

The Heart System - Chapter 339

Chapter 339: Chapter 339

I got up from the bed, muscles loose and heavy from the night. I grabbed my boxers from the floor, slipped them on, and left the room quietly, leaving Delilah and Minne to shower together—their soft giggles and the sound of water starting as I closed the door.

I headed to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and pulled out a cold beer. The cap hissed off, and I took a long swig, the bitter chill cutting through the lingering heat in my body.

I walked to the dining table, lit a cigarette from the pack sitting there, and sat down naked except the boxers, beer in one hand, smoke in the other. The storm raged outside the balcony doors—rain lashing the glass, thunder rumbling low, lightning flashing across the city skyline. Not as bad as that roof-shaking monster from before, but wild enough.

Jasmine emerged from one of the bathrooms, fully naked, skin still damp, hair loose. She spotted me, waved with a grin, and blew a kiss.

"Forgot my panties," she said, smiling as she sauntered to the bedroom.

A few seconds later, she came back out holding a pair of pink lace panties, swinging them in lazy circles on her finger. She blew another kiss and headed toward the common bathroom—Mendy was probably still in there.

Kayla appeared from the hallway next, naked and sweaty, skin glistening. "T-there's no shampoo in the bathroom."

"Oh," I said, taking a drag. "Damn. All the bathrooms are occupied now. You'll have to wait a bit."

"O-okay."

I cleared my throat. "Uh... can you come here?"

Kayla walked over, hips swaying naturally. I grabbed her hand as she reached the table, and pulled her gently onto my lap. She settled with a soft sigh, her huge ass pressing warm against my thighs, back to my chest.

I wrapped my arms around her waist, chin resting on her shoulder, hugging her close. Her skin was hot, slick with sweat, scent of sex still on her.

"So..." I murmured, kissing her neck lightly. "How was it?"

She paused, then exhaled slowly. "Um... weird. Mendy was right there, Evan. It was really weird."

"Hmm."

"She has a crush on you," Kayla said quietly. "And what do you do? Let her watch you fuck all our asses."

"Hey, she wanted it," I said, hand sliding up to cup her tit gently. "I didn't beg her to come."

"Yeah... god, no idea why she would want that."

I hugged her tighter, lips brushing her ear. She leaned her head to the side, and I knew what she wanted. I moved the cigarette to her, then held it to her lips. She inhaled slow, exhaled smoke toward the ceiling.

"You were beautiful," I whispered, hand squeezing her thigh. "Fuck... I love the way you were there, Kayla. That ass bouncing... taking me deep... screaming for more."

She shifted on my lap, ass grinding slightly against my growing cock. "Thanks. You weren't bad, too."

"Did my best," I shrugged, kissing her shoulder. "Hope it was enough, huh?"

"More than enough, I'd say."

She took another drag when I offered, exhaling slowly.

My cock hardened fully between her thighs, pressing up against her.

Kayla glanced down, exhaling smoke. "Wow... still hard?"

"How could I not be?" I murmured, hand sliding to squeeze her ass cheek. "When you're sitting on my lap naked? Every man would be. Trust me. Your ass is magnificent."

"Only my ass?"

"Your everything," I said, hugging her tighter, cock throbbing against her.

She smiled, leaning back into me, the storm raging outside as we sat there, smoke curling, bodies pressed close.

I leaned back in the dining chair, beer in one hand, cigarette burning between my fingers, the storm raging outside the balcony doors—rain lashing the glass, thunder

rolling low, lightning flashing across the dark city skyline. The room was dim, warm, the air thick with the scent of sex and smoke, cozy despite the chaos outside.

Kayla shifted on my lap, thighs squeezing my hardening cock between them. She started moving up and down slow, her thick, soft thighs gripping me perfectly, sliding along my shaft with every rock of her hips.

"Fuck," I groaned, hand on her hip, guiding her. "Your thighs... so thick... love how they squeeze me."

She moaned softly, moving faster, thighs rubbing my cock in long, slick strokes—her skin warm and smooth, the friction perfect. "Mmm... do you like it? Me, giving you a thighjob... feel how wet I'm making you? Your cock throbbing between my legs..."

The storm howled louder, rain drumming hard, but it only made the moment cozier—us naked in the warm light, her body pressed to mine, the world outside wild and distant.

I took a drag from the cigarette, exhaling slow, watching the smoke curl toward the ceiling. "God, Kayla... this ass and these thighs... you're killing me. So soft, so firm... perfect for my cock."

She ground harder, thighs clenching tighter. "You love my big thighs, don't you? Love fucking them... love how they milk you."

"Yes—fuck—keep going," I rasped, thrusting up between them. "Thighjob from the girl with the best ass and legs... can't get better."

Lightning flashed, illuminating her curves—tits bouncing slightly with her movements, ass jiggling as she rode my cock with her thighs.

She leaned back against my chest, head on my shoulder, moaning in my ear. "Feel that? My thighs squeezing your big cock... gonna make you cum all over them."

I slapped her thigh lightly, then squeezed. "I'm... I'm gonna cum hard... paint these perfect thighs. Oh, shit."

The cigarette burned down to the filter. I stubbed it out in the ashtray, took a swig of beer, then set it aside. Both hands free now, I gripped her thighs hard, spreading them wider, thrusting faster between them.

"Faster," I growled. "Fuck my cock with those thighs... make me cum."

She obeyed, moving quicker, thighs rubbing slick and hot, pressure building fast. "Yes—cum for me—cum on my thighs—love feeling your cock throb—"

I was close, pleasure coiling tight.

She sensed it, grinding harder. "Cum... shoot it all over my big thighs... mark me."

I groaned loud, hips bucking as I came—thick ropes shooting out, splattering her thighs, dripping down her skin, some hitting her belly.

Kayla moaned, slowing her movements, milking the last drops with her thighs.

She scooped cum from her thigh, brought it to her mouth, licking her fingers clean slow. "Damn... still can't believe how delicious your cum is. Like, you need to be examined for that."

I chuckled, pulling her closer. "I hope not."

Minne's door opened down the hall. Nala stepped out, showered and fresh, towel around her hair. She was naked, and oh boy, what a sight she was.

"Oh, you didn't shower yet, Kayla?" Nala asked, smiling. "Use Minne's bathroom."

"I'll do that," Kayla said, standing slowly, cum still glistening on her thighs.

"What were you two doing?" Nala teased, eyeing us.

"Just smoking and drinking," Kayla said innocently.

"And thighjob," I added. "Don't forget the thighjob."

Kayla smiled, Nala chuckled, then she headed to the master bedroom.

I watched Kayla walk toward Minne's room, ass swaying.

"Hey," I called.

She stopped, looking back.

"Shake your ass. For me?"

She shook her head, grinning, but turned slightly and jiggled it—huge, perfect cheeks bouncing. I groaned, cock twitching again. She stuck her tongue out playfully, then disappeared into Minne's bathroom.

I exhaled and took another swig of beer.

What a fucking night.

I rubbed my face, yawning wide, exhaustion hitting me like a wave. I pulled up the system, staring at the shop screen. Decision made. I bought Mastery Evolve—credits dropping hard—and slotted the extra point into Bliss Multiplier.

Now it'd give me even more boost. More credits per sexual activity. Worth it.

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30 (200c)
- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

=====

Credits: 807c

I closed the UI, got up, and walked to the balcony glass doors. Naked, I looked out at the storm—rain pounding, lightning flashing, thunder rumbling. My reflection stared back—body lean and marked from the night, cock soft and dangling between my legs. Man, it was getting cold.

With fourteen points available, I decided to spend them. First, I reset my Libido skill. It dropped from ten points down to one, refunding five skill points. That brought my total to nineteen ability points.

Then, I invested fifteen of those points back into Libido.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (■□□□□)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

4 Unused Ability Points

Endless Vigor, huh? Wondering what it was, I clicked on it and watched as another UI popped up in front of me.

- Endless Vigor

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Reduces fatigue further during intimate activities; at higher levels, eliminates refractory periods entirely, allowing back-to-back sessions without downtime.

"Well... useful."

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The common bathroom door opened behind me.

Mendy stepped out, wearing only her bra—sweater gone, probably ruined from earlier. Cum stains, I remembered guiltily.

She froze when she saw me, eyes dropping to the floor fast.

I cleared my throat, stepped behind the kitchen counter to hide my lower half. "Um... Mendy?"

"Y-yeah?" she said, voice small, still looking down.

"I hope we—I—you weren't upset with me. For... staining your clothes."

"It's... okay," she muttered, walking to the couch and sitting, knees together. "This was... definitely an experience."

"Hmm." I leaned on the counter. "So... what do you think?"

"I..." she started, fidgeting. "I'm not sure."

"You didn't hate it?"

"No, no," she said quickly. "I think... I didn't?"

"That's good." I smiled faintly. "Oh, and... thanks for listening to me back there. For... lifting your sweater. That really... pushed me over."

"My breasts?" she asked, glancing up briefly. "There were several naked women in front of you, Evan. You don't have to lie to get on my good side."

"I climaxed the second you touched me," I said honestly. "You being there did something to me, Mendy. That's not a lie. I... was glad you were there."

"Mm..." She cleared her throat, cheeks pink. "When do you think we can... go? I want to be home."

"In this weather?" I gestured at the storm raging outside. "Not possible tonight."

"Oh..."

"You can stay as long as you want," I said. "Don't worry—I'm not gonna peep or anything."

"That's not my concern," she said softly. "I trust you as a person. I know you're not like Richard. You told me that yourself, right?"

"Oh... right."

"I trust you," she repeated. "It's just... this feels weird. I want to be somewhere else. Not... here."

"I've got two more rooms downstairs," I offered. "One's occupied—a friend's staying. But you can take the other. Cool?"

"Yeah," she exhaled, relief clear. "Phew. Thank you."

"Yup. I'll probably take a bath, but Minne can show you the room. Just ask her."

"Minne was the... maid, right?"

"Yep."

Kayla came out from Minne's room then, dry but completely naked—her outfit from earlier nowhere in sight. She paused when she saw Mendy.

Mendy turned, eyes widening. "O-oh..."

Kayla smiled awkwardly. "Hi again."

"Hi..." Mendy said, looking away fast.

"Um... no clothes?" Kayla asked lightly, scratching her head.

"They... were... stained by Evan," Mendy muttered. "Um... I liked your cop outfit."

"Uh... thanks."

Awkward silence.

I cleared my throat. "Welp, I'm off to take a shower." I walked toward Minne's room, pausing at the door. "Goodnight, Mendy."

"Y-yeah... goodnight," she replied softly.

I smiled to myself and headed in. A warm shower was all I needed.



Alright, this was going to be awkward.

The storm still hadn't passed, the wind howling outside like it was personally offended by the city, and Mendy was... staying here for today as well. None of us went to work. Every single one of us was stuck inside the penthouse, snow piling up against the windows like the world had decided to press pause.

Minne was the only one not really present, at least not mentally. She kept checking her phone earlier, frowning harder every time the screen stayed dark. Her mother's electricity was cut off. She'd sent one message before her battery died, saying she was okay, saying not to worry. But worry didn't listen to logic. I could see it eating Minne alive.

We were all seated around the table.

I sat at the end, leaning back slightly, working through my breakfast. Delilah sat on the opposite end, arms crossed loosely, looking way too calm for someone who was currently hiding out at the place of the guy she'd been fucking while Ivy was losing her mind back home. Ivy had apparently yelled at her over the phone, demanding at least a warning next time she stayed over at a "friend's." That word had done a lot of heavy lifting.

Kayla exhaled loudly, reaching for the olive plate and scooping a few onto her own dish. "Wow. So we all just... have breakfast. Like it's the most normal thing in the world."

Tessa smirked, lifting her mug. "We don't get on our knees and worship Evan's dick every morning. We prefer breakfast, believe it or not."

Kayla choked on a laugh and waved her hand. "That's not what I meant. It's just..." She glanced around the table, then shook her head. "Never mind."

Tessa smirked. "Uh-uh."

On the right side of the rectangular table, Kayla sat between Minne and Nala. On the left, Tessa was dead center, Kim and Jasmine flanking her. Outside, the storm roared and rattled the windows, but inside it felt warm. Cozy. Uncomfortably domestic.

Jasmine chewed thoughtfully, then pointed her fork at Kayla. "Did you get your ass done? Because damn. I'm against surgery, but if that's the result, I might reconsider."

Kayla laughed, sitting up straighter. "No. I work out. A lot."

