

The Heart System - Chapter 351[1,733 words]

Chapter 351: Chapter 351

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: 605c

Now it was at 70%. Life-saver.

Next, stats:

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- 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

Forgot I had those four unused points. Good reminder. I'd save them for when I leveled up—next one should unlock something in the shop. Hopefully.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

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EXP: [REDACTED] 6310/6973

Close. A few more good nights and I'd hit 16.

"I'm gonna take a bath," Eleanor said, standing slowly, stretching her arms above her head. "Want to join?"

"Nah," I exhaled, sinking back. "Dead tired. You go ahead."

"Alright, handsome. Your call."

"Hey," I called as she headed to the bathroom. "Leave the door open, yeah? I might change my mind."

She chuckled softly, paused at the door, then opened it wider and peeked back with a smirk. "Noted."

Damn, a woman like Eleanor was just under me. I'd never thought the old Evan would manage to get her in bed.

Water started running. I smiled, still panting, letting the sound wash over me.

"Got beer?" I called as I swung my legs off the bed and stretched, joints cracking.

"Should be in the fridge," Eleanor said. "Back, to the side."

I padded into the kitchen and opened the fridge. Behind a couple of milk crates sat four beers, tucked away like contraband. I grabbed one, popped the cap, and moved to the floor-to-ceiling window. Naked, cold glass in my hand, I took a long pull and stared out at the city.

My phone buzzed faintly on the dining table. I stepped back, grabbed it, then returned to the window.

Huh. I'd always imagined myself standing like this someday—looking out over a view with a whiskey in my hand instead of cheap beer, living somewhere that didn't feel like a glorified dumpster. Whiskey would have to wait. This was close enough.

"So," I said, eyes still on the lights outside. "You getting used to the place?"

"I am," Eleanor replied. "You?"

"I got used to it a long time ago." I smiled to myself. "Like... a lot of time ago."

"Good. That's good to hear."

I turned and scanned the apartment, half-expecting to notice some change. But everything was mostly the same—same furniture, same shadows—except for the fridge. Stickers. No, sticky notes.

I hadn't noticed them before; the lights were still off. I squinted and walked closer.

One note had a clumsy smiley face drawn on it. Another read: Monday: 3 hrs. Friday: 50 mins. Wednesday: 4 hrs.

I frowned. Three hours. Fifty minutes. Four hours.

"How long I managed to sleep," Eleanor said behind me.

I turned. She stood there in a bra and blue panties, arms folded loosely over her stomach. The color suited her. She looked smaller now, quieter.

"Managed to sleep?" I asked.

"Yeah." She shrugged. "I've got problems sleeping. As if random panic attacks weren't enough."

"You take pills?" I asked. "I get insomnia sometimes too."

"No." Another shrug. "Well... not no. Sometimes."

"Hmm." I took another sip and wandered into the living room, rubbing the back of my neck. "Damn. I missed the bath, huh?"

"Decided on a quick shower instead," she said. "I want to sleep early."

"Yeah. Same." I nodded, drank again. "Guess I'll head out."

She looked up. "Already?"

"Got a guest waiting."

A pause. "So you're one of them. Fuck & run type."

"Fuck and..." I repeated with a smile. "Wow. I might use that."

"Mm." She hesitated, then said, "Well... thanks for the night."

"I should be the one thanking you." I set the beer down on the dining table. "Uh—where'd I leave my clothes?"

"By the couch," she said, pointing. "There."

"Oh." I crossed the room, scooped up my clothes, and started pulling them on. "Thanks."

"No problem." She shifted her weight. "I'll put something on and walk you out."

"Right."

I quickly got dressed, straightening my clothes with quick tugs and zips.. I grabbed my beer again, took another long sip, the cold biting my throat as I stared at the fridge. Damn, Eleanor was in rough shape—barely sleeping, tracking hours like a desperate log, and on top of that, working at Stingy Ladies now. She was tough. Tougher than she let on.

A few seconds later, just as I lifted the bottle for another pull, the bedroom door opened. Eleanor stepped out in oversized blue pajamas—comfy, loose, the color she clearly loved. She leaned against the frame, arms crossed, hair still damp from the bath.

I smiled, lowering the bottle. "You love the color blue, huh?"

"Yep." She returned the smile, small but genuine. "You?"

I answered fast, without thinking. "Phthalocyanine Green."

She blinked, then laughed—a real one, surprised. "Wow. You've been waiting your whole life to answer that question, haven't you? What even is that?"

"Green... but different," I said, squinting dramatically. "Intense. Almost electric."

"Wow. So descriptive." She rolled her eyes, but the smile stayed.

"I know."

I walked to the door and opened it. Eleanor leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, watching me step out. With a small smile, I hit the elevator button and waited. Shit—was she expecting a hug? A kiss? I'd just walked away like an idiot. But we weren't... there yet. Or... were we? The thought lingered, awkward and warm.

The elevator dinged almost immediately, doors sliding open. I put a hand between them and glanced back at her.

"Goodnight, Eleanor."

"Mm. Night, Evan."

I stepped inside and pushed the penthouse button. The doors closed, and the elevator moved one floor up before opening again.

Mendy stood there, startled, jumping slightly when she saw me, hand flying to her chest. Behind her, Jasmine and Minne waited in the penthouse doorway.

"Oh," I said, stepping out. "Hey, Mendy. Going back?"

"Yeah. I'll sleep, I think." She stepped into the elevator, voice soft. "Thanks for everything, Evan."

"Hmm." I moved aside. "Call if you need anything, okay?"

"Alright." She smiled faintly. "Good night."

Jasmine and Minne stepped aside to let me in, then closed the door behind me. I kicked off my boots, stretched, yawning as I headed toward the master bedroom. I was pooped—Eleanor had drained me to the brim.

"Not even a hello?" Jasmine called from behind me, voice teasing.

"Sorry. I'm dead tired," I muttered, pushing the bedroom door open. "I'm gonna hit the hay."

"What?" Tessa peeked out from the common bathroom, towel around her hair. "You party-pooper! We were getting ready for some fucking."

"I can't move at all," I said, collapsing face-first onto the bed. "I'm just... tired."

"You fucked Eleanor, didn't you?" Tessa rushed toward me, pushing me from behind with a laugh. "Ya animal."

I groaned into the mattress, then Tessa grabbed my shoulders, flipped me onto my back, and straddled my legs. She squeezed my cheeks together, smirking as she leaned in and licked my lips playfully.

"You fucking horny monkey," she said. "Fucking anything that moves now, eh?"

"Hey, she's hot," I mumbled, half-dead.

"Well, she is," Tessa agreed. "I'd fuck her too if I had a dick."

"So no hard feelings?"

Tessa exhaled, tilting her head down, then hopped off me. She stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at me. She was wearing a dress I'd never seen before—red at the top,

vibrant and bold, slowly fading into deep black as it flowed downward, hugging her curves perfectly, short enough to tease, elegant enough to kill.

"I like that," I said, voice rough. "Nice dress."

"Thanks. Bought it because I thought someone—name starts with E—would find it sexy."

"Well, that someone thinks it looks perfect on you."

"We already destroyed his poor dick, Tessa," Jasmine called from the living room. "Leave him be."

"Fine, fine." Tessa rolled her eyes, heading out. "Fuck you, Evan."

"Yeah, well, too tired for that," I muttered, closing my eyes.

"Evan!" Delilah's voice called from far off, probably the kitchen. "Don't forget about Chase, please."

Chase. Ivy's soon-to-be-boyfriend. What was I supposed to do about him? He was a working man, a psychologist, unlucky. Probably a little depressed since his last three patients had killed themselves—blaming himself, I guessed. Otherwise, he looked normal.

I opened my eyes, grabbed my phone from my pocket, and searched his name. Pressed the first site that came up. He was giving online sessions, plus in-office meetings.

"Minne!" Kayla's voice called from somewhere. "How do I open the freezer?"

"Oh, it's a button," Minne replied. "I'll show you."

"Chase Bellings," I muttered. "Very popular guy, huh?"

"What's that?" Nala asked, walking into the room, heading for the bathroom.

"Ah, just talking to myself," I said. "This Chase dude. Ivy's next 'victim.'"

"What about him?" She paused, hand on the door handle.

"I dunno." I shrugged, eyes on the phone. "I just don't know what to do. How do I figure out if he's decent or not?"

"Get an appointment from him," she said, stepping into the bathroom and closing the door. "He's a psychologist, no?"

"But we'll talk about my fake problems the whole time if I do that," I said. "How would I learn about him?"

"No idea. That part's all up to you, Evy."

"Evy?"

"Yep. Evan... but Evy. We call you Evy when we talk about you."

"You girls talk behind my back?"

"Yep."

"Good things, I hope?"

Nala opened the bathroom door, toothbrush in mouth. She looked at me, shook her head frantically.

"You don't wanna hear it."

"Now that you said it like that," I muttered, "I don't wanna hear it. You're right."

"I mean," Nala said, closing the door again, "Jasmine told me about your first time. Has to be so embarrassing."

"I said I don't wanna hear it." I looked back at the screen. "Book an appointment from him, huh?"

Well... why not?

♥□♥□♥□

The Heart System - Chapter 352[1,540 words]

Chapter 352: Chapter 352

After dropping the girls off that morning, I decided to check on Cora and Esme.

Yeah, I was slacking a little, but Mendy's strange request had thrown my whole schedule off. Thankfully, my so-called boss, Nala, was understanding. She'd even told me, again, that I didn't need to come in at all as long as she was running TechForge, but staying home doing nothing would've driven me crazy, so I ignored that offer.

I stopped at a red light and turned off the AC. The weather was strangely calm compared to last night. No wind, no snow, just light rain tapping against the windshield. Just a little cold now. The storm itself had passed, but the damage it left behind was obvious. A few buildings had cracked windows, dirty piles of snow were pushed to the sides of the

streets, and city workers in bright jackets were trying to clear what they could. Traffic was a complete mess, and I'd already been stuck on the road for almost forty minutes.

"Come on," I muttered, tapping the steering wheel. "Move."

The light turned green, but no one moved. I sighed, zipped my jacket higher, and rolled the window down to look ahead. An accident, apparently. That explained why nothing was moving.

"Great."

I noticed an opening to my right, turned the wheel, and slipped into the next lane. I barely caught the green light before it changed, and I let out a breath once I was through. I was close to Cora's place now, which was the only comforting thought.

On the back seat sat a giant teddy bear, buckled in like a passenger. It was nearly my height. I had no idea what Esme liked, so I went with something safe. Big, soft, and impossible to hate.

The dashboard lit up with an incoming call from Kayla.

"Hey," I answered, easing the car forward. "What's up? You forget something at the penthouse?"

"No, no," she said quickly. "I just wanted to talk about that night."

"Okay," I replied. "What about it?"

She hesitated for a moment. "When is the next time we do something like that?"

I smirked. "You liked it after all, huh?"

"Don't change the subject," she said. "If you don't want to invite me next time, I'll understand."

"Not invite you?" I scoffed. "Kayla, you're crazy. Of course you'll be invited."

EVENT

=====

Kayla's Interest +5

"Okay," she murmured. "Good. And what about Mendy?"

"I'm not sure about her," I said as I turned left at the intersection. "But I'll ask. Maybe she'll be open to it next time."

"I doubt it," Kayla replied, "but go for it."

I smiled. "You were amazing, though."

She groaned. "You already said that, along with half a dozen compliments about my ass."

"Hey," I said, "that ass deserves it. It's out of this world."

She laughed. "Oh my god, Evan. I'm hanging up now. See you when I see you?"

"Yeah," I said. "See you."

She ended the call just as I slowed down at another red light. A moment later, my dashboard chimed again with a new message. When I glanced at the screen, I couldn't help but smile. Kayla was standing in front of a mirror, wearing only a t-shirt, turned just enough to make her point obvious. Damn, her ass was just perfect.

'Out of this world, huh?' She sent it a few seconds later.

I shook my head and typed back: 'Fucking perfect. 10/10. Damn.'

The light turned green, and I moved forward again, rain streaking across the windshield as traffic slowly crept ahead. With any luck, I'd reach Cora's place soon, because after everything that had happened, the quiet would be nice for once.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 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

"Push the pedal, moron!" a man yelled from his window in front of me. "It's green! Move!"

"Jesus," I muttered, leaning back against the seat. "This traffic is unreal."

The next five minutes felt endless. The light turned green and barely anyone moved. Another green came and went, and we crawled forward by a few feet. On the third light, I finally made it through and turned left, relief washing over me as the lane cleared. I dialed Cora while driving and waited.

"E-Evan?" she answered, her voice coming through the car speakers.

"Hey," I said. "I'm just around the corner. Do you guys need anything? Groceries or something? I figured you couldn't really go out yesterday."

"Oh, um," she hesitated. "C-can you get us food? Esme wanted pizza."

"Sure," I replied. "Any good place nearby?"

"Renson's!" Esme yelled from somewhere in the apartment, her voice faint but enthusiastic. "Renson's! Two large pizzas, extra pepperoni!"

"Two large?" I asked, typing the name into the navigation. "Who's eating all that?"

"Esme eats one and a half by herself," Cora sighed.

I chuckled. "Is she secretly a Ninja Turtle or something?"

"And diet coke!" Esme added loudly. "Diet coke!"

"You don't need diet coke," Cora said. "She's just being dramatic."

"And diet coke," I said anyway, smiling as I followed the GPS and turned left.

Renson's came into view a block later. It was a small corner pizza place, the kind that looked like it had been there forever. The sign above the door was red with white letters, one of them flickering slightly, and the windows were fogged up from the warmth inside.

I parked, pulled my hood up, and hurried across the sidewalk, nearly shouldering the door open as I stepped inside. The cold still clung to everything despite the calmer weather. Inside, the place smelled like baked dough, melted cheese, and spices. A small counter ran along the wall, with a few stools near the window and a menu board hanging above.

I walked up to the counter, pushing my hood back and clearing my throat. The girl working there looked up with a polite smile.

"Hey," I said. "Two large pizzas, extra pepperoni, and two diet cokes."

"Alright," she said. "Cash or card?"

"Card."

I paid and stepped aside while they prepared the order, glancing around the place. It was quiet, a radio playing softly somewhere in the back. A few delivery boxes were stacked near the oven, and the warmth was honestly tempting me to stay longer.

When my order was ready, I grabbed the boxes and headed back out. The cold hit me immediately. I reached my car and realized I'd locked it out of habit, so I fumbled with my keys before finally getting inside. The rain was light, but the air was sharp enough to sting.

I made a U-turn and drove toward Cora's building. Parking took a few loops around the block, but I finally found a spot near the entrance.

"Alright," I muttered. "Let's not freeze."

I grabbed the pizza boxes and reached into the back seat for the teddy bear. It was huge, soft brown fur, round black eyes, and a stitched smile that made it look permanently cheerful. Balancing the pizzas on its belly, I hurried into the building and climbed the stairs.

By the time I knocked on Cora's door, I was slightly out of breath and probably looked ridiculous.

The door opened quickly. Cora stood there with an awkward smile that widened when she saw what I was holding.

"Oh my god," she said. "I'm so embarrassed. Evan, I'm sorry for making you buy all this. I'll pay you back."

"You can pay me by taking this thing off my arms," I said. "It's heavier than it looks."

"Oh—right," she said quickly, reaching for it.

She struggled a little before managing to carry the teddy bear into the living room and set it down on the couch. I stepped inside and set the pizza boxes on the counter. Esme wasn't there yet, probably still in her room.

Cora glanced back at the bear. "What's that for?"

"It's an apology gift," I said. "I figured she'd like something to hug while she sleeps."

Her expression softened. "That's... really nice of you. I love you."

"Huh?"

Then she froze, her eyes widening. "I—I didn't mean—" She turned red almost instantly and looked away. "I mean... thank you."

I smiled, pretending not to notice how flustered she was.

"Esme!" she called down the hallway. "Get out here. Evan's here."

"I'm sleeping!" Esme yelled back.

"You ordered pizza," I called. "Two extra-large ones."

"Oh," she said. "Right."

Wow. That got five points from her. That was... okay. That was easy.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 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: 15 / 20

The Heart System - Chapter 353 [1,798 words]

Chapter 353: Chapter 353

The door down the hallway creaked open, followed by the slow, dragging sound of footsteps. A few seconds later, Esme wandered into the living room, rubbing one eye as she stretched, still half-lost in sleep.

She wore a black tank top, one strap slipped down to her elbow, leaving the side of her breast just barely visible. She didn't notice the giant teddy bear on the floor and kicked into it with a dull thump.

Esme looked down at it, blinking. Then her eyes widened slightly.

Her gaze lifted—first to me, then to Cora.

"...Wow," she said. "I thought you just bought pizza."

"That's the gift," I said. "The pizza's on the counter."

She didn't even respond. She opened one of the boxes, grabbed a slice, and took a huge bite, humming happily as she chewed. Cora sighed and covered her face with one hand.

"I'm sorry," Cora said. "She has no shame."

"It's fine," I said, laughing. "I'm just glad she's eating."

Esme glanced at the bear again, then at me. "Okay," she said around another bite. "This thing's kind of awesome."

"The pizza?" I asked with a small smile. "Yeah. It smells amazing, doesn't it?"

"It does," Esme said, her mouth already full. "So good. I love Renson's."

I watched her for a moment, leaning against the counter, then cleared my throat. "Hey. I know I already said this on the phone, but I wanted to say it again in person. I'm really sorry about that day. About everything."

Esme waved her hand dismissively while chewing. "Please stop. Let's just enjoy the pizza."

She reached into the box, grabbed another slice, and handed it to me. Tomato sauce dripped dangerously close to the edge, but she didn't seem to care. She looked at me with half-lidded eyes and a lazy, warm smile, clearly more focused on food than heavy conversations.

I nodded and accepted the slice, taking a bite as I leaned my hip against the kitchen counter. Esme dragged the whole pizza box over to the dining table and plopped herself into a chair, already going for another piece like it might disappear if she waited too long.

"Don't forget the diet cokes," I said, reaching for the bag. "Here."

"Oh. Thanks," she said, taking it without looking up.

"They gave me two one-liter bottles," I added. "Hope that's fine."

"That's more than fine."

I moved into the kitchen and opened the first cabinet I saw, then another when I realized the glasses weren't there. Cora stepped in beside me without a word and opened the cabinet to the right, pulling out three glasses and setting them on the counter.

I poured the drinks, and she picked up Esme's glass and carried it to the table. When she came back, she opened the second pizza box. I finished the slice Esme had given me in a couple of bites, grabbed another, and took a long sip of coke.

Cora leaned against the counter with both elbows, eating slowly while watching Esme demolish her pizza with impressive dedication.

"I like seeing her happy," she said quietly.

I mirrored her posture, resting my elbows on the counter as well. "I like seeing both of you happy."

She turned toward me, surprised, then looked down again. "Thank you, Evan. I... I don't really know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything," I replied. "Just knowing you're okay is enough. But if you really want to do something for me..."

She glanced up, clearly misreading my tone, and shifted awkwardly closer. "W-want to... fuck?"

"Uuh..."

Her face heated up instantly. "I—sorry. I thought you meant something else."

I laughed softly and shook my head. "Not that. I was thinking something way simpler. How about you two come with me to an anime convention sometime?"

Her shoulders sagged a little. "I'm bad with people. I don't think I can do that."

"Cosplay?" Esme suddenly said, lifting her head. "I want my sister to wear that magical outfit from that one show. What was it called... Dreamer's Land?"

"Nala, a friend of mine, cosplays," I said. "You should join us sometime."

"I... maybe Esme can," Cora said hesitantly.

"No," I said gently but firmly. "You, Cora. Esme too, sure, but I'm asking because of you. You keep saying you're bad with people. Are you doing anything to change that?"

She hesitated. "I just..."

"It'll be fun," I said. "And maybe you'll make new friends."

"I don't need friends."

I tilted my head and looked at her. "So you don't need me either?"

Her eyes widened. "No, that's not what I meant."

"Then it's settled," I said lightly. "I'll ask Nala when the next convention is."

She groaned softly. "I can't wear weird clothes."

"You'll look great," I said. "Right, Esme?"

"Yees!" Esme said immediately.

"You're coming too," I added.

"Nooo," she complained, slumping back in her chair. "That sounds exhausting."

"I think you owe me that," I said. "I drove across the city to get you out of a police station."

She sighed dramatically, grabbed another slice, and shrugged. "Fine."

I clapped my hands together lightly. "Good. I'll let you know when I find out the date."

Cora's expression shifted, nervousness creeping back in. She stared at the pizza box, then took a slow breath. I stepped closer and bumped her shoulder gently. She swayed slightly, steadied herself, then exhaled.

"I'm just going to embarrass everyone," she said.

"You won't," Esme said before I could. "Stop thinking like that, Sis."

"Exactly," I added. "Just relax. It'll be fun."

She nodded slowly. "Okay. But don't get mad if I mess something up."

"I mess things up all the time," I said with a grin. "You'll fit right in."

She let out a quiet hum, somewhere between nervous and relieved, and finally smiled.

A brief silence settled over the room, the kind that usually meant the moment had finally found its footing again. Then Esme, completely unbothered by timing or social awareness, opened her mouth and just ruined it.

"My sister shaved her pussy because she thought you—"

"ESME!" Cora shouted, spinning around so fast she nearly knocked into the counter. "You idiot! What is wrong with you? Embelice!"

"Sorry," Esme said around another bite of pizza, the corner of her mouth lifting into a smug little grin. "Slip of the tongue."

I stood there with my slice halfway to my mouth, blinking. "Oh," I muttered. "Wow. That's... information."

Cora covered her face with both hands and turned her back to me, shoulders tense. Esme, clearly proud of herself, finished her slice and chuckled softly like she had just dropped the punchline of the century.

This was not where I wanted to be. My brain scrambled for something, anything, that wouldn't make the situation worse. Every possible sentence sounded terrible in my head, so I coughed, took a bite of my pizza, and washed it down with diet coke while pretending I was very invested in the ceiling.

"I'm... glad?" I said finally, immediately regretting it. "I mean, uh. I don't know. Thanks?"

"You are making it worse," Cora said, muffled from behind her hands. "Please stop talking."

I raised both palms in surrender. "Right. Yep. My bad."

The awkwardness lingered for another second, then I clapped my hands lightly, forcing some momentum back into the room.

"Alright. I should probably head out. I hope you like the teddy bear, Esme. I thought you might want something to hug while sleeping."

Esme's expression softened instantly. "I do. He looks very snuggable."

"That's what I thought," I said with a small smile. "I'll let you know if Nala finds an anime convention for us."

"O-okay," Cora said, still facing away from me. "I'll... walk you to the door."

"No need," I replied. "Enjoy your pizza. I'll see you."

She turned just enough to give me a small wave. I returned it, zipped my jacket up fully, and stepped outside. The cold hit me immediately, but at least the air felt clearer than whatever had just happened inside.

As I started down the stairs, my phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and saw Ivy's name on the screen. Hoping it wasn't about her mother again, I answered.

"Hey, Ivy. What's up?"

"I'm good," she said. "My mom came back this morning."

"That's good," I said honestly. "Did you two talk things through?"

"No. Not yet," she replied. "I'm just going to focus on myself for a while. Remember the guy I told you about?"

"Chase Bellings?"

There was a pause. "You know his last name?"

"Yeah," I said, exhaling. "He's kind of well-known. I watched one of his interviews."

"Huh," she said. "Anyway, we're meeting for coffee today. Just the two of us."

"Nice," I said as I stepped outside, the cold air brushing my face. "Go get him."

She laughed softly. "We're just talking. I think he still sees me as a patient."

"Why?"

"She knows how I... worry about my mother."

"What's he saying about your situation?"

"Mixed signals," she said. "By the way, did my mom call you yesterday?"

"No," I replied quickly. "Why?"

"I thought she might ask you to pick her up before the storm," Ivy said.

"The storm hit fast," I said. "She probably didn't realize how bad it got."

"Yeah," Ivy sighed. "I'll just focus on myself for now. She can date whoever she wants as long as she's happy."

"You sound angry," I said as I unlocked my car. "And your tone doesn't match with what you're saying."

"Why does saying that make me feel like a cuck?" she muttered.

I groaned. "Ivy, being supportive doesn't make you a cuck. It makes you a decent daughter."

"Oh please," she shot back. "That's rich coming from the guy who left Julia."

I smiled faintly as I started the engine. "That was a long time ago. She deserved better than me."

"You live in a penthouse now," Ivy said. "Don't you think you caught up?"

"It's ancient history," I replied. "High school stuff."

"Her mom liked you," Ivy said quietly. "She thought you were solid."

"I wasn't," I said as I backed out of the parking spot. "I just tried."

She laughed. "Man. I wish you were my boyfriend back then."

"Don't start," I said, shaking my head.

"I won't," she said. "I just wanted to tell someone I'm excited."

"And you did," I replied. "Good luck."

"Thanks," she said. "I'll need it."

The call ended, and I leaned back in my seat as the traffic light ahead turned red. My appointment with Chase was later tonight, and with traffic like this, the day already felt longer than it needed to be.

"Man," I muttered, rubbing my face. "I'm tired."



The Heart System - Chapter 354 [1,517 words]

Chapter 354: Chapter 354

There were only thirty minutes left before my appointment with Chase, and I already knew this was going to feel strange no matter how it went. Delilah being wary of him made sense, and honestly, Ivy's track record with men did not help his case at all. Either she had the worst luck imaginable, or the universe had a personal vendetta against her happiness. Probably a little of both.

Chase's waiting area was small but clean, modern in a way that felt intentional rather than cold. The walls were painted in soft neutral colors, somewhere between beige and light gray, and there were framed abstract prints that looked expensive without actually saying anything. A low coffee table sat in the center with neatly stacked magazines about mental health, productivity, and relationships. A single plant rested near the window, clearly well cared for.

I took a seat and pulled my phone out, dialing Nala while I still had time. She picked up after two rings, and I could hear the familiar sounds of dinner back at the penthouse. Forks clinked against plates, voices overlapped faintly, and someone laughed in the background.

"Hey," I said quietly. "Nala, I'm at Chase's office."

"That's good," she replied calmly. "So what's the plan, huh?"

"I honestly don't know," I admitted. "I thought you might give me some ideas."

She hummed thoughtfully. "Alright, then fake having social anxiety or something like that. Say you need help sorting it out."

"And then what?" I asked.

"Then you pivot," she said. "You ask about his life. Maybe something casual like whether he has someone special."

"That sounds suspicious," I said. "I'm not exactly subtle."

"True," she said. "I also checked him out myself. He looks respectable. Good education, stable career, probably well off. No red flags on paper."

"Which is what worries Delilah," I said. "Red flags never show up on paper."

"That might be motherly paranoia," Nala replied. "Anyway, I trust you. You work corporate. You know how to talk without saying much."

"Silver tongue, huh?" I said.

"Exactly," she replied. "Use it."

I chuckled softly. "By the way, how are things with Anotta? Still committed to Project Phoenix?"

"She is," Nala said confidently. "The deal is sealed. Whether she likes it or not, Phoenix is happening. Once it launches in one of the Nuppia stores, the press will eat it up."

"That's the spirit," I said.

"I won't keep you," she added. "But don't come home starving. Eat something."

"I'm already starving," I said. "Save me a plate."

From somewhere nearby, Tessa's voice cut in loudly. "You can eat my ass, Mr. Marlowe."

I shook my head with a smile and ended the call. Alright. Fake anxiety. Talk carefully. Learn what I could without pushing too hard. I had done worse things with less preparation.

The door to Chase's office opened, and a woman stepped out, smiling politely as she waved back inside. A moment later, footsteps approached, and a man leaned into the waiting area.

"Mr. Marlowe?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied as I stood up.

"You can come in."

Chase Bellings looked different in person than he did in the interviews I had watched. His buzzcut was fresh, his jaw a little softer than I expected, and his posture relaxed but professional. He did not look threatening. He also did not look harmless. He looked competent, which was worse.

I followed him into his office and closed the door behind me. The room was larger than the waiting area but still cozy. A wooden desk sat near the window, neatly organized. Two couches faced each other near the center with a small table between them. There were shelves filled with books on psychology, neuroscience, and behavioral studies. Everything felt intentional and calm.

Chase moved behind his desk and gestured toward the couch. I sat down, removed my jacket, and placed it beside me. My body shifted slightly as I tried to settle into the space, forcing myself to look at least a little uncomfortable.

"Mr. Marlowe," he said with a professional smile. "Welcome."

"Thanks," I replied.

"So," he continued, folding his hands together. "What brings you in today?"

I hesitated just enough to sell it. "I've been dealing with anxiety," I said. "Mostly social."

He nodded slowly. "Can you tell me what that looks like for you?"

"It's worse in groups," I said. "Especially around people I don't know well. I overthink what I say. I get tense. Sometimes I avoid situations altogether."

"That must be frustrating," he said.

"It is," I replied. "It feels like my brain won't shut up."

"When did you start noticing this?" he asked.

I leaned back slightly, rubbing my hands together. "A few years ago. It got worse after some personal stuff."

"Relationships?" he asked gently.

"Partly," I said. "But also work. Expectations pile up."

He nodded again. "Do you experience physical symptoms?"

"Yeah," I said. "Tight chest, restless hands, trouble focusing."

"Do you ever feel judged?" he asked.

"All the time," I replied smoothly. "Especially by women."

