin, biting her nipple lightly before switching to the other. "Fuuck. Oh... ah... shit. Minne... Minne..."

She moaned louder, body trembling. "Yes—ruin me—love Master's cock—stretch me—"

I kept thrusting—steady, deep strokes, pulling almost out to feel that gripping suck, then slamming back in, pleasure spiking every time her ass swallowed me. My hand slid between her legs, fingers finding her soaked pussy, rubbing her clit fast, then plunging two inside, curling hard.

"Feel that?" I growled, sucking her tit harder. "Pussy dripping while I fuck your ass... both holes mine... gonna make you cum so hard."

Minne's moans turned desperate, hips rocking back to meet me. "Master—yes—play with my cunt—fuck my ass—love it—"

I fingered her faster, thumb on her clit, cock pounding her ass in rhythm. The dual sensation—her tight asshole gripping, pussy spasming on my fingers—built fast.

"You're close, aren't you?" I rasped, biting her nipple gently. "Gonna cum with my cock in your ass... good girl... let me feel it."

"Master—close—gonna—" she whimpered, body tensing, ass clenching harder with every thrust.

I sped up, hips snapping, fingers pumping her pussy relentless. "Cum for me, Minne. Cum hard... squeeze my cock with that tight little ass."

She screamed, body locking up—ass spasming wildly around my shaft, pussy gushing hot and wet over my fingers as she came hard. Her legs shook violently, hips bucking back uncontrollably, moans raw and broken as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming, body convulsing in pure bliss. Her ass milked me in endless pulses, gripping and releasing, pleasure so intense it nearly pushed me over.

I thrust through it slow, drawing out every tremor, whispering, "Good girl... cumming so hard for Master... love feeling you like this..."

"W-will you cum inside me now, Master?"

I smiled. "That comes after. Alright?"

She nodded, a little disappointed. "Okay..."

I turned back and looked at Kim and Nala. Their turn now. They understood it without a word, walking toward me with those knowing smiles that made my cock twitch harder. Kim kissed me first—slow, deep, her barely-pregnant belly brushing against my abs—then dropped to the ground on all fours, ass arched high in doggy style, cheeks spread slightly from the position. Nala mirrored her perfectly, going down next to Kim, their asses side by side like a perfect pair—Kim's round and soft with that early pregnancy glow, Nala's firm and athletic, both glistening with sweat and arousal from the night's activities.

The sight was hypnotizing—two perfect asses presented for me, pussies dripping, holes winking in anticipation. The other girls watched from around the room—Mendy still frozen by the door, eyes wide but curious, Kayla leaning against the wall with a smirk, Minne kneeling shyly nearby, Tessa and Jasmine lounging on the bed, fingers lazily tracing their own bodies as they waited their turn or just enjoyed the show. Delilah sat cross-legged, one hand between her legs, rubbing slow circles on her clit while she bit her lip.

I stepped behind Nala first—her ass like a work of art, toned from all her training, cheeks firm under my hands. I spread them wide, spit thick on her hole, and rubbed my cock head against it, teasing.

"Fuck, Nala... this ass is perfect," I growled, slapping one cheek hard, watching the jiggle ripple through her. "So tight... so ready for me. You love getting your ass fucked, don't you? Love being my anal slut."

Well, I didn't like using bad words too much but... I had to get that extra Villain bonus.

Nala moaned, pushing back. "Yes—Evan—love it—fuck my ass—make it yours—"

I pushed in slowly, the head popping past her ring with a tight squeeze, inch by inch filling her. The heat was insane—velvet grip clenching around me, pulling me deeper. I bottomed out, balls against her pussy, and started thrusting—deep, steady strokes that had her moaning loud.

"Look at you taking it," I rasped, hand sliding to finger her pussy, two fingers curling inside. "Ass clenching so tight... pussy dripping while I fuck you. Good girl... love how you squeeze me."

Nala whimpered, body rocking. "Fuck—yes—finger me—fuck my ass harder—love your cock stretching me—"

I glanced at Kim next to her, ass waiting, and pulled out of Nala with a wet pop. I switched fast—sliding into Kim's ass in one thrust, her pregnant hole taking me easier but still tight as hell.

"Fuck, Kim... your pregnant ass feels amazing," I groaned, slapping her cheek hard, watching the jiggle. "So full... love fucking you like this. You're my breeding slut, aren't you?"