"Squats?" Kim asked, raising an eyebrow.

"That too," Kayla said. "I downloaded this app years ago. It gives workouts, meal suggestions, all that stuff. I owe my butt to it."

"Which app?" Nala asked, curious. "Working out wouldn't hurt."

Kayla set the olives down. "Use my link. I get coins."

I frowned. "Coins for what?"

"Skins," she said brightly. "I have a pet duck in the app. You work out, you earn coins, you buy food for it."

Delilah tilted her head. "What happens if you skip a workout?"

Kayla dragged her finger across her throat. "Dead."

Jasmine went pale. "I'd spiral. I can't let a cute duck die because I decided to nap."

"That's the motivation," Kayla said, shrugging.

I leaned back. "Just trick the app. Say you did the workout."

Kayla shook her head immediately. "Tricking the app means tricking yourself. Then what's the point?"

I nodded slowly. "Yeah. Fair."

That's when I noticed Minne.

She wasn't eating. Just poking at her plate with her fork, eyes unfocused. I lifted my glass of orange juice, took a slow sip, watching her over the rim. She looked small like that, shoulders slightly hunched, worry pulling her inward.

I leaned back further, full. The breakfast had been perfect.

Not just good. Perfect.

Freshly baked croissants still warm and flaking under my fingers, soft scrambled eggs with chives folded in, smoked salmon laid out neatly beside capers and cream cheese, bowls of mixed berries, thick Greek yogurt drizzled with honey, freshly squeezed orange juice that tasted like it had never seen a carton in its life. Even the coffee smelled expensive.

Once upon a time, breakfast for me had been instant noodles and a beer if I was lucky. This? This wouldn't have even shown up in my dreams back then.

"Living room?" Nala asked, pushing her chair back.

"Yeah," Jasmine said. "I'm stuffed."

"Same," Tessa added.

Delilah stood. "I'm washing my face. Again. The storm kept me up, couldn't sleep. I feel so sleepy."

"Right?" Kim said, getting up. "That traffic light near TechForge fell again."

"Again?" Delilah paused.

"Second time," Kim said. "Storm's nasty."

"Not like the one weeks ago," Kayla said as she walked toward the living room. "That nearly took my roof."

Everyone moved except Minne.

I stayed seated.

Delilah noticed. She slowed, met my eyes. I nodded slightly, gesturing that I had it. She gave a short nod back and kept walking to the bathroom.

I cleared my throat.

Minne flinched slightly and looked up at me. Her eyes were glossy, worry sitting right at the surface. I didn't speak right away. I didn't need to. She understood. Her shoulders

sagged. She set her fork down and started fidgeting with the hem of her freshly ironed maid outfit.

"Minne."

"Y-yes, Master?" Her voice was small.

"I've got the dishes," I said gently. "Go to your room. Take a breather."

"I can't let you handle the dishes—"

"That's an order," I said, firm but calm. "Change out of the outfit. Take the day off. Just relax, yeah?"

She hesitated, then nodded. "Okay, Master."

"Good girl."

She stood slowly, bowed her head slightly, and left the room.

The girls were already settled in the living room.

The TV was on low volume, a weather forecaster standing in front of a massive digital map, red and blue streaks swirling behind her as she talked about wind speeds, snowfall, and how the storm was expected to linger through the afternoon. The sound blended into the background, more atmosphere than information.

Kayla was curled up on one end of the couch, knees tucked under her. Tessa lounged across from her like she owned the place, one arm draped over the backrest. Kim sat upright, focused on the screen, while Jasmine half-listened, half-scrolled through her phone. Nala was there too, calm as ever, legs crossed neatly, eyes occasionally flicking from the TV to the rest of us.

I started collecting plates.

One by one, I stacked the empty dishes, balancing them carefully in my arms, the clink of porcelain soft but constant as I carried them into the kitchen. The smell of coffee still lingered, warm and rich, mixing with the faint citrus from the orange juice.

As I set the first stack down, the bathroom door opened.

Delilah stepped out and she paused when she saw me, then tilted her head slightly.

"Hey," she said. "Did you talk to Minne?"

"Yeah," I replied, sliding a plate into the sink. "She was pretty down."

Delilah nodded slowly, understanding immediately. She grabbed her empty glass from the counter and placed it beside the sink. "Yeah... I get that."

I glanced at her. "How about you talk to her for a bit? She loves you. Like—really loves you. You're her favorite."

Her lips curved into a soft smile. "Of course. I kind of find it cute, honestly. Dare I say I'm honored."

I snorted quietly. "I thought I was her favorite, not gonna lie."

She laughed under her breath.

From the living room, Jasmine twisted around on the couch, looking over the backrest. "Evan? You want help? I thought Minne would—"

"Nah," I said quickly. "I'm almost done."

Kim leaned forward slightly. "You sure?"

"Yep," I said, stacking the last plate. "Give me a second."

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Delilah stayed with me, rolling up her sleeves as she started loading the dishwasher. Plates slid into place, glasses clinked softly into the racks, cutlery scattered neatly into the tray. We worked side by side in comfortable silence, the kind that didn't need filling.

When the last dish was in, I closed the door and pressed the button. The machine hummed to life.

Delilah wiped her hands together. "I'll go talk to Minne."

"Thanks," I said, meeting her eyes.

She nodded once and headed down the hall.

I reached into my pocket, pulled out my cigarette pack, and tapped one free. I lit it, the flame briefly reflecting in the stainless steel before I snapped the lighter shut. Grabbing an ashtray from the counter, I walked back into the living room.

There was an empty spot on the double couch, right next to Kayla.

I dropped into it, stretching my legs out slightly, leaning back until my head rested against the cushion. I took a slow drag, exhaled toward the ceiling, smoke curling lazily above me.

"Wonder what Mendy's doing," Kayla said, turning her head toward me. "She's still in one of the downstairs rooms, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "Didn't wanna wake her. It's barely nine. Figured she'd still be asleep."

As I spoke, my eyes drifted.

Kayla was wearing Nala's clothes—probably the closest match size-wise—but even then, the fit was... strained. The hot pants sat higher than intended, hugging her curves tightly, stretched to their limits. I let my gaze linger a second too long.

Kayla noticed.

She didn't call me out. Just smiled faintly, like she'd expected it.

"Oh my god," Tessa said without even looking over. "Yeah, yeah, we get it. Big ass. Shocking preference, Evan. Truly unpredictable."

"I was appreciating her beauty," I said calmly.

"Sure you were."

I glanced at Tessa now. "I always look at you like this too, you know. Maybe you just don't notice."

EVENT

=====

Tessa'sInterest +5

She froze for half a second.

Then rolled her eyes. "Oh, shut up. Don't do that like that."

I grinned. "Like what?"

"That," she said, pointing vaguely at me. "Don't get all like that on me. I was joking, no need for 'reassurance' you idiot."

"I wasn't reassuring," I said lightly. "But... okay?"

She huffed, crossing her arms, though the corner of her mouth twitched like she was trying not to smile.

The TV droned on about pressure systems and incoming snow, the storm raging outside while we sat there, warm, tangled, and quietly electric inside the penthouse.

(_____)

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 30 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 32 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 21 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 12 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 5 / 20

Esme: Interest: 10 / 20

Shit. I also had to check on Esme. I completely forgot about her yesterday.

Well... no. I didn't forget. Things just got in the way. A lot of things. I didn't exactly expect Mendy to drop that on me out of nowhere—telling me she wanted to watch me have sex like it was a casual suggestion—so yeah, my brain had been a mess since then.

I fished my phone out of my pocket, planning to call Cora and ask her about Esme. But then, the screen lit up.

Oh, no.

Ivy was calling me.

Why the hell was Ivy calling me now? She knew her mom was staying at a "friend's" place. She knew that friend was me. So why now?

"Who is it?" Nala asked, glancing at me.

"Ivy," I said.

Kayla frowned. "Who's Ivy?"

"Delilah's daughter," Tessa said immediately, smirking. "Yeah. He's fucking his friend's mother. Spoiler."

Kayla blinked, then leaned back into the couch, clearly surprised. I didn't even look at her. I just muted the call and waited.

No way I was answering that.

The phone kept vibrating for a moment, then finally went quiet. The screen turned dark, reflecting my face back at me. I stared at it for a second longer than necessary.

I had to call her back. Just... not right now. At the very least, I needed to talk to Delilah first.

"Where's Minne?" Tessa asked, shifting her legs.

"She was feeling down," I said. "I sent Delilah to talk to her. Thought it might help."

"She really likes Delilah, huh?" Kim said, tilting her head toward Nala. "Was she always like that?"

"She didn't really talk much to me or Guy," Nala said thoughtfully. "But she was always kind. Just... good, I guess."

"And her mother?" Tessa asked. "Always like that too?"

"Yeah," Nala nodded. "Emma recommended her to us. Said she needed a job. First day she was here, she was shaking so badly she nearly broke two plates."

Kayla shifted. "Emma?"

"A friend of mine," Nala replied.

"Got it." Kayla hesitated, then cleared her throat. "So... uh. I talked with you girls, right?"

"Yeah?" Jasmine said.

"Carrie Beldenwary," Kayla said. "Did she really kidnap you, Kim?"

"No," I cut in before Kim could answer. "She willingly surrendered."

Kayla blinked. "Why?"

"Because she's an idiot," Tessa said, grabbing a pillow and throwing it straight at Kim's head.

"Ouch!" Kim yelped, missing the catch. She snatched the pillow and threw it back, but Tessa caught it mid-air and flipped her off.

Kim scoffed, fixed her hair, brushed imaginary dust off her shoulders, then exhaled slowly. Her gaze drifted toward the hallway... then back to me.

"Should we check on Minne?"

"Nah," I said. "Delilah can—"

"I'll go," Tessa interrupted, already standing up. "Can't have our little maid all sad and nervous. Who'd cook for us then?"

"You sure?" I asked.

"Jesus, Evan," she said, rolling her eyes. "I'm not going into battle. I'll just talk to her."

I shrugged. "Just... don't be hard on her, okay?"

"I won't. Chill." She sighed, heading down the hall.

"She was pretty quiet at breakfast," Kayla said.

"Yeah," I nodded. "She can't reach her mom because of the storm."

Tessa disappeared into the hallway and a few seconds later, we heard Minne's door open. I wanted to go check too, but I'd just crowd them. I've never been great at those kinds of conversations anyway. Delilah was probably enough but I guess Tessa wanted to check on her as well. She didn't say it out loud but... I think she... cared about Minne.

Cute.

I leaned back and looked at the TV. Every channel was saying something different—one claiming the storm would pass today, another saying it'd last for days. No clear answer. If I had to guess? We were stuck here for today.

"Did Mendy have anything in her fridge?" Nala asked suddenly.

"It was basically empty," I said. "Shit... does she even know how breakfast works here?"

"I don't know if Minne explained it," Kim said. "Should we check on her?"

"She won't die of starvation," Jasmine said with a grin. "She's not five."

"I'll check," I said, pushing myself up. "Just in case."

"I'll come too," Kayla said quickly. "If we don't talk after... yesterday, it'll just get weird. Like, really weird."

"I think you'd be fine," I said. "But sure. I'll just ask if she needs anything."

"You won't invite her up here?" Jasmine asked. "She'll get bored alone."

"I'm not sure she'd say yes," I said, grabbing my jacket. "But I'll ask."

Kayla looked down at herself and grimaced. "God, these clothes are way too tight. I'll wear my coat."

"Hmm."

I walked to the door and opened it, holding it for Kayla. She grabbed her long coat from the rack, slipping it on. Underneath, her t-shirt was skin-tight, hugging her tits perfectly, and those hotpants—fuck, they left nothing to the imagination, cameltoe clear as day, pussy lips outlined against the fabric. The coat hid it now, but the memory made my cock stir.

We stepped out, and I closed the door behind us with a soft click.

The hallway was quiet as we headed to the elevator. I hit the button, doors sliding open immediately. We rode down in silence, the hum of the cables the only sound, tension thick between us.

The doors opened to the floor below..

Just as Kayla stepped forward to leave, I grabbed her waist hard, yanking her back against me.

She gasped. "What are you doing?"

I spun her, pushed her back against the door to the guest room—Mendy's room—and kissed her rough, tongue plunging deep.

She moaned into my mouth, hands fisting my shirt.

I unzipped her coat fast, hands sliding inside to grab both ass cheeks, squeezing hard, fingers digging into the flesh.