He made a small note on his tablet. "That's interesting. Can you elaborate?"

"I feel like I can't talk to them properly," I said. "I freeze up."

"And do you have someone in your life right now?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No. I don't have anyone."

That was the most bullshit lie I had told in a long time.

He studied me briefly before speaking again. "You mentioned earlier that you struggle in social settings. Does that extend to one-on-one interactions?"

"Sometimes," I said. "Depends on the person."

He leaned back slightly. "And how does that make you feel?"

"Lonely," I said, choosing the word carefully.

He nodded slowly. "Loneliness often feeds anxiety. But let's focus on you. This session is about your experiences."

I took the opening anyway. "What about you?" I asked casually. "You seem comfortable with people. Do you have someone in your life?"

He smiled politely. "I do, but we are here to talk about you, Mr. Marlowe. After all, you paid for this session."

Fair enough. Still, he had confirmed something.

"I actually saw you the other day," I said. "At a coffee shop."

"Yes," he replied. "I do enjoy working outside the office occasionally."

"My friend recognized you," I continued. "That's how I booked the appointment."

"I'm glad they recommended me," he said. "Was your friend a patient of mine?"

"I don't know," I said.

He smiled. "Even if they were, I wouldn't say. Ethics matter."

"I figured," I said. "You were with someone that day. A woman."

He chuckled lightly. "She is a friend."

"I assumed she was someone special," I said. "She's beautiful. You're a lucky man."

"She is just a friend," he said calmly. "Now, let's return to your anxiety."

I nodded. I had pushed enough.

For the rest of the session, he asked about coping mechanisms, past stressors, and my habits. I answered convincingly, blending truth with fiction. He suggested breathing techniques, journaling, and gradual exposure to social settings. He did not seem suspicious. If anything, he seemed genuinely interested in helping.

Eventually, he checked the time. "We're just about done for today."

"That went fast," I said. "Wow. Didn't even realise how the time passed."

"Sessions often do," he replied. "Would you like to schedule another?"

"Yes," I said. "I think that would help with my anxiety."

Lies, lies, lies. But to get him to talk about Ivy, I had to twist the truth.

He smiled. "Good. I'll see you next time, Mr. Marlowe."

"Thank you," I said as I stood up.

We shook hands, and I left the office feeling conflicted. He did not seem like a bad man. He also did not seem romantically involved with Ivy, at least not openly.

As I stepped back into the hallway, I exhaled slowly. This was not over. But for now, I had learned enough to keep watching.

It could have gone worse.

I stepped into the elevator and hit zero, leaning back as it began its slow descent.

My phone buzzed. I pulled it out and saw a photo from Cora.

Esme.

She was asleep, tangled up with the oversized teddy bear I'd bought her, one leg thrown over it like it was made for her. The thing was completely crushed beneath her, her arms wrapped tight around it. She was wearing that same black tank top and hot pants—bare skin everywhere my eyes weren't supposed to linger, but did anyway. Even asleep, she looked unreal. Soft. Tempting. I exhaled through a faint laugh, shaking my head at myself.

The elevator doors slid open. I stepped out, still staring at the screen, a crooked smile pulling at my mouth before I finally locked the phone and slipped it away.

"This girl, I swear..." I muttered.

Another message came in from Cora. 'She loves it. Thank you, Evan.'

I left the building and headed for my car. 'No problem,' I texted. 'I'm glad she likes it.'

Now that it was over, I could finally go home and eat. I was starving.

♥□♥□♥□

The Heart System - Chapter 355[1,521 words]

Chapter 355: Chapter 355

The next morning, I woke up to a strange link sitting in my notifications. It came from an unknown number, and I did not even bother opening it. It looked like spam, and I had more pressing things to worry about anyway. Mendy still had not answered any of my messages, and none of my calls were going through either.

I pushed myself out of bed and slid the glass door to the balcony open. Cold air rushed in immediately. I stepped outside, zipped my jacket up to my chin, and lit a cigarette after brushing the snow off one of the sunbeds. The metal frame was icy under my fingers as I lowered myself onto it and leaned back, staring at the pale sky above the city.

I dialed Penelope while taking my first drag. The weather was calmer today. No wind, no snow falling, no rain. Just that sharp, quiet cold that crept into your lungs.

"Evan?" Penelope answered.

"Hey, Pen," I said. "Do you know why Mendy isn't answering my calls?"

"She's sick," Penelope replied. "I'm with her right now. I just brought her some chicken soup."

My shoulders relaxed a little. "Oh. Is she okay?"

"Yeah," she said. "A bit of a fever, but nothing serious."

"Damn," I muttered. "That sucks."

"She'll be fine," Penelope said. "Do you want to talk to her?"

"No," I replied quickly. "I don't want to bother her while she's sick. Just tell her I said hi."

"I will."

"Alright. Thanks, Pen."

We hung up, and I took another drag from my cigarette, watching the smoke curl into the air. I had honestly thought Mendy was ignoring me after that night, but getting sick in this weather was not exactly surprising. Still, I hoped she would feel better soon.

The balcony door slid open behind me, and Nala stepped outside in her long coat. She rubbed her hands together, grimacing at the cold, then brushed snow off the sunbed next to mine before sitting down.

"Hey," she said. "I've got good news."

"Oh?" I glanced at her.

"I found a convention for you," she said. "It's about some anime called TBMU. I don't even know what it stands for. The name is ridiculously long."

I smiled faintly. "Where is it?"

"At the mall," she said. "You could take Cora and Esme. I'm sure they'd love it."

"You're not coming?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Phoenix is eating all my time, and I really can't afford to be seen running around in cosplay before the project launches. CEO problems."

"Tragic," I said dryly.

She smirked. "I know."

"I mostly just want to get Cora out of the house," I added. "She's way too withdrawn lately."

"You think cosplaying would help?" Nala asked.

"Being outside would help," I replied.

She hummed. "What about Chase? Maybe Cora could talk to him."

I shook my head immediately. "Cora is not the type to see a psychologist. Trust me. That would be a hard no."

"Fair enough," she said, shivering. "I'm going back inside. It's freezing."

"Yeah," I said as I stubbed out my cigarette in the ashtray. "I'm coming too."

We went back inside and closed the door behind us. I shrugged out of my jacket, hung it on the coat rack, and dropped onto the couch with a tired sigh. A moment later, Minne appeared with a glass of hot tea, both her hands wrapped carefully around it as steam rose into the air.

"Here you go," she said softly.

"Thanks," I replied, taking it from her. "It smells great."

She sat down beside me, smoothing the hem of her maid outfit nervously, her cheeks already pink.

I slipped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her closer. She did not resist at all. Instead, she grabbed the blanket beside her, draped it over our legs, and rested her head against my shoulder as if she had been waiting for the invitation.

"I hope you like it, Master," she said quietly.

"I'm sure I will," I replied, smiling as I leaned back.

"Wow," Tessa's voice cut in as she walked out of the hallway. "Look at you two. Getting all hot and sweaty under that blanket."

"N-no," Minne stammered, flustered. "I just—"

"Jealous?" I asked, tightening my arm around Minne slightly.

"Oh, extremely," Tessa said with a grin as she opened the fridge. "By the way, did someone finish the cake from yesterday?"

"Yeah," Jasmine called from the master bedroom. "Unfortunately. Not me, though. Definitely. Nope. Not me. No chance."

Tessa sighed dramatically. "Dang it."

I took a sip of the tea and let the warmth spread through me, listening to the familiar chaos of the penthouse settle back into place. For the first time that morning, things felt almost normal.

I looked at Minne, curled against my side under the blanket, her small body warm and soft. She was fidgeting slightly, cheeks pink, eyes flicking up to meet mine every few seconds. I reached over, fingers gentle under her chin, tilting her face toward me. I leaned in and kissed her—slow at first, lips brushing hers, then deeper, tongue slipping in. She kissed back instantly, soft moan vibrating against my mouth, small hands sliding up my chest.

"Want me to help you down there, honey?" I asked, voice low, cock already throbbing under my pants, the blanket shifting with my growing hardness.

Minne smiled shyly, eyes sparkling. "Of course, Master."

She slipped under the blanket without hesitation, disappearing beneath the fabric. A moment later, her small hands were on my thighs, unzipping my pants slowly, carefully. She freed my cock—hard, thick, already leaking—and wrapped her lips around the head, sucking gently.

I exhaled hard, head falling back against the couch. "Fuck... good girl..."

Minne moaned softly around me, tongue swirling, taking me deeper inch by inch, her head bobbing under the blanket, hidden but obvious from the rhythmic movement and the wet, muffled sounds.

Jasmine stepped out of the master bedroom then, hair messy, wearing nothing but an oversized t-shirt. She spotted me on the couch, blanket moving suspiciously, and grinned wide.

"Wow," she quipped, crossing her arms. "Blowjob under the blanket, huh? Someone's horny."

I chuckled, voice rough. "Guilty, I know."

I reached down and pulled the blanket off Minne's head. She didn't stop—lips stretched around my cock, cheeks hollowed, eyes looking up at me shyly but hungrily as she sucked like she was starving for it, small tongue working the underside eagerly.

"Look at me when you suck my dick, honey," I said, voice thick.

Minne obeyed instantly, eyes locking on mine—big, innocent, but burning with need. She moaned around me, the vibration making my cock twitch in her mouth. The warmth, the wetness, the way her small tongue swirled—pure heaven.

Jasmine moved behind the couch, leaning over my shoulder. She grabbed the back of my head gently, tilting it back against the cushions, then leaned down and kissed me—deep, slow, tongue sliding in.

Minne pulled off with a wet plop, strings of spit connecting her lips to my cock. She turned her back to me, straddled my lap reverse, aimed my slick cock at her pussy, and sank down slowly—taking me inch by inch until I was buried to the base inside her tight heat.

I groaned into Jasmine's mouth, hands gripping Minne's hips as she settled fully on me. "Fuck... so tight... good girl..."

Jasmine broke the kiss, her lips hovering over mine for a second before she pulled back with a wicked grin. "Look at her go," she murmured, voice husky. "Such a good little maid... bouncing on your cock like she's starving for it. You love that tight pussy, don't you?"

I moaned low, hips bucking up into Minne as she rode me slow and deep, her small ass slapping against my thighs. "Fuck—yes—love it... so tight... so wet..."

Jasmine slid her t-shirt up and off in one smooth motion—no bra underneath, tits bare and perfect, nipples already hard. She leaned down, pressing one breast to my face.

"Suck it," she whispered, voice dripping with heat. "Taste me while she rides you."

I took her nipple into my mouth, sucking hard, tongue swirling, teeth grazing lightly. Jasmine moaned, hand in my hair, holding me there.

Minne kept moving—up and down, slow at first, then faster, her pussy gripping me tighter with every drop. Her maid outfit was still on, skirt bunched, panties slid to the side, the fabric dark and soaked. She moaned slightly, voice muffled against my shoulder.

"Master... feels so good... your cock... filling me..."

The scene was filthy and fucking perfect—Minne riding me reverse on the couch, small body bouncing, pussy sliding up and down my shaft, Jasmine feeding me her tit while she watched with that hungry look. The blanket was long gone, everything exposed, the penthouse quiet except for wet sounds, soft moans, and the distant storm outside.

Tessa sauntered over, smirking. She sat beside me on the couch, legs spread, and quickly removed her pants and panties—pussy already glistening.

"Move those hands, magic fingers," she teased. "Come on."

The Heart System - Chapter 356[1,553 words]

Chapter 356: Chapter 356

I slid my left hand between her thighs, fingers plunging into her wet pussy, curling inside, thumb on her clit.

Tessa moaned, head falling back. "Fuck—yes—finger me—make me cum while she rides you."

Minne's bounces grew frantic, moans louder, pussy fluttering around my cock.

"Master—close—gonna cum—"

"Cum for me," I growled around Jasmine's nipple. "Cum on my cock... milk me, baby."

Tessa laughed softly. "Come on, maid—if you wanna get pregnant, you need to milk that fucking cock. Ride him harder... make him fill you up."

Minne obeyed, slamming down faster, small ass jiggling, pussy clenching tight. Her moans turned desperate, body shaking.

"Master—yes—gonna cum—please. AHH..."

She came hard—pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet as she screamed softly, hips bucking uncontrollably, moans raw and broken as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her walls clamped down in endless pulses, squeezing me so tight, her juices soaking my balls and thighs.

I thrust up through it, slow and deep, drawing out every tremor. "Good girl... cumming so hard... love how your pussy milks me."

She panted, body twitching, slowing her bounces but still rocking weakly. "Master, more, please..."

Tessa moaned beside me, pussy clenching on my fingers. "Fuck—keep fingering me—make me cum too—"

I curled my fingers harder, thumb rubbing her clit fast. Minne started moving again, slower but deeper, pussy still fluttering from her orgasm.

"Master—love your cock... love riding you..." she whispered, voice shaky.

Jasmine moaned, pressing her tit harder against my mouth. "Suck harder... fuck—love watching her bounce on you... gonna cum inside her soon?"

"Yes—fuck—gonna fill her..." I groaned, thrusting up into Minne, fingers pumping Tessa.

The room was filled with moans—Minne's soft whimpers, Tessa's breathy gasps, Jasmine's low groans. The storm outside rumbled, rain lashing the windows, but it felt distant, cozy, like the world had shrunk to just us on this couch.

Minne's bounces grew desperate again, pussy clenching tighter.

- Critical Success: Minne

"Master—close again—gonna cum—"

"Cum for me," I ordered, sucking Jasmine's nipple hard. "Cum on my cock... good girl..."

She screamed softly, body locking up—pussy spasming wildly once more, gushing as she came again, hips grinding down hard, moans breaking into sobs of pleasure, tears streaming, walls milking me in tight, desperate pulses.

I thrust up through it, groaning. "Fuck—yes—cum for me... love it..."

She collapsed forward slightly, panting, body shaking.

Tessa laughed breathlessly. "Look at her... cumming twice already... now milk that cock, maid. Make Master fill you up."

Minne whimpered, starting to rock again, pussy still fluttering. "Yes, Master, please... cum inside—breed me—"

I thrust harder, pleasure building fast. "Gonna fill this pussy... breed you... take my cum..."

She moaned, bouncing faster. "Yes—Master—fill me—want your baby—"

I slammed deep and came with a groan, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her pussy, filling her womb. The feeling was intense—her tight walls milking every drop, pleasure exploding through me as I emptied everything inside her, hips grinding to give her all of it.

Minne whimpered, body trembling, pussy clenching weakly around me.

I exhaled hard, cock still twitching inside her, cum leaking out.

"Good girl," I rasped, patting her head. "Took it all."

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

Tessa crawled over, eyes dark with hunger. "Now it's my turn. Move, maid."

Minne obeyed instantly, sliding off my cock with a soft, wet sound, pussy still dripping as she let herself collapse onto the couch beside me, legs shaky, breathing hard.

I pulled her close, arms wrapping tight around her small frame, hugging her against my chest as I leaned forward to suck Jasmine's nipple again—hard, tongue swirling, teeth grazing. Jasmine moaned, hand in my hair.

Tessa straddled me facing forward, knees sinking into the cushions on either side of my hips. She grabbed my face with both hands, pulling me away from Jasmine's tit, and kissed me—hard, possessive, tongue plunging deep.

She broke it just long enough to glance at Jasmine. "Jesus, girl. Let me have some of him. Don't hog him with your tits."

Jasmine pouted playfully. "Boo."

Tessa laughed low, then sank down onto my cock—slow at first, then all the way, taking me to the base in one smooth drop. She moaned loud, head falling back. "Fuck—yes—finally."

She started bouncing—fast, needy, hips rolling with every slam down. My arm stayed around Minne, holding her tight against my side, her small hand resting on my chest as she watched, eyes wide and shy.

Tessa leaned in, lips at my ear. "I wanted to fuck you yesterday, Evan... but you were asleep. Had to use my fingers last night... rubbing my clit thinking about this cock. Now you'll pay for it."

I groaned, hands sliding to her ass, squeezing hard. "Fuck—yeah? You were horny for me? Couldn't wait?"

She kissed me again—hungry, biting my lip. "Couldn't wait... needed this dick... gonna ride you until you fill me."

I broke the kiss, grabbing her ass cheeks, spreading them wide. "Can't fucking wait. Love this ass... bouncing on my cock like a needy slut."

She moaned, moving faster. "Yes—fuck—own this pussy—fill me—make me cum—"

Jasmine moved in front, kneeling between my legs. She leaned in, tongue flicking my balls, sucking one gently into her mouth.

Minne watched, shy but eager. "M-Master... can I suck your balls too?"

I smiled, breaking the kiss with Tessa for a second. "Yes, honey."

Tessa grabbed my face again, pulling me back into a hungry kiss, moaning into my mouth as she kept bouncing—hard, frantic, couch creaking under us.

Minne knelt beside Jasmine, small tongue darting out to lick my balls, sucking gently while Jasmine worked the other. They both moaned softly, tongues swirling, spit dripping down.

Tessa moved frantically—jumping so hard the couch shifted slightly, springs groaning. She lifted her hips high, nearly letting my cock slip out, then slammed down hard, taking me to the base over and over.

The sound was sharp—wet slaps echoing, her ass jiggling, tits bouncing wildly.

I grabbed her waist tight, meeting her thrusts—hips slamming up to match her, going even faster, deeper.

Tessa trembled, breaking the kiss. "F-u-u-u-c-k! EVAN! OH FUCK!"

"Cum for me," I growled. "Milk my fucking cock—cum hard—"

She gritted her teeth, eyes squeezing shut. "Yes—fuck—cumming—EVAN!"

She screamed loudly, body locking up—pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her hips bucked uncontrollably, ass shaking, moans raw

and desperate as wave after wave hit her, pussy clenching in endless pulses, juices soaking my thighs.

She stopped bouncing, panting hard, body trembling—but I kept thrusting up into her, riding her climax, cock throbbing.

I kept fucking her, hips driving deep, cock slamming into Tessa's pussy with every thrust. She was soaked, walls clenching tight, juices dripping down my balls. I grabbed her suddenly, yanking her forward hard—her tits pressing against my chest, head dropping to my shoulder, breath hot on my neck.

I linked my hands behind her back, fingers digging in near her shoulder blades, locking her against me. Then I moved like a fucking minigun—hips snapping fast and brutal, pushing deep over and over, no mercy, no pause. The couch creaked under us, springs groaning, wet slaps echoing sharp in the room.

I moaned low, voice wrecked. "Fuck—Tessa—your pussy's so tight... gripping me like a vice..."

Tessa's voice shook, breaking with every thrust. "O-o-h... FUUUCK! GO FUCKING FASTER! FUCKING RUIN ME!"

I used my last bit of strength, moving faster—hips a blur, cock pounding her relentlessly. Minne and Jasmine were still between my legs, tongues on my balls—licking, sucking, swirling—wet heat on my sack, the tightness of Tessa's cunt squeezing me so hard it felt like she was trying to pull me in forever. The dual sensation was overwhelming—her pussy milking me, their mouths on my balls, pleasure spiking sharp and hot.

The intensity was insane—room filled with moans, wet sounds, the couch shifting, storm outside rumbling low like background music. Tessa's body rocked against mine, tits bouncing, ass slapping my thighs, pussy clenching tighter with every stroke. I was sweating, muscles burning, but I couldn't stop—too good, too close.

Tessa came so hard—screaming raw, body seizing, pussy spasming violently around my cock. She gushed hot and wet, flood soaking my thighs, splashing Minne and Jasmine's faces as they kept licking my balls. Her screams broke into sobs of pleasure—"EVAN—FUCK—YES—" hips bucking wild, walls clamping in endless pulses, gushing again and again.

She was extra horny now—body shaking, eyes wild. She straightened up, grabbed my t-shirt in both fists, yanked me forward, and kissed me—hard, biting my lip, licking my face, messy and desperate, like she didn't even know what she was doing anymore.

"Make me cum again," she gasped against my mouth. "Fuck me good, Evan—don't stop—need it—"

I kept pushing in, thrusts slower now, tired but relentless. My legs burned, arms aching from holding her, but I moved anyway—deep, steady, cock throbbing inside her.

Tessa moaned loudly, head dropping to my shoulder again. She bit down—sharp, teeth sinking into my skin, making me groan.

"Fuck—yes—" I rasped, moving faster despite the fatigue. "Love how you bite me... love how you take this cock... so fucking tight..."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck. Evan. Fuck... oh..."

She was close. I could feel it.

The Heart System - Chapter 357[1,531 words]

Chapter 357: Chapter 357

We were both panting, tired, breaths ragged, bodies slick with sweat. The couch creaked under us, springs groaning with every small shift. Tessa's thighs trembled against mine, her pussy still fluttering weakly around my cock from her last orgasm, hot and wet, leaking down my balls. My arms burned from holding her, legs numb from the relentless pace, but I couldn't stop—not yet.

"You're so close again, aren't you?" I whispered against her ear, voice hoarse, thrusting deep and slow, grinding to feel every inch of her. "Gonna cum on my dick... milk me dry... come on, baby, give it to me one more time."

Her pussy got tighter—clenching hard, walls fluttering wildly, like she was trying to pull me deeper even as her body shook from exhaustion. She moaned brokenly, head lolling against my shoulder, nails digging into my back.

"Evan... one... one more fucking time..." she gasped, voice cracking. "Oh my fucking... AH, FUCK. Evan—"

"Yeah?" I growled, hips snapping up hard, cock slamming deep. "Cum, baby. Cum on my fucking dick. Cum!"

"AGH... EVAN! EVAAN!"

Tessa came again—screaming loud, body convulsing violently, pussy spasming wildly around my cock. She gushed hot and wet, a fresh flood soaking my thighs, splashing Minne and Jasmine's faces as they kept licking my balls. Her hips bucked hard, walls clamping in violent, endless pulses, moans breaking into raw sobs as she shook against me, tears streaming down her cheeks, pleasure overwhelming her completely. Her whole

body locked up, then shuddered, ass quivering, tits bouncing against my chest, pussy milking me in desperate, rhythmic squeezes.

I pushed a few more times, grinding deep, riding her climax, cock throbbing inside her spasming heat. "Fuck—yes—cum for me... squeeze that cock... good girl..."

She collapsed against me, panting hard, head resting on my shoulder, body limp and trembling. I slowed to a stop, cock still buried deep, both of us breathing heavy, slick with sweat and cum.

The room was thick with the scent of sex—sweat, arousal, the faint salt of tears. Minne and Jasmine pulled back slowly, lips shiny, faces flushed, smiling softly as they watched us. Tessa's breathing gradually steadied, her arms loosening around my neck, but she stayed on me, head tucked against my shoulder, small whimpers still escaping her lips.

I exhaled hard, body finally giving out—legs shaking, arms dropping, cock still twitching inside her as I panted, chest heaving.

Tessa stayed on me, head resting on my shoulder, both of us breathing heavy, bodies slick and spent.

Jasmine smiled, eyes glinting with mischief. She reached over and gave Tessa's ass a light slap, the crack sharp in the quiet room, then pushed her gently but firmly down onto the couch.

Tessa laughed breathlessly, sprawling sideways, head resting on the armrest, one leg dangling off the edge, still panting hard from her climax. "Fuck... you're evil, Jas."

"Stay there, champ," Jasmine said to me, voice low and teasing. "I'll do the moving."

She stood, sliding her pants down her hips, kicking them aside. Naked now, pussy already wet and glistening, she climbed onto the couch, straddling me. Her hand wrapped around my cock—still slick from Tessa—and guided it to her entrance.

She sank down slowly, taking me inch by inch, moaning softly as I filled her completely, buried deep in her tight, hot cunt.

"Fuck... yes..." she breathed, hips rolling gently once she bottomed out. "So good..."

Tessa lay there sideways, chest heaving, watching us with a lazy grin. "Look at you... stealing my turn..."

Jasmine began hopping—slow at first, then faster, tits bouncing with every drop. She leaned in, tongue flicking out to lick my cheek, tasting the sweat there.

"Salty," she murmured. "Wow, Tessa really worked you off, huh?"

I nodded, panting hard, trying to catch my breath. "Yeah... drained me good..."

Jasmine hugged me tight, arms around my neck, moaning into my ear as she kept bouncing—gentle, deep, her pussy sliding up and down my shaft in long, slick strokes.

"Feel that?" she whispered, voice husky. "My pussy squeezing you... love how you throb inside me... so fucking hard even after all that. Gonna make me cum just riding you..."

I groaned, hands gripping Jasmine's hips tighter, fingers digging into her soft flesh as she bounced on my cock. Her pussy was perfect—hot, slick, gripping me with every rise and fall, her juices coating my shaft and dripping down my balls. The wet slap of her ass against my thighs filled the room, rhythmic and filthy.

"Fuck—Jas—your pussy's perfect..." I rasped, thrusting up to meet her halfway, driving deeper. "So wet... so fucking tight..."

She ground down harder, rolling her hips in slow, teasing circles before picking up speed again, clit rubbing against my base with every drop. Her tits bounced in front of my face, nipples hard and begging. I leaned forward, capturing one in my mouth—sucking hard, tongue flicking the peak, teeth grazing lightly.

Jasmine moaned, voice breaking. "Mmm... yes—suck my tits while I fuck you... you fucking throb inside me... gonna make me cum so hard on this cock..."

I switched to the other nipple, sucking deeper, one hand sliding up to knead her breast while the other stayed on her hip, guiding her faster. My thumb found her clit between us, rubbing tight circles in time with her bounces.

"Feel that?" I growled against her skin. "Your clit's so swollen... pussy dripping all over me... you're gonna soak this couch when you cum, aren't you?"

"Yes—fuck—keep rubbing—gonna soak you—gonna cum all over your cock—" she panted, voice shaking as her rhythm faltered for a second, hips grinding desperately.

Minne stood nearby, watching shyly, cheeks flushed deep red, hands fidgeting at her sides. Her breathing was quick, eyes wide, biting her lip as she saw Jasmine ride me—saw the way Jasmine's ass jiggled, the way my cock disappeared inside her over and over.

Jasmine noticed Minne too, smirking through a moan. "Look at her, Evan... little maid's getting wet watching us... bet she's dripping just thinking about your cock breeding her next."

I thrust up harder, making Jasmine gasp. "She'll get her turn... but right now—this pussy's mine... gonna make it cum so hard you scream."

Jasmine leaned forward, hands on my shoulders for leverage, bouncing faster—deep, punishing drops that made her tits slap against my chest. "Fuck—yes—own this pussy—make me cum, fuck, Evan, don't stop—"

I rubbed her clit faster, thumb pressing firm, fingers slipping down to tease her entrance around my cock—feeling how stretched she was, how wet she'd gotten.

"You love this, don't you?" I growled, sucking her nipple again. "Love riding me while Minne watches... love knowing she's jealous of how good this pussy feels wrapped around my cock."

"Yes—fuck—jealous little maid—watching me take what she wants—" Jasmine moaned, voice breaking. "Gonna cum—gonna soak you... fuck—Evan—"

Her bounces grew erratic, hips grinding down hard, pussy fluttering wildly around me. I thrust up to meet her, slamming deep, thumb pressing her clit relentlessly.

"Cum for me," I ordered, biting her nipple lightly. "Cum on my cock... soak me... let Minne see how good you take it."

Jasmine screamed, body locking up—pussy spasming violently around my cock, gushing hot and wet as she came hard. Her hips bucked wildly, walls clamping in tight, endless pulses, juices flooding my thighs, soaking the couch beneath us.

Her moans turned raw and desperate, "EVAN—FUCK—CUMMING!" tits bouncing, body shaking uncontrollably, pleasure ripping through her as wave after wave hit, tears of ecstasy welling in her eyes.

I thrust through it, slow and deep, grinding to draw out every tremor. "Good girl... cum hard... love how you milk me..."

She collapsed forward against my chest, panting, body still twitching with aftershocks, pussy fluttering weakly around my cock.

I kissed her neck, hand stroking her back. "Fuck... you came so hard... soaked me good."

I was close—cock throbbing hard, pleasure spiking.

Jasmine chuckled breathlessly, leaning in to kiss my neck. "Cum inside the maid, Evan. She wants your baby the most after all."

She lifted off me slowly, pussy leaving me with a wet sound. Minne's eyes lit up, happy and eager. "Thank you, Jasmine..."

Minne moved quick, straddling me again, positioning my cock at her pussy and sinking down fast—taking me to the base in one drop.

She hugged me tight, small arms around my neck, moaning softly as she settled fully.

I hugged her back, cock throbbing inside her. "Fuck... Minne... so tight..."

Then I came hard—cock pulsing, thick ropes flooding her pussy, filling her womb. Rope after rope, endless, pleasure exploding through me as I groaned into her shoulder, hips grinding to empty everything deep inside her.

Minne whimpered, pussy clenching weakly, taking every drop.

When it ended, I exhaled hard, body limp. "Holy... fuck. I need a shower. Phew..."

Tessa got up from the couch, smirking, and smacked Minne's ass lightly. "We did all the work and she gets his cum. Wow. He's taking sides, Jas."

"Yeah," Jasmine laughed, wiping sweat from her brow. "I noticed."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Foursome

EXP Gained: +450

Villain Bonus: +10 EXP

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 322c

The Heart System - Chapter 358[1,536 words]

Chapter 358: Chapter 358

Bliss Multiplier was really good. I was getting seventy percent of the total EXP from each sexual activity task. That was honestly a life-saver. With that 322c boost, I'd be able to hoard even faster.