Kim moaned loud, pushing back. "Yes—Evan—breed me—fuck my pregnant ass—love it—"

I fingered Nala with my free hand—three fingers now, thrusting in rhythm with my cock in Kim, playing with her clit. "Feel that, Nala? Fingers in your pussy while I fuck Kim's ass... both my girls getting filled."

Nala gasped, hips bucking into my hand. "Yes—finger me, I fucking love it, fuck her ass, make us cum..."

Tessa crawled closer on the bed, leaning in to kiss Nala's back, hand sliding to pinch her nipple. "Take those fingers, Nala... look at you two—asses up for him like good sluts."

Jasmine joined on the other side, fingers tracing Kim's belly. "Pregnant and taking cock in your ass... so hot, Kim... love watching him stretch you."

Minne knelt by my side, shy but eager, hand reaching to cup my balls gently as I thrust into Kim. "Master—I... I love you."

"I love you, too, honey." I said as I licked her nipples. "Fuck..."

Kayla watched from the wall, fingers between her legs, rubbing slow. "Fuck them both... make those asses jiggle... love how you own them."

Mendy stayed frozen on the door, eyes glued, breath shallow.

I switched again—pulling out of Kim, slamming into Nala, fingers moving to Kim's pussy now, three deep, curling hard.

"Nala... your ass is heaven," I groaned, slapping her cheek. "So tight... gripping me like you never want me to leave. Love switching between you two—fucking one ass while I finger the other."

Nala screamed. "Yes—switch us—fuck our asses—finger me—oh god—"

Kim moaned beside her. "Mm. Fuck."

I went faster, hips snapping into Nala, fingers pumping Kim's cunt, thumb on her clit. "You two are perfect... asses side by side... taking my cock and fingers like sluts. Cum for me... let me feel both holes clench."

Delilah crawled closer, leaning to kiss Kim's back, hand rubbing Nala's tit. "Cum girls... show him how good he makes you feel."

Tessa slapped Nala's ass lightly. "Squeeze his cock... make him cum in you."

Minne licked my thigh, hand still on my balls. "Master—fuck them—I love watching you like this..."

The room was filled with moans, slaps, wet sounds—six girls around us, all focused on the action.

Nala came first—ass clenching wildly around my cock, pussy gushing on the fingers I'd switched back to her. "EVAN—FUCK—I'M CUMMING—"

Her body shook, ass milking me in tight pulses, moans raw as wave after wave hit her.

I switched to Kim fast—cock slamming into her ass, fingers in Nala's twitching pussy.

Kim came seconds later—ass spasming, pussy flooding my hand. "YES—EVAN—CUMMING—FUCK—"

Both girls shaking, moaning together, bodies convulsing side by side.

I was close now, pleasure building fast, cock throbbing.

"Get on the ground, girls," I panted, voice rough and breaking. "I'm... I'm gonna cum."

Minne dropped to her knees in front of me instantly, tongue already out, eyes eager.

Jasmine called out, "Here, everyone. Let him do it here."

The girls moved fast—Kim, Nala, Delilah, Tessa, Kayla—all crouching on their knees in a tight semicircle right in front of Mendy, who was still sitting frozen on the edge of the bed. They knelt close, bodies pressed together, faces upturned toward me, tongues out and waiting, eyes hungry.

Mendy's eyes went huge, mouth parting in shock as six naked women surrounded her on their knees, tongues lolling, ready for my load.

I was right there—cock throbbing, balls tight.

"Mendy..." I groaned, stroking fast. "Can you... oh, fuck... can you show me your tits again? Please?"

She gulped hard, hands trembling, but hesitated only a second. Then she grabbed the hem of her sweater and pulled it up slow, exposing her big, full tits once more—nipples stiff, skin flushed.

That pushed me over.

"Fuck—yes—" I roared, hips jerking.

I came hard—thick ropes shooting out, the first hitting Mendy square on the cheek, streaking white across her surprised face. She gasped, eyes squeezing shut, cum dripping down her chin onto her exposed tits.

The rest painted the girls—ropes splattering across tongues, cheeks, lips, chins. Jasmine caught one on her open mouth, moaning as it landed. Tessa tilted her head back, letting it hit her forehead and drip down. Kim and Nala shared a strand across their faces, laughing breathlessly. Delilah and Kayla leaned in, tongues out, catching what they could.

The sight was insane—six girls on their knees, faces glazed with my cum, Mendy in the middle, shocked but unmoving, cum streaking her cheek and tits, eyes wide and watery.

I kept stroking, milking the last drops, a final spurt landing on Minne's tongue.