"You have no idea what you're doing to me, Kayla," I growled against her lips. "That outfit... that ass... you can't expect me to stay calm."

"Is this... Mendy's room?" she panted, eyes dark.

I turned her fast, her hands slapping the door for balance. I yanked her hotpants down just enough, lifted one knee high, hooking my arm under it to open her wide.

I unzipped my pants, cock springing free—throbbing hard, pre-cum dripping.

"You love this, don't you?" I rasped, rubbing the head along her soaked slit. "I'm gonna fuck you right in front of Mendy's door. Imagine if she opens it... sees me pounding this pussy."

"Evan—" she moaned, pushing back hard against me.

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I slammed in deep, sideways thrust, her leg up high, right shoulder pinned to the door. She screamed softly, pussy clenching tight around me like a fist. I started moving—hard, fast strokes, the angle letting me hit spots that made her whole body jolt, her huge ass jiggling against my hips with every impact.

- 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.

Shit. That wasn't my intention, I was just trying to get her on the edge but... oh, fuck it.

I leaned into her ear, breath hot, thrusts brutal. "I love you more than her. I love your body more than hers. I love this juicy ass more than anything. You're the perfect woman for me, Kayla—every curve, every moan."

She moaned deep, grinding back hard, pussy flooding wetter. "Evan... w-what if you... had to choo—"

"If I had to choose," I whispered, cutting her off before she could finish the question, "you. Any day. Every day. That perfect ass, perfect body..."

That shattered her.

She moaned loud, body tensing, pussy spasming wildly as she came—gushing hot and wet around my cock, legs shaking in my grip, screams raw as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming, hips bucking desperately.

I thrust through it, grinding deep, letting her ride every pulse.

She panted, body limp against the door, cum dripping down her thighs.

I slowed, kissing her neck. "Good girl... cumming so hard for me."

I went faster, hips snapping brutal, cock slamming deep into Kayla's pussy with every thrust. The door rattled behind her, her body pinned, leg still up in my grip, ass jiggling wildly.

"Don't cum inside... Evan—" she moaned, voice breaking, but her hips pushed back harder, pussy clenching like she didn't mean it.

"I'm gonna..." I groaned, pleasure coiling tight, balls heavy and ready.

"Don't—" she gasped, but didn't pull away, pussy fluttering around me, wetter than ever.

"You say don't," I growled, thrusting harder, fingers digging into her thigh. "But this pussy's begging for it... gripping me so tight... you want my cum deep, don't you? Want me to fill you up right here, risk it all."

She whimpered, body shaking. "Evan, fuck, no... yes, oh god..."

I gritted my teeth, holding her hips tight, and pushed to the base one final time—cock buried completely, throbbing as I exploded inside her with a deep groan. Thick ropes flooded her pussy, pulse after pulse, hot and heavy, filling her until I felt it leak around me.

The Pleasure 45 hit her like a storm—my cum alone shattering her since she was already teetering on the edge. Her pussy spasmed violently, clamping down in endless waves, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her body convulsed against the door, leg kicking in my grip, screams raw and desperate, "EVAN—FUCK—CUMMING—OH GOD—" hips bucking wildly as wave after wave crashed through her, pussy milking every drop from me, body shaking uncontrollably in pure, overwhelming ecstasy.

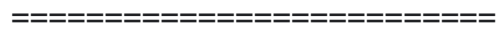
Thankfully, I moved fast and put a hand over her mouth. If I didn't, Mendy would've probably heard that easily.

I thrust slow through it, grinding deep, emptying everything while she sobbed and clenched.

When it ended, Kayla pulled away slowly, turning to face me, panting, cum dripping down her thighs.



- Sexual Activity Completed



Partner: Kayla

EXP Gained: +250

Villain Bonus: +500 EXP | 200c

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 450c

"Oh my god..." she whispered, eyes wide. "The things I said about Mendy..."

Uh-oh. Post nut clarity.

"Don't worry," I smiled, pulling her close. "It was just the heat of the moment. I said those things to push you over the edge. I knew you liked that kind of talk."

"I... I'm a scum, Evan."

"You're not." I grabbed her hotpants, helped her step into them, pulling them up slow. My cum flowed into the fabric immediately, darkening it fast as it soaked through.

I kissed her lips softly.

"Though... some of it was true. I really like you. I really do. And I'm lucky to have met you."

She blushed, looking away. "Not the time, Evan. You realize what I just said about Mendy?"

"You were on the edge."

"Stop saying that. 'On the edge.' That doesn't justify it."

"You want me to stop... that kind of talk?"

"Yes," she said firmly, though her voice wavered. "Even though... maybe I... I like it, please stop. I really care about Mendy, Evan. I really do. Please. No... just... no."

I nodded. "You're a good friend, Kayla. You really are."

"I try to be." She cleared her throat, zipping her coat to hide the mess.

Then she exhaled, shaking her head as she rubbed her eyes.

"You came inside me."

"I'm sorry. You really didn't move out of the way either."

"What if I get pregnant?"

"That would make me happy."

"God, you... ugh. Just knock on the door."

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30 (200c)
- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

=====

Credits: 1457c

I knocked on the door and waited, shifting my weight slightly as the hallway stayed quiet. After a few seconds passed with no response, I glanced at Kayla. She looked just as tense as I felt.

Still nothing.

Without really thinking about it, I reached out and slapped her ass.

She jumped and immediately smacked my hand away, spinning toward me with wide eyes. "Stop it," she hissed. "What if she—"

"Okay, okay, sorry," I said quickly, raising my hands in surrender.

She scoffed and crossed her arms, clearly annoyed. "You're such an idiot."

Right then, the lock clicked and the door opened. Mendy stood there, looking sleepy, her hair slightly messy. She rubbed one eye with the back of her hand and blinked at us.

"Oh... hey," she said softly. Then she cleared her throat and let her hand fall to her side, suddenly a little self-conscious.

"Hey," I said. "I just wanted to check if you were hungry or anything."

She shook her head slightly. "I got up around eight. Minne told me how to order breakfast to the room, so I did. Then I took a nap. I couldn't really sleep last night because of the storm and... because of everything."

"I figured," I said, nodding. I gestured toward the elevator. "If you want, you can come join us. Not for... that kind of... thing. Uh, just, I don't know, maybe for a coffee."

She hesitated, rubbing the back of her head while she thought about it.

"It'll be fun," Kayla said with a small smile. "You don't have to stay long."

Mendy exhaled and nodded. "Yeah. Okay. Why not."

"Great," I said. "You've got the keycard Minne gave you, right?"

"Yeah," she said. "Let me put my boots on."

We waited while she stepped back inside. Kayla leaned toward me and muttered, "You're lucky she agreed."

"I know," I replied quietly.

Mendy came back out a moment later, pulling on her boots and brushing off her t-shirt like she suddenly cared how she looked. Then we headed toward the elevator together.

The ride up was short, but awkward. No one really spoke. Kayla stared straight ahead, Mendy kept her hands clasped together, and I watched the numbers above the door light up.

When the doors opened, we walked down the hall to the penthouse. I knocked, and a few seconds later Jasmine opened the door.

"Well, good morning," she said with a grin, stepping aside. "Come in."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

The Heart System - Chapter 343

Chapter 343: Chapter 343

Mendy stepped inside slowly, like she was half-expecting to be told she'd walked into the wrong place. Jasmine closed the door behind us and the warmth hit immediately, along with the low noise of the TV and a few overlapping voices from the living room.

Kayla slipped her coat off and hung it by the door without being told where anything was. She was getting used to this place faster than she realized. Mendy stayed near the entrance for a second, fingers brushing the hem of her shirt again before she let her arms fall to her sides.

"I'm gonna change out of my clothes," Kayla said, covering her hotpants. "Be right back."

Phew. Mendy was too busy checking the place out to see her cum-stained hotpants. That was a huge relief.

"Hey," Kim said from the couch when she noticed us. She lifted her mug slightly. "You made it."

"Morning," Nala added from the armchair. She looked relaxed, legs tucked under her, phone forgotten in her hand.

Jasmine glanced at Mendy. "Coffee?"

Mendy blinked. "Uh. Yeah. If that's okay."

"Always okay," Jasmine said, already turning toward the kitchen. "Cream and sugar?"

"Yes," Mendy said quickly, then smiled, a little embarrassed. "Please."

I kicked my shoes off and headed in after Jasmine. The coffee machine was already warm, lights glowing softly. She pressed a button and leaned against the counter while it did its thing.

"She nervous?" Jasmine asked quietly, not looking at me.

"A bit," I said. "I don't blame her."

The machine finished with a soft hiss. Jasmine poured the coffee and slid the mug across the counter to me. "You bring her over. I'll grab mine."

Back in the living room, Mendy had moved a few steps farther in. She was standing near the couch now, eyes moving from face to face, taking everyone in again like she needed to re-orient herself.

"Here," I said, handing her the mug.

"Thank you," she said, wrapping both hands around it. Her shoulders dropped a fraction once she felt the warmth.

Kayla came from the master bedroom, wearing new hotpants. She sat on one of the couches and patted the spot beside her. "Sit. You're making it weird by standing."

Mendy let out a small laugh and sat. Not too close, but close enough.

The weather channel was on, muted, captions rolling across the bottom of the screen about snowfall and road closures. Kim glanced at it and scoffed. "They've been saying the same thing for three hours."

"At least they're consistent," Nala said.

Minne's door down the hall opened, and a moment later she stepped out, already changed out of her maid outfit into soft clothes. She paused when she saw Mendy, then gave a small nod.

"Hi," Minne said.

"Hi," Mendy replied, just as soft.

Minne walked over and took the armchair opposite the couch. She curled into it slightly, pulling her knees up. Delilah followed her out a second later, rubbing her hands together like she'd just finished talking for a long time.

"All good?" I asked.

Delilah nodded. "As good as it can be right now."

Tessa appeared behind her, stretching her arms over her head. "She didn't cry, so that's progress."

Minne shot her a look. "I wasn't going to cry."

"Sure," Tessa said, sitting on the floor.

The mood stayed light after that. Someone turned the TV volume up a bit. Jasmine came back with her coffee and dropped onto the couch, exhaling.

Mendy watched the exchange, amused. "You're all... very comfortable with each other."

"That's one word for it," Kayla said.

"It took time," Nala added. "And a lot of arguments."

"And makeup sex," Tessa said.

"Unnecessary," Delilah muttered.

Mendy's ears turned a little red, but she smiled into her mug. "Still. It's nice."

I nodded. "Nice or not. You're stuck with us whether you like it or not. The storm just so persistent, huh?"

Mendy laughed quietly. "Okay. Then... I'll stay."

And just like that, she leaned back into the couch, coffee in hand, part of the room instead of hovering at the edges.

The room settled into that quiet kind of noise you only get when people are comfortable together. The TV kept talking about the storm, the coffee machine hummed every now and then when someone refilled a cup, and the couch creaked softly whenever someone shifted their weight. No one felt like rushing anywhere, and honestly, there was nowhere to rush to anyway.

Minne sat curled into the armchair, her hands wrapped around a mug she hadn't really touched. She listened more than she spoke, eyes drifting toward the hallway every now and then like she expected bad news to walk out of it. Delilah stayed close to her, sitting on the arm of the chair, one hand resting on Minne's shoulder like an anchor.

Kim leaned back on the couch and stretched her legs out. "I swear," she said, "the last time I went grocery shopping before a storm like this, people were fighting over bread."

"Same," Jasmine said. "I saw two grown men argue over the last pack of eggs like it was gold."

Kayla tilted her head. "People act like the world's ending."

"It kind of is if you're out of coffee," Nala said calmly, lifting her mug.

Another silence. Then, Mendy cleared her throat.

She smiled at that, glancing down at her own cup. "Minne showed me where everything was earlier. She was really sweet about it."

Minne looked up at her, surprised, then nodded. "I... yeah. I didn't want you to feel lost."

"You did great," Mendy said. "I still get lost in my own place sometimes."

That earned a small smile from Minne, even if it didn't last long.

Tessa, who had claimed the floor again, leaned her back against the couch. "So," she said, looking around, "anyone else remember that time Evan tried to carry all the grocery bags at once and dropped half of them?"

I sighed. "That happened one time."

"It was more than one," Jasmine said.

"And dramatic," Kim added. "Milk everywhere."

"I slipped," I said. "The floor was wet."

"Because the milk spilled," Kayla pointed out.

The conversation drifted like that for a while. Nothing important, just stories that filled the space. Jasmine talked about getting lost in a mall once and pretending she knew where she was going so no one would notice.