I pulled up the UI again, just to check.

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: 927c

Nice. 927c. I wanted to buy another Mastery Evolve and push Bliss Multiplier to 80%. That would be massive... life-changing for grinding credits.

I let Minne go, watching as she slid off my dick with a soft, wet sound, cum dripping from her pussy as she sat next to Tessa on the couch. Tessa smirked, immediately throwing one leg over Minne's chest and the other behind her back, pulling her close in a playful hold. She straightened up and started tickling Minne's sides.

Minne burst into giggles, squirming. "Please... Miss Tessa, stop!"

"There's no Miss, Missy," Tessa said dramatically, fingers dancing over Minne's ribs.
"Only tickle-master."

"Nooo!"

"Get her!" Jasmine screamed sarcastically, joining in, hands tickling Minne's underarms.
"She will not get away!"

Minne laughed harder, body twisting, each burst of laughter pushing more of my cum out of her pussy, dripping onto the couch in small puddles.

I watched them—naked, flushed with sweat, laughing and tangled together—and my cock throbbed again, stirring hard despite everything.

Tessa noticed first, stopping her attack to gesture with her head at my cock. The others looked too—Jasmine shaking her head tiredly, Minne instantly shy, cheeks burning red.

"Look at that, Maid," Tessa said, smirking. "He can still get hard. Fucking wow."

"Master is amazing," Minne whispered, eyes wide.

Tessa put a socked foot on my dick, the fabric soaking instantly with the mix of cum and sweat. She grabbed Minne's leg gently and guided her foot close to my shaft. Minne hesitated, foot hovering awkwardly beside it, eyes averting mine.

"Move your foot, girl," Tessa said. "Come on."

"I'm..."

Minne finally moved, sliding her foot under my dick, lifting it slightly. Tessa joined her—both their feet now on either side of my shaft, soles warm and soft through the socks, feeling me slowly harden again as they pressed and rubbed lightly.

"How about a footjob tag-team?" Tessa asked, looking at me with that wicked grin. "Huh, 'Master'?"

"Fuck me," I groaned, leaning back. "I'd want that."

"I guess we're not done?" Jasmine exhaled. "Fine, fine. I'll join you three."

Jasmine dropped to her knees in front of me, leaning close. She buried her nose against my balls, inhaling deep, then started licking—slow, broad strokes, tongue swirling over my sack, moaning softly.

Tessa and Minne began moving their feet in sync—slow, rhythmic strokes along my shaft, socks sliding slickly, the texture rough but perfect. Minne's foot was hesitant at first, but

Tessa guided her, showing her the rhythm. Minne's head rested awkwardly on Tessa's ass, lying sideways, eyes flicking between my cock and Tessa's face.

"Fuck..." I muttered, head falling back. "This is... dangerous, huh?"

I moaned low, head falling back against the couch as Minne and Tessa worked their feet in perfect rhythm—soles sliding up and down my shaft, toes curling around the head on every upstroke. The socks were soaked through now, clinging to their feet, making every stroke slick and warm. Jasmine's tongue was still on my balls—slow, broad licks, sucking one gently into her mouth, then the other, moaning softly as she tasted the mix of cum and sweat.

This was fucking heavenly. The dual sensation—soft, sock-covered feet stroking my cock, warm mouth on my balls—had me throbbing harder, pre-cum leaking steadily, dripping down to coat their soles.

"Harder," I rasped, voice wrecked.

Minne and Tessa obeyed instantly—feet moving faster, harder, pressing tighter. My cock was now fully erect, veins pulsing, head slick and shiny. Tessa's foot curled around the base, Minne's toes teasing the slit, both of them working in sync like they'd done this before.

Jasmine pulled off my balls with a wet sound, lips shiny. "Hey," she said, voice low and teasing. "I wanna join too."

She sat on the ground between my legs, removing her socks slowly—revealing perfect feet, toes painted red, arches high and smooth. She flexed them playfully, then joined in—her foot sliding up the side of my shaft, toes curling around the head while Minne and Tessa kept the rhythm on the other side. Jasmine's foot was fantastic—maneuvered with confidence, toes gripping and stroking in ways that made my hips twitch. This was fucking insane.

I moaned louder, hips jerking slightly. "Fuck... all three of you... so good... love these feet on my cock..."

Tessa smirked, pressing harder. "You like that, 'Master?' Three girls giving you a footjob... gonna cum all over our feet?"

Minne whimpered shyly, toes curling tighter. "Master... your cock's so hard... throbbing..."

Jasmine's toes teased the head. "Cum for us... shoot it all over our feet... make a mess..."

I was already close—cock throbbing violently, balls tightening, pleasure spiking sharp and hot.

Minne's eyes widened. "No, Master—wait!"

But it was too late.

I shot one rope—thick, white, splattering across Tessa's socked foot. Another rope followed, hitting her foot again.

Minne managed to get up fast, straddling me quick, sinking down onto my cock—taking the rest deep inside her pussy as I came hard. I groaned loud, hips jerking up, pushing the cum deeper, filling her again.

I rode out the orgasm, thrusting slow and deep, cock pulsing inside her tight heat, emptying everything while she whimpered and clenched around me.

When it ended, I leaned back, panting hard, body limp. "Alright..." I muttered. "I now really need a shower..."



After a quick shower, I ended up stretched out on my bed, staring at the ceiling. It was already ten. The sun had been gone for hours, and rain tapped gently against the windows, steady and soft. The penthouse was unusually calm tonight. Everyone was in the living room, laughing at some dumb comedy show, while I stayed behind because of a mild headache. I probably had not been drinking enough water all day.

Minne had made me a cup of chamomile tea mixed with lemon balm and a little ginger earlier, claiming it helped with headaches and tension. Whether it was the herbs or just the warmth, I was feeling better now.

I eventually got up and stepped into the hallway, then headed to the kitchen. I opened the fridge and spotted the cheesecake Minne had baked earlier. Carefully, I cut myself a slice, put the rest back, and sat at the dining table to eat.

"Man, this guy sucks," Tessa muttered from the couch, a bag of chips crinkling in her hand. "Change the channel or something."

"Hey, he's not that bad," Jasmine replied. "I laughed a few times."

"Nope," Tessa said flatly. "He sucks."

I took a bite of the cheesecake and nodded appreciatively. "This cake is really good. You did great, Minne."

She turned slightly on the couch and smiled at me. "Thank you, Master. I tried my best."

"I like your best," I said honestly, taking another bite.

"Should we give some to Eleanor too?" Nala asked. "It'd be nice."

"Sure," I said. "I'll bring her some after I'm done."

"You'll bring her the cake," Kim added pointedly. "And nothing else."

I put a hand to my chest. "That hurts."

"Evan," Tessa snapped, "I can't hear the show. Shut up."

"I thought you didn't like the show?" I asked.

"I decided I'd rather listen to it than hear your voice, dear Marlowe."

I grinned. "I get the feeling you don't like me, Miss Tessa."

"She's on her period," Jasmine said casually.

"I am not," Tessa shot back.

"Then why are you so angry?" I asked.

"The stray cat she was feeding died," Jasmine said.

"Fuck you, Jas," Tessa snapped as she stood up. "I told you not to tell anyone."

Kim raised her hands slightly. "Calm down—"

"Fuck you too."

Tessa stormed down the hallway and disappeared into her room. A moment later, her door slammed shut hard enough to echo through the penthouse. The room fell quiet.

I set my fork down slowly and leaned back in my chair, listening to the silence settle. Damn. She had really snapped. Feeding a stray cat, though—that surprised me. I never would have pegged Tessa as an animal lover.

Jasmine rubbed her face and muted the TV. "Ah, shit. I should've known better."

"She doesn't like people seeing that side of her," Kim said quietly.

"Yeah," Nala agreed. "But it's kind of cute, honestly."

"I won't deny that," I said, picking my fork back up.

"I'll talk to her later," Jasmine said. "Once she cools off."

I took another bite of cheesecake. "Where was she feeding the cat?"

"Near that blue building," Jasmine said. "Right around the penthouse."

"How did it die?" I asked.

"The storm," she replied. "Froze."

"That's rough," I muttered.

"I wish she'd brought it inside," Minne said softly. "I would've taken care of it. I love cats."

The Heart System - Chapter 359[1,667 words]

Chapter 359: Chapter 359

I finished the last bite of my cheesecake and stood up. Minne joined me, and we walked into the kitchen together. I rinsed my plate and set it in the sink while she carefully prepared a slice for Eleanor, placing it neatly on a small plate.

"Thanks, Minne," I said as I picked it up.

"No problem, Master," she replied. "I hope she likes it."

"I'm sure she will," I said with a small smile.

She nodded, clearly pleased.

I picked up the plate with the cheesecake and headed toward the door. Before leaving, I paused by the hallway mirror and gave myself a quick look. Jeans, a plain T-shirt, nothing out of place. Casual enough not to make things weird.

"I'm out," I said, slipping my shoes on. "I'll be back in ten."

A chorus of lazy goodbyes followed me as I opened the door and stepped out of the penthouse. Instead of waiting for the elevator, I took the stairs. I needed the movement, and the quiet helped clear my head.

I stopped in front of Eleanor's apartment and knocked. A few seconds passed. Then the door opened.

A man stood there.

For a brief moment, my brain stalled. Tall, relaxed, clearly comfortable in the space. My stomach tightened before I could stop it. Was Eleanor seeing someone? The thought hit harder than I expected.

"Uh," I said, holding up the plate slightly. "Is Eleanor here?"

"Yeah," he replied easily. "She's in the shower. Who are you?"

In the shower. Great. I forced myself to breathe evenly. I did not like that mental image, but there was nothing I could do about it.

"I'm just a friend," I said. "Nothing more."

"Oh," he nodded. Then he turned his head slightly and raised his voice. "Hey, sis! Someone's here to see you!"

Sis.

Relief washed through me so fast it almost made my knees weak. I barely managed to keep my expression neutral. A moment later, the bathroom door opened just enough for Eleanor's face to peek out, her hair damp and wrapped in a towel.

"Oh, Evan," she said, surprised but smiling. "I'll be right out."

"No need," I replied quickly. "I just brought you some cheesecake. I thought you might like it. I didn't know your brother was here, or I would've brought more."

"Evan?" the man repeated, turning back to me with a grin. "So you're the guy who helped my sister. Thanks, man. Seriously."

"No problem," I said. "I'm just glad she's okay."

"She told me about you," he continued. "Kicking Guy's ass and all that. You're the man."

I shook my head slightly. "I had help. It wasn't just me."

"Still!"

I handed him the plate. "Anyway, I should head back. I hope she likes it."

"She will," he said. "Thanks again."

"Hmm. Good night," I replied.

He waved and closed the door. I stood there for a second longer than necessary, then exhaled and headed back toward the stairs.

When I returned to the penthouse, Minne opened the door for me.

"Hey," I said quietly.

"Welcome back, Master," she replied with a small smile.

I slipped my shoes off and glanced toward the living room. "Did you talk to Tessa yet, Jas?"

Jasmine shook her head from the couch. "Her door's locked."

I sighed. "Alright. I'll try."

"I wouldn't recommend it," Jasmine said, watching me carefully. "But be my guest."

I walked down the hallway and stopped in front of Tessa's door. I hesitated for a moment, then lifted my hand and knocked. Nothing came from the other side at first, so I knocked again and waited. Minne peeked around the corner of the hallway, glanced at me with quiet concern, then slipped back into the living room without saying anything.

I knocked a third time. This time, I heard movement inside, footsteps crossing the room. The lock clicked, and the door opened just enough to reveal Tessa standing there with her arms crossed and a hard look on her face. I cleared my throat and met her eyes.

"Hey," I said, trying for a small, calm smile.

"What?" she replied flatly.

"I was just checking in," I said. "How are you doing?"

"Good. Now go away."

She started to close the door, but I put my hand against it and stopped her. She glared at me for a second, then exhaled sharply and let go. Without another word, she turned and walked back inside, dropping onto the edge of her bed. I lingered in the doorway for a moment before stepping in and closing the door behind me.

I pulled the chair away from her desk, dragged it closer, and sat down in front of her. She leaned forward with her elbows on her thighs, staring at the floor. Her posture alone told me how bad she was feeling.

"So," I said carefully. "You never told me you were feeding a stray cat, Tes."

"You didn't ask," she replied without looking up.

"That's fair," I admitted. "What was its name?"

"Her," she corrected. "And I didn't name her."

I nodded. "Why didn't you tell us, though? We could've brought her here."

She shrugged and stayed silent. I sighed quietly and leaned back in the chair. She clearly was not in the mood to talk, but she had not kicked me out either, which I took as a small win.

"Just talk to me," I said.

"There's nothing to talk about," she snapped. "I'm sorry I yelled earlier. Is that enough for you?"

"No," I said honestly. "I'm trying to understand why you were so angry."

"Because my fucking cat died," she shot back. "I have every right to be angry."

"Why didn't you bring her inside?" I asked again, softer this time.

"Shut up," Tessa said, her voice tight. "Just stop."

"Come on," I said. "Talk to me. You'll feel better."

"You're pissing me off, Evan," she said. "Get out."

"Why?" I asked, standing up. "Why are you making this so hard?"

"I'm not saying it again."

"Tessa—"

"Shut up!"

I took a breath and pushed forward anyway. "Were you scared that your tough-girl act would fall apart? That people would see you feeding a stray cat and think you were weak?"

She stood up so fast the bed creaked behind her. "You don't know a damn thing about me," she said, her voice shaking with anger. "You don't get to talk about me like that."

"We see each other every day," I replied, holding my ground. "At work, at home, everywhere. So yeah, I do know you."

She clenched her fists and dragged a hand through her hair. "Why are you so fucking persistent?"

"Because when you're hurting, it affects me too," I said. "You're not just some random person in this penthouse. I care about you, whether you like it or not."

She turned away from me, her shoulders stiff. I waited, saying nothing. A few seconds passed, and then I heard a shaky breath. Her shoulders trembled slightly as she tried to hold it in.

Seeing Tessa cry was unsettling. It felt wrong, like watching a wall crack.

I stepped closer and gently turned her toward me, my hands resting on her shoulders. She didn't pull away.

"If you need something," I said quietly as I pulled her into a brief hug, "you tell me. Okay?"

"Fuck..." she muttered.

EVENT

=====

Tessa's Interest +10

She stepped back almost immediately and wiped at her face. "Just... go," she said. "I get it. Just get out of my room."

I raised my hands in surrender with a small smile as I leave. "Alright. But I want an apology later."

She didn't answer, but she didn't slam the door either.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 42 / 60★★

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: 15 / 20

Another milestone with Tessa. The reward came instantly, and this time it was credits—lots of them. I would have preferred experience points, but I was not about to complain. Three hundred credits was more than decent. In fact, it was the opposite of bad.

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: 1227c

A little more, and I would have enough to buy another Mastery Evolve. Since there was no Main Quest active, it was probably time to start paying attention to side quests instead. The system was clearly nudging me in that direction.

I headed back to the living room and sat at the dining table. The comedy show was still playing on the TV, and although my eyes were technically on it, my attention was split as I scrolled through the available quests.

"How did it go?" Jasmine asked without looking away from the screen. "Did she yell at you?"

"She threatened to throw me out the window," I said lightly. "So yeah. Great success."

Jasmine snorted.

"Was she crying?" Kim asked, twisting around on the couch to look at me. Her eyes were wide with interest. "Tell me she cried."

"Nope," I lied smoothly. "Not a tear."

Kim clicked her tongue, clearly disappointed, and turned back to the TV.

I kept scrolling. Most of the quests were the usual unhinged system nonsense, but one of them stood out. With the credits I had now, it was actually doable—and the reward was tempting.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Open Space

- Task: Have an anal sex in public.

- Reward: 500c | Seductive Allure

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

The Heart System - Chapter 360[1,636 words]

Chapter 360: Chapter 360

Five hundred credits and a passive unlock. No prerequisite chain. No grinding. From a purely mechanical standpoint, it was too efficient to ignore. I accepted it without overthinking and finally leaned back, giving the TV my full attention.

"Um..." Minne spoke up suddenly, fidgeting with the hem of her maid outfit. "I... I had a cat once."

Her speaking out of nowhere caught my attention. Before I could respond, Jasmine leaned slightly toward her.

"Is that the cat on your phone wallpaper?" she asked.

That earned my curiosity.

"Yes," Minne said softly. "Her name is Kim."

Kim blinked. "Kim?"

Minne nodded shyly. "Yes."

"...I guess that works for a cat," Kim muttered with a smile.

"Where is she now?" I asked. "You said 'had.'"

"She lives with my mother," Minne replied. "She's two years old."

"What's that in human years?" Nala asked.

"Twenty," I said immediately. "Don't ask me why. I just know."

Tessa walked in from the hallway at that moment, looking perfectly composed. No sign of earlier tears. She headed straight for the fridge.

"Was she a stray?" Tessa asked as she grabbed a beer.

"No," Minne replied. "A British shorthair."

Tessa popped the cap off and closed the fridge with her foot. "Figures. Those get sick easily. Strays are tougher."

Minne shrugged. "She cost us a lot, but I love her."

Tessa sat down next to Nala, taking a slow sip of her beer.

I checked my phone. Another notification. Another message from an unknown number. Another link. I sent it straight to spam, then hesitated with my finger hovering over Mendy's name.

"I should call her." I whispered to myself.

I glanced at the others, then stood up and stepped into the hallway as I dialed. After a few rings, she answered. The sound of the news played faintly in the background.

"Hey, Evan," she said. "I was actually about to call you."

"I'm good," I said. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm managing," she replied. "Thanks again for helping me rearrange my bedroom. It feels a lot more open now."

"Anytime," I said.

She exhaled softly. "So... what's up?"

"I just wanted to check on you," I said. "Make sure you were okay."

"I am," she said. "Penelope's here with me. She says hi."

"Is that a real hello, or is she flipping me off?" I asked.

"I'd rather not answer that," Mendy said, amused.

I let a small pause settle between us. "About the other night..."

"Yes?"

"Would you be okay with doing something like that again?" I asked carefully. "The girls really liked having you around."

"I..." She hesitated. "Maybe. It's just... Penelope's right here."

"Got it," I said. "Well, just know they'd be really happy to see you again."

"T-thanks," she said, clearly unsure what to do with that.

"I won't keep you," I added. "Say hi to Pen for me."

"I will. Bye, Evan."

"Bye, Mendy."

I ended the call and leaned against the wall for a moment before heading back to the living room. Just when I was about to sit on the chair again, another text came in. That same virus link, damn. These scammers really loved me today.

I sat on the chair, and got another text. Then another. I exhaled, a little annoyed, and just when I put the text in spam again... I received another text, this time from a number that wasn't in my contacts.

'Kariola Hotel. In thirty. Room 5c'

I knew Kariola Hotel, it was close to our penthouse. But who was it and why they wanted meet? I looked at my phone screen for a while, to the message, then clicked on the link that was sent to me. It directed me to a page, that loaded very slowly.

When it did, I saw it... it was a woman's photo. Her hand covering her eyes. She was in front of the mirror and was wearing black pentyhose and that was it. Her pussy, a little hairy on top, was glistening, and she had a dildo in the other hand. I could see the lube on it, fuck.

"Wait..."

I recognized her body. A little chubby, but not too much. Her massive tits were sagging, her nipples hard and areola big. Her hips was huge... her short brown hair messy. Was that fucking Carrie? She was sending me her photo... what the fuck?

I felt my dick throb at the sight of her. Kariola Hotel. In thirty? That bitch... was this a fucking booty call? She didn't get enough of me so she was letting me know. I didn'tk now she was such a slut like this.

"Well, well, well." I muttered. "Look at you, Carrie..."

"What's that?" Jasmine asked.

I wasn't going to hide anything from them. "Carrie wants to meet with me."

"Carrie?" Kim asked. "What does she want?"

"I'll go and see." I grinned. "I won't be late. Promise."

"Be safe." Nala said. "And be careful around her."

"I will. Don't worry..."



I stood in front of Room C5, floor five, hands shoved deep in my pockets. The corridor was narrow and dim, red and pink neon from the hotel's sign bleeding through the windows, painting everything in a cheap, headache-inducing glow. If this was a trap, I had more than enough credits for Time Stop. It would be no problem.

A faint cigarette stench leaked from under the door. This place wasn't Carrie's scene—low-rent, last-resort hotel, cracked paint, stained carpets. Not the kind of spot a woman like Carrie Beldenwary would choose. Unless she had no choice.

"Alright," I muttered under my breath. "Here goes nothing."

I knocked twice—firm, not loud. A few seconds passed. Then the lock clicked, and the door cracked open an inch.

I didn't move at first. Then I pushed it open with the toe of my boot and waited.

The room was exactly what I expected: single bed shoved against the left wall, sheets crumpled and torn in places, holes worn through from years of use. Right wall had peeling flower wallpaper curling at the edges. A small desk next to the bed, mini fridge humming underneath. No wardrobe, no chair, no nothing. Just the bed, the desk, the fridge, and the smell of stale smoke hanging heavy.

And there she was.

Carrie fucking Beldenwary, sitting on the edge of the bed like she owned the place. Mini skirt barely covering anything—red lace panties peeking out when she shifted. Black blouse cropped high, stomach bare, stripes at the elbows. Chubby in all the right places—thick thighs, full hips, heavy tits straining the fabric. Pure milf energy, raw and unapologetic.

"Hmm..." I stepped inside, letting the door click shut behind me.

She stood without a word, waiting. I walked straight to her, stopping close enough to feel her body heat. Our eyes locked—silent challenge hanging between us. But that fight was over a long time ago. I'd already won.

I grabbed her arm, spun her around, and pushed her against the wall—back to me, cheek pressed to the peeling wallpaper. She slapped both hands flat against it for balance, glancing back at me, defiant but silent.

I kicked her left foot wider with my boot—firm tap against her ankle, forcing her stance open. Then the right. Her legs spread wide now, ass arched toward me, skirt riding up, red panties stretched tight over her curves. Fuck me, she was such a whore in that clothes.

"What a fucking slut you are," I whispered, hooking my fingers into her panties and yanking them down to her thighs. My hand brushed her pussy—wet, soaked, dripping onto my fingers instantly. "I put your little cuck of a son behind bars. And that's how you get revenge?"

"I..." Her voice cracked, breath shaky.

I slapped her ass through the skirt—hard, sharp crack. "Shut up."

Fuck. I was already earning Villain points just thinking about this, but right now? I didn't care. All I saw was her—Carrie Beldenwary, bent over, ass out, pussy dripping for me.

I unbuckled my pants, letting them drop. Cock sprang free—thick, throbbing, veins prominent. I grabbed it, rubbing the head up and down her slit, coating myself in her wetness.

Her body shook, both hands braced on the wall, ass pushing back instinctively, chasing the friction.

"Greedy bitch," I sneered, keeping the slow tease. "Don't fucking move."

She froze, trembling.

"Beg," I whispered into her ear, breath hot on her skin. "Fucking beg."

She bit her lip.

I grabbed her hair, yanked her head back. "Bite that lip again and I walk out. Now beg."

"P-please..."

"Please what?" I pressed the head against her entrance, not pushing in—just teasing.

"Please... fuck me," she said, voice defiant but cracking.

"Good girl." I let her hair go. "Do you deserve this dick?"

"I'm..."

"Do you deserve this dick?"

"Y-yes..."

"No." I rubbed the head against her clit, slow circles. "You fucking don't. You have to earn it."

"How...?"

"Tell me what you are."

"A... I'm..."

"A bitch." I slapped her ass again—lighter this time, teasing. "What are you?"

"A bitch..."

"Good fucking girl," I rasped, voice thick. "Louder."

"I'm a bitch," she said, voice shaking but clearer. "I'm your bitch—please, Evan, fuck me—"

"Again."

"I'm your bitch!" she cried, pushing back. "Please, fuck me, need your cock—need it inside me—"

I kept rubbing, slow, torturous. "Why do you need it?"

"Because... because I'm a slut," she gasped. "Because I want it—need it—please—"

"Beg like you mean it."

"Please, Evan—fuck me, ruin me, use me, fill me, please—I'm begging you—need your cock—need you to fuck me like the whore I am—"

I groaned, cock throbbing. "Good fucking girl."

I lined up and thrust in deep—one hard push, burying myself to the base.

She screamed, body jolting forward against the wall. "FUCK—YES—"

The Heart System - Chapter 361[1,608 words]

Chapter 361: Chapter 361

I started moving—hard, fast, hips slamming into her ass, cock driving deep with every stroke. Her pussy was soaked, gripping me tight, wet sounds filling the room.

"Take it," I growled, hand in her hair again, pulling her head back. "Take every fucking inch... this is what you wanted, isn't it? My cock owning this pussy."

"Yes... fuck—own me—harder—"

I pounded her mercilessly, hips a blur, balls slapping her clit. Her ass jiggled with every thrust, skirt bunched high, panties stretched around her thighs.

"You're mine right now," I rasped. "No one else. Just you—bent over, taking this dick like a desperate whore."

"Yours—fuck—only yours—please—don't stop—"

I slapped her ass again. "Scream louder... let the whole floor hear how I fuck you."

She did—moans turning to raw screams, body shaking, pussy clenching tighter.

I thrust into Carrie hard, hips snapping forward with relentless force, cock slamming deep into her pussy over and over. Her body jolted with each impact, ass rippling under the mini skirt that barely covered anything, the fabric bunching higher with every stroke. She braced against the wall, hands splayed flat, her black blouse riding up to expose more of her stomach, tits swaying heavily under the thin material, nipples hard and visible through the fabric as they bounced wildly. Sweat glistened on her skin, making the room's dim light reflect off her curves, her thick thighs trembling as she tried to stay arched for me.

She reacted with gasps and broken moans, body pushing back instinctively, pussy clenching tighter around me, wet sounds filling the room as I drove in. Her legs shook, knees buckling slightly, but she held the position, fingers curling against the wall like she was clinging for dear life. Her hair fell over her face, sticking to her sweat-dampened cheek, eyes half-lidded in a mix of pain and pleasure.

"Fucking take it, slut," I growled, slapping her ass hard, the crack echoing. "Public princess, all sunshine and rainbows— but here you're just a bitch in heat, aren't you? Spreading for the guy who ruined your family. Pathetic whore."

She screamed, body shuddering, pussy gushing wetter, but she didn't deny it—moans turning desperate, ass pushing back harder. "Please—fuck—harder—"

Carrie was getting close—her breaths came in short, ragged gasps, body tensing, pussy fluttering around my cock like it was trying to pull me deeper.

I could feel her pussy getting tighter—walls clenching harder with every thrust, milking me, her juices dripping down my balls, making everything slicker, hotter.

Then I stopped moving—held still deep inside her.

Carrie glanced back immediately, eyes wide and pleading, lips parted in a gasp.

I grabbed her by the head, fingers tangling in her hair, and pushed her right cheek hard against the wall, pinning her there.

"You can't cum unless I fucking say so, slut."

Carrie desperately moved her ass back to my cock, grinding, trying to get friction, body trembling with need. I just removed my dick completely, pulling out with a wet pop.

She let out a broken sound, a frustrated, needy whimper, and trembled against the wall, thighs shaking, pussy clenching on nothing.

"You want me to fucking go?"

Carrie shook her head frantically, cheek still pressed to the wall by my hand, eyes squeezed shut.

"Then act like a good girl."

She nodded quickly, breath shaky.

I rubbed my dick onto her pussy again—slow, teasing strokes along her slit, coating myself in her wetness, then slid back inside in one deep thrust.

She gasped, body arching.

I kept fucking her—hard, steady strokes, hips snapping forward, cock driving deep.

"That's it, bitch—take it like the desperate whore you are. All smiles and perfect life to the world, but here you're just a dripping mess for my cock. Pathetic, aren't you? Begging the guy who locked up your son to fuck you senseless."

"Yes—fuck—pathetic—your whore—" she moaned, voice breaking, body rocking with every thrust.

I slapped her ass again. "Louder, slut. Admit it—you're nothing but a bitch in heat for me. Public angel, private cumdump."

"I'm—your bitch—fuck—cumdump—please—"

Carrie got close again to cumming—her moans turning frantic, pussy clenching tighter, body tensing, breaths short and ragged. Fucking hell, she was really into it.

I stopped—held still once more.

Carrie gritted her teeth, letting out a shaky breath, trying to control her urges, body trembling, pussy fluttering desperately around me, begging for release.

Her orgasm faded again, body slumping slightly against the wall, breaths ragged, pussy still twitching weakly around my cock. She whimpered, frustrated, hips trying to grind back for more friction, but I held her steady, not letting her take control.

I kept moving—slow at first, teasing thrusts that barely gave her what she needed, then building back to hard, steady strokes.

Her body rocked forward with every thrust, ass jiggling, skirt flipping up higher, red panties still tangled around her knees, stretched and soaked.

"Filthy pig," I sneered, slapping her ass hard, watching the flesh jiggle and turn red. "All prim and proper in public—miss charity queen, smiling for the cameras—but here you're just a desperate pig in heat, aren't you? Spreading for the guy who ruined your family. Pathetic."

She moaned, body arching, pussy clenching tighter around me. "Yes... fuck, pig, your pig—"

I grabbed her hair, yanking her head back, thrusting deeper. "That's right—oink for me, you worthless sow. Acting like a high-class lady, but you're nothing but a cock-hungry animal, begging to be bred like livestock."