(=====)

- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +950

Villain Bonus: +450

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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Bliss Multiplier: 700c

I exhaled hard, hand on my waist, cock softening. "Oh... well, I uh... I'm sorry, Mendy."

Jasmine licked cum from her lips slow, smiling wide. "I'll get the bath ready for you, Mendy. Okay?"

"O-o... okay," Mendy stammered, voice small, face still flushed and messy.

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Jasmine linked arms with Mendy, helping her up gently from the bed. Cum still streaked Mendy's face and chest, her sweater bunched up. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up," Jasmine said softly, leading her out of the master bedroom toward the common bathroom.

The door closed behind them.

I sat on the edge of the bed, exhaling hard, arms braced behind me on the mattress. Sweat cooled on my skin, the room thick with the scent of sex. The other girls were spent too—bodies glistening, breathing heavy.

Minne fidgeted with her hands, glancing at me shyly. Right—she'd asked me to cum inside her pussy, to make her pregnant. Her eyes were hopeful, needy.

I smiled, gestured with my head. "Come here."

She crawled forward eagerly, standing between my legs, looking up at me with those big, devoted eyes.

"If you want me to cum inside your pussy and make you pregnant, Minne," I said, voice low, "make my dick hard again. Alright?"

"Y-yes, Master!" she whispered, excited.

Delilah, lounging nearby, smiled warmly. "Want me to help, honey?"

Minne nodded fast—Delilah was her favorite, and she'd never say no.

Delilah crawled over, positioned behind Minne. She gathered Minne's short red hair gently, holding it back like a ponytail to give her clear access. With her other hand, she took my softening cock, lifting it upright.

"Good girl," Delilah murmured, guiding Minne's head down. "Open wide... take his cock in your mouth. That dick was in our asses all night... and now it's in you. Such a nasty little girl, huh?"

Minne moaned shyly around me as she took me in, lips stretching, tongue soft and eager.

Tessa crawled behind Minne, smirking, and slid a finger into her asshole. Minne moaned hard around my cock, body jerking.

Kim laughed, grabbing Tessa's shoulder and pulling her back. "Stop it. Let them have fun."

Tessa shrugged, grinning. "Boo, you guys are no fun. Fine." She stood. "Anyone coming for a bath?"

Kayla raised a hand lazily. "May I take a shower as well?"

"Of course," Tessa said, smiling. "You're a guest, after all. Come on, I'll grab you a towel."

Kim stretched, yawning. "Yeah, shower. Definitely a shower."

Nala exhaled long, standing and rolling her shoulders. "I'm gonna take a bath in Minne's bathroom."

The four headed out—Tessa and Kayla chatting about towels, Kim trailing behind, Nala veering off toward Minne's room. Their soft footsteps and laughter faded down the hall, leaving the master bedroom cozier, quieter—just me, Delilah, and Minne now.

Delilah smiled warmly at Minne. "Want me to help, honey?"

Minne nodded fast, eyes shining.

Delilah crawled over, positioned behind Minne. She gathered Minne's short red hair gently, holding it back like a ponytail to give her clear access. With her other hand, she took my softening cock, lifting it upright.

"Good girl," Delilah murmured, guiding Minne's head down. "Open wide... take Master's cock in your mouth. That dick was in our asses all night... and now it's in you. Such a nasty little girl, huh?"

Minne moaned shyly around me as she took me in, lips stretching, tongue soft and eager.

Delilah kept encouraging. "That's it, baby... suck Master good. Take him deeper... good girl, just like that. Make him hard so he can breed you."

Minne worked eagerly, lips sliding down, tongue swirling, small moans vibrating around me.

My cock stirred, hardening fast in her warm mouth.

The room felt intimate—soft breathing, the faint sound of showers running in the distance, the girls relaxing after the wild night.

My cock was fully hard now.

Minne pulled off with a soft pop, smiling up at me shyly.

She stood, turned her back to me, and straddled my lap. She positioned my hard cock at her pussy, then lowered herself slow—sinking down until I was buried to the base.

"So wet," I said with a small smack of her ass. "Good girl."

She gasped, small hands bracing on my chest, eyes wide and shimmering with a mix of shyness and need. Her maid outfit was bunched up around her waist, exposing her flat belly and the way her body trembled as she adjusted to me filling her completely.

She moaned softly, starting to rock her hips tentative at first, lifting and dropping slow, her pussy gripping me with every movement. Delilah watched from beside us on the bed, her warm smile never fading as she stroked Minne's arm encouragingly.