Jasmine suddenly sat up straighter. "Okay," she said. "I'm bored."

"That took longer than usual," Tessa replied.

"No, like," Jasmine continued, ignoring her, "I want to do something."

"Define something," Kim said.

Jasmine looked toward the kitchen. "We could bake a cake."

There was a brief pause.

"A cake?" Kayla repeated.

"Yes," Jasmine said. "A proper one. Not boxed crap."

Tessa's eyes lit up a little. "Didn't you tell me that story about your neighbor?"

Jasmine grinned. "Which one?"

"The one who used to bake cakes every Sunday when you were a kid," Tessa said. "You said the whole building smelled like vanilla."

Jasmine laughed softly. "Yeah. Mrs. Halvorsen. She'd give me a slice every time I helped carry her groceries."

"That sounds unfair," Kim said. "Now I want cake."

Mendy shifted on the couch. "I can help," she said quickly, like she was afraid she'd miss her chance. "If that's okay."

"Of course," Jasmine said. "Everyone helps."

Minne hesitated, then Delilah nudged her gently. "You can just sit and watch if you want."

"I... I can help," Minne said. Her voice was quiet, but determined.

"See," Tessa said, pushing herself up, "group activity. Perfect storm weather."

We all moved toward the kitchen slowly, like no one wanted to break the calm by rushing. Jasmine took charge immediately, opening cabinets and pulling things out.

"Okay," she said. "Flour, sugar, eggs, butter. We're doing vanilla."

"Classic," Nala said, leaning against the counter.

I grabbed a bowl and set it on the island. Kayla rolled up her sleeves without being asked. Mendy stood close to Minne, watching what everyone else did before moving.

Jasmine cracked the first egg, clean and confident. "Now, the next one..."

Kayla measured the flour, tongue between her teeth as she leveled it carefully. "I've never baked from scratch before," she admitted.

"It's just following instructions," Nala said. "Like everything else."

Mendy stood near the counter, hands folded. "What should I do?"

I slid the butter toward her. "You can soften that."

She nodded and started cutting it into smaller pieces, careful and focused.

As we worked, the kitchen filled with small sounds. The scrape of a spoon against a bowl, the soft clink of measuring cups, the low hum of the fridge when someone opened it. The TV could still be heard faintly from the living room, but it felt far away.

Tessa leaned over my shoulder. "You're on mixing duty."

"Why me?"

"Because I said so."

I started stirring, slow at first, then more steadily as Jasmine added ingredients one by one.

Minne wiped her hands on a towel and stood beside Delilah. "It smells nice already," she said.

"It always does," Delilah replied. "Baking fixes a lot of things."

Minne nodded, even if her eyes still looked tired.

Jasmine watched the exchange and smiled to herself before clapping her hands. "Okay. Batter's almost done."

Tessa leaned in to look. "Can I taste it?"

"No," Jasmine said immediately.

"Just a little."

"No."

Tessa dipped a finger in anyway and licked it. "Too late."

"Traitor," Jasmine said, but she was laughing.

The batter was smooth and pale, thick enough to cling to the spoon. Jasmine poured it into the prepared pan slowly, tapping it against the counter to get rid of air bubbles.

I turned the oven on, the soft click and rising heat adding to the cozy feeling in the room.

Minne stood closer now, watching like it mattered. Maybe it did.

Jasmine slid the pan toward me. "Alright. Moment of truth."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

The Heart System - Chapter 344 [1,571 words]

Chapter 344: Chapter 344

I opened the oven, warm air washing over my face, and carefully placed the cake inside. The rack slid in smoothly, the door closing with a soft thump.

"That's it," Jasmine said. "Now we wait."

The oven light glowed softly, the cake just beginning its slow rise. And for the first time all day, everything felt calm. Huh... never thought baking a simple cake would be this... fun.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

I pulled it out and checked the screen—Ivy. Shit. My chest tightened immediately. She was calling again. And this early? It had to be about her mother. About Delilah.

I exhaled slowly and turned the phone so Delilah could see the name. She mirrored my reaction, dragging a hand down her face before pressing her palm to her forehead. Yeah, this sucked. A lot.

"What should I say to her?" I asked quietly.

"Just..." Delilah sighed, eyes drifting away. "Tell her you don't know anything. If she asks about me. If not—zip it."

"Alright." I nodded. "Excuse me."

"Mm."

I stepped into the master bedroom and shut the door softly behind me, then answered the call.

The moment I swiped, soft music leaked from the speaker. Ivy must've been in her room, computer on, something low and mellow playing. That usually meant she was trying to stay calm.

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

"Good," she replied. "Sorry if I woke you early."

"Nah, it's fine." I leaned against the bed. "What happened?"

"My mom," she said.

There it was.

"She's with a man. I know it." Her voice sharpened. "I called her earlier. You know how she sounded?"

"H-how?"

"Guilty," Ivy snapped. "Guilty as shit, Evan. I know she's lying. I know she has someone in her life, and I—" She exhaled hard. "I hate that she's hiding it from me."

"Maybe she knows how you'd react and—"

"Fuck yeah I'd react," Ivy cut in. "That shouldn't stop her from telling me. I'm her daughter. Daughter, for fuck's sake. I deserve to know what's happening in her life."

"Ivy, she's a grown-ass woman," I said carefully. "You shouldn't—"

"Evan." Her voice went flat. "Did she tell you something or not. I want the truth."

The air went heavy. Then the system appeared.

Persuasion Attempt: Ivy

=====

□□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/3

I had to convince her. There was no other option. Thank God I had fully invested in Honeyed Words—though I wished my Luck skill was higher, too. That would've given me the edge I needed. But wishing wouldn't help. I had to work with what I had.

Five boxes. Three chances.

I needed to take one risky option to earn two boxes, then follow it up with two safe choices. There was no room for error.

Attempting Persuasion

"Ms. Komb is your mom, Ivy.

Not mine. Why would she tell me if she has someone in her life?"

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 80%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Ms. Komb is your mom, Ivy," I said gently. "Not mine. Why would she tell me if she has someone in her life?"

"Just..." she groaned softly. "Ugh, I don't know."

I heard a faint creak—she must've leaned back in her chair.

"Did you catch her with someone else, maybe? When we met at the shopping mall... you sure there wasn't any man around her?"

Persuasion Attempt: Ivy

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 1/3

Nice. One box.

Now one safe. Then one risky.

Attempting Persuasion

"There wasn't, Ivy. You are being paranoid, really. Just listen what you are saying right now."

=====

Base Chance: 40%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 90%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"There wasn't, Ivy," I said, rubbing my temple. "You're being paranoid, really. Just listen to what you're saying right now."

"I am listening," she snapped. "But I'm also listening to my gut."

Her voice dropped.

"And my gut says she's lying."

"Ivy—"

"No Ivy, Evan. No."

Persuasion Attempt: Ivy

=====

☑☒☐☐☐

=====

Remaining Chances: 2/3

Fuck. Again? The same thing had happened before. I'd had a ninety percent chance this time—up from eighty—and still failed. Losing to that last ten percent was almost impressive.

So, change of plans. I had to take the riskiest option now—not the two-box one. I sat on the edge of the bed and watched as a new box appeared in front of me.

Attempting Persuasion

"Ivy. You're being ridiculous.

Can't you see how she is? How

her mood's been down? She feels

like a burden to you, staying at your

house and all. She didn't talk to me

about her boyfriend. She talked

about her real feelings."

=====

Base Chance: 10%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 60%

Upon Succeeding: ☑☑☑

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

I took a breath and spoke slowly..

"Ivy. You're being ridiculous. Can't you see how she is? How her mood's been down? She feels like a burden to you, staying at your house and all. She didn't talk to me about her boyfriend. She talked about her real feelings."

I leaned forward.

"Maybe you should focus on that instead of getting worked up over nothing."

Silence.

Then—

Persuasion Attempt: Ivy

=====

☑☒☑☑☑

=====

Remaining Chances: 3/3-SUCCESS

Oh thank fuck.

"I..." Ivy's voice cracked. "She... she doesn't need to feel that way."

I heard movement—pacing.

"You know I like having her around, Evan. Why would she feel like a burden? She's my fucking mother. She took care of me my whole life and—"

"And now it's your turn," I said softly. "You've said that before."

She sniffed.

"But she doesn't see it that way. So instead of following her around like a crazy stalker—talk to her. Ask if everything's okay. Ask if she needs something."

"I'll..." Ivy exhaled. "Fuck."

"Sorry if I was blunt," I said. "But come on."

Ivy was right—someone was in her life. And that someone was me. Her friend was having sex with her mother nearly every day, but that didn't neutralize what I'd said... or what the system said, which was exactly what I was thinking. Ivy was fixated on her mother having someone in her life, but that shouldn't have mattered.

"Fine," Ivy said. "I'll talk to her first. Then I'll ask if she has someone in her life."

"That's a start," I said, rubbing the back of my head.

"Right?"

"Right," she muttered. "Thanks... I guess."

"Hey, I have to be better than that psychologist guy you were seeing," I said. "I should charge you for my time, considering I just had you resolve the issue with your mother."

"Resolve?" she muttered. "Uh-uh. Dumbass."

"Yes, Ivy. I'm your best friend."

"Ugh." She didn't answer and just ended the call.

Phew. Fucking phew. That was close. I didn't think that failing the persuasion attempt would magically make Ivy realize I was the guy Delilah was with. Honeyed Words only made it easier to convince her, helping me say the right things at the right time. Maybe I should've dumped that upgrade onto this skill instead...

The door opened quietly, and Delilah stepped inside. She must've been listening the whole time because the tension in her shoulders finally eased the moment she saw me. Relief washed over her face, and she crossed the room without saying a word before sitting down next to me on the bed.

"You heard?" I asked, sliding my phone back into my pocket.

"Yeah," she said, letting out a shaky breath. "I nearly had a heart attack. Oh god."

"Yeah," I muttered.

She leaned back against the headboard, then turned her head to look at me. "But... who was that guy you were talking about? The psychologist one."

"I don't know," I said honestly. "She told me she was interested in him. Didn't she tell you that?"

Her lips pressed into a thin line. "No. That little..." She shook her head. "So she hides her own personal stuff and then tries to butt into mine?"

"Yep," I said. "Look at that, huh?"

Delilah snorted softly. "She's always been bad at choosing boyfriends. You remember her high school crush?"

I nodded. "Yeah. He was found doing cocaine in the school garden. Idiot."

"And that guy from Timme's?" she added.

I winced. "He fucked his cousin."

"Mm."

"Damn. Maybe I should check him to see if he is... normal."

"Do you remember his name?" She asked. "Did she ever tell you?"

I snapped my fingers, thinking. "Uh... Doctor Who? No, wait. House. Yeah. Chase. His name was Chase."

Delilah raised an eyebrow.

"I'll look into him," I said. "See if he's fucking his cousin or doing cocaine."

She laughed for real this time, the tension finally leaving her shoulders. "Thank you, Evan."

"Of course." I rested my hand gently on her belly and leaned in to kiss her. "You're my baby's mother, after all. Anything for you."

"My, my," she said with a small smile. "What a gentleman."

I smiled back and kissed her again, slow and familiar. Then I pulled away and stood up, offering her my hand.

"Come on," I said. "Let's go to the living room. They're waiting for us."

She took my hand, and together we headed out of the room.

We stepped back into the living room together.

The Heart System - Chapter 345[1,603 words]

Chapter 345: Chapter 345

Jasmine was standing near the balcony doors with Mendy, one hand on the glass while snow slammed softly against it from outside. The balcony was completely white, the railing buried, the city beyond blurred by the storm.

"So this is the balcony," Jasmine said, sounding way too cheerful for the weather.

"Normally it's amazing. Coffee, wine, city view. Right now it's just winter hell."

Mendy leaned closer to the glass, eyes wide. "It's... really pretty. And kind of scary."

"Yeah," Jasmine laughed. "But once this storm's over, we're planning upgrades. We already talked about it with the hotel."

"Upgrades?" Mendy asked.

"With one button," Jasmine said, tapping the wall beside the door, "the whole balcony seals shut. Glass panels slide in, cuts off the outside completely. Wind, snow, everything. Like an indoor room."

Mendy blinked. "That's insane."

"Rich people toys," Jasmine grinned.

I let them talk and headed into the kitchen. I opened the fridge, grabbed a beer, and popped it open. The hiss felt good. A second later, Kim walked in and reached for a beer too.