She gasped, body jolting with each thrust, tits flattening against the wall, nipples dragging through her blouse with every movement. Her moans turned broken, voice shaking as I degraded her, but her pussy got wetter, dripping down my balls, the shame fueling her arousal.

I pulled out suddenly, cock slick and throbbing. "Turn around, slut. On your knees—face on the floor, ass up like the dog you are."

She hesitated a second, breath hitching, but obeyed—turning, dropping to her knees on the dirty carpet, face down against the ground, ass high in the air, skirt flipped up, pussy exposed and glistening. The sight of her... it was fucking sexy for me, but for her—

embarrassing—her in that position, cheek pressed to the filthy floor, legs spread, begging without words.

I knelt behind her, spread her cheeks wide, and thrust back in—hard, deep, cock slamming home. She screamed into the carpet, body rocking forward, tits scraping against the rough fabric through her blouse, nipples dragging with every thrust. Her ass jiggled wildly, thighs quivering, stomach flat against the ground as I pounded her from above.

"Pathetic cunt," I growled, slapping her ass again. "On the floor like a street mutt—your fancy life means nothing now. You're just a hole for my cock, aren't you? A brainless fucktoy pretending to be a woman."

She moaned loud, body shaking, pushing back desperately. "Yes—fucktoy—your hole—please—"

I thrust brutal, hips a blur, cock driving deep, her pussy squelching with every stroke. Her tits flattened against the floor, blouse rumpled, mini skirt tangled around her waist, heels kicking slightly as her legs spread wider for balance. Sweat poured down her back, pooling at her waist, her hair matted to her face against the carpet.

Not even after ten seconds, Carrie got closer—her moans turning frantic, pussy clenching tighter, body tensing, breaths short and ragged.

I stopped suddenly, cock still buried deep inside her.

"Not yet, slut," I said, voice low and commanding. "Keep it going."

Carrie moaned, frustrated, then nodded shakily, hips twitching as she tried to hold back. Her body trembled, pussy fluttering desperately around me, begging for release.

I grabbed her by the shoulder—firm, no warning—and shoved her down to the ground. She hit the carpet on her shoulder with a soft thud, mini skirt riding up, blouse disheveled, tits heaving as she caught her breath. Her eyes flicked up to me, wide and glassy, lips parted in shock and need.

I lay back on the floor, cock standing straight up, still slick from her pussy. "Get on my dick," I ordered, voice low. "Facing me. Now."

Carrie crawled forward slowly, knees scraping the rough carpet, skirt bunched around her waist. She straddled me, positioned her pussy over my cock, and sank down—taking me deep in one slow drop, moaning as she bottomed out.

"Arms behind your back," I said. "Jump on my dick like the whore you are."

She obeyed, crossing her wrists behind her, then started jumping—lifting her hips high, then slamming down hard, pussy swallowing my cock over and over. Her tits bounced

wildly under the blouse, nipples scraping the fabric, stomach flexing with every drop, ass slapping against my thighs.

"You wanna cum, slut?" I growled, hands on her hips, guiding her harder.

"Yes! YES!" she cried, voice cracking.

"Oink like a fucking pig."

"OINK! OINK!"

"Good fucking girl," I sneered. "Like a fucking pig you are. Lower than a fucking animal—oinking for cock, begging for it like trash."

"OINK! OINK! FUUUCK! OINK!"

"I put your fucking son behind bars, fucking idiot. That's how you return the favor?"

"OINK! OINK!"

"You live for my cock now, don't you? Fucking slut. Whore."

"OINK! OINK! OINK!"

"Guess you earned yourself an orgasm, pig," I rasped. "Cum like the fucking whore you are."

Carrie's eyes rolled back, mouth open, tongue lolling out. She was on the edge—body trembling, pussy clenching tight around me.

I straightened up, wrapped my arms around her, and bit down hard on her nipple through the blouse—teeth sinking in, sucking rough. She screamed, body arching.

All the denied orgasms hit her at once—she came so hard her whole body convulsed, pussy spasming violently, gushing hot and wet around my cock.

"FUCK—YES!!"

The Heart System - Chapter 362[1,708 words]

Chapter 362: Chapter 362

She screamed louder, hips bucking wildly, tears streaming, legs shaking uncontrollably as wave after wave crashed through her, pussy milking me in endless, desperate pulses. She

shook like she was being electrocuted, moans turning to broken sobs, body completely lost to the pleasure.

I bit her other nipple harder, leaving marks through the fabric, then moved to her tit—biting the soft flesh, sucking bruises into her skin, then her neck—sucking hard, marking her as mine.

Carrie screamed more, orgasm still rolling through her, body convulsing, pussy clenching and gushing, tears flowing freely.

A few seconds later, it faded. She collapsed against me, completely fucked silly—eyes unfocused, mouth open, babbling something incoherent, voice too weak to make out words.

I pushed her roughly off me. She fell to the ground with a soft thud, body limp, panting.

I got up, grabbed her by the ankle, and dragged her toward the desk—her body sliding across the carpet, skirt riding up, tits bouncing under the blouse. I shoved the desk aside with my foot, revealing the window behind it fully now—city lights flickering through the rain-streaked glass.

I let go of her ankle. "Get up."

She slowly pushed herself up, legs shaking, still panting hard, sweat dripping from her brow, hair a mess, blouse wrinkled and damp, skirt twisted.

I grabbed her by the hair, yanked her head back, and slammed her face against the window with a loud thunk—her right cheek pressed to the cold glass, breath fogging it instantly.

I grabbed one of her legs by the knee, lifted it high to the side—opening her wide, pussy exposed against the glass. I lined up and thrust back in—deep, hard, cock filling her pussy as I pinned her there.

The position was humiliating—face smashed against the window, leg lifted high, skirt bunched up, panties still around her ankles, tits pressed to the glass through her blouse, stomach flat against it. Anyone looking up from the street below could see her—face visible, body exposed, getting fucked like a cheap whore against the glass.

I started pounding—hard, fast, hips slamming into her ass, cock driving deep with every stroke. The window rattled with each thrust, her breath fogging it, tits flattening against the cold surface, nipples scraping through the fabric.

"Filthy fucking pig," I growled, yanking her hair harder. "Look at you—face on the window, leg up like a street hooker. Everyone down there can see what a desperate cum-dump you are."

She moaned, body shaking, pussy clenching tighter. "Yes—fuck—pig—your pig—"

I thrust deeper, hand slapping her ass. "What a fucking cunt you have. All loose and shit. Fucking hag. Disgusting fucking hag."

I pounded harder, her pussy squelching, juices dripping down her thigh.

I looked left and saw her bag on the bed—small, black, designer. I reached over, grabbed it, unzipped it, and turned it upside down. Everything spilled out: a purse, lipstick, keys, a couple of dildos, one thick, one curved, condoms, tissues, a vibrator. The bag was heavier than it looked.

I turned toward her, still pinned to the window, leg lifted high, pussy stretched around my cock. I shoved the bag over her face—fabric covering her eyes and mouth, straps dangling. She gasped, muffled, body tensing.

I reached past her, pushed the window open wider—cool night air rushed in, rain misting through the gap. Then I slid her blouse down off her shoulders, yanking it low until her tits spilled out fully—heavy, soft, nipples hard in the cold air. If anyone looked up from the street below, they'd see everything: Carrie Beldenwary, face bagged, tits out in the open, leg lifted, getting fucked raw against the window.

I kept fucking her—hard, steady thrusts, hips slamming forward, cock driving deep. Her body jolted with every stroke, tits flattening against the glass, nipples scraping the cold surface, leaving streaks in the condensation. Her ass jiggled, skirt bunched high, panties still tangled at her ankles, one heel dangling precariously.

"You're gonna cum while people fucking watch you, you fucking cunt," I growled into her ear, yanking her hair back so the bag shifted slightly, letting her breathe. "Tell them what you're doing right fucking now!"

"I'm... I'm getting my pussy fucked!" she screamed, voice muffled but loud enough to carry. "I fucking LOVE IT!"

"Who is fucking you! Who owns you!"

"EVAN! HE OWNS ME! HE OWNS THIS PUSSY! FUCK ME!"

The adrenaline must've pushed her to the edge. She came hard—body convulsing violently, pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet in thick streams that ran down her thighs and dripped to the floor. She shook uncontrollably, tits bouncing, legs shaking in my grip as wave after wave crashed through her, tears soaking the bag over her face. Her whole body locked up, then shuddered, ass quivering, moans turning to sobs as the orgasm ripped her apart.

Before anyone could look up, I grabbed her by the head, yanked her back from the window, and threw her roughly onto the bed. She landed on her back with a bounce, bag falling off her face. She lay there, panting, eyes glazed, chest heaving, tits still exposed, skirt twisted, pussy dripping. Then she started chuckling—low, breathless, horny, too far gone to care anymore.

I shut the window with a click, rain still lashing the glass.

"You like that, slut?" I asked, voice rough.

"Yes..." she muttered, then opened her legs wide, knees falling apart, pussy glistening and swollen. "Please... keep fucking me."

"Please keep fucking me what?" I asked, stepping closer.

"P-please..."

"I'm your fucking owner. I'm your fucking Daddy."

"Please keep fucking me, Daddy," she said, voice shaking but eager. "With that cock of yours. I love it inside me. Please, please."

"Beg more."

She did—voice desperate, broken. "Please, Daddy, fuck me—ruin me, use this pussy, fill me, breed me, own me, please, I'm begging—need your cock—need it so bad—please—"

I got on the bed, positioned between her legs, and thrust back in—deep, hard, cock filling her completely.

She screamed, back arching, hands flying to the sheets.

I thrust back in hard, burying myself to the hilt in one brutal stroke. Carrie's scream tore through the room, back arching off the mattress, her hands clawing at the sheets like she was trying to rip them apart. Her legs snapped wide, heels digging into the bed, mini skirt still twisted around her waist like a useless belt, black blouse hanging open, tits spilling out and bouncing violently with the force of my entry.

I didn't give her time to adjust. I started pounding—fast, deep, merciless. My hips slammed forward, cock driving into her with punishing rhythm, balls slapping against her soaked skin. Her pussy was drenched, walls fluttering and sucking at me, but I didn't ease up. Every thrust shoved her higher up the bed, her body jolting, tits heaving wildly, nipples scraping the air as they bounced. Sweat poured down her cleavage, stomach flexing hard with each impact, thighs quivering from the strain of staying spread for me.

I grabbed her wrists, yanked them above her head, pinning them to the mattress with one hand. With the other, I gripped her throat—not choking, just holding, thumb pressing under her jaw so she had to look up at me while I fucked her senseless.

"You're nothing but a cock-starved gutter slut," I snarled, hips never slowing. "Pussy leaking for the man who ruined your fucking life. Disgraceful."

Carrie's moans turned guttural, body writhing under me, pussy clenching harder with every degrading word. Her eyes rolled back, mouth open in a constant stream of broken sounds, drool slipping from the corner of her lips. Her tits slapped together with each thrust, red marks blooming where I'd bitten earlier, blouse hanging off one shoulder now, exposing one fully.

I released her throat and slapped her tit—hard, the sound cracking through the room. Then the other. Her back bowed, a high whine escaping her. "You love being treated like garbage, don't you? All that money, all that status—means nothing when you're getting railed like a back-alley bitch."

She tried to speak, but it came out as a choked sob. Her hips bucked up to meet me, pussy gripping so tight it almost hurt. I could feel her getting closer—her breaths turning sharp and shallow, thighs starting to tremble uncontrollably, inner muscles rippling around my cock like they were trying to trap me.

I shifted my grip, hooking both her knees over my elbows, folding her in half—legs pinned back toward her shoulders, ass lifted off the bed, pussy angled up perfectly for deeper penetration. I drove down into her, using my full weight, cock slamming straight down, hitting the deepest spots.

Her eyes crossed, tongue lolling out, a string of drool running down her chin. "P-please—Daddy—let me—let me—"

"Not yet, pig," I hissed, slowing just enough to torment her. "You don't get to cum until I decide your worthless cunt has suffered enough."

She sobbed, hips jerking desperately, trying to fuck herself on me, but I held her pinned, controlling every movement. Her pussy pulsed around me, so close to the edge, walls fluttering in frantic little spasms.

I picked up speed again—short, vicious thrusts, pounding straight down, making her whole body bounce off the mattress. Her tits slapped against her chest, nipples swollen and red, stomach tensing with every impact. Sweat flew off her skin with each slam.

"You're a disgrace," I spat. "Pathetic. Useless. Nothing but a cum-dump with a pretty face."

Carrie's moans turned into high-pitched, broken wails, body convulsing, pussy clamping down so hard it hurt. She was right on the edge again—tears streaming, mouth open in a silent scream, thighs quaking violently.

I slowed to a torturous grind, barely moving, just enough to keep her teetering.

She sobbed, hips jerking uselessly. "Please—Daddy—please, need to cum, please..."

I leaned down, lips against her ear. "Beg like the trash you are."

"Please—please—let your worthless pig cum—please—I'm nothing—I'm just a hole—please let me cum on your cock—please—"

I slammed in hard once, twice—then stopped again, cock throbbing deep inside her spasming cunt.

She cried out in frustration, body shaking, tears streaming, pussy clenching desperately around me.

"How many times do I have to say it, whore? Not yet."

The Heart System - Chapter 363[1,652 words]

Chapter 363: Chapter 363

She lay on her back, legs spread wide, knees bent and hooked over my elbows. I had her folded nearly in half, ass lifted off the bed, pussy angled up and open for me. Her mini skirt was shoved up around her waist like a crumpled belt, black blouse torn open down the front, tits fully exposed and bouncing with every brutal thrust. Sweat glistened on her skin, making her stomach and cleavage shine under the dim room light. Her red panties were still tangled around one ankle, the other leg free, heel dangling as her body jolted forward with each slam.

I pounded into her relentlessly—deep, punishing strokes, cock driving straight down into her core, balls slapping wetly against her ass. The bed creaked under the force, headboard thumping against the wall. Her pussy was drenched, squelching obscenely with every plunge, lips stretched tight around my shaft, juices coating me and dripping down to soak the sheets.

I slapped her left tit—hard, the flesh rippling, a red handprint blooming instantly on her pale skin.

"Who's a good slut?" I snarled.

"Me!" she cried, voice cracking.

I slapped her right tit, harder, watching it bounce and redden.

"Who's the fucking pig?"

"Me!" she screamed, back arching, pussy clenching tighter.

I slapped again—left, right, left, right—each slap timed with a brutal thrust, making her tits jiggle and sway wildly. Her moans turned into high-pitched wails, body shaking, tears welling in her eyes as the sting mixed with the pleasure. I didn't let up—slap after slap, faster, the sounds sharp and wet, her skin turning bright red, nipples swollen and dark from the abuse.

A tear finally spilled from her eye, streaking down her cheek, cutting through the smeared mascara. I slapped again, harder, watching the tear track mix with sweat.

I leaned in close, tongue darting out to lick the tear from her cheek—salty, warm, tasting her shame. "I like seeing you like this, slut," I whispered, voice dark. "Broken, crying, tits red and bouncing while I fuck you like trash."

I slapped again—both tits now, alternating, the impacts making her whole body jolt, pussy spasming around me.

Her makeup was ruined—mascara running in black rivers down her cheeks, lipstick smeared across her mouth, foundation streaked from sweat and tears. Her eyes were glassy, pupils blown, face a mess of ruined perfection.

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

"You want my cum inside your loose cunt, don't you?" I snarled, slapping her tit again, hard enough to make her cry out. "Beg for it, you old hag. Beg me to dump my load in your filthy hole."

She sobbed, voice breaking. "Yes—please—cum inside me—fill my loose cunt—please—"

I slapped her again—left, right, both, the cracks loud. "Louder, you pathetic old cow. Beg like the desperate, disgusting bitch you are."

"Please—Daddy—cum in me—fill this worthless old cunt—please—I'm disgusting—I need it—please—"

Her pussy got tighter—clenching hard, walls fluttering frantically, milking me as she teetered on the edge.

I slowed just enough to torment her, grinding deep. "Yeah, just like that. Just like that, fucking whore."

Carrie moaned, desperate, then nodded shakily, hips twitching as she tried to hold back. Her body trembled, pussy clenching desperately around me, begging for release. Her face was a wreck—tears streaming, mascara ruined, lips swollen, expression completely broken and needy.

I slapped her cheek—hard, the crack sharp in the room, her head jerking to the side. A red handprint bloomed instantly on her pale skin.

With my left hand, I grabbed her nipple—pinched it tight, twisted it hard, pulling until she gasped and arched, tears welling in her eyes.

I slapped her face again—other cheek this time, the sound wet and echoing. Her head snapped back, lips parting in a choked moan.

Again. Again. Again. Each slap came faster, timed with my thrusts—my hips driving forward like a piston, cock slamming deep into her pussy, her body jolting with every impact. Her cheeks turned bright red, skin hot and inflamed, faint blood vessels breaking under the surface, tiny purple lines spiderwebbing across her face. Mascara ran in black rivers down her cheeks, mixing with tears and sweat, lipstick smeared across her chin and mouth like she'd been used roughly.

I spat on her face—thick glob landing on her cheek—then rubbed it in with my palm, smearing the mess, making her skin glisten.

I slapped her again—harder, the impact making her whimper.

"Open your mouth, bitch."

Carrie obeyed instantly, mouth falling open, tongue lolling out, eyes glassy and unfocused.

I spat directly into her mouth—thick and wet. "Swallow it like a good fucking whore."

She did—throat working visibly, swallowing with a small, broken moan. Then she opened her mouth again, showing me her tongue, clean, drool stringing from the corners.

I slapped her again—sharp, stinging. Then I moved to her other nipple, twisting it viciously, pulling until she cried out.

Her face was a wreck—cheeks swollen and crimson, bloodshot eyes, tears streaming, mascara ruined in black streaks, lips swollen and bruised, makeup smeared everywhere. She looked pathetic—broken, used, completely debased.

I leaned in and bit her nipple—hard, teeth sinking in, sucking roughly. She screamed, body arching, pussy clenching tight around my cock. I bit her tit next—leaving deep teeth marks in the soft flesh, red and angry, then sucked a bruise into her neck, marking her.

I got closer, moans tearing from my throat, hips moving frantic—fast, brutal, cock slamming deep over and over. The bed shook, headboard thumping against the wall, her body rocking violently beneath me.

I grabbed her throat—fingers wrapping around, squeezing hard. My grip tightened, cutting off her air, her face turning redder, veins standing out in her neck and forehead.

"Fucking... slut... take it," I gritted out, teeth clenched. "Take all of it..."

Carrie's face flushed deep crimson, eyes bulging slightly, breath not reaching her lungs. She clawed weakly at my arm, body shaking, but her pussy clenched harder, wetter, like the lack of air was pushing her higher.

"I'm... UGH... I... FUCK..." She managed to say before she screamed. "FUUCK!"

She moaned, choked, desperate, then screamed, body convulsing violently as she came hard. Her pussy spasmed wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet in thick floods, walls clamping in brutal pulses. Her hips bucked up, legs kicking, screams muffled and raw as wave after wave ripped through her, body seizing, tears pouring, face turning purple from the chokehold and the orgasm.

That sent me over.

I squeezed her throat harder, cock throbbing, and came inside her—thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse, filling her until it leaked out around me. I groaned loud, hips grinding deep, riding the orgasm, emptying everything while she shook and sobbed beneath me.

I pushed a few more times, milking the last drops, then let her throat go.

Carrie gasped immediately—deep, desperate breaths, coughing, chest heaving, face still flushed and swollen. She looked completely fucked out—eyes unfocused, mouth open, drool slipping from her lip, tongue lolling slightly.

I slapped her face one more time—lighter, but still sharp.

She looked pathetic—cheeks bright red and bruised, mascara ruined in black streaks, tears and drool mixing on her chin, lips swollen, eyes glassy and distant, body limp and trembling, pussy still leaking my cum onto the sheets. Her tits carried my bite marks like a fucking signatures; her cheeks wore the hot, stinging outlines of my palms. A broken, used woman—nothing left of the polished public figure.

"What a fucking slut you are," I said, shaking my head as I got off the bed. "Call me when you're in heat again, bitch. I'll put you in your place, got it?"

"Y-yes, Evan..."

"Evan?" I asked, kicking her leg lightly with my boot. "Evan?"

"D-daddy..." she whispered, voice hoarse, still panting. "Daddy... daddy... daddy..."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Beldenwary

EXP Gained: +750

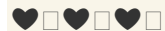
Villain Bonus: +2100 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 1995c



Holy shit. Two thousand one hundred experience points from a Villain bonus alone.

I stared at the notification for a solid few seconds, letting it sink in. I wasn't exactly into the whole BDSM thing, but if the system was going to reward me like this for it, then... hell. Maybe I could learn to tolerate it. Or even like it.

There was just one problem.

If I earned this much from doing something bad, then any good deed I did from now on would get punished. My original plan had been to slowly climb out of the Villain reputation bracket, but that plan had just taken a direct hit to the face. Because apparently, my night with Carrie hadn't just pushed me deeper.

It unlocked an entirely new rank. I had sunk low enough to qualify for something worse.

REPUTATION SYSTEM

MONSTER ██████████ VILLAIN

=====

Current Reputation: Sadist

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

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)
- Control your partner's orgasm.

=====

Earning good points will result in

various punishments.

Control my partner's climax.

I exhaled slowly, rubbing my face. That was... effective, sure. Powerful. But it also felt wrong in a way I couldn't quite explain. Carrie was the only person I could ever imagine using something like that on, and even then, only because she had wanted it.

There was no way I was doing that to anyone else. Which meant one thing: I needed out of this reputation. Fast.

I stepped inside the penthouse quietly. The place was dark and still, the kind of silence that only existed when everyone was asleep. It was almost comforting. Now that I was home, I finally had time to look at what I'd actually gained.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 16)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [] 2647/7901

The Heart System - Chapter 364[1,572 words]

Chapter 364: Chapter 364

Level sixteen. Leveling up meant new possibilities, maybe even new shop items, so as I walked toward the living room, I pulled up the shop interface.

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: 3222c

Eh, no new items. Still, that amount of credits was nothing to scoff at. I could afford two Mastery Evolves right now if I wanted to. But... yeah, no. This wasn't something to rush. I'd think it through in the morning with a clear head.

Then I remembered the level-up points. Completely forgot about earning three ability points after leveling up.

CURRENT STATS

=====
◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (■■■■)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (■ ■ ■ ■)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

7 Unused Ability Points

"Damn," I muttered. "Wonder if there's any cake left..."

I checked the fridge. One slice. Just one. I stared at it for a second. Someone else would probably want it. Instead, I grabbed a beer, popped it open, and leaned back against the counter.

I was dead-tired, Carrie had really worked me over.

I never thought I'd act the way I had with her. The aggression, the control. But she had been into it. Enthusiastically. Still, thinking about it made me shake my head. Man... I had to sound like an unhinged idiot back there. Some of the things I said were just... wow.

Footsteps padded out from the corridor. Tessa appeared, hair messy, eyes half-open. She stood there for a second, then rubbed the back of her neck.

"Tell me you took videos," she said flatly.

I blinked. "What?"

"You rearranged Carrie's soul," she said, walking closer. "Don't pretend you didn't. Got footage?"

"No," I said. "Sorry to disappoint."

"Damn." She took the beer from my hand and drank. "Kim would've loved that."

"Hmm."

"How was it?" she asked.

"Normal."

"Anal?"

"No."

She took another sip. "Out of ten?"

"Seven and a half."

She whistled softly. "So you fucked her good."

I took the beer back and drank, choosing not to answer. Instead, I looked out the window. Rain slid down the glass in thin streams, the city lights blurring behind it.

"You couldn't sleep?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "And don't ask why."

"Fine, fine."

She huffed, then chuckled quietly. We stood there in comfortable silence, sharing the beer as the rain continued outside.

"That maid," Tessa said eventually. "She's really trying to get pregnant by you, huh?"

"She is," I said. "And she's the cutest woman I know." I paused, then waved my hands theatrically. "Second cutest. You're first. Obviously."

She scoffed, but there was a small smile there as she finished the beer. "Nothing cute about me."

"Well..."

She yawned mid-thought, covering her mouth. "I'm going back to sleep."

"Oh, yeah, uh... okay. Night, Tes."

"Night."

She disappeared back down the hallway, leaving me alone in the kitchen with the sound of rain and an empty bottle in my hand.

Suddenly, Tessa peeked around the corner, her head tilted, eyes glinting with something I couldn't quite read—unease, maybe, or mischief she wasn't ready to admit yet. She lingered there for a second, then stepped fully into the doorway, arms crossed loosely over her chest.

"Uh... wanna have sex?"

That caught me completely off guard. I froze, eyes widening as I pushed myself from the kitchen counter. My brain short-circuited for a second. Of all the things I expected her to say, that was dead last.

"We really don't have sex one-on-one, you and I," she said, shrugging like it was no big deal, but her voice had a slight edge. "Group sex after group sex. Always someone else in the mix."

"Yeah," I said, a slow smile spreading across my face. "Wow. You're right."

Of course she was right. Thinking back, I honestly couldn't remember the last time it was just us—alone, no audience, no extra hands or mouths. Maybe never. The thought made my pulse kick up.

I walked toward her slowly. She didn't move, just watched me approach with that half-smirk she always wore when she was trying to play it cool. I stopped right in front of her, close enough to feel her body heat, then grabbed her by the hips and lifted her into my arms.

She let out a small, surprised scream—then immediately clapped a hand over her mouth, eyes wide.

"Ssh," I said, voice low. "Don't wake the others."

"I didn't expect you to grab me like that!" she whispered, half-laughing, half-scolding. "Jeez, Evan. Warn a girl next time."

I carried her toward her door, pushing it open with my shoulder. The room was dark except for the faint glow from the hallway light spilling in. I kicked the door shut behind us and set her down gently on the bed.

She sat there for a second, looking up at me, then started peeling off her long pajamas—first the top, then the bottoms—until she was in nothing but white panties and a black bra. She propped herself on her elbows, one foot still touching the floor, legs slightly parted, eyes locked on mine.

I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it aside. Her gaze dropped immediately to my chest, then lower, lingering.

I moved onto the bed, knees sinking into the mattress on either side of her hips. I leaned down, one hand braced beside her head, and our lips crashed together—hard, desperate, like we'd both been waiting for this longer than we admitted. She fully let herself fall back onto the bed, kissing me back with equal hunger, hands sliding up my back, nails digging lightly.

"Hmm," I broke the kiss, smiling down at her. "I'm actually glad you were awake now."

"I bet you are," she said, breathless, smirking. "Hope you can get hard, though."

"Seeing you like this?" I chuckled, kissing the tip of her nose. "No chance I stay soft."

"Show it to me."

I stood up on my knees, unbuckled my pants, shoved them down along with my underwear, and kicked them off. My cock sprang free, already hard and throbbing, pre-cum beading at the tip just from the sight of her lying there.

Tessa's eyes darkened, pupils blowing wide as she stared. She licked her lips unconsciously.

I moved back over her, knees on the mattress, then grabbed both her legs behind the knees and lifted them, letting her ankles rest on my shoulders. Her body folded beautifully—pussy exposed, panties still on but stretched tight over her mound. I leaned down, kissing along her inner thigh, then hooked my fingers in the waistband of her panties and slid them down slowly, dragging them over her hips, down her thighs, until I tossed them aside.

She was bare now, pussy glistening, swollen, ready.

I rubbed the head of my cock along her slit—slow, teasing, coating myself in her wetness. She moaned softly, hips lifting toward me.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Make me scream so much everyone fucking wakes up."

"Hey," I said, smiling. "Shall we try something new?"

"New how?"

I rubbed her clit with the head of my cock, watching her shiver. "Something more... intense."

"Meaning?" she asked, ankles still on my shoulders, legs spread wide.

"How about..." I pressed just the tip inside her, then pulled back out. "I edge you?"

"Edge?" Tessa chuckled, a little breathless. "Evan. Trust me. You won't be able to edge me. You just... aren't that type of guy."

"Hundred bucks bet?" I asked, sliding the tip in again, shallow, teasing.

"Make it two hundred," she said, hands shooting to my balls, squeezing lightly. "Come on, cowboy. Edge me, then. If I cum early, I'll get your money."

If she only knew about the system—and the new Orgasm Control skill I'd just unlocked. This would be my first real test with it on Tessa. Guess I'd find out if it worked.

I pushed her legs back further, folding her almost in half—her knees pressed down toward the mattress on either side of her head, thighs tight against her torso, calves framing her face like parentheses. Her ankles rested near her ears, feet pointing toward the ceiling, ass lifted completely off the bed.

I held her there with both hands behind her knees, pinning her folded legs in place, her flexibility letting me press them flat without much resistance. Her breathing came in shallow pants, chest rising and falling rapidly, tits heaving under the black bra, nipples straining against the fabric. She looked up at me from between her own thighs—eyes wide, cheeks flushed, lips parted in anticipation.

I leaned down, face inches from her pussy, and dragged my tongue along her slit—slow, flat, tasting her fully from bottom to top. She moaned, hips twitching upward instinctively.

"Oh..." Tessa breathed. "Like that, Evan. Lick my pussy."

"I love the taste of it," I said, voice muffled against her. I pushed my tongue inside her, swirling deep, exploring every fold while my thumb found her clit and rubbed slow circles.