"That's it, honey," Delilah whispered, voice maternal and filthy all at once. "Ride Master's cock nice and slow... feel how deep he is? That's gonna be the cock that breeds you, baby. Gonna fill that little womb with his seed."

I groaned, hands sliding up to cup her small tits through the outfit, thumbs rolling her nipples until they stiffened. "Fuck, Minne... your pussy's so tight... love how you squeeze me. You want my baby, don't you? Want me to cum deep and knock you up."

Minne nodded frantically, moans breaking as she bounced a little faster, her red hair falling into her face. "Y-yes, Master—want your baby—please—breed me—"

I thrust up to meet her, hips snapping, making her bounce harder. The wet slap of her pussy on my cock echoed in the quiet room, her juices dripping down my balls. She was so small, so tight—every slide felt like heaven, her walls fluttering around me, pulling me deeper with every drop.

Delilah leaned closer, kissing Minne's shoulder. "Good girl... look at you riding him. Feel that cock stretching your little pussy? That's how he's gonna make you pregnant, honey. Bounce harder—show Master how much you want his cum."

Minne whimpered, speeding up, her small ass jiggling with every slam down. "Master—feels so good—want your cum—want to carry your baby—"

I pinched her nipples harder, pulling her down for a kiss—deep, messy, tongue sliding against hers as I fucked up into her. "Gonna fill this pussy... breed you like the others. You're gonna look so cute swollen with my kid... tits leaking milk for me to suck."

She moaned into my mouth, body shaking, pussy clenching tighter. Delilah's hand slipped between us, rubbing Minne's clit in small circles. "That's right, baby... cum for Master first. Let him feel you cum on his cock... then he'll breed you. Good girl—ride him harder."

Minne's rhythm faltered, hips grinding desperate. "Master—close—gonna cum—please—"

"Cum for me, Minne," I growled, thrusting up harder, hands on her hips slamming her down. "Let me feel that pussy milk me... cum hard, baby... show me how much you want my seed."

Delilah rubbed her clit faster. "Cum, honey... cum on Master's cock... let it all out... you're such a good girl for him."

Minne screamed, body locking up—pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her small frame shook violently, hips bucking uncontrollably, moans raw and broken as wave after wave crashed through her, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her walls clamped down in endless pulses, squeezing me so tight it nearly pushed me over, her juices soaking my balls and the sheets beneath us.

I thrust through it, slow and deep, drawing out every tremor, kissing her neck. "Good girl... cumming so hard... love feeling you like this."

She panted, body twitching with aftershocks, but kept rocking weakly. "Master—please—cum inside—breed me—"

I flipped us gently, laying her on her back, cock still buried deep. I hooked her legs over my shoulders, folding her, thrusting deeper now—hips snapping hard, balls slapping her ass.

"Fuck, Minne," I groaned, pounding her faster. "Gonna fill this pussy... make you pregnant... my baby in your belly... tits full of milk for me."

Minne moaned, hands on her belly. "Yes—breed me—cum inside—want your baby, Master!"

Delilah knelt beside us, stroking Minne's hair. "That's it, honey... take his cum... let him knock you up. You're gonna be such a good mommy... swollen with Master's child."

I thrust faster, pleasure coiling tight. "Fuck—Minne—close—gonna fill you—"

"Yes, Master! Cum, breed me, please!"

I slammed deep and came with a roar, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse filling her until it leaked out around me. The sensation was intense—hot, tight walls milking every drop, her pussy clenching as if pulling it deeper, pleasure rolling through me in waves.

Minne came again from my cum alone—Pleasure 45 hitting her hard, body arching, pussy spasming wildly, gushing as she screamed, legs shaking over my shoulders, tears flowing as another climax crashed through her, body convulsing in ecstasy.

"Take it—take my cum—gonna breed you—" I groaned, thrusting through it, emptying everything.

Delilah whispered to her. "Good girl... feel him breeding you... all that cum in your womb... you're gonna get pregnant, honey."

We panted together, my cock still twitching inside her, cum leaking out.

- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +250

Villain Bonus: +50

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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Bliss Multiplier: 150c

I kissed her softly. "Good girl, Minne... you took it all."

She smiled shyly, hand on her belly. "Thank you, Master... for breeding me."

Delilah crossed her arms. "And now comes... showering."

"Yeah." I exhaled. "I'm... phew. Wow."

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)

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Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

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EXP: [REDACTED] 4480/6973