I took it out of her hand and put it back in the fridge.

She froze, then sighed and smacked her forehead lightly. "Oh. Right. Pregnant. Wow."

"Yeah," I said. "That's kind of a thing now."

She leaned back against the counter, arms crossing. "Habit."

"I can make you lemonade if you want," I said. "Fresh."

She tilted her head. "You know what? I'll take it."

I turned to the sink, ran water over my cigarette to kill it, tossed it in the bin, and washed my hands. I grabbed a couple lemons from the fridge and the citrus press from the drawer. I cut the first lemon in half and pressed it slowly. Juice dripped into the glass, sharp smell filling the kitchen.

"You getting used to it?" I asked while pressing the second half.

"A little," Kim said. "Still weird. You?"

"A little," I said. I added more juice, then reached for the sugar. "Every day feels different."

She watched me, amused. "Delilah, me... and now Minne wants to get pregnant too."

I looked up. "Hmm?"

"Yeah," Kim nodded. "Yesterday I caught her staring at herself in the mirror, smiling like an idiot while rubbing her stomach. It was illegal how cute it was."

I stirred the sugar in. "I've seen that too. And it does something to me. Makes me feel like I'm on top of the world. Butterflies and shit."

She laughed. "Butterflies and shit. Wow."

"Hey," I said. "That's real, alright? Very real."

"Thank God I'm not dating you for romance," she said. "Romance would punch you and walk away disappointed."

"I am romantic," I said, adding cold water and stirring again.

"Sure you are."

I slid the glass to her. "Try it."

She took a sip, nodded, then took another. "Okay. That's good."

"See?" I said. "Didn't screw up lemonade. And I'm romantic."

"Two irrelevant subjects, cowboy."

She smiled into the glass.

From the living room, I heard laughter and the TV murmuring in the background. The storm kept howling outside, but inside the penthouse felt warm. Full. Loud in the best way.

Kim and I walked over to the couch where Minne was sitting by herself.

She looked up when she noticed us and smiled, a small one, barely there, but it was still a smile. Without the maid outfit, she looked different. Softer. More like her age. It felt strange not seeing her in uniform, but at the same time... she was really cute like this. Comfortable clothes, hair a little messy, shoulders slightly slumped.

"How are you, honey?" I asked, lowering my voice a bit as I stopped in front of her.

"I'm good, Master," she said quietly.

I knew that tone. She was saying she was fine because she didn't want to worry anyone, not because she actually was.

Around us, the penthouse was alive in its usual way. Jasmine and Mendy were still by the balcony doors, talking and pointing at the snow piling up outside. Kim moved to sit on the arm of the couch with her lemonade. Delilah and Nala were together on the other couch, phones in hand, leaning close. Kayla was by the kitchen counter, scrolling through something on her phone, while Tessa poured herself a glass of water and muttered about some stupid headline she'd just read.

Mendy stood out a little. She wasn't really part of anything yet, just hovering near Jasmine, listening more than talking. She looked like she wanted to fit in but didn't know how yet.

I put my hand on Minne's shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. She leaned into it just slightly, like she needed the reassurance. Her fingers came up and rested over my hand, rubbing my knuckles with her thumb. It was absent-minded, instinctive. That small gesture alone told me more than her words did.

She really had come a long way. The first time I met her, her face had been completely blank, like she'd already given up on expecting kindness from people. Now she still struggled, but she let herself feel things.

"Want me to squeeze you a lemonade too?" I asked. "I just made one for Kim. Apparently I'm a professional now."

"I really did love it," Kim said, lifting her glass slightly. "Still loving it, actually. Want some, Minne?"

"I'm... I'm okay," Minne said after a second. "Thank you."

"All right," Kim said easily. "But don't come crying later when you regret it."

Minne smiled a little more at that, and the tension in her shoulders eased just a bit.

I gave her shoulders a light shake and stepped back. "I'm here if you need me, okay?"

She nodded and met my eyes. I could see the redness there now that I was closer. She'd cried not long ago. That made my chest tighten in a way I didn't like.

I rubbed the back of my neck and headed toward the kitchen, where Kayla and Tessa were still hanging out. Kayla was holding her phone up while Tessa leaned in close, both of them laughing.

"Evan," Tessa said, pointing at the screen. "Come here. You need to see this."

"Huh?" I pulled my phone out of habit, then leaned closer to see what they were watching.

It was one of those dumb videos. A cat drinking water, exaggerated slurping sounds, clearly edited to be weirdly relaxing. I watched for a second, unimpressed. Then the screen suddenly cut to some screaming woman with distorted audio. I didn't even flinch. I just stared at them and shook my head while dialing Cora's number.

Nah. I was so used to Dierella just appearing out of nowhere that I... I was kind of immune to jumpscares now, I guess. Weird flex, huh...

"You had to see that," Tessa said proudly. "First time I watched it, I nearly pissed myself."

"I didn't," I said, putting the phone to my ear. "Not scary."

"Liar," Tessa said, smacking my shoulder.

"All right, drama queen."

"Hello?" Cora's voice came through.

"Oh, hey," I said, stepping a little away from the others and leaning against the counter. "How are you, Cora?"

"I'm good. You?"

"Same old," I said. "I just wanted to check on Esme. After... everything. See how she's doing."

"She's okay," Cora said. "Got a pretty bad cold, but she's better than yesterday."

"That's good," I said. "I was worried."

"She's sleeping on and off. Do you want to talk to her?"

"Yeah," I said. "If that's okay."

I heard footsteps—Cora, probably, heading toward Esme's bedroom. I waited, staring at the floor, tracing imaginary lines as I searched for the words I was supposed to say.

I hadn't known Esme's father was... that kind of person. I knew he was a jerk, sure, but I hadn't expected that level of degeneracy.

A faint shuffling sound reached me, followed by a yawn. Esme must have already been in bed, with Cora in her room now. She had to be asleep—of course she was. That girl could sleep through anything. I would never understand how she managed it.

Then I heard a yawn.

"Evan?" Esme's voice came through, groggy. "Morning."

"Hey," I said softly. "Morning. How are you feeling?"

"Okay. Tired."

"Yeah, I can hear that," I said. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay. You were... not in a great place when I left."

"I am," she said. "I'm sorry for how I acted."

"No," I said immediately. "That wasn't on you. I'm the one who should apologize. I shouldn't have let things get that far."

There was a pause.

"I wanted it," she admitted quietly. "But I panicked."

"That's valid," I said. "Anyone would."

She hummed in agreement. "I need to sleep."

"Right," I said. "Hope you get better."

"Bye, Evan."

"Bye."

I ended the call and stopped pacing. I was glad she was okay. She hadn't sounded sad—just sleepy. Extremely sleepy.

Relieved, I smacked the phone against my palm a few times before slipping it into my pocket and heading back into the living room. I took in the scene: Kayla and Tessa were still in the kitchen, with Minne hovering between them.

A few seconds later, as Minne watched a video on Tessa's phone, she let out a small scream. It had to be that stupid scary clip they'd made me watch earlier. Poor Minne.

Still... maybe it would help take her mind off her mother.

"That was scary!" she said, wide-eyed.

"I told you!" Tessa laughed.

"Sorry!" Kayla said quickly. "She made me send it."

The Heart System - Chapter 346[1,639 words]

Chapter 346: Chapter 346

Jasmine, who was sitting on the double couches with Mendy, pointed toward the kitchen counter, talking about something I couldn't quite hear. Delilah and Kim were at the dining table, both showing each other things on their phones.

I walked over and stopped behind them. Delilah had a photo of a baby crib on her screen, while Kim was looking at a feeding bottle—apparently on sale.

Still... maybe it would help take her mind off her mother.

"Hey, you two."

"Which color?" Delilah asked, swiping across her screen to show another crib—this one orange. "This one has wobbly lines. And this one—the black one."

"I like the orange, wobbly one," I said. "More... colorful."

"God, this whole mommy thing is so difficult," Kim said, then sighed. "But not gonna lie—I kinda like it."

"You?" Delilah asked, turning to me. "You like this whole daddy thing, Evan?"

"Love it. Every second of it." I smirked.

"Evan!" Kayla called from the couch. "I think your phone alarm is ringing in the master bedroom."

"Oh," Nala said. "That's the alarm I set for the cake. My battery died, it's charging."

Kayla, already in the kitchen, turned off the oven. Tessa crouched in front of it and peered inside. A few seconds later, she straightened up and gave us a thumbs-up.

Great. At least we hadn't burned it.

"Let's wait a bit for it to cool down," Jasmine said. "Then we'll eat it like kings and queens."

"We didn't burn it, right?" Kim asked. "All good?"

"Yeppers." Tessa nodded. "We're golden, girl. Though I'm not sharing my slice just because you're pregnant. Hell, I might even eat yours."

"Evil," I muttered.

"More like hungry," she shot back.

Damn. I just... I never wanted this day to end.



After we ate the cakes, Mendy thanked us quietly, looking exhausted. She said she wanted to rest in her room for the day. I didn't push—gave her space.

I decided to be lazy too, heading to my bed for a nap. But sleep wouldn't come. The clock glowed 12:00 a.m. No chance I'd drift off now.

Lying there, staring at the ceiling, I remembered what Delilah had said—Ivy's potential boyfriend, the psychologist. Chase.

"Hmm." I grabbed my phone from the nightstand, unlocked it.

Typed 'Chase psychologist' into the search bar. Results popped up fast—he was somewhat known, even had interviews. Curiosity got me; I tapped the top video link.

The storm made the internet crawl. "Load, you piece of shit," I muttered, waiting.

Twenty seconds later, it finally played. Thumbnail showed Chase on a gray couch across from a female interviewer, plain background.

I skipped intros, landed around the fifth minute.

The interviewer's voice: "...and how do you deal with that?"

Chase leaned forward slightly, expression heavy. "Three of my patients... taking their own lives... it's something no professional ever gets used to. You question everything—did I miss a sign? Could I have done more? It weighs on you. But you honor them by keeping going, helping the next person who needs it."

He sounded genuine—voice cracking just a little, eyes distant. Sad, but steady.

I closed the video.

"Huh," I muttered. "A depressed psychologist. Somewhat famous, doing interviews... that's a bad combo with Ivy, no doubt."

The door opened softly. Jasmine slipped in, stretching with a yawn, closing it behind her. She crawled onto the bed next to me, snuggling close, head on my chest.

I put a hand on her shoulder, pulling her in.

She glanced at my phone. "Psychologist?"

"Looking into Delilah's daughter—Ivy," I said. "Apparently she's interested in this guy. Delilah asked me to check him out."

"Look at you, moody detective."

I slid my hand under her t-shirt, fingers finding her nipple, pinching slow. She arched slightly, moaning soft. Jasmine then laughed low, sliding my t-shirt up, tongue licking my chest, then shoulders, warm and teasing.

I smiled, still scrolling a bit on my phone. "Someone's horny, huh?"

She grinned against my skin. "Come on, let's fuck. I'm bored."

I set the phone aside on the mattress.

Jasmine moved fast, straddling me, removing my pants quick—cock springing free, throbbing hard. She slipped off her shorts, pussy already wet, glistening.

She positioned above me, then lowered slow—inch by inch taking me in, eyes locked on mine.

Once fully inside, she leaned forward, head resting on my chest, tits pressing soft against me. I grabbed her ass, spreading the cheeks wide, feeling her clench around me.

She moaned, rocking gently. "Fuck... so full..."

I kissed Jasmine deep, tongue sliding against hers, swallowing her moans as I pounded her pussy harder, hips driving relentless. Her walls clenched tight around me, wet and hot, pulling me deeper with every thrust.

She broke the kiss, gasping. "Fuck—Evan—slow down... Mendy might hear us—"

I went harder instead, slamming deep, hands gripping her hips tight. "Let her hear," I growled. "Love how your pussy gets tighter when you think about it... you want her to know I'm fucking you senseless, don't you?"

Jasmine gritted her teeth, moaning loud. "Jerk... fuck, yes, ruin me!"

I smacked her ass hard, the crack sharp, flesh jiggling. "Good girl... take this cock. Love how you squeeze me... love fucking you raw."

She whimpered, bouncing faster. "Evan—close—gonna cum—fuck—"

I leaned down, took one nipple into my mouth, sucking hard, tongue swirling as I thrust brutal. She screamed, hand flying to cover her mouth, body shaking.

"FUUUCK! EVAN..."