"Ah... fuck yes."

"Fuck... so beautiful."

The Heart System - Chapter 365[1,740 words]

Chapter 365: Chapter 365

I kept licking—tongue plunging in and out, curling against her walls, then flattening to lap at her clit in long, wet strokes. Her pussy got wetter by the second, juices coating my chin, dripping down toward her ass. She hooked her hands under her own knees, pulling her legs even further back, opening herself more, moaning louder as her hips rolled in tiny circles.

"You licked her pussy like this as well?" Tessa asked, voice shaky.

"Carrie's?" I asked, pulling back just enough to speak, then giving her clit a slow suck.
"Fuck no."

"What did you guys even do?"

"I think they call it a hate-fuck," I said, smiling against her. "I was rough on her... very rough."

"Shit. Like BDSM stuff?"

I chuckled, giving one last long lick from her entrance to her clit. "You could say that. Now stay like that."

I straightened up on my knees, still standing on the mattress, crouching slightly to align myself. I held her folded legs steady with both hands behind her knees, keeping her pinned open and angled upward. My cock throbbed, head brushing her entrance. I rubbed it along her slit once—coating myself in her wetness—then drove my hips forward, burying myself to the hilt in one smooth, deep thrust.

We both moaned at the same time—low, guttural. Her eyes fluttered, head tilting back against the pillow, mouth open in a silent gasp. I held her there, fully inside, letting her feel every inch stretching her, the angle making me press against her front wall with intense pressure. Her pussy clenched around me, hot and slick, walls rippling as she adjusted.

"Fuck..." Tessa moaned. "So good. You're so good, Evan."

"You get to keep me all yourself," I grinned, then kissed her again. "I'll have to make it worth your time now, don't I?"

I started moving with slow strokes, pulling almost all the way out until just the head remained inside, then sinking back in deep, grinding my pelvis against her clit with every thrust. The position kept her completely open and vulnerable—pussy angled high, every movement visible, her body folded beneath me like she was being offered up completely.

Her wetness made obscene, wet sounds with every plunge—slick, squelching, echoing in the quiet room. Her tits bounced gently under the bra with each downward thrust, nipples scraping the fabric, stomach flexing hard as she took me. Her breaths came in short, needy pants, body rocking slightly with my rhythm, legs trembling in my grip from the strain of being held so wide and folded.

I leaned down, kissing her hard—tongue sliding against hers, swallowing her moans as I kept thrusting, hips never stopping. Her pussy fluttered around me, getting wetter, tighter, clit swollen and rubbing against my base with every grind.

She broke the kiss, gasping. "Evan... god... don't speed up... just like this... fuck, it's so good..."

I kept the rhythm steady—long, slow, deep, letting her feel every inch, every ridge. Her pussy clenched around me, wet sounds growing louder, her hips trying to roll up even though she was pinned.

Erogenous Insight activated, and her weak spot appeared—a faint pink glow right on her lips. I couldn't help but smile, then leaned forward and captured her mouth in a sloppy

kiss. Our tongues tangled immediately, lips smacking hard, wet and hungry, while my hips drove forward harder, cock slamming deep into her with every thrust. She moaned into my mouth, the sound vibrating against my tongue, her pussy clenching tighter around me in response.

"Fuck me like you fucked Carrie," she sneered when we broke apart, biting my lower lip and dragging me with her as she pulled her head back. "Come on."

"You wouldn't want that. Trust me," I said, voice rough, pushing deeper until she gasped.

"You are a big puuuusy. Puuusy."

"Nice try," I smiled, grinding slow and deep. "Hey, but maybe if you be a good girl, why not?"

She chuckled loudly, the sound turning into a moan as I hit that spot again. "Wow. Our moody detective finally decided to embrace his 'Master' side, huh?"

I kissed her one more time—hard, claiming—then pulled back. She let her legs go, panting, chest heaving. I grabbed her by the ankle and dragged her to the edge of the bed, her head dangling off the side, hair spilling toward the floor. She chuckled breathlessly, smacking her lips, letting her tongue loll out playfully.

"It's my turn to suck you?" she smiled up at me, eyes dark with want.

"Yep. Now open that pretty mouth of yours."

She did—mouth falling open wide, tongue flat and waiting. I hopped off the bed, stood over her, and aimed my cock toward her throat, then buried myself fully in one smooth thrust. I moaned, body straightening, feeling her throat open around me, hot and tight.

I moved my hands to her throat, fingers wrapping around the sides, feeling my own cock sliding back and forth inside her as I fucked her mouth. She gagged a little, saliva drooling from the corners of her lips, dripping down her chin, onto the floor, onto my pants, but I was too far gone to care. The sight of her head upside down, throat bulging slightly with every thrust, eyes watering but locked on mine—it was filthy and perfect.

I squeezed her throat gently, feeling the outline of my cock through her skin, the pressure making me groan louder. I nearly lost it right there, hips jerking once, but I pulled back just enough to stop myself.

"Squeeze it if you want," Tessa said around my cock, voice muffled and wet. "I wouldn't say no, you know that. Just do the same things you did to Carrie, I'm actually curious as fuck."

"No," I said, pulling out slowly, a thick string of spit connecting her lips to my head. "No. No. Nope."

She licked her lips, smirking. "Just what the fuck happened between you and Carrie?"

"Maybe I'll get a video of it next time," I said, stepping closer again. "Now forget about her. I have two hundred bucks to earn, right?"

"You wish," she said before slurping my cock back into her mouth, taking me deep again.

I moaned, hips rolling forward. "Oh... yeah. I wish."

I leaned down over her, face between her legs, and began working her pussy. My tongue plunged inside her, swirling, tasting her fully, while my hand moved to her ass—fingers drawing slow circles around her tight ring, teasing, pushing just the tip of one finger inside, shallow and gentle, making her moan around my cock.

Her hips bucked up slightly, pussy getting wetter, clit swollen and begging. I sucked her clit hard, tongue flicking fast, finger pushing a little deeper into her ass, curling slightly.

Tessa gagged softly on my cock, then pulled off with a gasp. "Fuck—Evan—your tongue... your finger... don't stop..."

I didn't—tongue plunging back inside her pussy, finger sliding in and out of her ass in slow, steady strokes, thumb rubbing her clit now. Her moans vibrated around my cock again as she took me deep, throat working, saliva dripping everywhere.

Tessa's mouth was heaven—hot, wet, and tight as she took me deep, lips stretched wide around my shaft, cheeks hollowing with every suck. Her tongue flattened against the underside, sliding slowly from base to tip, swirling around the head on every upstroke. Saliva dripped from the corners of her mouth, running down my balls in thick strings, pooling on the floor beneath her. She bobbed her head steadily, throat relaxing to take more of me, gagging softly when I hit the back but never pulling off—instead pushing forward, nose brushing my pelvis, eyes watering as she held me there for a second before sliding back with a wet gasp.

I moaned low, hips twitching forward involuntarily. "Fuck... your mouth... so fucking good, Tess. Suck it like that—deeper—take every inch."

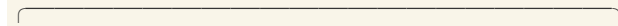
She hummed around me, the vibration shooting straight through my cock, making it throb harder. Her tongue flicked out, lapping at my balls while she kept the head in her mouth—sucking gently, rolling them on her tongue, then dragging her lips back up the shaft in long, sloppy strokes. Spit coated everything—my cock glistening, her chin shiny, strands of it connecting her lips to my skin every time she pulled back.

My hand slid between her legs, two fingers plunging into her soaked pussy, curling against her front wall while my thumb found her clit and rubbed tight circles. She moaned around my cock, the sound muffled and desperate, hips bucking forward into my hand, pussy clenching hard around my fingers.

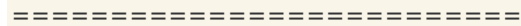
"God... you're dripping," I rasped, pushing my fingers deeper. "Pussy's so wet... sucking my fingers like it's starving. You love this, don't you? Mouth full of cock, pussy stuffed with fingers... such a greedy little slut."

She couldn't speak—mouth too full—but her moan was loud, vibrating down my shaft, making my balls tighten. Her tongue worked harder, licking the underside in quick flicks, then swirling around the head, sucking hard enough to pull a groan from my throat. She deepthroated me again, throat convulsing, gagging softly but holding it, eyes watering as she looked up at me, pleading and proud at the same time.

A UI popped up suddenly, glowing faintly in my vision.



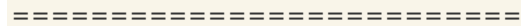
Orgasm Control



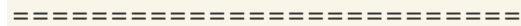
Target: Tessa

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■□□ 82%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

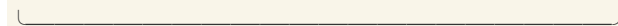


Available Commands



[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm



I smirked mentally and selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Tessa's moans turned frantic almost instantly—her hips bucking harder against my hand, pussy clenching desperately around my fingers, clit throbbing under my thumb. She

popped my cock from her mouth with a wet gasp, spit stringing from her lips to the head. "Fuck... fucking... let me... cum..."

"Not yet," I said, slapping her pussy hard—once, sharp, making her yelp. "Keep going, Tess. I wanna see you fucking ruined here."

"Ah, fuck... fuck... how did you... I was going to hide when I was... I was cumming," she moaned, voice shaking. "Fuck... fuck."

"How about we let that mouth work on my cock?" I said, pushing my cock back between her lips. "There you go. Good girl."

"You're good girl, you idiot," she panted around my cock, words muffled and garbled, but the next sentence cut off as I pushed deeper, hitting the back of her throat.

"If you say so."

The Heart System - Chapter 366[1,537 words]

Chapter 366: Chapter 366

Well, since she wasn't protesting against it... I guess I could keep the tough guy act. Being a sadist, huh? Man, this was... so not me. But I had to say—it was fun.

Her mouth was fucking... just... fuck me—lips sealed tight, tongue swirling, cheeks hollowing as she sucked hard. She bobbed her head fast now, taking me deep, throat working around me, gagging softly but never stopping. Saliva poured from her mouth, running down my shaft, coating my balls, dripping to the floor in thick strings. Her tongue flicked out every time she pulled back, lapping at my balls, sucking one into her mouth briefly before sliding back up to deepthroat me again.

I moaned, hips rocking forward slightly, fucking her mouth in shallow thrusts. "Fuck... your throat... so tight... love how you gag on it... take it deeper, baby... all the way."

She did—nose pressing against my pelvis, throat convulsing around me, eyes watering as she held it, moaning around my cock. Her pussy clenched harder on my fingers, juices dripping down my wrist, clit throbbing under my thumb. Her hips bucked frantically, trying to chase the orgasm I'd denied her, body trembling with need.

The UI flickered again—arousal still locked at 82%, the deny command holding strong.

I denied her orgasm again—mentally hitting the command just as her moans peaked, the UI flickering faintly in my vision. Tessa's body tensed, hips bucking hard against my face, pussy clenching desperately around my tongue, clit throbbing under my lips. She was

right there—teetering, trembling, so close she could taste it—but the peak slipped away, leaving her stranded on the edge, arousal locked at 82%.

She moaned hard around my cock, teeth grazing the shaft accidentally in her frustration—sharp enough to make me hiss, but the pain only made me harder. I buried my face deeper into her cunt, tongue plunging inside her, curling against her walls, sucking her clit hard between my lips. I spread her ass cheeks wide with both hands, thumbs pulling her open, exposing her completely while I devoured her—licking long, flat strokes from her entrance to her clit, then flicking fast, relentless, tasting how soaked she was, how her juices coated my chin and dripped down my neck.

Tessa's legs shook violently, thighs quivering around my head, hips jerking in tiny, helpless circles, chasing the release I wouldn't let her have. "FUUUUCK—" she screamed around my cock, the sound muffled and garbled, vibrations shooting straight through me, making my balls tighten and my cock twitch in her throat.

The ruined orgasm hit her like a wave that never crested—her pussy spasmed hard, walls fluttering in frantic, empty pulses, a small gush of wetness leaking out, but no full climax. She sobbed around my cock, body shaking, tears streaming from her eyes, hips bucking uselessly as the denied pleasure left her trembling, frustrated, and even more desperate. Her moans turned into choked whimpers, throat working around me, spit drooling from her lips in thick strings.

I pulled my cock out of her mouth with a wet pop, taking a small step back, breathing hard. Tessa's face was a mess—eyes glassy and red-rimmed, tears streaking down her cheeks, mascara running in black lines, lips swollen and shiny with spit, cheeks flushed dark red from the intensity.

I rested my balls on her face—hot, heavy, slick with her spit—and moved my hips slowly, rubbing them across her cheeks, over her nose, dragging them along her lips. She moaned weakly, tongue darting out instinctively to lick, tasting herself on me.

"Look at you," I said, voice low. "Fucked-up face, crying, drooling... pathetic little thing, aren't you?"

She chuckled faintly, breath hot against my balls, but her hands moved toward her cunt—fingers desperate to finish herself.

I grabbed both her wrists hard, pinning them to the mattress above her head, cock hovering inches above her open mouth. "Beg for me to fuck you. Or you won't cum tonight."

Tessa chuckled again, weaker this time, eyes defiant despite the tears. "Fuck you."

"Your tough-girl act won't work here," I said, leaning down, staring straight into her eyes. "Fucking beg me."

"That's how you fucked Carrie, huh?" she whispered, voice hoarse.

"This is nothing," I said. "Trust me."

"I'm not like that bitch," she said, smirking faintly. "Not gonna beg, sorry, oh high and mighty Master."

"Guess I'll have to put you in your place."

She smirked wider, eyes challenging. "Please do."

REPUTATION SYSTEM

MONSTER ██████████ VILLAIN

=====

Being rough on Tessa: -15

=====

Current Reputation: Sadist

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

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)
- Control your partner's orgasm.

=====

Earning good points will result in various punishments.

Ah, fuck. Another point. But... oh well. I was—I was kind of waaay to horny to think of that right now. I'd never thought I'd enjoy this kind of stuff in bed.

I flipped her onto her belly in one quick motion, grabbing her hips and pulling her ass up toward me. Tessa laughed breathlessly, face pressed into the mattress for a second before she pushed herself up on her elbows, knees sinking into the sheets. I positioned her properly—doggy style, back arched, ass high, legs spread just enough. Her pussy glistened between her thighs, swollen and dripping, clit peeking out, begging for attention.

I reached forward, grabbed both her wrists in my left hand, and yanked them behind her back—pinning them against her lower spine with a firm grip. She gasped, chest dropping to the bed, cheek pressed sideways into the pillow, tits flattening against the sheets. The position forced her ass higher, pussy completely exposed and helpless, shoulders tense from the strain of having her arms locked behind her.

With my right hand, I reached between her legs and began playing with her pussy—fingers sliding through her folds, spreading her wetness, thumb circling her clit in slow, deliberate strokes. I kept the pressure light, teasing, never giving her enough to push her over.

"Fuck you, Evan," she muttered, voice muffled against the pillow, defiant but cracking at the edges. "You think this is gonna break me? You're not that good."

I smirked, sliding two fingers inside her—slow, curling against her front wall, thumb still working her clit in lazy circles. "Keep telling yourself that, tough girl. Your pussy's telling a different story—dripping like a faucet, clenching every time I move. You're already shaking."

She tried to buck back against my hand, but with her arms pinned and ass held high, she could barely move. "You're... not gonna make me beg. I don't beg. Not for you."

I added a third finger, stretching her, thrusting slow and deep while my thumb pressed harder on her clit. "You're already close, aren't you? I can feel it—your cunt's fluttering, walls sucking at my fingers like they're starving. You wanna cum so bad you're trembling. But you won't. Not until I say."

"Fuck... off..." she hissed, but her voice cracked, hips twitching involuntarily. "You're not... controlling shit."

The UI flickered in my vision again.

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Tessa

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■□ 90%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I mentally selected [1] again—Deny Orgasm.

Tessa's body tensed immediately—hips jerking, pussy clenching hard around my fingers, a high, desperate whine escaping her throat. She was right there—teetering, shaking, so close her thighs quivered uncontrollably, clit throbbing under my thumb, walls rippling in frantic little spasms—but the peak vanished again, leaving her stranded, arousal locked high.

"FUCK!" she screamed into the pillow, voice muffled but raw, body shaking violently. "Evan—please—let me—fuck—why can't I—"

I kept fingering her—slow, deep, curling against that spot, thumb rubbing steady circles on her clit. "Because I said so, slut. You don't get to cum until I decide. Look at you—defiant little bitch breaking apart because you can't finish. Pathetic."

Fuck. Calling her names like that felt... weird. I had to apologize from her later, I guess.

She sobbed, hips bucking uselessly against my hand, wrists straining against my grip. "You... fucking... asshole... I hate you... let me cum... please..."

Her defiance was crumbling—voice cracking, body trembling, tears slipping from her eyes. She wasn't fighting anymore; she was pleading, broken, desperate.

I kept going—fingers thrusting deeper, thumb pressing harder, watching her fall apart under my control.

I let her hands go, fingers sliding from her wrists. Tessa immediately braced them on the mattress, panting, back still arched, ass up. I stepped closer, cock throbbing, slick with

her juices, and positioned the head right at her entrance—rubbing it slowly along her slit, teasing her swollen lips without pushing in.

"You want to cum?" I asked, voice low, almost gentle.

Tessa glanced back over her shoulder, face flushed deep red, cheeks swollen from the slaps, mascara streaked, eyes glassy and desperate. She nodded frantically, biting her lip.

"Beg."

"Fuck you," she hissed, but her voice cracked, hips twitching toward me.

"Beg."

She bit her lip harder, exhaled shakily, then whispered, "Fuck. Fuck. Okay... okay. Please... make me cum."

"Louder."

"Please let me cum!" she cried, voice breaking, body trembling.

"Good girl."

The Heart System - Chapter 367[1,603 words]

Chapter 367: Chapter 367

I grabbed both her arms—wrists crossed behind her back again—and plunged my cock inside her in one hard thrust. She screamed, body jolting forward, pussy clamping down tight around me. Using her arms for leverage, I pulled her back onto me with every stroke—fast, hard, relentless. My hips slammed against her ass, cock driving deep, the angle forcing her face down into the sheets, tits scraping the mattress, nipples dragging painfully with every forward jolt.

Her pussy was soaked, squelching obscenely with every plunge, walls fluttering and gripping me like she was trying to pull me in forever. Her ass jiggled violently, thighs quaking, stomach flexing as she took me. Sweat poured down her back, pooling at her waist, hair matted to her face, sticking to her cheeks and neck. Her moans turned into high-pitched, broken wails, body rocking forward with each brutal thrust, fingers clawing at nothing behind her back.

I kept pounding—hips a blur, cock slamming deep, hitting that spot over and over. She was getting close again—breaths turning frantic, body shaking, pussy clenching harder, walls rippling in desperate little spasms.

I felt my own edge approaching—cock throbbing, balls tightening, pleasure spiking hot and sharp.

Tessa's body shook violently, moans turning into raw screams. "Evan—fuck... please... let me—let me cum—"

With Pleasure 45 amplifying everything, I pushed harder—deeper, faster—cock driving into her with punishing force. Her pussy spasmed wildly around me, walls clamping down so tight it hurt, gushing hot and wet in thick floods as she came harder than before. Her screams were deafening, hips bucking uncontrollably, ass quivering, legs kicking, body convulsing like she was being electrocuted. Tears streamed down her face, mascara ruined in black rivers, mouth open in a silent scream as wave after wave ripped through her, pussy pulsing in endless, violent contractions, juices soaking the sheets, my thighs, dripping everywhere. She shook so hard the bed creaked, moans turning into broken sobs, body completely lost to the intensity—orgasm so powerful it looked almost painful.

That sent me over.

I groaned loud, hips slamming forward one last time, cock pulsing hard as I came inside her—thick ropes flooding her pussy, filling her womb, pulse after pulse, pleasure exploding through me in waves. I kept thrusting, grinding deep, emptying everything while she shook and sobbed beneath me, pussy milking every drop in desperate squeezes.

When it ended, I slowed, cock still buried deep, both of us panting hard.

Tessa collapsed forward, body limp, face pressed into the sheets, trembling with aftershocks.

I chuckled softly, still pushing slow, thinking she was just relaxed. "Fuck... you okay?"

No answer.

I pulled out gently, cum leaking from her pussy, and turned her over onto her back. Her eyes were closed, face slack, breathing shallow.

She wasn't responding.

"The fuck, Tessa?" I said, panic rising. "Oh, fuck."

I slapped her cheeks lightly—once, twice. No response.

I scrambled off the bed, grabbed my pants from the floor, fished out my phone, and dialed 911, heart pounding.

Before I could hit call, Tessa's hand shot out from behind me, snatching the phone and ending the call.

"Fucking idiot," she rasped, voice hoarse, sitting up slowly. "Why are you calling 911? Are you dumb?"

"You... I thought..." I stared at her, relief flooding me. "You passed out."

She shook her head, rubbing her throat. "It happens sometimes... intense orgasm, too much adrenaline, body just shuts down for a second. I'm fine. Just... give me a minute."

"Oh..."

I sat on the edge of the bed, guilt hitting hard. Why the fuck would I do that to her? I loved Tessa—really loved her—and I'd acted like a complete jerk, pushing her too far with the edging, the denial, the choking. The reputation points, the better rewards—they were changing me, making me colder, meaner. The system was great for credits, but if it cost my relationship with her... it wasn't worth it.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Tessa

EXP Gained: +500

Villain Bonus: +900 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 980c

Tessa lay back, looking down at the cum oozing from her pussy, thighs slick with it. "Hey—I changed my mind. Let's not do that kind of BDSM play ever again, okay? The edging, the denial... it's too much."

"Yeah..." I said quietly. "I was about to say that."

She kicked my butt lightly with both feet. "Ouch."

"You called me slut," she said, half-angry, half-playful. "I swear, call me slut one more time and I'll gauge your eyes and eat your balls for breakfast."

"Damn... okay. Sorry... how about whore?"

"Evan." She chuckled, a little angry but fond. "Get the fuck out of my room. I'm gonna take a shower. And do not—I repeat—do fucking not ever do these kinds of things with other girls."

"Yeah... yeah, I know."

Fuck. The post-orgasm haze was hitting me hard—body heavy, mind foggy, cock still twitching faintly even though I was spent. I sat on the edge of Tessa's bed for a second, breathing slow, staring at the floor. The guilt was creeping in fast. I'd pushed too far. Edging her, denying her, choking her—turning a night with someone I actually cared about into some fucked-up power trip. Her cat had just died, she was already down, and I'd made it worse. Go me.

I needed to fix this. Reputation points first—get rid of Sadist rank before it tanked everything. But to afford that many points, I needed credits. A lot of them. And the only way to rack up credits fast was to grind hard, even if it meant taking a hit to rep.

One last visit to Carrie. One night to fucking remember. I'd squeeze every point out of her I could—EXP, credits, whatever the system threw at me—then dump it all into Reputation Points and scrub Sadist clean. There was a chance—no, a guarantee—I'd earn minus points for reputation after what I was about to do. But if the credits were high enough, I could offset it.

I pulled up the shop again and bought two more Mastery Evolve.

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: 1202c

I glanced at my stats.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

7 Unused Ability Points

Seven points sitting there. I'd save them for the next level-up. Hopefully it unlocks something good in the shop.

"I'll, uh... I'll go now," I said, standing up slowly. "You want water or...?"

"Look at him," Tessa quipped from the bed, voice hoarse but sharp. "Fifty shades of Evan. Worrying about his partner now." She exhaled, shaking her head. "No. Get the fuck out, please. Or should I get on my knees and beg, huh?"

"Fine, fine. Jesus, okay." I shook my head, guilt twisting harder. "I'm sorry, okay? I shouldn't have... done those things to you. I apologize."

"Don't," she said flatly. "I asked you to do that. And I regret it now."

"Hmm. I'm sorry."

"Just fucking go." She exhaled long, turning her face away. "Bye, Evan. Goodnight. Bye. Fuck off. Fucking bye. Sayonara."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it."

Fuck. Tessa's interest dropped two points. Of course it did. I knew she was already feeling down—her cat died yesterday, she'd been quiet all day—and what did I do? Turned her bedroom into a torture chamber, edged her to the brink, choked her, slapped her, degraded her until she broke. Go me.

I pulled up the women interactions UI.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60★★

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: 15 / 20

Tessa's bar had dropped. Two points. Not catastrophic, but it stung. The system didn't lie.

I left the room and closed the door softly behind me. I didn't even bother putting my pants on yet—they were still in my hand, phone in the other. I stood awkwardly in the hallway for a few seconds, staring at the closed door. Then I exhaled slowly and got dressed.

"Fucking hell... What a night."

I pulled up my profile.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 16)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 4047/7901

Good. Level 16. A few more nights like tonight and I'd be at 17. But right now? I needed to think. The reputation system was fucking me over. Sadist was tanking my relationships. The rewards were better—credits, EXP—but if I kept losing points with the girls I actually cared about, what was the point?

Carrie. One last visit. One night to max out credits, even if it meant taking a massive reputation hit. Then I'd buy points in bulk and scrub Sadist clean. After that... no more of this shit. No more edging, no more choking, no more treating them like trash. I'd fix it.

I exhaled again, running a hand through my hair.

Time to go.

The Heart System - Chapter 368[1,533 words]

Chapter 368: Chapter 368

I still had a quest to complete: have anal sex in a public space. Nala's office would work perfectly—if Nala agreed. I'd thought about asking her yesterday, but she was already asleep when I got back, and I didn't want to wake her just for that. Not fair.

I groaned as the first weak rays of sunlight slipped through the curtains—muted, gray light filtering through the dark clouds. At least the storm had calmed. No rain, just a lazy, drifting snow outside.

"Morning," Nala muttered, rolling toward me, voice thick with sleep. Her hair was a mess, eyes half-open, one arm flopping across my chest. "You came in late last night."

"Hmm," I grunted, rubbing my face. "Sorry."

"I tried staying awake but couldn't." She yawned, stretching slowly. "So... what did Carrie want?"

"She was a dog in heat," I said flatly. "I think I unlocked something inside her. She... literally begged me to fuck her."

"Did you?"

"Yep."

"God, she's such a strange one." Nala exhaled sharply, shaking her head. "Fucking whore."

Hearing that kind of language from Nala caught me off guard. I turned my head toward her. "Huh. Didn't know you hated her that much."

"Even though Kim and I haven't been friends that long, I still hold a grudge against Carrie for kidnapping her like that," she said, voice low and firm. She sat up a little, sheets pooling around her waist. "That kind of thing sticks with me."

"Hmm."

Jasmine stirred on my right, groaning softly. I glanced over—saw her rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand, burying herself deeper into the blanket for a second before she opened her eyes fully. She looked at me, smiled sleepily, and wrapped her arms around me from behind, pressing her cheek against the back of my shoulder, still half-asleep.

"Hey, handsome," she mumbled, voice muffled against my skin.

"Hey," I smiled, reaching back to squeeze her arm. "Do you girls really call me Evy?"

"How did you know that?" Jasmine chuckled, nuzzling closer. "Do we have a spy amongst us?"

"I read minds."

"What am I thinking right now?" she asked, yawning.

"Sleep."

"Wow. You're right."

"But we can't," Nala said, yawning too, stretching her arms above her head. "Got lots of work today. Project Phoenix can't wait."

"Yeah..." Jasmine stretched her arms out, kissed my shoulder softly, and dragged herself upright, sheets falling away. "What's the time?"

"Seven forty," I said, glancing at the clock on the nightstand.

She nodded, slid off the bed, walked to the window, and gestured outside with her head. "Looks good. No storm, no wind."

"Yep," Nala agreed, rubbing her eyes.

"At least we have that." Jasmine yawned again, then turned to me. "I'm gonna take a shower. Coming, Evan?"

"Nah, I took one yesterday," I said. "You go ahead."

"Alrighty."

Jasmine padded toward the bathroom and closed the door behind her. I cleared my throat, sat up straighter in bed, and looked at Nala. She caught the shift in my expression immediately—knew I had something on my mind. She propped her pillow behind her back, sat up fully, and met my eyes.

"So... I got something to ask," I started, rubbing the back of my neck.

"Ah," Nala said, nodding slowly. "That look Tessa always talks about. You're about to ask something unhinged. Okay, shoot away."

"I... want to..." I hesitated, then just said it. "Uuh... how about we have sex in your office?"

She blinked. "We can have sex right now?" she asked, tilting her head. "You're in the mood?"

"No, no. It has to be in your office," I clarified. "Would be better that way."

"Evan..." she muttered, eyebrows lifting. "Why in my office?"

"I just want that," I shrugged, trying to play it casual. "If you say it's not something we can do, I get it. I won't force you."

She stared at me for a long moment, then yawned again, rubbing her temple. "Sure, yeah. Fine."

"Anal sex."

"Oh, come on," she groaned, dropping her head back against the headboard with a soft thud. "Not anal sex."

"Please?"

She looked at me again, gaze lingering, weighing it. Then she let out a long sigh, put a hand over her forehead, and shook her head slowly. I could tell she was going to say yes—after all this time living together, I'd learned to read her little tells: the way her lips pursed slightly, the tiny tilt of her head, the way her fingers flexed against the sheet.

"Fine," she said finally. "Let me get ready for it then. I'll use the common bathroom—I'll be in there for a while."

"Thank you."

"But..." she added, pointing a finger at me. "I will ask you a favor in return."

"Yeah?"

"We'll get a cat. For Tessa." Her voice softened. "What do you say?"