She came hard—pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet, body convulsing as wave after wave hit her. I rode it out, letting her nipple go with a wet pop, hands kneading her tits rough, pinching both nipples as she shook and moaned into her palm.

The door flew open suddenly.

Minne stood there, eyes wide in surprise, but she closed it fast behind her.

"I'm... I'm sorry, Master," she stammered. "I was walking and... heard the scream and..."

"It's okay, honey," Jasmine panted, smiling through her afterglow, still impaled on me. She was jumping on me now while I rest.

"Join us," I said, voice rough. "Remove those pants. Sit on my face."

Minne smiled shyly, nodding fast. She stripped her pants and panties quick, her small pussy already glistening.

My cock throbbed harder at the sight.

She climbed onto the bed, feet flanking my head, facing Jasmine.

"D-do I... just sit, Master?"

"Yes, honey," I rasped. "Get that pussy on my mouth."

She lowered slow—but hovered just out of reach. I grabbed her waist, yanked her down hard. Her pussy landed on my face, wet and warm.

I moaned into her, tongue plunging deep. "So fucking delicious... love tasting you..."

Minne moaned loud, arching her back, pussy getting wetter by the second, juices coating my tongue.

Jasmine kept bouncing, slower now but deep. "I'm gonna... oh, shit. This dick is... oh, fuck. Evan... Evan I'm—"

I couldn't answer—busy eating Minne out, tongue fucking her deep, sucking her clit hard.

Minne moaned louder, hands on my chest for balance, hips grinding. Jasmine put her hands above her head, hair falling over her face, then leaned back, supporting herself on my thighs.

She moaned deep, body tensing. "Fuck—yes—gonna cum again—"

She climaxed hard—pussy clamping down, gushing around my cock as she screamed, body shaking, tits bouncing, face twisted in ecstasy as wave after wave hit her, moans raw and desperate.

I gave Minne's pussy one last long lick, tongue plunging deep, savoring her sweetness, then smacked Jasmine's ass hard. "Get up, Jas."

She hopped off the bed with a breathless laugh, legs shaky.

I scooped Minne into my arms—she was light, easy to hold—and stood, carrying her to the nearest wall. I pinned her there, lifting her higher, her back against the cool surface, legs hooked over my forearms, spreading her wide. Her pussy hovered right at my mouth level.

"Bend over in front of me, Jas."

Jasmine obeyed instantly, hands on the wall below Minne, bending deep, ass arched high—presenting her dripping pussy and asshole perfectly. The position was filthy—Minne pinned above, pussy exposed to my tongue, Jasmine below, ready for my cock.

I dove into Minne first, tongue fucking her deep, licking her clit in fast circles while holding her steady.

Minne moaned shyly, hands clutching my shoulders. "I... love how strong you are, M-Master..."

"Fuck yes," I growled into her pussy, thrusting my tongue deeper. "Love holding you like this... eating this sweet cunt while Jasmine waits for my cock. You're both my perfect girls."

Jasmine pushed back. "Fuck me—please—need your cock again—"

I pulled back from Minne just long enough to line up, then slammed into Jasmine's pussy—deep, hard, bottoming out.

She screamed, body jolting. "YES—EVAN—FUCK—"

I started pounding her, hips snapping brutal, while my mouth returned to Minne—licking frantic, sucking her clit, tongue plunging as she trembled in my arms.

"Take it, Jas," I rasped between licks. "Love fucking this pussy... so wet... while I eat Minne's cunt above you. You're both dripping for me."

Minne whimpered, shy but needy. "Master, it feels so good... your tongue..."

Jasmine moaned loud. "Fuck—yes—pound me—love your cock—ruin me—"

I went harder, thrusting into Jasmine, tongue fucking Minne deeper. The dual sensation—tight pussy gripping my cock, sweet cunt on my tongue—was overwhelming.

Minne's hand flew to her mouth, eyes squeezing shut tight. Her body tensed, thighs quivering in my grip.

She came hard—pussy gushing on my tongue, hot and sweet, body shaking as she screamed muffled into her hand, waves crashing through her, juices flooding my mouth.

I kept eating her through it, moaning into her. "Fuck—yes—cum for me, honey... taste so good when you cum..."

Jasmine's moans broke. "Evan I'm... I'm... close—fuck, your cock, I'm gonna fucking cum..."

I pounded faster, frantic now, pleasure building sharp.

"Cum for me, Jas—cum on my cock while I eat Minne's pussy—"

The Heart System - Chapter 347[1,564 words]

Chapter 347: Chapter 347

She screamed, pussy spasming wildly, gushing around me as she climaxed—body shaking, ass pushing back hard.

Right after, I came hard inside her—cock pulsing, thick ropes flooding her pussy, the feeling intense—hot, tight walls milking me, pleasure exploding through me in waves as I groaned loud into Minne's cunt.

I pushed a few more thrusts, riding it out, then pulled out slow, exhaling hard.

I smacked Jasmine's ass one good time. "Good girl."

She straightened, panting.

I lowered Minne gently to the floor, patted her head. "That was delicious, honey."

She smiled shyly. "T-thank you, Master. I take good care of myself."

Jasmine yawned, looking down at the cum oozing from her pussy to her thighs. "God, I need a bath now."

"And I..." I said, collapsing onto the bed, panting. "Need to rest. Minne, can you clean my cock, honey?"

"Of course, Master."

Minne crouched in front of me, small tongue licking slow and thorough—cleaning cum and juices from my shaft, sucking gently on the head, moaning softly as she worked.

My cock stirred hard again.

She noticed, smiled shyly, stood, turned, spread her ass cheeks, bending over.

"Um... i-if you want it, Master... you can... take me."

"Take you?" I rasped, standing. "You mean..."

"F-fuck... me."

"Good girl," I smiled. "Get on the ground, honey. I'll fuck that tight pussy of yours."

Minne dropped to all fours eagerly, ass up, pussy glistening.

I positioned myself behind Minne, my knees sinking into the soft carpet as I gripped her hips. Her ass was raised high, cheeks spread just enough to reveal the slick, pink folds of

her pussy, still swollen and glistening from our earlier play. The sight of her like this—eager, submissive, utterly mine—sent a fresh surge of blood rushing to my cock, making it throb painfully hard again. She glanced back over her shoulder, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, eyes wide with a mix of nervousness and raw desire.

"Please, Master," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I need you inside me."

Those words undid me. I leaned forward, rubbing the head of my cock along her slit, coating myself in her juices. She was soaked, dripping even, the remnants of her earlier arousal mixing with fresh wetness. I teased her entrance, pressing just the tip in before pulling back, watching her body quiver in anticipation.

Minne whimpered, pushing her hips back toward me. "Don't tease... please..."

I chuckled lowly, my hands tightening on her waist. "Patience, maid. You'll get every inch."

With that, I thrust forward in one smooth motion, burying myself halfway inside her. She was impossibly tight, her walls clenching around me like a velvet vice, hot and slick. Minne gasped sharply, her back arching as she gripped the carpet with her fingers. I paused for a moment, savoring the feel of her stretching around me, her body adjusting to my girth.

"Fuck, you're so tight," I groaned, pulling back slightly before pushing deeper. This time, I sank all the way in, my balls pressing against her clit as I bottomed out.

Minne cried out, a high-pitched moan that echoed in the room. "Oh god... Master... you're so big... it feels so good..."

I started moving then, slow at first—long, deliberate strokes that pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in. Each thrust elicited a wet, obscene sound from where we joined, her pussy squelching around my cock. Her ass jiggled with every impact, the sight driving me wild. I reached forward, gathering her hair into a makeshift ponytail and tugging gently, pulling her head back so I could see her face in profile—eyes half-lidded, mouth open in silent pleas.

"Faster," she begged, her voice breaking. "Please, harder..."

I obliged, picking up the pace. My hips snapped against her ass, the room filling with the rhythmic slap of skin on skin. She was taking me so well, her body rocking forward with each powerful thrust, breasts swaying beneath her. I released her hair and slid one hand around to her front, finding her clit with my fingers. It was swollen, slick, and begging for attention. I circled it firmly, matching the rhythm of my cock pounding into her.

Minne's moans grew louder, more desperate. "Yes... right there... oh fuck, Master..."

Her walls fluttered around me, the first signs of her building orgasm. I didn't let up, rubbing her clit in tight circles while I fucked her deeper, angling my hips to hit that spot inside her that made her see stars. She started trembling, her arms shaking as she struggled to hold herself up on all fours.

"I'm... I'm gonna cum," she panted, her voice muffled against the carpet as she buried her face.

"Cum for me, Minne," I commanded, my own voice rough with need. "Cum on my cock like the good girl you are."

That pushed her over the edge. Her body tensed, pussy clamping down hard around me as her orgasm crashed through her. She screamed my name—well, "Master"—her juices gushing out around my shaft, coating my balls and thighs. I kept thrusting through it, prolonging her pleasure, feeling every spasm milk my cock.

She collapsed forward slightly, gasping for air, but I held her hips up, not letting her rest. "That's one," I murmured, slowing my pace to deep, grinding rolls of my hips. "But we're not done yet."

Minne whimpered, oversensitive but still pushing back against me. "More... I want more..."

I grinned, loving her greediness. Pulling out almost entirely, I flipped her onto her back in one swift motion. She landed with a soft thud, legs spreading instinctively as she looked up at me with hazy, lust-filled eyes. Her chest heaved, nipples hard and begging for attention. I hovered over her, guiding my cock back to her entrance and sliding in easily, her pussy still pulsing from aftershocks.

This position let me see everything—her face contorted in pleasure, the way her breasts bounced with each thrust, the flush spreading down her neck. I leaned down, capturing one nipple in my mouth and sucking hard while I began pounding into her again. She arched into me, hands clutching at my shoulders, nails digging in.

"Master... it feels even deeper like this," she moaned, wrapping her legs around my waist to pull me closer.

I released her nipple with a pop, moving to the other while my hand snaked between us to rub her clit once more. She was so responsive, every touch making her buck and gasp. I kissed up her neck, nipping at her earlobe before whispering, "You're going to cum again for me. I want to feel you squeeze me while I'm buried deep inside."

Minne nodded frantically, her hips rising to meet my thrusts. The new angle had me hitting her G-spot relentlessly, and combined with my fingers on her clit, she was climbing fast. Sweat beaded on her skin, making her glow in the dim light. I could feel my

own release building, the tight heat of her pussy driving me toward the edge, but I held back—I wanted her to shatter first.

Her breathing hitched, body going rigid beneath me. "Close... so close... don't stop..."

I thrust harder, faster, the bed creaking under us—no, we were on the floor, the carpet rough against my knees, but I didn't care. All that mattered was the way she felt around me, the sounds she made.

"Cum, Minne. Now."

Her second orgasm hit like a wave, stronger than the first. She screamed, back bowing off the ground as her pussy convulsed wildly, squirting a little this time, soaking us both. Her nails raked down my back, leaving fiery trails that only heightened my arousal. I fucked her through it, groaning at the intense pressure around my cock.

"Fuck... yes... just like that," I growled, my control slipping.

As her climax peaked, I couldn't hold back any longer. With a final, deep thrust, I buried myself to the hilt and came hard inside her. Rope after rope of hot cum flooded her pussy, marking her as mine. The sensation of filling her up while she was still spasming pushed me into bliss, my vision blurring as I emptied everything into her.

We stayed like that for a moment, locked together, breathing ragged. I collapsed onto my elbows, careful not to crush her, my cock still twitching inside her depths. Minne's legs trembled around me, we were both panting.

"That was... incredible," she whispered, a shy smile curving her lips despite the exhaustion in her eyes.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +250

Villain Bonus: +50 EXP

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 180c

I kissed her deeply, tasting the salt of sweat on her lips. "You're perfect," I murmured against her mouth. Pulling back slightly, I watched as a trickle of my cum leaked out around my softening cock when I finally slipped free. She looked so beautifully used, pussy red and puffy, filled with me.

Minne reached down, fingers tentatively touching the mess between her legs, then bringing them to her lips and tasting us. "Thank you, Master..."

I pulled her into my arms, rolling us so she was draped over my chest. "No, thank you, Minne."

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)


=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [] 5530/6973

♥□♥□♥□

The Heart System - Chapter 348 [1,620 words]

Chapter 348: Chapter 348

I woke up to the wind howling against the windows.

For a second, I just lay there, staring at the ceiling, listening to it scream through the gaps like it was trying to get inside. The storm hadn't calmed down at all. If anything, it sounded worse. I reached over and checked the clock on the nightstand. Eight.

The sun was long gone, swallowed by thick clouds and snow. Great.

"Ah..." I muttered, turning onto my side and rubbing my face. "Fuck this weather."

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30 (200c)
- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

=====

Credits: 1637c

Oh right. 180 credits I had gotten from that threesome. I forgot about that.

After the cake—one of the best damn cakes I'd had in years—I'd crashed hard around four. I'd meant to take a short nap. Two hours, tops. Instead, I'd been out cold like someone unplugged me.

I pushed myself up and sat at the edge of the bed, elbows resting on my thighs, head tilted down. My brain felt foggy, like it hadn't fully caught up yet. I stayed like that for a few seconds, breathing slowly, letting myself wake up properly.

When I glanced toward the window again, the storm was still raging. Snow streaked sideways, the wind rattling the glass like it was angry at us for staying warm inside.

I sighed, stood up, and walked out of the bedroom.

The lights in the living room were on, warm and yellow, and the sound of voices immediately told me I wasn't alone. When I rounded the corner, I saw the dining table occupied by the girls, a game board spread across it.

Risk.

Of course it was Risk.

Mendy was there too, sitting a little straighter than everyone else, watching the board with focus like she was afraid of messing up. She looked more relaxed than earlier, though. Less like a guest, more like... part of the group.

"The bear has awakened from his hibernation," Tessa announced dramatically when she saw me. She leaned back in her chair and pointed at me. "Now we wait to see what he does."

"He'll eat your face off," I said with a chuckle as I walked over and dropped onto the couch. "God, I'm exhausted."

"You can't send soldiers there, Kayla," Jasmine said, exhaling sharply. "You still don't understand the rules."

"I hate this game," Kayla groaned, running both hands through her hair and leaning back. "Why does everything have fifty rules? Why can't we just play Monopoly or something normal?"

"Because Monopoly destroys friendships," Kim said calmly, not looking up from the board.

"That's the fun part," Tessa replied.

I reached for the remote and turned the TV on, flipping to a news channel. The weather forecast filled the screen immediately.

"Any updates?" I asked. "What are they saying now?"

"Tomorrow morning," Kim said. "Early. Around six or seven, they think. That's when the weather'll clear."

"So we're trapped," I muttered.

"Oh, by the way, we already ate dinner," Nala added from her spot on the couch. "You were completely out. Didn't want to wake you."

"Want me to heat it up?" Delilah asked, glancing at me.

"I'm cool," I said. "I'll handle it."

"So is your dinner," Tessa said without missing a beat.

I snorted and stood up, heading to the kitchen. My plate was waiting on the counter, covered in plastic wrap. I peeled it off and tossed it in the trash.

Dinner was roasted chicken with herbs, mashed potatoes, and some fancy-looking vegetables I couldn't pronounce but still ate anyway. Minne had really gone all out earlier. I slid the plate into the microwave, set the time, and leaned back against the counter while it hummed to life.

Behind me, the Risk game continued with groans, arguments, and dramatic sighs. Since it only allowed six players, a few of the girls were just watching now. I smiled faintly, listening to them bicker like it was the most important thing in the world.

The microwave beeped. I grabbed my plate, careful not to burn myself, and carried it to the table. I sat down next to Delilah and started eating.

"Hey, you," she said softly.

"Hey," I replied.

"You had a chance to look up that Chase guy?"

"Yeah," I said between bites. "Three of his patients committed suicide. He did an interview about it. Looked... worn down. Depressed."

"Interview?"

"Some professional site," I said. "Mental health awareness or something."

Delilah grimaced. "Fantastic. A sad little psychologist."

"But," I added, "he doesn't fuck his cousin or do cocaine."

She blinked. Then sighed. "Thank God."

"Fuck his cousin?" Kim asked, looking over. "Cocaine too? What are you two talking about?"

"My daughter's ex-boyfriends," Delilah said flatly. "And trust me, you don't want details."

"The cake's gone, by the way," Tessa announced. "Kim ate most of it. And Mendy."

"I only took one extra slice," Mendy said quickly, cheeks coloring. "Please don't exaggerate."

"I am exaggeration," Tessa replied.

"This game sucks," Kayla muttered. "I'm serious. Whoever made this game, I wanna kick 'em in the head."

Before anyone could respond, Minne's phone lit up on the table.

She froze when she saw the name on the screen.

MOM.

She stood so fast her chair scraped loudly against the floor, grabbed the phone, and hurried toward the hallway. She probably thought she was far enough away, but the penthouse carried sound too easily.

"Mother?" she said, voice tight. "Are you okay?"

We all went quiet without even meaning to.

There was a pause. Then Minne let out a shaky breath.

"Oh, thank goodness... the storm was so bad and I couldn't reach you and I—"

Another pause. Her mother was talking, but we couldn't hear the words.

"Yes, I know you texted, but—"

She stopped again, listening.

"I know the nurses are there, but still..."

"Don't listen," Delilah said quietly, nudging me with her elbow. "It's rude."

"A daughter worrying about her mother," I said softly. "Sounds familiar."

"Daughters," Delilah smiled faintly. "They're a pain in the ass sometimes. Only sometimes."

A few moments later, Minne came back. Her eyes were still wet, but she was smiling now, relief written all over her face.

"She's okay," she said, mostly to herself. "I was so scared."

"That's good," Nala said gently.

Jasmine clapped her hands once. "All right. New plan. I'm done watching this war crime of a board game. Kayla's right."

"Yes," Kayla said immediately. "Please."

"I'll get something better," Jasmine continued, already walking toward one of the rooms. "Something that doesn't require a manual."

"Monopoly?" Tessa called after her.

"Obviously."

Groans echoed through the room.

I leaned back in my chair, eating slowly, watching them all. The storm outside, the warmth inside, the noise, the laughter, the small worries easing just a little.

Yeah.

Being stuck like this?

I could live with it.

My phone buzzed on the table while I was halfway through another bite of dinner. I glanced down at the screen.

Eleanor.

I chewed, swallowed, then picked the phone up and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Evan." Eleanor's voice came through a little hesitant. "Uh... hey."

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

"You... mind coming with me?" she asked. "To the bar."

"No, not at all," I replied immediately. "I'll meet you at your door?"

"I'm... actually already in the bar," she said. "You can come whenever you want. No rush, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah," I said. "I'll let you know when I'm there."

"Great. Thank you, Evan."

"Mm."

I ended the call and set the phone down just as Delilah looked over at me.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Eleanor," I said. "The woman downstairs I told you about. I think she needs some company. I'm going to check on her."

"Is she okay?" Kim asked, concern flickering across her face. "She had a panic attack not long ago, right?"

"Yeah," I said as I stood up. "Better go see how she's doing."

I headed to the master bedroom and opened the closet. I didn't need anything fancy, just something clean and decent. I pulled on a dark shirt, shrugged into a jacket, and adjusted the collar in the mirror. I took a breath and exhaled slowly, checking that I at least looked awake.

Then I left the room.

The girls were still gathered around the table, Monopoly spread out now, money scattered everywhere. There was arguing, laughing, and Tessa accusing Kayla of cheating.

"I'm heading out for a bit," I said.

"Be safe," Nala said, glancing up.

Minne stood up and walked me to the door.

"Bye, Master," she said softly.

"Bye, Minne," I replied, leaning in and kissing her on the lips.

I stepped out, the door closing behind me, and walked to the elevator. I pressed the button and waited. A few seconds later, the doors opened and I stepped inside.

The penthouse elevator took me down to the lobby level, but the bar was on a different floor. I crossed the marble lobby and headed toward the common elevators. That area was crowded, people talking, laughing, some holding drinks, others checking their phones.

The doors opened. A few people stepped out. I stepped in with the rest.

The elevator started moving. A couple of women inside glanced at me, recognition flickering across their faces. They'd probably seen me coming and going from the penthouse floor before. I met their gaze and gave them a small smile.

Charm did the rest.

The doors dinged open and I stepped out onto the bar level.

The Heart System - Chapter 349[1,631 words]

Chapter 349: Chapter 349

The bar stretched wide and elegant, all warm lighting and polished wood. Soft music played beneath the low hum of conversation. One entire wall was glass, windows reaching from floor to ceiling, showing the storm raging outside. Snow streaked past the glass, city lights blurred and distant beyond it.

I spotted Eleanor almost immediately.

She was standing near the window, one hand resting on her waist, a glass of whiskey in the other. She wore a blue dress that fit her simply, nothing flashy, but it suited her. The city lights reflected faintly in the glass beside her.

I walked up and stopped next to her, close enough that we shared the view but not crowding her. I looked out at the storm with her, letting the silence sit.

After a moment, she turned her head slightly.

"Hey," Eleanor said.

"Hey," I replied.

"It's snowing, huh?" Eleanor said quietly.

"Yeah," I nodded. "They say it'll pass by morning. Around five, maybe."

"Mm." She took a sip of her whiskey. "Hopefully."

We stood there in silence, both of us facing the window. Snow streaked down the glass, the city below blurred into pale lights and shadows. The quiet stretched a little too long. Awkward, heavy. I wondered why she had asked me to come if she was just going to stare outside and drink.

I stepped closer to the window and looked down. The streetlamps were barely visible through the storm. When I turned back, Eleanor was already looking at me.

She finished the last of her drink and gestured toward the bar stools. We walked over and sat. She placed the empty glass down and slowly rotated it with her fingers, tracing circles on the polished surface.

"I'm..." she started, then stopped.

"Yeah?" I prompted.

The bartender leaned in with a polite smile. "Can I get you anything, ma'am?"

"No, thank you," she said, then cleared her throat once he stepped away.

I also raised my hand to the bartender. He nodded, then went back to the other customers.

I turned fully toward her. "Eleanor. What's going on?"

She took a breath. "I'm friends with someone named Layla. I think you know her."

"Layla?" I frowned. "Who?"

"She owns a sex shop. Pregnant. Blonde." She hesitated. "I used to buy toys from her. For Guy."

"Oh. Yeah. I know her," I said slowly.

"She told me that you had Beldenwary in your car," Eleanor continued. "Doing... things to her."

I rubbed my face. "Oh, god."

"And you overthrew Guy from his CEO position," she went on. "So I started wondering. Who are you, Evan? Are you some kind of mafia? Because if you are, I don't want any of this. Your help, or the room you gave me."

I let out a breath. "Is that why you've been so withdrawn?"

She nodded. "Someone named Karim attacked you in your old apartment. Then a few days later, he was found tortured." Her voice dropped. "I'm scared. If you want something from me, I... I mean I... I won't refuse. Just don't hurt me."

That hit harder than I expected.

I could see it from her side. Guy, Karim, the penthouse, the job, the way things kept falling into place around me. It didn't look clean from the outside.

"I won't do anything you don't want," I said, meeting her eyes. "I'm not like that."

She swallowed. "Then why help me? You gave me a room. A job. Why?"

"I told you already," I said. "I felt like I owed you. That's it. No hidden motive."

She studied my face, then exhaled slowly. "You're not what I expected."

"How so?"

"I thought you'd keep me," she admitted. "You helped me, so I thought you'd want something in return. My body, maybe."

"Eleanor," I said gently. "You don't have to stay on alert all the time. Just breathe. Enjoy things a little."

She let out a small laugh. "Enjoy, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. "The bar's free for us. Drink until you regret it. Then drink some more."

"That's what I call a girls' night out," she smiled.

"Girls' night out? Damn, so I'm not invited?" I smirked. "That hurts, Eleanor. Truly."

"I can make an exception." She laughed, then tilted her head. "We can continue at your place if you want."

I raised an eyebrow. "I'd like that."

Eleanor and I got up and we walked toward the elevators. The bar noise faded behind us, replaced by the muted hush of the hallway.

The common elevator ride down was quiet. Crowded, but quiet. People glanced at us, then looked away. Eleanor stood close, her shoulder brushing mine every now and then as the elevator swayed slightly.

When we reached the lobby, we crossed over to the private elevator. The one reserved for the upper floors.

Inside, it was silent again. I pressed the button for the penthouse. The doors slid shut and the elevator began its smooth ascent.

Halfway up, Eleanor reached out and pressed the stop button.

The elevator slowed, then came to a gentle halt.

I turned toward her. She was already facing me, eyes searching my face, unreadable but intense. The hum of the elevator filled the space between us.

She didn't say anything yet.

She just... looked at me.

"You can take me to your bed anytime you want, Evan," Eleanor said, her voice low and teasing, eyes glinting in the dim elevator light. "You know that, right?"