"I thought the hotel didn't let any animals."

"That rule doesn't apply to us."

"If that's the case, sure," I said. "She'd probably prefer a stray cat."

"I was thinking getting Minne's cat here," she said.

"Oh... yeah. I'll ask her. If she says yes, we can do that."

"Great." Nala slid off the bed, turned her back to me, and slapped her own ass lightly—playful, teasing. "Guess I'll get ready for today then."

"I love you."

"I love you too, pervert."

"Ouch."

Nala walked off, leaving the room with a small wave over her shoulder. Just then, Minne peeked through the open door and stepped inside. She was wearing normal clothes today—a soft pink t-shirt and black pants. It was strange seeing her without the maid outfit, but she looked cute either way—small, shy, hair tied back in a loose ponytail.

"Master..." she said quietly, fidgeting with her hands. "I poured tea on my maid outfit. May I wear these today?"

"Better idea," I said, sitting up straighter. "Let's visit your mother today, shall we?"

"Oh... okay. Why?"

"Come closer."

As she walked toward me, I got up, glanced outside the door to make sure Tessa wasn't around, then shut it quietly.

"How about we get your cat here?" I asked.

"Really?" Her face lit up, eyes sparkling. "YES!"

"Ssh," I said, pressing a finger to my lips. "It's a secret, okay? Don't tell Tessa about it."

"I won't, Master. Promise."

"Good girl." I ruffled her short red hair gently. "Breakfast ready?"

"Yes, Master."

"Hmm." I stretched my arms. "I'll go wash my face. Let's go to your mother after we eat something, okay?"

"Alright, Master. I'll let my mom know that we're coming."

"Okay."

She nodded, her face brighter now, and left the room with a little bounce in her step. I stood there a few moments longer, looking out the window at the lazy snow drifting down. Then I stretched my arms overhead and left the room with slow steps.

Tessa came out of the hallway at the same time I did. She slowed as she reached the dining table and noticed me standing there. She didn't say anything, just looked at me for a second and gave a small nod. I returned it and let out a quiet breath. Things were definitely going to be awkward with her for a while. I'd messed up, and the system making it official with minus points didn't help either.

"Hey, morning," I said as I stepped closer. "You... sleep okay?"

"I did," she replied. "No thanks to you, Mr. Marlowe."

"Yeah," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "Sorry."

Before either of us could say anything else, Kim came out of the same hallway, her face still damp from washing it. She yawned and glanced between us.

"What happened?" she asked. "Something wrong?"

"Nothing," I said quickly. "I was just asking if she slept well."

"Mm." Kim dropped into one of the chairs and leaned back, stretching. "So. How did things with Carrie go?"

"Good," I said. "I'll explain later. I need to wash my face first. Minne and I have something to do, so I won't be coming to work today."

"Again?" Kim smirked. "You're really slacking off, Mr. Secretary."

"And you love me for it," I replied with a grin. "Your bathroom free?"

"Yep," she said, nodding toward her room. "Go ahead."

"Thanks."

As I turned away, Tessa spoke again. "What are you doing today?"

"Just... stuff," I said, offering a small smile.

"Right," she replied. "Stuff."

The silence that followed was uncomfortable enough that I didn't try to fill it. I walked down the hallway and slipped into Kim's room, closing the door behind me. The bathroom light flicked on, bright and clean. I leaned over the sink, splashed cold water on my face, and rubbed my eyes before straightening up.

I looked at myself in the mirror for a moment longer than necessary, then turned the light off and left the room.

When I stepped back into the living area, Minne was setting a glass pitcher of lemonade on the table. She looked up when she noticed me. Our eyes met, and I gave her a quick wink.

She froze for half a second, then smiled shyly and looked back down at the glasses she was arranging.



Chapter 369: Chapter 369

I stopped the car near the apartment building and turned the engine off. Rain was coming down harder now, not a storm, but fast enough to soak you if you stood still too long. Minne pulled her hood up, and I did the same before stepping out. I locked the car and followed her to the entrance, the sound of rain tapping against concrete filling the street.

She pushed the door open, and we headed inside. The building was old enough that there were no elevators, just a narrow stairwell that smelled faintly of cleaning solution and damp air. We started climbing.

"So," I said as we reached the first landing, "did you tell your mother that Guy isn't... around anymore?"

"I already did," she replied. "And I told her about you. She approves."

"That fast?" I asked. "She didn't approve of Guy?"

"No one approves of Guy," she said sharply, the edge in her voice unmistakable. "No one."

"Fair enough," I muttered as we reached the next floor. "I thought you said your mom couldn't really move. This place doesn't even have an elevator."

"She can walk," Minne said. "Just not well. She gets tired quickly."

"Hmm."

We climbed another flight, and she pointed down the hallway. "Here."

She knocked. After a moment, the door opened, and Emma stood there like she always did, short green hair slightly messy, half-lidded eyes looking like she was permanently unimpressed with the world.

"Emma," Minne said, blinking in surprise. "I didn't know you'd be here."

"I was in the block," Emma replied casually. "Thought I'd stop by and say hi to Ms. Drag."

"That's... nice of you," Minne said.

Emma's gaze slid to me, and one corner of her mouth lifted. "Evan's here too, huh? Come in."

Minne stepped inside first and immediately slipped her shoes off, setting them neatly by the door. I followed her lead and did the same.

"My mom's Japanese," Minne said quietly. "She hates shoes in the house."

"Japanese or not, that's reasonable," I said, shrugging. "You step outside where dogs and cats piss everywhere."

"But you don't take your shoes off in the penthouse, Master," she replied softly.

"That's because I have a lovely maid," I said, nudging her shoulder lightly.

She chuckled under her breath. I noticed Emma watching us, her eyes opening just a little more, but she didn't comment.

Minne gestured for us to move further in, and we followed her into the living room. The space was modest but warm. A low table sat in the center with magazines stacked unevenly on it, a folded blanket draped over one arm of the couch. Shelves lined one wall, crowded with books, small plants, and framed photos. It was a little messy, but not neglected, the kind of mess that came from living in a place rather than avoiding it.

Ms. Drag sat on the couch with headphones on, tapping her fingers lightly against her knee. When she saw us, she pushed herself up quickly and walked toward Minne, her steps slightly unsteady. She wrapped her arms around her daughter without hesitation.

"Oh," She said. "I didn't hear the door ring..."

Minne hugged her back. "Mom..."

Ms. Drag was in her mid-forties, kind eyes, soft features, and a presence that immediately filled the room. When she pulled back, she reached up and brushed Minne's hair aside, smiling.

"What were you listening to?" Minne asked.

"A cooking podcast," Emma answered from the hallway. "Some recipe thing."

"Oh. Nice."

Ms. Drag's attention shifted to me. "Mr. Marlowe," she said with a polite bow. "It's nice to finally meet you."

"Evan is fine," I replied. "Nice to meet you too."

"Hana," she said, correcting herself with a small smile. "Please, sit. Would you like some tea?"

"I really don't—"

"I've got it, Ms. Drag," Emma called from the hallway.

Hana relaxed instantly. "Ah. Thank you, honey."

"We really won't take much of your time, Ms. Dra—Hana," I said, correcting myself quickly. "I heard you have a cat named Kim. Is that right?"

"Yes?" she asked as she settled back into the couch, her posture stiffening just a little. "Did something happen to her?"

"No, no," I said immediately, shaking my head as I sat across from her with Minne beside me. "Nothing like that. I was just wondering... she's here, right?"

"She should be sleeping in the other room."

I nodded once, then took a breath. "I was thinking Kim could come live with us. At the penthouse. If that's something you'd be okay with."

Her expression changed instantly. Her eyes lit up before she could stop herself, and then she looked at Minne, searching her face. I couldn't tell if she was relieved or just happy, maybe both.

"Of course," Hana said after a moment. "But Kim is... a bad girl."

"A bad girl?" I asked, surprised.

Emma came back into the living room carrying a tray with three glasses of tea. She set it down on the coffee table, then let out a quiet sigh and shook her head at me. Tugging at the hem of her t-shirt, she pushed the sleeve up from her wrist to her elbow, exposing her forearm.

There were a few thin red scratches there. Fresh, but shallow.

"She did that," Emma said flatly. "Little idiot. I'm just glad she didn't go for my foot."

"Your foot?" I asked, then immediately realized why that mattered to her.

She was... selling her feet photos, right? I guess she didn't want the 'product' to be damaged.

Minne's eyes widened, but Hana didn't seem to catch the implication. Emma dropped her sleeve back down like it was nothing.

I leaned forward, picked up one of the glasses, and sat back again. Minne and Hana followed suit. Emma didn't take a drink for herself. She sat on the remaining chair and crossed her legs. She wasn't wearing shoes, only black socks, and my eyes lingered longer than they should have before I cleared my throat and forced myself to refocus.

"So," I said, looking back to Hana, "Minne told you Guy isn't a problem anymore."

"She did," Hana said quietly, lifting her cup. "I thank God every day. He was a bad man, Mr. Marlowe."

"Evan," I corrected gently. "Did he ever meet you?"

"No," she said. "I only knew him by name. And from television. Emma is the one who found Minne that maid job."

"And I regret it every day," Emma muttered, exhaling through her nose. "Never knew that bastard was that unhinged."

"Emma," Hana said with a tired shake of her head. "Please don't swear in front of guests."

"Sorry, Ms. Drag."

"She's not wrong," I said. "Guy was a bastard. A twisted one. You didn't know him personally, but trust me, that word barely covers it."

Minne nodded, her fingers tightening in her lap as she glanced at her mother. Hana leaned back, her gaze drifting to the wall. For a second I thought she was just thinking, but then her eyes glossed over and her breath hitched.

She wiped at her face quickly, then tried to lift her tea. Her hands were shaking too badly. After a second, she set the glass down and exhaled sharply.

Minne was on her feet immediately, disappearing down the hallway. She came back with a tissue and handed it to her mother before sitting close beside her. Hana pressed it to her eyes, shoulders trembling.

"It was my fault," she said softly. "She worked there for my treatment. I—"

"That's not true," Minne said, her voice tight. "Please stop saying that."

"She's right," Emma added, still calm, eyes half-lidded but serious. "You didn't do this. If anyone's at fault, it's me."

"I just..." Hana swallowed.

"Hana," I said, leaning forward slightly so she had to look at me. "You don't need to worry anymore. Guy is gone. Minne is safe now. She's with me, and I'll take care of her. However I can. I promise."

She nodded slowly, then again, her grip on the tissue loosening. "Thank you, Evan."

"No problem," I said, then straightened up and clapped my hands lightly, trying to ease the heaviness in the room. "Alright. Where's this infamous Kim cat?"

Emma stood. "You want to see her? Come on."

"Sure."

"I'll stay with my mom," Minne said quietly. "Is that okay, Master?"

"Of course," I said, meeting her eyes. "I'll be right back."

I got up and followed Emma out of the living room. We walked down the narrow hallway and turned right. The floor creaked faintly under our steps. At the very end, she stopped and pushed a door open.

Inside was a bedroom.

The bed was neatly made, the blanket pulled tight and squared like no one had slept in it for a long time. The furniture was simple: a small desk, a chair tucked under it, a narrow wardrobe against the wall. Everything was clean, but there was a thin layer of dust on most surfaces, like the room had been preserved rather than used. A few old posters were still taped to the wall, their corners curling.

"Minne's old bedroom," Emma said, stepping aside. "Come in."

I hummed quietly and followed her inside.

The Heart System - Chapter 370[1,609 words]

Chapter 370: Chapter 370

As soon as I stepped in and turned left, I saw it. A small cat bed sat on the floor near the wall, round and plush, with faded fabric that had been kneaded too many times. Next to it was a litter box, tucked neatly into the corner, clean but clearly used. A small food bowl and a water dish were placed nearby, both stainless steel, reflecting the light from the window.

The cat was curled up in the bed.

She was black from head to tail, her fur thick and soft-looking, stretched lazily over the cushion. She wasn't fat, not really, but she had a noticeable little belly that rose and fell as she slept. The kind of cat that looked like she enjoyed comfort a bit too much.

She stirred as we approached, lifting her head slowly. She yawned wide, showing small teeth, then blinked at us. That was when I noticed it. One of her eyes looked cloudy, pale compared to the other.

"Oh," I said quietly. "She can't see out of that one, can she?"

"No," Emma replied. "She lost sight in it when she was a kitten."

I nodded. "She's a British Shorthair, right?"

"She is," Emma said. "Her previous owner put her up for adoption. I always wanted one, so I bought her."

"You paid for her?"

"Yeah. But I couldn't take proper care of her long-term, so I asked Minne if she wanted her. She didn't even hesitate."

I glanced down at Kim as she shifted in her bed. "Guess she really loves cats."

"Who doesn't?" Emma said.

Kim stretched, climbed out of the bed, and padded over to me on silent paws. She circled my legs once, brushing against my ankle, her fur still warm from the blankets, then veered toward Emma as though I'd been only a brief distraction.

Emma bent down without hesitation and lifted her easily, settling the cat against her chest. Kim went limp in an instant, limbs dangling, eyes drifting half-shut as Emma's fingers moved in slow, steady strokes along her back. The purr started soft and quickly deepened, a steady rumble that seemed to settle into the room itself.

"She doesn't eat much," Emma said, her voice calm and even. "So you don't have to worry about food costs."

I tilted my head, eyeing the soft curve of that little rounded belly as it rose and fell with each breath. "She looks kind of... chunky. You sure about that?"

Emma's lips twitched—just the smallest hint of amusement. "She needs more activity. But she's lazy. She likes lying around. That's where the little tummy comes from."

"Got it," I said, nodding once. Kim opened one eye, fixed it on me for a long second, then delivered a slow blink before letting the lid sink again.

I stepped closer to Emma, closing the narrow gap between us. She was shorter than me—about Minne's height—so I ended up looking down at her without meaning to. Up close, I caught the faint lavender scent of her shampoo tangled with the warm, slightly dusty

smell of cat. She tilted her head back to meet my eyes, wearing that familiar half-lidded expression, like the world had long since run out of ways to surprise her—yet today the edges felt softer, less guarded.

I reached out and gently patted Kim's head. The purr instantly grew louder, vibrating under my palm like a small motor. She yawned wide enough to show every tiny sharp tooth, pink tongue curling lazily, then stretched one front leg straight up into the air, toes flexing before the paw dropped back with exaggerated heaviness. Finally she let her head sink fully against Emma's arm, cheek squashed flat, eyes sealed in complete surrender.

"Wow," I said quietly. "She's already sleeping?"

"Yep," Emma replied, tone flat but carrying a thread of affection. "Told you. Lazy."

I kept my hand there a moment longer, feeling the steady thrum, then let it fall away. For a few beats we stayed like that—Emma cradling the boneless cat, me standing close enough that our arms nearly brushed, the room quiet except for Kim's unbroken, contented rumble. It was oddly still, almost fragile, like we'd both stumbled into a small, unexpected pause neither of us wanted to break.

I kept petting Kim for another second, but as I shifted my hand, it accidentally brushed against Emma's chest. I froze instantly.

"Sorry," I said quickly, stepping back and clearing my throat. I rubbed the back of my head, avoiding her eyes. "Didn't mean to—"

Emma didn't react at all. She just adjusted her hold on Kim slightly, her expression unchanged, eyes still half-lidded.

"It's fine," she said, completely unbothered.

"Right." I exhaled. "Should we head back?"

"Yep," she replied in the same bored tone.

We left the bedroom and walked back down the hallway, our footsteps soft against the floor. When we entered the living room again, Hana was standing in front of the window, looking outside. The rain streaked down the glass, blurring the view. Minne was still sitting on the couch, holding her tea with both hands.

I sat back down in my spot and picked up my own glass, taking a sip.

"Thanks for the tea, Hana," I said. "But we really shouldn't bother you any longer."

"You can stay as long as you like," Hana replied gently, turning back to us. "Did you have breakfast?"

"We did," I said, then glanced at Minne. "Do you want to stay here for the day?"

"I'm okay," Minne said, shaking her head. "There's still work to be done at the penthouse."

"You could do it tomorrow," I said. "That wouldn't be a problem."

"No, really," she insisted softly. "I'm okay."

"Alright then," I said, nodding. I took another sip before continuing. "So... does Kim have a carrier or something we can use to take her with us?"

"No," Emma said from behind me.

"I can carry her," Minne said immediately.

I nodded. "Alright. Then let's do that."

I placed the half-finished tea on the coffee table and stood up. Hana stepped away from the window as if to come with us, but her movement faltered. She lost her balance for a second. I moved instinctively, but she managed to grab onto the TV unit and steady herself.

Minne stiffened instantly. She rushed over to her mother, worry written all over her face. She helped Hana sit back down on the couch, holding her arm carefully. Then Minne smiled at her, leaned in, and kissed her on the cheek.

Hana smiled back and returned the kiss, then waved at us gently. "Please visit me again sometime," she said.

"We will," I replied. "I promise."

"I'd walk you to the door, but..." she exhaled. "I feel tired."

"I'll do it, Ms. Drag," Emma said, still holding Kim. "Don't worry."

"You're a godsend, Emma," Hana said warmly. "Thank you."

"No problem," Emma replied.

We walked to the door together. Minne and I put our shoes back on, the small entryway feeling a little cramped with all three of us standing there. Emma crouched slightly and gently handed Kim over to Minne, who accepted the cat with care.

"Would you like to hold her, Master?" Minne asked, looking up at me.

"Uh... sure," I said, holding out my arms.

The moment Kim was in my hands, she shifted, climbed up my chest with lazy confidence, and hopped onto my shoulder. She settled there like she'd done it a thousand times before, her body draped along my collarbone, head tucked near my neck, tail hanging loosely down my back. Within seconds, her eyes slid shut again, her weight sinking comfortably against me.

I blinked. "That's like a superpower," I muttered. "Being able to sleep literally anywhere."

Minne smiled apologetically. "Yes... sorry, Master. Kim is very lazy. I don't know if Miss Tessa will like that."

"Tessa?" Emma asked, raising an eyebrow slightly.

"A friend," I replied. "The stray cat she was feeding died a few days ago. We're just... I guess we're giving her Kim as a gift."

Emma nodded slowly. "Cats are good for the soul."

I nodded back. "I hope that's true."

"Oh," Emma added, turning toward the hallway, "I'll give you the cat bed too."

"That'd be great," I said. "And her food, if that's okay."

"Yeah."

I glanced at the mirror by the door, quickly fixing my hair and tugging at the hem of my jacket. A few seconds later, Emma returned, handing a bag of cat food to me and the small cat bed to Minne.

"Thanks," I said sincerely.

We opened the door and stepped out. Minne and I waved goodbye as Emma lifted her hand in return, then she closed the door gently behind us.

We made our way down the stairs, step by step, Kim still asleep on my shoulder. When we pushed open the building's main door, cold air rushed in. Kim startled awake immediately and let out a loud, offended meow, claws gripping my jacket just enough to make her displeasure known.

"Okay, okay," I muttered, picking up the pace.

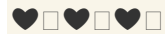
We hurried to the car and got inside. I carefully lifted Kim off my shoulder and passed her to Minne, who was already in the passenger seat. She cradled the cat securely as we buckled our seatbelts. I turned the key, the engine rumbling to life.

"I'll drop you off at the penthouse," I said as I pulled out, "then I'll head to work."

"Alright, Master," Minne replied softly.

The rain streaked across the windshield as we drove off.

Now... Nala's office was waiting for me.



The Heart System - Chapter 371[1,686 words]

Chapter 371: Chapter 371

I sat at my desk in the hallway, leaned back in my chair, watching the elevator doors slide open and shut. People came and went in small waves. Some greeted me with a nod or a quick hello, some walked past without a word, and others acted like I wasn't even there. I laced my fingers behind my head and stretched, letting the chair tilt back slightly as I exhaled.

I glanced to my right. Nala had someone in her office again, her door half open, voices low but focused. Business as usual.

The elevator doors opened once more, and Amelia stepped out. She spotted me immediately and walked over, her pace brisk as always.

"Hey," she said. "Can you believe it? Anotta is backing our company."

"Well," I replied, straightening up a little, "only Project Phoenix. Not the whole company."

Amelia adjusted her glasses, her expression serious. "Project Phoenix is the company. This is a huge deal."

"Yeah," I said after a moment, "I guess you're right."

She crossed her arms lightly. "Some people saw Anotta entering the building and took photos. They're already speculating that she's here for Project Phoenix."

"Help me out here," I said. "Is Project Phoenix public knowledge or not?"

"Yes, but only by name," she explained. "No one knows what it actually is. There are theories, some closer than others, but nothing concrete. The leaks didn't show much, thanks to you catching the rat."

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the desk. "I know, I'm cool. I don't sign autographs, though."

A faint smile tugged at her lips. "Too bad."

"Yep."

She hesitated briefly, then nodded to herself. "I already thanked you, but I want to say it again. For helping me that day."

"It was nothing," I said.

"I also checked that thing you mentioned," she added. "Slender Man. I get the reference now. You find papers in that children's game, and you found my papers in real life."

"Children's game?" I said, raising an eyebrow. "Ouch. You're making me feel old, Amelia."

She shrugged. "Well, either way, thank you." She exhaled, then looked at me more carefully. "Also... the offer you made. Is it still available?"

"What offer?" I asked.

"You teaching me how to drive," she said. "The weather's getting colder, and taking the bus is awful."

"Yeah, sure," I said easily. "You live near that waffle place, right?"

"Jerry Waffle."

"Right. Then how about we do a short practice session during break? I'll let you drive in the parking lot."

Her shoulders stiffened slightly. "That would be... safe, right?"

"The worst thing you could hit is another parked car," I said. "It'll be fine. Just trust me."

"What if I scratch your car?"

"I've already been rear-ended once," I replied. "Unless you plan on hitting something at full speed, nothing's going to happen."

She nodded slowly. "Alright. I was about to take my break, actually. I wanted to talk to you first, so I'll postpone it until you take yours."

"Sounds good," I said. "Let's meet in two hours."

"Okay. Two hours." She paused. "Can I get your number? So you can text me when you're free."

"Sure."

As I gave her my number, I glanced to the right. Nala's guest had just left her office. Nala looked up, met my eyes, and gave me a knowing smirk before subtly jerking her head toward her office. I cleared my throat, and Amelia finished typing my number into her phone.

"Alright," she said. "See you in two hours, Evan."

"Yeah," I replied. "See you, Amelia."

I got up from my desk, the chair scraping softly against the floor. The office was quiet—most people had left for lunch, and the hum of computers and distant conversations had faded. I walked down the hallway toward Nala's office, heart picking up a little with each step. The quest was still hanging over me: anal in a public space. Her office counted—glass walls, coworkers on the other side, risk of being seen. If she agreed.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside. Nala looked up from her desk, eyes flicking to me, then to the door. She stood quickly, walked around the desk, and reached for the dashboard on the wall. With a few taps, the glass walls frosted over instantly—opaque, cutting off all view from the outside. The room turned private in seconds.

She turned back to me, smiling faintly. "You look like you're up to something."

I smiled. "Don't act like you don't know, Nolin."

I locked the door behind me with a soft click.

We met in the middle. I grabbed her chin and kissed her—deep, hungry, tongues sliding together immediately. She moaned into my mouth, hands gripping my shirt, pulling me closer.

I broke the kiss, breathing hard against her lips. "Show me that ass."

Nala's eyes darkened. She turned, stepped to her desk, bent over it slowly—hands flat on the cool wood, back arched, ass pushed out toward me. The pencil skirt hugged her curves perfectly, riding up just enough to tease.

I knelt behind her, ran my hands up the backs of her thighs, and slapped her ass through the fabric—hard, the sound sharp in the quiet office. She gasped, hips jerking forward slightly.

I slid one hand under the skirt, fingers brushing bare skin—no panties. Just smooth, warm flesh, and her pussy already wet, slick against my fingertips. Then I felt something else—cold, hard, round—nestled between her cheeks.

I arched an eyebrow, stood up, and hooked my fingers into the waistband of her skirt. I tugged it down slowly, letting it slide over her hips, past her thighs, pooling around her high heels on the floor.

No panties. Pussy glistening, swollen, dripping. And a sleek black butt plug seated deep in her ass, the base glinting under the office lights.

I smirked, grabbing the plug's base. "You came prepared, didn't you? Walked around the office all day with this thing stretching your ass, waiting for me to find it."

Nala moaned softly, pushing back against my hand. "Don't act like you don't know, Marlowe."

I smiled. "Touché."

"Dirty girl," I murmured, twisting the plug slowly, watching her hole stretch around it.

"Yes—fuck—please..." she breathed, hips rocking slightly.

I pulled the plug out slowly—inch by inch—until it popped free with a wet sound. Her asshole gaped for a second, pink and slick, winking as it tried to close.

"Fucking beautiful," I growled, spreading her cheeks wide with both hands, thumbs holding her open. "Look at that hole... stretched and ready. You're gonna take my cock in here, right against your desk, where anyone could walk by and hear you moaning."

She whimpered, pushing back. "Come on... stick that big cock in my ass, Evan. I need it."

"A boss shouldn't talk like that," I teased, rubbing the head of my cock against her gaping hole.

"Fuck me," she demanded, voice low and needy. "Come on. No more teasing. You wanted it—I got ready for you."

"If you insist, Ms. Nolin."

I pressed the head against her asshole and pushed in—slow, steady, feeling her stretch around me. It was tight—hot, gripping, resisting at first, then yielding as I sank deeper. She moaned loud, head dropping forward, hands gripping the edge of the desk.

"Can't believe you were a virgin not long ago," I muttered, voice rough. "Look at you now—taking my dick in your ass like it's nothing. Greedy little hole swallowing me up."

Nala moaned, pushing back to meet me. "Fuck—yes—deeper—"

I bottomed out, hips flush against her ass, and held there for a second—letting her feel me filling her completely. Then I grabbed her blouse, yanked it down off her shoulders, exposing her black bra. I unhooked it with one hand, letting it fall away, and cupped one of her tits—squeezing hard, thumb rolling over her nipple.

She straightened up a little, turning her head to the side, and we kissed, tongues sliding together as I started moving—slow thrusts at first, then faster, cock sliding in and out of her tight ass, her cheeks jiggling with every impact.

I kept thrusting into Nala's ass—slow, deep strokes, pulling almost all the way out before sinking back in fully, hips grinding against her cheeks each time I bottomed out. The sound was obscene—wet, rhythmic slaps echoing off the office walls, her tight ring gripping me so hard it felt like she was trying to keep me inside forever. Every plunge stretched her, her ass clenching and fluttering around my shaft, hot and silky, the plug she'd worn all day leaving her perfectly prepped but still so fucking tight.

"Want me to go fast?" I asked, voice low, hands gripping her hips hard enough to leave marks. "Want me to go fast so you wouldn't sit right for the next few days?"

"Do it," she gasped, voice shaking. "I'm all for you, Evan. Fuck me like you mean it."

I didn't hesitate. I picked up speed—really fast now, hips snapping forward in a blur, cock pistoning in and out of her ass with brutal force. The desk rattled, papers sliding off the edges, files scattering across the floor with every impact. Nala's head dropped forward, forehead pressing to the cool wood, moans loud and raw, echoing in the frosted-glass room.

Her tits flattened against the desk, nipples scraping the surface, bouncing and sliding with each thrust. Her blouse was twisted around her waist, skirt pooled under her high-heels, ass cheeks rippling violently as I slammed into her. My cock glistened with lube and her wetness, disappearing completely into her stretched hole, then pulling back out shiny and slick, only to drive back in deep. Her ass was hot—tight, gripping, the rim clinging to my shaft on every withdraw, like it didn't want to let me go.

I reached around with one hand and began playing with her cunt—fingers sliding through her folds, rubbing her clit in fast circles, two fingers dipping inside her pussy while my

cock claimed her ass. She moaned louder, body shaking, thighs quivering, pussy dripping onto my hand.

The Heart System - Chapter 372 [1,763 words]

Chapter 372: Chapter 372

The Orgasm Control UI flickered in front of me again.

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Nala

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■□ 96%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I ignored it. I wasn't doing that kind of play with her. Not Nala. Carrie? Maybe. But not her. Not anymore.

"Fuck—Evan—your cock... in my ass... and your fingers in my pussy... it's too much—" she moaned, voice breaking. "I love it... love feeling you own both holes... fuck me harder... please..."

I rubbed her clit faster, fingers curling inside her pussy, cock slamming deep into her ass. "You love this, don't you? Getting fucked in your office like a needy little boss. Anyone could walk by and hear you moaning... hear how much you love my cock in your ass."

"Yes—fuck—yes—let them hear—let them know I'm getting railed by you—" she panted, hips pushing back to meet me. "I'm yours, your dirty girl, fuck me—own me..."

I put a hand on the back of her head, pressing her right cheek to the desk, her tits still flattened against the wood, nipples scraping with every thrust. I went faster—hips a blur, cock pounding her ass, fingers rubbing her clit relentlessly.

Nala moaned louder, body shaking, thighs quivering. "EVAAAAAN!"

She came hard—pussy spasming around my fingers, ass clenching tight around my cock, a flood of wetness gushing out, soaking my hand and dripping down her thighs. Her whole body convulsed, screams raw and desperate, ass quivering, legs kicking, tears of pleasure streaming down her face as wave after wave ripped through her, pussy and ass pulsing in sync, milking me with violent contractions. Her moans turned into broken sobs, body shaking so hard the desk rattled, papers sliding off the edge, her face pressed to the wood, mouth open in a silent scream as the orgasm overwhelmed her completely.