I couldn't help but smirk, stepping closer. "I know. But would you want that?"

"Doesn't matter."

"Would you," I pressed, voice dropping, eyes locked on hers. "Want that?"

She turned her back to me, glancing over her shoulder with that knowing, challenging look. "Just fuck my pussy."

Holy shit. That sentence alone sent blood rushing straight to my dick—I was rock hard almost instantly. I knew something like this might happen eventually since she'd invited me up, but in the elevator? That was bold... strange... but was I going to say no?

Fuck that voice.

"Got a condom?" Eleanor asked, already turning to face the mirror.

"No," I replied, voice rough.

"What?" She laughed, incredulous. "You live with all those women and don't have a single condom?"

"I just don't use condoms, that's all."

"Wow." She shook her head, amused. "Well, that wasn't in my plans..."

"Trust my pull-out game," I smirked.

"I can't get pregnant even if I wanted to." She shrugged casually. "Tubal ligation. Guy asked me to do it a while back."

"What... is that?"

"You don't know?" She raised an eyebrow. "It's basically sterilization—tubes tied so nothing gets through. No babies, ever."

"Damn," I muttered. "That's... something."

"Come on," she said, voice dropping. "I trust you're clean. Stick that dick in me."

I didn't need to be told twice. I shoved my pants down, cock springing free, throbbing and ready. Damn, was she really thirty-eight years old? Fuck, she was... she was just wonderful.

Eleanor bent forward, hands pressing against the elevator mirrors, back arched, ass out. I slid her blue dress up over her hips, exposing the red panties hugging her curves. I hooked my fingers in the waistband and yanked them down to her thighs, leaving them tangled there.

I stepped in close, hugging her from behind, chest to her back, one arm around her waist. My cock pressed against her entrance, then slid in deep in one slow thrust.

She moaned loud, head falling forward against the mirror. "Fuck—yes—deep—"

I started moving—hard, steady strokes, hips snapping forward, cock filling her completely. The elevator walls rattled faintly, the mirror fogging from our breath, reflecting everything—her tits bouncing under the dress, my hand sliding up to grab one, squeezing rough.

I kissed her back, trailing my lips up her spine, then to her neck, sucking a mark into her skin.

Eleanor glanced over her shoulder, eyes dark. We kissed—messy, hungry, tongues sliding as I kept thrusting deep.

I slid my hand forward, grabbing both her cheeks with one hand, squeezing hard, forcing her to look at me in the mirror.

"You wanted this, didn't you, Eleanor?" I growled, thrusting harder. "Invited me up here just to get fucked like a slut in an elevator. Pussy dripping for my cock the second we got in here."

"Yes—fuck—wanted it so bad," she moaned, pushing back. "I got bored masturbating... I Couldn't wait—needed you inside me... fuck me harder..."

I pounded hard, hips a blur, cock driving deep. "Love this pussy... so wet, so tight... you're mine right now, Eleanor. No customers, no bullshit—just you taking my cock like a good girl."

"Yours, fuck, own me... fuck me harder—"

The elevator echoed the wet slap of our bodies, her moans growing louder, ass jiggling with every thrust.

"You love this," I rasped, hand sliding to her clit, rubbing fast. "Getting fucked raw... risking it all... pussy squeezing me so tight. You're gonna cum for me, aren't you? Gonna cum on this cock."

"Yes—Evan—close—fuck—gonna cum—"

I thrust deeper, fingers flying on her clit. "Cum for me... let me feel that pussy milk me... scream my name."

She shattered—pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her body convulsed, legs shaking.

"EVAN—FUCK—CUMMING—"

She screamed, her hips bucking against me as wave after wave hit her, pussy clenching in endless pulses.

I rode it out, thrusting through her climax, grinding deep.

She panted, body limp against the mirror. Then she chuckled breathlessly. "Fuck... I can't remember the last time I actually came. I always faked it with customers..."

I slapped her ass hard. "Don't fucking talk to me about your customers. You're mine now, Eleanor. At this moment—you're all mine."

"Fuck, Evan... your cock... how..." she moaned, still shaking. "Like... fucking magic."

Well, close.

The Heart System - Chapter 350[1,602 words]

Chapter 350: Chapter 350

I slapped her ass again, then pulled out slow, cock slick and throbbing.

I turned her around, sandwiching her between me and the mirror, kissing her hard again.

Then I grabbed her hips, lifted her up—her legs wrapping around me—and pressed her back to the glass. With one hand, I guided my cock back inside her pussy.

We both moaned loud as I filled her again, the new angle letting me go even deeper.

"Fuck—Evan—" she gasped, arms around my neck. "Your cock... so deep—"

I started moving—slow at first, then harder, thrusting up into her as I held her against the mirror.

"Love holding you like this," I growled, kissing her neck. "Fucking you against the wall... your pussy taking me so good."

She moaned, head falling back against the glass. "Yes—fuck me—harder—love your cock—"

The elevator hummed around us, storm outside forgotten, just us—bodies pressed, heat building, pleasure rising fast.

I pinned one of her arms above her head, fingers linking tightly with hers against the mirror. The glass was cool under her palm, fogging more with every breath. With my other hand, I kept her lifted off the floor, fingers digging into the soft, thick flesh of her ass, squeezing hard enough to leave faint marks. Her legs were still wrapped around my waist, thighs trembling as I held her up effortlessly.

I could feel how wet she was—her pussy slick and hot around my cock, juices dripping down my shaft, coating my balls with every slow grind. Her walls clenched tighter, fluttering as if trying to pull me deeper, her body betraying how much she needed this.

I slid her dress down just enough to expose her tits—full, soft, nipples already hard from the cool air and the friction. I leaned in, mouth closing around one, sucking hard, tongue swirling over the peak, teeth grazing lightly.

Eleanor moaned, low and needy, her free hand sliding to the back of my head, fingers tangling in my hair, holding me there. "Evan... yes... suck them..."

I moved up, kissing her neck—slow, open-mouthed, sucking a mark into the soft skin. Then her chin, tasting the salt of her sweat, then back to her lips—deep, claiming, tongues sliding together as I kept thrusting steady, deep, hips rolling to grind against her clit.

I kissed down her neck again, sucking another mark, then back up to her mouth, devouring her as I picked up the pace—thrusts harder, deeper, the elevator humming around us, mirrors reflecting every movement.

Her moans grew louder, breathy against my lips, body rocking with mine. "Fuck—Evan—your cock—feels so good—"

I pounded harder now, hips snapping forward, cock slamming deep, the angle letting me hit her front wall with every stroke. Her ass jiggled against my palm, thighs quivering in my grip, pussy clenching tighter, wetter.

"Evan—close—fuck—gonna cum—"

Her body tensed, pussy spasming wildly around my cock as she came hard—gushing hot and wet, walls clamping down in violent pulses, hips bucking against me uncontrollably. She screamed into my shoulder, muffled but raw, legs shaking in my hold, body convulsing, pussy milking me in endless, desperate squeezes.

"Fuck—yes—cum for me," I groaned against her neck. "Love feeling you cum on my cock... so tight... so wet..."

I was close—cock throbbing, balls tightening, pleasure building sharp.

She panted, still shaking. "Are you close? Do it... inside."

Well, she couldn't get pregnant. Might as well.

I pushed deep, hips grinding, and let it all go—cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse filling her until it leaked out around me. The climax was insane—pleasure exploding through me, vision blurring, body tensing as I emptied everything deep inside her, groaning low into her neck.

I kept riding it, thrusting slow, milking every drop while she moaned and clenched, pussy fluttering around me.

When it ended, I exhaled hard, slowing to a stop. I pulled out gently, lowering her safely to the floor, legs still shaky.

We both panted, air thick and awkward for a second.

I watched her pull her red panties up, cum already soaking through the fabric, darkening it fast. She fixed her blue dress, smoothing it down, cheeks flushed.

I pressed the elevator button, doors sliding open as it continued upward.

"So," I cleared my throat, suddenly aware of how loud it sounded in the small space. "That was... nice."

"It was." Eleanor let out a long, shaky breath. "I honestly didn't think I was going to cum."

I gave a lopsided shrug. "Wow. Low expectations, huh?"

She laughed under her breath, soft and a little embarrassed. "That's not what I meant. And you know it."

"Yeah." I exhaled hard, tugging my pants back into place. "I know."

The elevator chimed and the doors slid open with a polite hiss.

We stepped out together, the hallway suddenly feeling too bright and too quiet after the humming metal box. I walked her to her door in comfortable, 'post-sex silence.' She swiped the keycard, pushed the door halfway open, then paused.

I waited.

She glanced back at me over her shoulder. Then, very deliberately, she bent forward just enough to let her panties slide down her legs and pool at her ankles. She stepped out of them without breaking eye contact, leaving them lying on the carpet like a quiet dare.

Her gaze dropped pointedly to the front of my pants. "Think you can get it up again?" she asked, voice low, one eyebrow lifted.

I stepped across the threshold, already reaching for the door to pull it closed behind me.

"For you?" I said, letting the corner of my mouth tilt. "Always."



Eleanor lay flat on her belly across the bed, legs slightly spread, ass arched just enough for me to drive deep. The sheets were tangled beneath her, her blue dress pushed up around her waist, red panties long discarded somewhere on the floor. I was on top of her, chest pressed to her back, hips snapping forward in steady, powerful thrusts—cock sliding in and out of her soaked pussy with wet, rhythmic slaps.

I groaned low, one hand braced beside her head, the other sliding down to spread her ass cheeks wide. Her flesh yielded under my fingers, soft and thick, jiggling slightly with every impact. The sight of my cock disappearing inside her, stretching her open, made my balls tighten harder.

"Fuck... look at this pussy taking me," I rasped against her ear, breath hot on her neck. "So wet... so tight... gripping me like you never want me to leave."

Eleanor moaned into the pillow, face buried, hips pushing back to meet me. "Evan—yes—deeper—fuck me harder—"

I slammed in harder, hips grinding deep, feeling her walls flutter around me. I was close—pleasure coiling tight in my core, cock throbbing inside her.

She shut her eyes tight, moans turning desperate, body tensing beneath me. "Evan—fuck—I'm... close—"

I thrust faster, relentless, hand squeezing her ass cheek hard. "Cum for me... let me feel that pussy squeeze my cock... cum hard, baby."

Her body locked up—pussy spasming wildly around me, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her legs shook violently, hips bucking against me, muffled screams into the pillow as wave after wave crashed through her, tears of pleasure welling in her closed eyes, body convulsing beneath mine.

That sent me over.

I gritted my teeth, pushed deep one last time, and exploded inside her—cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse filling her until it leaked out around me. The climax was intense—pleasure ripping through me, vision blurring, body tensing as I emptied everything deep inside her, groaning low into her neck.

I kept my cock buried, riding the aftershocks, grinding slow to give her every last drop, her pussy fluttering weakly around me.

After a few moments, I pulled back slowly, cock slipping free with a wet sound, cum dripping from her pussy onto the sheets.

I rolled onto my back beside her, chest heaving.

Eleanor turned over, lying on her back now, both of us staring at the ceiling, panting hard. The clock on the wall glowed 11:00 p.m.—night deep outside, storm still rumbling low.

"That was... not how I imagined my night would go," Eleanor said, voice hoarse, a small laugh breaking through.

"You and me both," I smiled, still catching my breath.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====
Partner: Eleanor

EXP Gained: +750

Villain Bonus: +30 EXP

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====
- Bliss Multiplier: 468c

I rubbed my face, yawning wide, the exhaustion finally sinking in deep. My body felt heavy, muscles loose from before, sweat cooling on my skin. I let it all wash over me for a moment, eyes closed, breathing slow, trying to catch my breath fully. Eleanor got up from the bed, sat at the edge, hands braced behind her on the mattress. Sweat glistened down her back, her breathing still uneven.

She turned to look at me, exhaling long and slow. Her expression was a mix—surprised, content, but something else flickered there too. A shadow of unease, maybe regret, like the high was fading and reality was creeping back in.

"Are you okay?" I asked, voice rough. "Was I too harsh?"

"No, no," she said quickly, shrugging with a small, tired smile. "Just... like I said. Not what I expected."

"Hmm."

"Yep..."

As I watched her, the system pinged softly in the air—the Bliss Multiplier reward notification. Credits updated.

I pulled up the UI.

Nice. I'd hoarded enough. Time to spend. I bought another Mastery Evolve—credits dropping to 605c—and slotted the point into Bliss Multiplier.