I whispered against her ear, licking the sweat from her shoulders, tasting salt and heat. "Go on, Nala. Keep going. Just like that."

"Evan..." she muttered, voice trembling. "Oh... fuck. I..."

"You love this?"

"I love this..."

I pulled out slowly, feeling her ass clench around me as I withdrew, the rim fluttering like it didn't want to let go. Still gripping her shoulders, I turned her to face me—her back now to the desk, eyes dark and hazy, lips parted.

I grabbed her hips with both hands and lifted her up in one smooth motion. Nala's legs wrapped around my waist instantly, ankles locking behind my back. Her tits pressed flush against my chest—soft, warm, nipples hard and dragging against my skin with every breath she took. She linked her arms around my neck, pulling me into a deep kiss—tongues sliding together, slow and needy, her moans vibrating into my mouth.

She reached down between us with one hand, fingers finding her clit, rubbing fast circles while I held her up. Her pussy dripped onto my cock, slick and hot, the scent of her arousal thick in the air.

I walked us toward the frozen glass walls—no one in the hallway could see through the opacity, but the risk still hung there, electric. I pressed her back against the cool surface, the sudden chill making her gasp into my mouth. I kept her lifted, thighs squeezing my sides, ass resting on my forearms.

With one hand still supporting her, I used the other to guide my cock back to her ass—rubbing the head against her stretched hole, teasing the rim. Then I pushed in—slow, steady, feeling her open around me again, hot and tight, the plug’s earlier work making it easier but still so fucking intense.

We both moaned into the kiss. I started moving—slow rhythm at first, hips rolling forward, sinking deep each time, pulling back just enough to make her feel the drag before thrusting in again. The glass fogged behind her back with every breath, her shoulders sliding slightly against it.

"God, Nala... your ass feels incredible," I murmured against her lips. "So hot... so tight around me... love how you take every inch like this."

She whimpered, fingers rubbing her clit faster. "Evan... deeper... fuck me deeper... I need it..."

I thrust harder, hips snapping forward, cock driving into her ass with steady, deep strokes. Her tits bounced against my chest, nipples scraping my skin, her legs tightening around my waist, heels digging into my lower back. The angle let me hit deep—every plunge making her gasp, her pussy dripping onto my balls, clit swollen under her own fingers.

"You feel that?" I whispered, kissing her neck, sucking lightly. "My cock owning your ass... your pussy dripping for me... you’re so fucking perfect like this... legs wrapped around me, taking me so good..."

"Yes—Evan—love it... love your cock in my ass... fuck me... please..." she moaned, voice breaking, hips rocking to meet my thrusts.

I held her tighter—arms locked under her thighs, pressing her back against the glass harder, hips rolling deeper, grinding against her with every stroke. The position was intimate, raw—her body molded to mine, tits pressed flat against my chest, pussy rubbing against my base, ass clenching around me like it never wanted to let go.

She was close—I could feel it in the way her pussy fluttered, clit throbbing under her fingers, breaths turning short and sharp. The UI flickered in my vision again.

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Nala

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■□ 97%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I ignored it. Not with her. Not today.

Nala moaned louder, chin dropping to my shoulder, fingers rubbing her clit frantically. "Evan, close, fuck... gonna cum..."

I went faster—hips snapping, cock pounding her ass, deep and hard, feeling her walls flutter and grip tighter. She screamed, "EVAN!" body convulsing violently, pussy spasming around nothing, ass clenching hard around my cock as she came. Her climax was intense—legs shaking in my grip, hips bucking wildly, moans raw and desperate, a flood of wetness gushing from her pussy, soaking my thighs and dripping to the floor. Her whole body seized, back arching against the glass, tits pressing harder against my chest, tears of pleasure slipping from her eyes as wave after wave crashed through her, ass pulsing in rhythm with her pussy, milking my cock in tight, desperate contractions.

I moaned harder, the feeling of her coming around me—ass gripping, pussy gushing—pushing me dangerously close, cock throbbing inside her.

I kept pushing into Nala's ass—slow, deep rolls of my hips, cock sliding in and out with pressure, feeling her stretch and grip me every time I bottomed out. The office was silent except for the wet sounds of our bodies, her soft gasps, my low grunts. I spread her ass cheeks wider with both hands, thumbs pulling her open, watching my cock disappear into her tight ring over and over. The sight was filthy—her hole stretched around me, pink and slick, clinging on every withdraw like it didn't want to let go.

I leaned in, kissing her hard—tongue sliding against hers, tasting her moans. My hands moved constantly: one stayed on her ass, squeezing and spreading, the other slid up her back, fingers tangling in her hair to tilt her head so I could kiss her deeper. She wrapped her arms around my neck, nails digging into my shoulders, hips rocking to meet my thrusts.

I broke the kiss and dropped my head to her chest, sucking one nipple into my mouth—hard, tongue swirling, teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp. My free hand cupped

her other tit, thumb rolling the nipple, pinching lightly, then harder when she arched into it. She moaned louder, fingers tightening in my hair, pulling me closer.

"Evan... fuck... your mouth... your cock... don't stop..." she panted, voice shaking.

I switched nipples—sucking deep, tongue flicking fast, hand kneading the breast I'd just left. My hips never stopped—deep, grinding thrusts, cock filling her ass completely each time, her cheeks pressed tight against my pelvis. The glass behind her back was fogged from our heat, her shoulders sliding slightly against it with every roll.

I was close—dangerously close. Cock throbbing, balls tight, pleasure building sharp and hot. Nala was right there too—her hand working her clit faster, pussy dripping onto my base, walls fluttering around nothing while her ass clenched rhythmically around me.

The UI flickered again.

I ignored it... again.

Nala moaned louder, chin dropping to my shoulder, fingers rubbing her clit frantically. "Evan, I'm so fucking close. Oh, fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck... Evan..."

I went faster—hips snapping, cock pounding her ass, deep and hard, feeling her walls flutter and grip tighter. She screamed loudly, body convulsing violently, pussy spasming around her fingers, ass clenching hard around my cock as she came.

Her whole body seized, back arching against the glass, tits pressing harder against my chest, ass pulsing in rhythm with her pussy, milking my cock in tight, desperate contractions.

"Nala. I'm..."

"Cum in me." She muttered. "Fuck me good, Evan. Cum inside my asshole."

"Nala... Nala.. ah, fuck..."

"Cum, Evan. Please, please, please..."

"UGH... FUCK..."

The feeling pushed me over. I moaned harder, cock throbbing violently inside her ass, and came—thick ropes flooding her, pulse after pulse, pleasure exploding through me in waves. I kept thrusting, grinding deep, emptying everything while she shook and sobbed against me, ass clenching in sync with her pussy, milking every drop.

We stayed linked like that for a long moment—bodies pressed together, breathing hard, sweat-slick skin sticking, her legs still wrapped around me, my cock buried deep in her ass, cum slowly leaking out around it.

I pushed one more time—slow, deep—making her whimper, then kissed her softly. "You feel so fucking good... taking my cum in your ass like that... love how you clench around me when you cum..."

She kissed me back, weak but needy. "Evan... your cock... filling me... I love it... love feeling you cum inside me..."

I pulled out slowly, cock slipping free with a wet sound, cum oozing from her stretched hole immediately. I lowered her gently to the floor—her legs shaky, barely holding her weight. She leaned against the glass for support, breathing hard.

I turned her slightly to the side and smacked her ass—firm, the sound sharp. More cum leaked out, dripping down her thighs and onto the floor in thick white streaks.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Nala

EXP Gained: +500

Villain Bonus: +100 EXP

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 540c

The Heart System - Chapter 373[1,572 words]

Chapter 373: Chapter 373

She laughed breathlessly, still panting. "Fuck... you really filled me up... look at that mess."

I smirked, wiping sweat from my brow. "You took it like a champ. Felt so fucking good... your ass gripping me while you came... perfect."

She looked down at the cum dripping from her ass, then back at me, eyes still hazy. "Next time... maybe warn me before you decide to ruin me in my own office."

"I already did. Today."

"How about you warn me a day before it?" She smirked.

I chuckled. "Deal. But you loved it."

She smiled weakly. "Yeah... I did."

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 16)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 4647/7901

I grabbed my pants from the floor, pulled them on quick, and buckled the belt with a sharp click. Leaning against the door, I watched Nala walk to her desk on shaky legs. She grabbed a box of tissues, pulling one out with trembling fingers, and started wiping the cum from her thighs—slow, careful strokes up her inner legs, then turning slightly to clean her ass, the white streaks glistening under the office lights. Damn, it was hot—seeing her like that, composed boss lady turning into this, cleaning my mess with that faint blush on her cheeks. My cock throbbed in my pants again, stirring despite everything. I'd go at her right there if we had time, but we didn't. This was her damn office.

Now that I'd fucked her ass and completed the 'Open Space' quest, the system chimed. Seductive Allure unlocked, plus 500 credits. With the 540 I'd just earned, that put me at 2242c. Perfect. I had credits to burn, so I bought another Mastery Evolve and slotted it into Bliss Multiplier. Now it gave 100% of earned EXP as credits. Damn.

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: 742c

I chuckled under my breath, struggling to tear my eyes away from Nala cleaning herself. Fuck it. I walked over to her desk, grabbed another handful of tissues from the box, and knelt slightly to help—wiping the last streaks from her thighs, gentle but firm, fingers brushing her skin.

Nala glanced down, pausing mid-wipe, a small smile tugging at her lips. "Thanks. You don't have to."

"Hey," I said, looking up at her with a grin. "At least let me clean the mess I made, huh?"

She rolled her eyes but leaned into it a little, letting me finish. "Fine. Boss approves."

As I tossed the used tissues in her trash bin and stood up, exhaling slow, I pulled up my stats.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (||||)

↳ Gaslight (||||)

↳ Emotional Charisma (||||)

↳ Seductive Allure (|)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (||||)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (||||)

↳ Erogenous Insight (|)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (||||)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

7 Unused Ability Points

Seductive Allure boosted Charm in places like clubs and bars. Somewhat useless skill, to be fair. But hey, better than nothing.

"Unlock the door," Nala said, sitting back in her chair, fixing her skirt with careful tugs. "God, I hope no one noticed it, Evan."

"Calm down." I smirked as I walked to the door and unlocked it. "We were quick about it, right?"

"I screamed a lot," she said, rubbing her butt lightly. "It's all your fault. Why did you have to fuck me like that?"

"Fuck like what?" I asked as I walked to the dashboard, unfreezing the glass with a few taps.

"Ugh, you know what I mean." She shook her head, cheeks still flushed. "God, it hurts a little."

"A little?" I laughed. "Damn, I must've not worked you off then."

"Oh, come on." She chuckled, waving a hand. "Come on, leave, Mr. Secretary. Or people'll get the wrong idea."

"Which wrong idea would be the correct one?"

She shook her head again, smiling despite herself. I looked out the now-clear glass—hallway empty, no one around. Then I quickly walked back to her, leaned down, and kissed her on the lips—soft, lingering. She got a little shy, cheeks pinkening again, then waved me off with a small laugh.

I left the room, closing the door softly behind me, and walked back to my desk.

I sat down, leaned back in the chair, and exhaled. Nala was just the cutest—trying to act all professional after screaming my name against her own office window. Fuck. I loved her.

"Now I have to fuck Carrie one last time," I muttered under my breath. "Then I can finally get rid of this Sadist reputation with the credits I'm going to earn."

I leaned back in my chair and stared up at the ceiling. My eyes traced the faint cracks and uneven paint, but my mind wasn't really on anything. I wasn't planning, worrying, or replaying memories. I was just... empty for a moment, letting time pass.

My phone buzzing snapped me out of it.

I frowned slightly and reached into my pocket, pulling it out. The caller ID showed Cora's name.

"Hello?" I said as I lifted the phone to my ear. "Cora?"

"Esme," Esme corrected in a bored, flat tone. "How are you, Evan?"

"I'm good," I replied. "Don't you have your own phone? Why are you calling from your sister's?"

"Mine's charging," she said. "I was too lazy to go get it."

"Oh. Right." I smiled faintly. "So... did something happen?"

"My sister masturbated with the teddy bear you bought for me," she said casually. "She was grinding on it. Now it's wet. So my teddy is basically hers now."

I froze for half a second. "Oh. That's..." I cleared my throat. "Okay. Yeah. That's... wow."

"Can you buy me another one?" she asked, completely unfazed.

"S-sure," I said. "Hey, remember that anime convention I told you about?"

"Yes?"

"Nala told me they'll have carnival-style games where you can win prizes," I explained. "How about we play those, and if we win, I'll give you one from there?"

"Too much effort," she muttered. "Ugh. Why is my sister such a horny woman?"

"Hey, heat of the moment," I chuckled. "I think. I don't know. Anyway, I'll let you know when the convention happens, okay?"

"Okay, Evan," she said. "Thank you."

"Yeah," I replied. "Sorry about your teddy. But don't worry. We'll get you a new one. A better one."

"I hope so," she muttered. "Bye-bye."

"Bye," I said.

I ended the call and slipped my phone back into my pocket, leaning back again. Cora was definitely out of line this time, even by her standards. Still, judging by Esme's tone, she didn't seem all that bothered.

Come to think of it, Esme rarely seemed to care about anything at all.



I was outside under the TechForge building's awning, hood pulled up, letting the rain hit the concrete just past the edge of the shelter. It wasn't pouring, just a steady, gentle drizzle that blurred the city lights and made everything smell like wet asphalt and ozone. I leaned one shoulder against the pillar and took a slow drag from my cigarette, exhaling upward and watching the smoke mix with the rain-heavy air.

A few other people were out there too. The entrance sat above a short flight of stairs, and along the railings people lingered in their own little bubbles. Two guys were hunched over takeout cups of noodles, steam fogging up their glasses as they talked about some deadline they were definitely going to miss. Someone else was scrolling on their phone with one hand, cigarette glowing in the other. It was one of those quiet, shared moments where nobody interacted, but everyone existed together anyway.

I took another drag and tilted my head back, eyes following the clouds crawling across the sky. The rain dotted my hood with a soft, rhythmic tapping that almost put me at ease.

The automatic doors slid open behind me with a soft hiss.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw Amelia step out, her coat pulled tight around her, glasses already speckled with rain. She hesitated at the top of the stairs like she was bracing herself.

I flicked the cigarette away, watching the butt tumble down the steps before landing near a drain, and gave her a small nod.

"Ready for your lesson?" I asked.

"Y-yeah," she said, her voice a little shaky. She took a breath, then let it out slowly. "I think I am. I'm excited. Or nervous. I don't know which one it is anymore."

"Probably both," I said. "Come on. It'll be fine. And honestly? It might even be fun."

"Mm..."

She gave a tight smile and nodded.

We went down the stairs together, the rain growing a little louder as we stepped out from under the awning. The parking lot stretched out in front of us, half-full, the painted lines glistening under the overhead lights. My car sat near the edge, water beading on the hood.

Amelia slowed when we reached it.

"You're driving," I said, tossing her the keys.

She caught them with a surprised little gasp. "Right. Yes. Driving."

The Heart System - Chapter 374[1,819 words]

Chapter 374: Chapter 374

We got in, her in the driver's seat and me in the passenger seat. The interior felt warm compared to outside, the faint smell of old leather and coffee wrapping around us. Amelia adjusted her seat three times, then the mirrors, then the seat again.

"Take your time," I said. "There's no rush."

She nodded, hands hovering over the steering wheel like it might bite her.

"Okay," I said. "First things first. Foot on the brake. Good. Now start the engine."

She did, the car coming to life with a low hum that made her stiffen.

"It's supposed to do that," I added as I pulled the handbrake down.

"I know," she said quickly. "I just... wasn't ready for it."

I smiled. "Alright. Ease off the brake just a little. Don't touch the gas yet."

The car crept forward.

"Oh," she said, eyes widening. "It's moving."

"Cars tend to do that," I replied. "You're doing fine. Steer left and follow the lane."

Her movements were stiff, overcorrecting the wheel, and the car wobbled slightly before straightening out.

"Easy," I said. "Small movements. The wheel isn't a fight. Think of it like guiding, not forcing."

She adjusted, her grip loosening a bit.

We circled the first row of parked cars, tires hissing softly against the wet pavement. A safety cone sat abandoned near the edge, and she swerved a little too sharply to avoid it. I had no idea why a cone was just on the edge. But I guessed it was probably carried there by the wind.

"Brake," I said calmly.

She slammed it, the car jolting to a stop.

"Sorry," she blurted. "I'm sorry, I panicked."

"It's fine," I said. "Nothing happened. See? That's why we're here. Try again, but slower this time."

She nodded, cheeks flushed, and eased us forward again. This time, she navigated around the safety cone smoothly.

"Good," I said. "See the difference?"

"Yeah," she admitted. "I guess I just... overthink everything."

"Most people do," I said. "Driving just makes it obvious."

She let out a small laugh, tension easing from her shoulders.

We drove a few more loops around the lot, the rain streaking across the windshield while the wipers moved in a steady rhythm. Amelia started asking questions as we went, about how to judge distance, how fast was too fast, how to tell what the car was doing beneath her.

I answered each one, pointing things out as they came up, letting her make small mistakes and correct them herself.

At one point, she drifted a little too close to a parked SUV.

"Okay, steer right," I said.

She hesitated, then turned too much.

"Now straighten," I added.

The car wobbled, then settled back into the lane.

Her breath came out in a shaky laugh. "That felt way worse than it actually was."

"That's driving in a nutshell," I said. "Your brain screams disaster, but most of the time, it's just noise."

We kept talking as she drove, about work, about Project Phoenix, about how she'd never really needed to learn before. The conversation flowed easily, filling the space between instructions. The parking lot lights reflected off the wet ground, turning everything soft and almost cozy.

After a while, she glanced at me. "I'm... not as scared anymore."

"Told you," I said. "Alright. Let's try parking."

Her eyes widened again. "Already?"

"Yeah," I said. "You've got this. Pull into that spot up ahead."

She lined the car up, hesitated, then eased in. She corrected once, twice, then stopped.

The car sat perfectly between the lines.

She stared straight ahead, frozen.

"Did I do it?" she asked quietly.

I looked around, then nodded. "You did it."

Her shoulders sagged as she laughed, relief flooding her face. "That wasn't nearly as bad as I thought."

"Exactly," I said. "Nothing to be afraid of. Just practice."

She turned off the engine and sat back, a small, proud smile on her lips.

"Thank you, Evan," she said. "Really."

I nodded. "Anytime."

EVENT

=====

Amelia's Interest +2

We got out of the car and started toward the stairs, the rain already thinning to a mist. Amelia walked a half-step ahead of me, posture straight, hands tucked into her coat pockets like she hadn't just driven a car for the first time without killing either of us.

We climbed the stairs together, shoes tapping against the wet concrete.

A few workers who'd been lingering by the railings noticed us, and then—unexpectedly—someone started clapping. It was slow at first, then a couple more joined in.

"Look at you, Amelia!" one of them said, grinning. "Drove like a boss."

"You were about to hit my SUV," a man added with a laugh. "My heart nearly jumped out of my ass."

I leaned against the railing and raised a brow. "Hey, she did good, didn't she?"

"Yeah, you go, girl!" a woman chimed in.

Amelia froze for half a second.

I wasn't used to seeing her like that. She was usually all sharp edges and sharper focus, eyes precise behind those glasses, voice calm and controlled. Smiling wasn't really part of her usual toolkit, let alone being the center of attention.

Her ears turned a faint red.

She cleared her throat, straightened her back, and just like that the softness vanished. Her eyes hardened, her expression smoothed into its familiar seriousness. She fixed her hair, adjusted her glasses, crossed her arms, and ignored them like they weren't even there.

Then she turned to me.

"Thanks again, Evan," she said. "I have to go now."

"Y-yeah," I replied, a little caught off guard by how fast she snapped back into herself. "Goodbye, Amelia. Let's do it again tomorrow, yeah?"

"Yeah," she said after a brief pause. "Sure."

She walked back toward the automatic doors without looking back.

One of the women nearby exhaled loudly. "Damn. She's always so cold."

I kept my gaze forward, pretending I hadn't heard anything, though my ears definitely had.

"Yeah," another voice said. "She's always been like that, hasn't she?"

"Well," someone else added, lowering their voice, "she's got something going on in her personal life. What is it? No idea."

"Come on," the first woman said. "Our order's probably ready."

They headed inside, talking over each other.

I stayed there a few seconds longer, looking up at the sky. The clouds were still heavy, but the rain had mostly stopped. I clapped my hands together once and exhaled.

Something going on with her personal life, huh? That thought stuck with me as I went back into the building.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Probing

- Task: Invite Amelia to your place.

- Reward: 350 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

"Well," I muttered under my breath, pressing Yes as I stepped into the elevator, "why not..."

The elevator was already half-full. A couple of people stared at their phones, someone hummed quietly along with the awful elevator music, and no one spoke. The doors closed, and the awkward silence settled in like it always did.

When the doors finally opened, I stepped out and headed back to my desk.

Now I had another thing to take care of.

I sat down, leaned back in my chair, and pulled my phone out. Kim had already given me Carrie's original number. I dialed it without hesitating.

It rang a few times.

She picked up.

"Same place," I said. "Same time."

There was silence on the other end, long enough for me to wonder if the call had dropped.

"...Okay," Carrie finally said.

The line went dead.

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling.

"Well," I muttered, slipping the phone back into my pocket, "it'll be a fun night."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 21 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

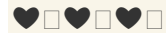
Minne: Interest: 38 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 12 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 7 / 20

Esme: Interest: 15 / 20



I unlocked the door with the keycard and stepped inside first. The girls followed behind me—Jasmine, Nala, Tessa, and Kim—filling the entryway with the usual mix of footsteps and quiet chatter.

Minne came out from the kitchen with a towel in her hands. She smiled when she saw me, and I smiled back without really thinking about it.

Then Tessa walked into the living room.

She stopped dead.

Her eyes locked onto the cat bed beside the couch, where Kim was curled up, the cat—not the real one, black fur puffed out, completely at ease like she'd always lived here. Tessa didn't move. Her face didn't change either. She just stood there, staring.

I walked up behind her and gently patted her shoulder. "Hope you like her."

Kim's voice cut in immediately, bright and curious. "Aw, is she Kim? Minne's cat? We share the same name!"

Before anyone could stop her, Kim crouched down, scooped the cat up, and lifted her into her arms. The cat barely reacted, just letting herself be held like it was expected.

I sighed. "We should change your name, Kim."

Jasmine laughed softly as she walked over and reached out to pet the cat. "Not the cat's name. Hers," she said with a grin. "Ohh, who's the good girl? Who's the sleepy girl?"

The cat blinked once and relaxed even more.

Tessa still hadn't moved. Her expression was unreadable, eyes fixed on the cat like she was trying to decide whether it was real.

I bumped her shoulder lightly. "Come on. Say hello to her."

She finally looked at me.

"Did you really get me a cat because you took pity on me?" she asked. Her voice was flat, but there was an edge under it.

"I thought—" I started.

She scoffed. "God, Evan. You're such an idiot."

She dropped her purse onto the dinner table with a dull thud and walked straight to her bedroom. The door closed behind her, harder than necessary.

No one said anything.

Kim slowly lowered the cat back onto the bed. Kim the cat curled up again immediately, purring like nothing had happened.

I took off my jacket and went back to the door, hanging it up in silence. The apartment felt too quiet now. The only sound was the cat's steady purr.

Jasmine exhaled. "I'll go talk to her."

She walked down the hallway and opened Tessa's door without knocking. It shut a moment later with a sharp click.

I rubbed the back of my neck. "Damn. I thought she'd be happy. I think I messed up."

Nala shook her head. "She's just being a little sassy. She'll get over it. Don't worry."

"Hmm."

Minne cleared her throat softly. "Um... I'll... I'll get dinner ready, Master."

"Thanks, Minne."

"Mmm."

The Heart System - Chapter 375[1,946 words]

Chapter 375: Chapter 375

I walked into the common bathroom and flicked the light on. The mirror looked back at me, same tired eyes, same neutral face. I leaned over the sink and washed my face with cold water, letting it wake me up a little.

A few moments later, the door opened behind me.

Kim stepped inside and closed it. She exhaled, then crossed her arms as she leaned back against the wall. We looked at each other through the mirror for a few seconds. Neither of us said anything at first. That whole exchange with Tessa had sucked the air out of the apartment.

"You did the right thing, Evan," she said eventually.

"Yeah... maybe." I shut the tap and straightened. "I just hope Tessa sees it that way too. It feels like I shoved myself into her life without asking."

"You didn't," Kim said simply.

I shrugged. "We'll see, I guess."

As I stepped past her to leave, she caught my arm. Before I could say anything, she leaned in and kissed me. It was quick and soft, like she was grounding me more than anything else.

I smiled at her, then left the bathroom. Behind me, I heard the door lock.

I grabbed a cigarette from my pocket and headed for the balcony. I slid the glass door open, stepped outside, and lit it up. The rain was still falling, light and steady, tapping against the concrete and the metal railings. The small awning above kept me dry.

I exhaled smoke and stared out at the city lights.

My thoughts drifted back to Tessa. The way she froze. The way she snapped. The more I replayed it, the worse the idea felt. The stray cat she'd been feeding would have faded into memory in a few days. Instead, I might have turned it into something heavier. Something she hadn't asked for.

The glass door slid open behind me.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw Nala step out. She closed the door and walked up beside me, resting her arms on the railing. She looked out over the city for a moment before turning her head toward me.

"There's an anime convention tomorrow evening," she said. "Well, not a full one. 'Here I Am' is having its finale today, so they're doing a small celebration. It's at a coffee shop nearby. Karach."

"Hmm." I nodded. "I'll let Cora and Esme know. Thanks, Nala."

"Anytime." She smiled and kissed my cheek. "Dinner will be ready in a minute, so don't be late. And don't freeze to death out here."

"I'll try," I said with a chuckle. "Hey. You liked the cat, right?"

"I love cats," she said easily. "I think it'll be good for Tessa. She's just... complicated. Jasmine probably understands her best."

"Yeah."

"She'll talk her through it," Nala said. Then she shivered. "Okay, I'm freezing. I'm going back inside."

"Alright," I said. "I'll call Cora and come in."

She nodded and left.

I pulled my phone out and dialed Cora. After a few beeps, she picked up.

"Hey, Cora," I said. "How are you?"

"I'm making dinner," she said, then sighed. "And... I'm sorry about the teddy bear."

"You can make it up to me tomorrow," I replied. "It'll be in the evening. You and Esme are coming, right?"

"Coming where?"

"The anime thing I told you about. Cosplay event. 'Here I Am.' You'll need to dress accordingly."

"I don't even know that show," she protested. "Evan, I don't want to."

"You have to," I said calmly. "No backing out. Both of you are coming."

"Umm..."

"For me," I added. "Please?"

She hesitated, then sighed. "Okay... fine. I'll look it up and see what I can do. Can you text me the location?"

"Yeah. It's a coffee shop called Karach. I'll send you everything."

"O-okay."

"Take care, Cora," I said. "And say hi to Esme for me."

"I will..." she said, then trailed off and hung up.

I smiled to myself, took one last drag, and stepped a little into the rain to stub the cigarette out in the ashtray near the sunbeds. I clapped my hands together once and headed back inside. Tomorrow evening. Karach. Cora and Esme. It sounded like a disaster waiting to happen, but at least it wouldn't be boring.

I walked to the dining table and sat down.

Dinner was already laid out. It was more luxurious than usual. Grilled meat glazed with sauce, a bowl of steaming rice, sautéed vegetables, and a small dish of something creamy and rich on the side. The smell alone made my stomach tighten.

Jasmine and Tessa still weren't there.

We took our seats. Kim glanced toward the hallway. "Should we wait... or?"

"It looks like they'll take a while," I said. "Let's eat."

They didn't argue.

We started eating, the clink of cutlery filling the silence at first. The food was excellent. The meat was tender, the sauce sweet and savory at the same time.

"Can you pass the salt?" Kim asked.

I slid it across the table. "This is really good, Minne."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

Nala set her chopsticks down for a moment and sighed. "I swear, if I have one more meeting where everyone talks in circles and nobody decides anything, I'm going to lose my mind."

Kim snorted. "Let me guess. Three hours long?"

"Two and a half," Nala corrected. "And that's only because I cut it short."

I glanced at her. "You cut a meeting short?"

"Yes," she said flatly. "I told them we were getting nowhere, that half of the points could be resolved by email, and that the rest needed actual data instead of vibes."

Kim laughed. "God, I wish I could've seen their faces."

"They looked offended," Nala said, picking her chopsticks back up. "Especially the consultant. You know the type. Expensive suit, fancy words, zero substance."

I chewed slowly. "Let me guess. He said something like 'We need to realign our vision?'"

"Exactly that," Nala replied, pointing at me with her chopsticks. "Those exact words."

Minne smiled faintly at her plate, listening more than speaking. She reached for her glass, then hesitated.

"Do you want more rice?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes, please."

I scooped some onto her plate and slid the bowl back to the center of the table.

Kim leaned back in her chair and rolled her shoulders. "At least you deal with meetings. I had to fix someone else's mess again today."

"Oh?" Nala said. "What happened this time?"

"Inventory," Kim replied. "Someone logged a shipment twice. We thought we had double the stock, planned around it, and then, surprise, we didn't."

"That's bad," I said.

"Bad is one word for it," Kim said dryly. "I spent half my day explaining why numbers matter and why 'I thought it looked right' is not a valid system."

Minne tilted her head slightly. "Did... did they apologize?"

Kim scoffed. "No. They said it was confusing software."

I raised an eyebrow. "Is it?"

"Not even a little," Kim said. "It's literally color-coded. I'm still a newbie in the company, and even I can do it without messing it up. Like... ugh. Some people, I swear."

Nala smiled into her glass. "People will blame anything except themselves."

"Always," Kim agreed. She took another bite, then added, "At least the food here makes up for it. This is really good."

Minne flushed a little. "I'm glad you like it."

"It's rich," I said. "Did you change the recipe?"

"Yes," Minne said softly. "I added a little more cream and cooked it longer."

"Well, don't stop," Kim said. "If this becomes the standard, I'm not complaining."

There was a small, comfortable laugh around the table.

I leaned back slightly, watching them talk. Nala mentioned an upcoming deadline. Kim complained about coffee prices going up again. Minne listened, occasionally nodding, occasionally adding a quiet comment.

Then, in the middle of our dinner, we heard a door open.

Every one of us glanced toward the hallway.

Tessa's door opened, and a moment later she and Jasmine stepped into the living room.

Neither of them said anything.

They just pulled out chairs and sat down at the table, plates already set, and started eating like they'd been there the whole time. Forks clinked softly against porcelain. The rhythm of chewing filled the space where words probably should've been.

I kept eating too.

I cut into the meat slowly, took a bite, chewed longer than necessary. The food was still warm, rich, comforting—but the air had shifted. There was something tight in my chest, like I was bracing for a question I didn't know how to answer yet. I swallowed, took a sip of water, then another bite. My jaw worked steadily, methodically, like if I focused hard enough on the act of eating, everything else would just... smooth itself out.

It didn't.

Tessa leaned back in her chair and exhaled hard, rubbing both hands down her face like she was wiping off a mask she'd been wearing all day.

"Okay," she said finally. "I'm sorry, Evan."

I glanced at her. "I didn't get the cat for you to be sorry," I said. "I got her for the opposite reason. For you to be happy."

Tessa clicked her tongue and shook her head. "Don't make me feel like a jerk."

"I'm not."

"I'm already doing that on my own," she muttered, then looked at me properly. "I overreacted. I know you meant well. I just... panicked, I guess."

I nodded once. "Yeah. Hey. Thanks for apologizing."

She let out a small breath, shoulders dropping a little. "So... we need to change her name."

Kim raised an eyebrow. "Already?"

"We already have a troublemaker named Kim in this house," Tessa continued, smirking faintly. "Let's hope the cat won't run away like our Kim did."

"That's a low blow," Kim said, exhaling through her nose, sarcasm sharp but not angry.

Jasmine snorted into her glass.

Tessa tapped her fork against her plate, thinking. "What about Mik?"

"Mik?" I repeated.

"Flip Kim," she said. "M-I-K. Mik."

I shrugged and glanced toward Minne. "What do you think?"

Minne smiled softly. "It's cute."

"Well," I said, looking over at the cat bed near the couch where the black lump of fur was still very much asleep, "I guess her name's Mik now."

The cat didn't react. Not even an ear twitch.

I shook my head. "I swear, this one's as lazy as Esme."

"Damn," Tessa said, pointing her fork across the table. "Look at Nala. Eating with chopsticks. Miss cool-gal over here."

Nala didn't even look up. "You don't know how to use them?"

"Fuck no, I don't," Tessa replied immediately.

"Well," Nala said calmly, "Minne taught me."

Tessa blinked. "Really?"

Nala nodded. "Minne's mom's Japanese."

"I didn't know that," Tessa said. "That's actually really cool."

"Mm," Nala said. "Her name's Hana."

"You gotta teach me too, Maid," Tessa said, turning to Minne with a grin. "I wanna look cool as well."

Minne smiled, a little brighter this time. "Of course. I can do that."

"Oh," Nala added after a bite, "speaking of teaching—Evan, you taught Amelia how to drive today, right? I saw you two from the window."

"Yep," I said. "She's still very much a beginner, but she's getting there."

"I've seen her on the bus a few times," Kim said. "Always wondered why she didn't just buy a car. Her wage could easily allow it."

"Apparently," I said, "she doesn't know how to drive."

"Huh," Nala murmured. "She always struck me as the type who'd have everything planned already."

She nodded once to herself and went back to eating.

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The conversation softened again after that. Forks scraping lightly. Glasses clinking. Someone asking for the salt. Someone else reaching across the table to pass it. I finished the last of my food, exhaled quietly, and wiped my mouth with the napkin Minne had set beside my plate.

"That was delicious, Minne," I said as I stood up. "Seriously."

"I'm glad you liked it, Master," she replied.

I stretched, rolling my shoulders, then glanced at the time on my phone.

"Hey," I added, looking around the room, "when should we feed the cat?"

"I'll ask Emma when she fed her last," Minne said. "I'll handle Mik, Master. Don't worry."

I nodded, slipping my phone back into my pocket.

Welp, dinner was over. And now?

Tonight. One last meeting. Then that would be it.



The coffee shop across the hotel was warm and dim, the kind of place that smelled like burnt beans and wet coats. I sat near the window, legs crossed, coffee cooling in my hands while the rain hammered the glass outside. Carrie was in the room, surely. I just wasn't checking. Letting her wait felt intentional, like drawing a line I should've drawn earlier.

I took a slow sip and watched the streetlights smear across the pavement as cars passed. The rain had turned heavy, relentless, the kind that soaked through everything if you stood in it too long.

My phone buzzed.

Delilah.

I smiled despite myself and answered. "Hey, you."

"Hey, Evan," she said. "Is this a good time?"

"Yeah," I said. "It's fine. What's up?"

"Today... Ivy and I talked."

"Oh?" I leaned back slightly, eyes still on the window.

"She asked me if I had a boyfriend. Not asked, actually. More like interrogated."

I let out a quiet breath. "What did you say?"

Delilah snorted softly. "Yeah, I told her I'm fucking her best friend behind her back and I'm pregnant with his baby."

"Right," I said dryly.

"Of course I didn't say anything," she continued. "But she's getting suspicious, Evan. My belly's getting rounder. It's only a matter of time."

"We'll figure it out," I said. "What else did you two talk about?"

"She said she just wants me to be happy," Delilah replied. "But she also said she'd have trouble accepting my new boyfriend."

"Was she angry?"

"No," Delilah said, and hesitated. "That's the weird part. She was calm. She even said she supports me, that I deserve to be happy. But it felt... mixed. Like she was bracing herself."

"So she finally listened to me," I said.

There was a pause. "Was this your idea?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "And it worked, didn't it?"

"Worked?" she repeated. "I don't know. I think we're just delaying the inevitable. She's going to find out I'm pregnant sooner or later. What am I supposed to say then? What if she suddenly wants to be the supportive daughter and meet this 'boyfriend'?"

"We'll deal with it when it comes," I said. "We just need a little more time."

"I don't know," Delilah murmured. "I'm nervous."

"I know," I said gently.

"Shit," she whispered. "Ivy's coming. I need to go."

"Alright," I said. "I love you."

"I love you too."

The call ended. I stared at the dark screen for a moment, then slipped the phone back into my pocket. I finished my coffee, stood up, and pulled my hood over my head before stepping out into the rain.

The street was loud with water and traffic. I crossed quickly, shoulders hunched, and headed into the hotel. The lobby was quiet, polished marble reflecting soft yellow light. I went straight to the elevator and pressed five.

The doors closed. Elevator music filled the space, thin and awkward. I waited, hands in my pockets, watching the numbers climb.

The doors dinged open on the fifth floor. I stepped out into the carpeted hallway and walked down to 5C. I stopped in front of the door, took a breath, then unlocked it and stepped inside.

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me with a soft click, locking it. The room was dim, lit only by the red neon bleeding through the curtains, casting long shadows across the bed. Carrie stood in front of it, completely naked except for black knee-high socks clinging to her calves. Her body looked incredible, tits heavy, nipples already hard in the cool air, pussy shaved smooth and glistening faintly between her thighs.

I walked toward her slowly, shrugging off my jacket and letting it drop to the floor with a soft thud.

"What an eager bitch you are. Already here, huh?" I asked.

She didn't answer back.

"My jacket. Pick it up," I said, voice low.

Carrie started to walk past me to grab it. As she did, I reached out fast, fingers tangling in her hair, yanking her head back sharply. She gasped, stumbling, body arching instinctively.

"I didn't know dogs could walk?" I said, pulling just hard enough to make her scalp tingle.

A small, involuntary moan escaped her lips—half-pain, half-pleasure—then she dropped to her knees without another word, hands flat on the carpet, ass high.

I put one foot on her ass—firm, pressing her down slightly—and pushed. "Crawl."

She obeyed immediately, crawling forward on all fours, tits swaying beneath her, nipples brushing the rough carpet. She reached the jacket, leaned down, and took it in her mouth—teeth gripping the fabric, drool already starting to darken it. Then she crawled back toward the bed, ass swaying, socks sliding against the floor, jacket dangling from her lips like a prize.

She climbed onto the bed, placed the jacket carefully on the mattress, then looked up at me—eyes wide, waiting.

"Good girl," I said.

I stripped fully, shirt, pants, underwear, tossing everything aside. My cock was already hard, throbbing, pre-cum beading at the tip. I sat on the edge of the bed, legs spread, and waited.

Carrie understood instantly. She crawled toward me, tits swaying with each movement. When she reached me, she placed both hands on my thighs—fingers digging in slightly—and leaned in, nose brushing my cock first, inhaling deep, then lower to my balls. She nuzzled them, lips grazing the skin, tongue flicking out to taste—slow, reverent laps, then longer drags, breathing hot against me. She moaned softly, the sound vibrating through my sack, her nose pressing into the base of my shaft as she inhaled again, like she was savoring every inch of my scent.

"Tell me what you are," I asked, voice rough.

"A bitch," she moaned, burying her face deeper into my balls, tongue lapping at them hungrily.

"What are you?"

"A slut."

"What are you?"

"A whore," she whimpered, voice muffled against my skin. "A cum-hungry whore."

I grabbed her by the hair, pulled her head back just enough to look into her eyes. "Open your mouth."

Carrie obeyed instantly—mouth falling open wide, tongue flat and waiting, drool already pooling at the corners.

I spat directly into her mouth—thick and wet. She swallowed without hesitation, throat working, then opened her mouth again, showing me her tongue, clean and shiny.

"Now suck my cock."

Carrie dove forward immediately—lips wrapping around the head, tongue swirling fast, then pushing down in one smooth motion, taking me deep into her throat. She deepthroated me hungrily, like she'd been waiting all day for this, nose pressing against my pelvis, throat convulsing around my shaft. She gagged softly but didn't pull off—instead bobbed faster, sloppy and wet, spit dripping from her lips, running down my balls in thick strings. Her cheeks hollowed with every suck, tongue flicking the underside on every upstroke, moaning around me, the vibrations shooting straight through my cock.

"Fuck... that's it," I groaned, hand tightening in her hair. "Take it deeper... choke on it like the greedy little cock-slut you are... show me how much you've been craving this."

She moaned louder, gagging again, spit bubbling from her lips, eyes watering as she forced herself down harder, throat squeezing me tight. Her hands gripped my thighs, nails digging in, tits swaying beneath her as her head bobbed frantically—sloppy, desperate, hungry.

Fucking hell. She was hungry as fuck, devouring my cock like that.

I watched her, on her knees in those black knee-high socks, tits heaving with every breath, pussy glistening between her thighs. Carrie's mouth was a mess—lips swollen, spit shining on her chin, eyes watering from the deepthroats she'd already taken. She leaned in again, tongue out, lapping at the head before wrapping her lips around me tight. She pushed down slowly at first, then faster, taking me deeper inch by inch, her throat opening up for me. Her nose hit my thighs finally, buried against my skin, cock lodged deep in her throat, the bulge visible under her jaw. She held it there, gagging softly, body shuddering, but she didn't pull back—eyes locked on mine, hungry, desperate, like she was proving she could handle it.

I groaned low, pleasure spiking sharp as her throat contracted around me. "Fuck... that's it... take it deeper... choke on that cock like you were born for it."

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She moaned around me, vibration sending jolts through my shaft, spit bubbling from her lips, dripping down my balls in thick, warm streams. Her hands gripped my thighs harder, nails digging in, legs shifting on the carpet as she tried to steady herself, knees spreading wider for balance.

I grabbed her head with both hands—fingers tangling in her hair—and pushed down harder, holding her there, nose crushed against my pelvis, cock fully sheathed in her throat.

She gagged hard, body convulsing, saliva flooding out in waves, dripping from her chin onto the floor in puddles. Her hands moved frantically, clutching my legs, then slapping at my thighs lightly in reflex, legs kicking slightly behind her as she struggled for air. Tears streamed from her eyes, mascara running in black lines, but she didn't fight—moans muffled and desperate, throat squeezing me in spasms.

I kept her like that—seconds stretching, her face turning red, gags turning wet and choked. "Fucking take it... that's what sluts like you are for... choking on cock..."

Then I raised one hand, keeping the other firmly on her head, and slapped my own hand down, thud, forcing her head lower, making her gag again, throat convulsing wildly.

"SLUT."

Another thud. Her body jerked, spit spraying from her lips.

"SLUT."

Thud. She sobbed around me, legs kicking, hands clawing at my thighs.

"SLUT!"

Thud. Tears poured down her face, nose buried deeper, throat squeezing so tight it almost hurt.

"FUCKING SLUT!"

Thud. She screamed muffled against me, body shaking violently, saliva gushing out, pooling on the carpet.

She gagged harder, breath completely blocked, face purple, eyes bulging, body thrashing—hands slapping my legs, legs kicking behind her, desperate for air.

I finally let her go—yanked her head back by the hair.

Carrie screamed, pulling off with a wet, gasping cough, taking a deep breath that turned into a sob. Spit drooled from her mouth in thick strings, chin shiny, face a wreck—mascara smeared, cheeks flushed, tears streaming.

I reached down, rubbed the spit on her face—fingers smearing it across her cheeks, over her lips, mixing with her tears.

Then rubbed more—palming her face, spreading the mess, making her skin glisten with it, her makeup ruined completely.

I spat on her face again—thick glob landing on her forehead, dripping down toward her eye.

She panted, eyes half-lidded, body still shaking, but she looked up at me—broken, needy, ready for more.

"Why did you come?" I asked, holding her cheek—not forcefully, just enough to tilt her face up so she had to look at me. My thumb brushed the corner of her mouth, still slick from spit and tears. "Why didn't you say no?"

Carrie swallowed hard, chest rising and falling fast. Her eyes locked on mine, glassy and red-rimmed. "My body wanted it."

"Your body?"

"I... never felt like this before." She panted, leaning her cheek fully into my hand now, head tilting slightly like she was seeking comfort in the touch. "You... I don't know. This is weird. And I love it."

"You love it?"

"I... I... I don't..."

I mimicked her stammering, voice low and mocking. "I... I... I... Enough mumbling. Get up. Sit on my cock."

Carrie nodded quickly, scrambling up from the floor. Her knees were red from the carpet, tits swaying heavily as she moved. She tried to straddle me facing forward, pussy hovering over my cock.

I slapped her left tit hard—the sound cracked through the room, flesh jiggling, a fresh red handprint blooming on her skin.

"Don't face me, fucking whore," I growled. "I don't wanna see your disgusting face. Turn that fat ass toward me."

Carrie whimpered, nodding fast, and turned around. She backed up slowly, ass toward me, then lowered herself—pussy lips parting around my cock as she sank down inch by inch, taking me deep until her ass rested against my hips. She moaned low, body trembling, ass cheeks spreading wide against my pelvis.

I groaned, the heat and tightness overwhelming. I wrapped my arms around her waist, hands splaying across her soft stomach, pulling her back tight against my chest. She started jumping—slow at first, then faster, ass slapping against me, pussy sliding up and down my shaft in wet, rhythmic strokes. From behind, her tits were visible even like this—heavy, sagging slightly with gravity, swaying and bouncing wildly beneath her with every drop. Her nipples were swollen, swinging forward then back, the motion hypnotic. Her back arched, spine curving, ass cheeks rippling with each impact, the black socks still on her calves making her look even more depraved.

"Fuck... look at those saggy tits bouncing," I rasped, one hand sliding up to grab one, squeezing hard. "You're such a filthy whore."

Carrie moaned louder, hips slamming down faster. "Yes—fuck—love it—love your cock inside me—"

I removed my hands from her waist and grabbed her stomach—pinching the soft flesh hard, fingers digging in. "You fat pig... look at this belly jiggling while you fuck yourself on me. Disgusting."

She cried out, body shaking harder, pussy clenching tight around me.

I pushed her forward suddenly—her hands hitting the floor in front of her, ass still impaled on my cock. She moaned louder, tits hanging low and swaying, ass high, pussy stretched around me. I slapped her ass—hard, the flesh rippling, turning pink immediately. Then again. Again. Again. Each slap made her ass bloom redder, handprints overlapping, skin hot and stinging. The view was perfect—her hole stretched wide around my cock, ass cheeks quivering with every impact, pussy dripping down my shaft, tits swinging forward like pendulums, nipples brushing the carpet.

"Fucking take it," I growled, slapping again. "Look at this fat ass jiggling... red and marked like the pig you are... you love being slapped while I fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes... fuck yes—slap me—mark me..." she moaned, pushing back harder.

The UI flickered in my vision.

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Carrie

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 99%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Carrie moved frantically—hips bucking, ass slamming back, pussy clenching desperately, chasing the peak. But I grabbed her hips hard, held her down, pinning her in place so she couldn't move.

She moaned, gritting her teeth, body shaking violently. A few seconds passed—her orgasm faded, slipping away, leaving her trembling and frustrated, pussy fluttering uselessly around my cock.

I slapped her ass again—harder. "You don't get to cum until I say, you greedy fucking pig. Look at you—desperate, shaking, dripping like a bitch in heat... but you're too pathetic to even finish without my permission."

She sobbed, hips twitching helplessly. "Please... Evan... let me... I need it..."

"Not yet," I said, slapping again. "You're nothing but a worthless cum-dump... begging for release like a street bitch. Pathetic."

I kept slapping—left cheek, right cheek, alternating, her ass turning bright red, handprints overlapping, skin hot and stinging. She moaned with each hit, body shaking, pussy clenching tighter, tears streaming down her face.

I grabbed her ass with both hands—fingers digging into the soft, thick flesh—and yanked her down hard, cock sinking even deeper into her pussy. She gasped, body jolting, walls clenching tight around me as I bottomed out. Then I pushed her off roughly, hands shoving her hips forward. Carrie fell belly-first onto the carpet with a soft thud, tits flattening against the floor, ass still up slightly from the momentum.

I stood over her, breathing heavy, cock glistening and throbbing. I kicked her left tit lightly with my foot—not hard enough to hurt, just enough to make it jiggle and her gasp.

"Crawl over to the bed," I said. "Put your hands on it, arch that ass up."

Carrie flipped over quickly, crawling on her hands and knees across the carpet. Her tits swayed beneath her, nipples brushing the rough fibers, ass swaying with each movement. She reached the bed, placed both hands on the mattress, and arched her back high—ass pushed out, legs spread, pussy and asshole on full display, still slick from earlier.

I walked to the mini fridge on the desk, opened it, and grabbed a cold bottle of beer. I tossed it in the air once, caught it smoothly, and walked back to the bed.

I put one foot on her lower back—pressing down just enough to keep her pinned, ass held high—and exhaled slow.

Carrie glanced back over her shoulder, eyes wide. "W-what are you..."

I spat into my palm, rubbed it over her asshole—slow circles, slicking the tight ring with spit. She tried to move forward, squirming, but I pressed my foot harder against her back, holding her in place.

"Stay still, pig," I said, voice low. "You wanted it rough. Now take it."

I grabbed the beer bottle tighter, pressed the cold neck against her asshole—rubbing it in slow circles, teasing the rim. It wouldn't fit at first—her hole resisting, clenching tight.

I spat more, letting it drip down, rubbing it in with my fingers, pushing against the ring until it started to give. Carrie whimpered, body tensing, ass cheeks quivering.

"Relax," I growled, pushing harder. "Open that hole for me, sow."

She moaned, low and broken, ass slowly yielding. The neck slipped in—cold glass stretching her, inch by inch. I didn't take it easy—pushed deeper, past the curve where the bottle widened, forcing her to take the thicker part. Her hole stretched wide around it, pink rim clinging to the glass, quivering as it tried to adjust.

"Fucking look at you," I sneered, twisting the bottle slightly. "A beer bottle in your ass—you have any idea how funny and desperate you look right now? Bent over, stuffed like a cheap toy, moaning like a bitch in heat."

She sobbed, hips twitching, ass clenching around the bottle. "Please... it's cold... it's too much..."

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I leaned down to my pants on the floor, grabbed my phone, and snapped a quick photo—her ass high, bottle buried deep, face turned back with tears and spit.

I put the phone aside, placed one foot on her lower back again, and pushed the bottle deeper with my other hand—slow, relentless, until the widest part stretched her to the limit. She moaned loud, body shaking, ass quivering around the glass.

"Good girl," I said, voice dark. "Take it like that... let your hole stretch for me."

I kept pushing the bottle back and forth—slow at first, letting her feel every inch of cold glass stretching her open, then faster, harder, turning it into a brutal rhythm. Her asshole gripped the neck desperately on every pull-back, the rim clinging white-knuckled, then forced wide again on the shove-in. The wide curve of the bottle kept catching at her ring, making her hole stretch painfully each time I forced it past the thickest part. Her ass was already sore—skin hot and angry-red around the intrusion, quivering uncontrollably, tiny tremors running through her cheeks with every violent thrust of the bottle.

She tried to crawl forward—hands scrabbling at the mattress, hips jerking away instinctively—but I planted my foot firmly on her lower back, pinning her down like an insect. "Don't you fucking move," I snarled, pressing harder with my heel until her spine bowed and her ass lifted higher. "You stay right there and take it, pig. This is what you begged for."

Carrie sobbed, face buried in the sheets, body shaking. "Please—it's too much—too cold—it hurts..." Her voice cracked, muffled and wet, but her hips still twitched back toward the bottle despite her words, betraying her.

I slapped her ass—hard, palm cracking against already-red flesh, the impact making her whole body jolt forward. "Shut up." Another slap—left cheek, then right—each one timed with a vicious thrust of the bottle, driving it deeper, faster. Handprints overlapped into a solid crimson map across her cheeks, skin burning hot under my palm. The bottle squelched obscenely now, lube and spit mixing with her own juices, dripping down her thighs in thick rivulets.

"Pathetic," I spat, twisting the bottle roughly on the next push-in, making her scream into the mattress. "Crying like a little bitch while your greedy hole swallows it deeper. You love being stuffed, don't you? Look at this ass—red, gaping, shaking like a scared animal. Disgusting."

She tried again—weakly bucking forward, hands clawing at the sheets for leverage—but I leaned my full weight onto my foot, crushing her down harder. Her spine arched painfully, ass forced higher, hole stretched wider around the invading glass. "I said don't fucking move," I growled, yanking the bottle almost all the way out before slamming it back in to the curve. She wailed, legs kicking uselessly behind her, toes curling in the air.

Her asshole was raw now—rim swollen and inflamed, clinging desperately to the bottle on every withdrawal, fluttering helplessly when I held it still. Tears soaked the sheets under her face, mascara running in black streaks, hair matted with sweat and spit. Her whole body trembled, muscles locked in futile resistance, but her pussy dripped steadily, betraying how much her body craved the violation even as she sobbed.

I kept going, ruthless, fucking mechanical, pushing the bottle in and out with punishing force, slapping her ass whenever she tried to squirm away. Each impact made her cheeks ripple, red deepening to angry purple in places, handprints overlapping into a solid burn. She stopped trying to crawl after the fifth slap—body going limp in defeat, ass held high, hole gaping and quivering with every brutal thrust of the bottle.

Finally, I pulled it out slowly—her ass walls clinging desperately, the rim stretching one last time before the wide part popped free with a wet, obscene sound. Her hole stayed open for several seconds—pink, raw, twitching, slowly trying to close around nothing.

I popped open the beer bottle—foam hissing violently—and poured it straight down onto her head. Cold beer cascaded over her hair, soaking it instantly, running in rivulets down her face, over her eyes, dripping off her chin, soaking the mattress in dark wet patches.

I tossed the empty bottle aside and got behind her again, cock throbbing, pre-cum dripping steadily from the tip.

I aimed at her gaping, abused asshole and pressed the swollen head against it. "Let's see you take the real thing, sow."

I pressed the head of my cock against her gaping asshole, the rim still twitching and raw from the bottle, slick with spit and her own mess. She was a fucking sight—ass high, cheeks bruised purple from my slaps, hole winking like it was begging for more abuse. I didn't give her a second to brace; I just thrust forward, hard and merciless, burying half my length in one brutal shove. Her body jerked like I'd electrocuted her, a raw scream ripping from her throat as her asshole stretched around my thickness, walls clenching desperately against the invasion.

"Fuck—take it, you filthy sow," I growled, grabbing her hips with both hands, fingers digging into her flesh hard enough to leave bruises.

I yanked her back onto me, forcing the rest of my cock deep inside, balls slapping against her dripping pussy. Her hole was tight, even after the bottle—hot, velvety grip milking me as I bottomed out, the ring spasming around my base like it was trying to push me out.

But I wasn't going anywhere; I ground my hips against her ass, twisting inside her, making her feel every vein, every inch stretching her wider.

She sobbed, hands fisting the soaked sheets, body shaking under me. "Evan—please—it's too big—hurts—" Her voice was a broken whine, but her ass pushed back instinctively, betraying her words, greedy for the pain.

I slapped her ass—left cheek, then right—crack after crack echoing in the room, my palm burning from the impact. "Shut your fucking mouth, pig. This is what you are—a hole for me to wreck. You think that bottle was rough? Think again." I pulled back almost all the way, her rim clinging to my cockhead, then slammed back in, hips snapping forward with bone-jarring force. The sound was obscene—wet, squelching slaps as I reamed her, my cock pistoning in and out like a machine, no mercy, no pause.

Her body rocked with every thrust, tits swinging wildly under her, nipples scraping against the beer-soaked mattress. I reached around, grabbed one of her heavy breasts, squeezing hard, twisting the nipple between my fingers until she yelped.

"Look at these udders bouncing, sow. You're nothing but livestock getting bred—moaning like a desperate animal while I ruin your shithole." I pinched harder, pulling on her tit like I was milking her, my other hand slapping her ass again, the skin now a mottled mess of red and purple, hot under my touch.

Carrie gasped, her breaths coming in short, ragged bursts, ass clenching tighter around me as I fucked her harder. I could feel her getting into it—her hole loosening just enough to take the brutality, but still gripping me like a vice. Juices from her pussy dripped down, mixing with the mess, making everything slicker, filthier. I leaned over her, my chest pressing against her back, one hand wrapping around her throat from behind, squeezing just enough to make her gasp for air.

"Choke on it, bitch," I hissed into her ear, teeth grazing her lobe. "Feel my cock splitting your ass open? That's all you're good for—being a cumdump for the guy who destroyed your life. Pathetic, isn't it? Begging for more while your son's rotting in a cell because of me."

I tightened my grip on her throat, thrusting deeper, faster, my balls slapping her clit with every brutal drive. She gurgled, eyes rolling back, body arching under me, ass quivering as I pounded her relentlessly.

I kept going, my hips a blur as I reamed her asshole, the bed creaking under the force. Sweat poured down my back, mixing with the beer on her skin, making us both slick and sticky. I released her throat to grab her hair instead, yanking her head back sharply, forcing her to arch her neck at a painful angle.

"Scream for me, whore. Let me hear how much you love being ass-fucked like a cheap bitch."

She did—moans turning to wails, her voice hoarse and raw, echoing off the walls.

Her ass was on fire now, walls fluttering around my cock, the friction building heat that made every thrust burn. I slapped her thigh this time—inner flesh, sensitive and untouched—making her legs buckle slightly. "Spread wider, pig. Show me that gaping hole." I kicked her knees apart with my foot, forcing her stance open, then grabbed her ass cheeks, spreading them wide with my thumbs, watching my cock disappear into her stretched rim over and over.

"Fuck—Evan—harder—" she begged, voice cracking, pushing back against me despite the pain, her body betraying her completely.

I laughed, dark and cruel, slapping her ass again—three quick cracks in a row, each one making her jolt. "Harder? You greedy cunt. I'll break you." I doubled down, thrusting with everything I had, my cock slamming balls-deep every time, the impact rippling through her flesh. Her hole was raw, swollen, but it took me greedily, clenching and releasing in rhythm with my brutal pace. I reached under her, fingers finding her clit, rubbing it roughly—circles, pinches, slaps—making her body tense, her moans turning frantic.

She was getting close—I could feel it. Her breaths shortened, ass clenching harder around my cock, walls milking me desperately, her whole body tensing like a coiled spring. "Oh god—I'm—close—" she whimpered, hips bucking back wildly.

Deny. Again.

I stopped dead, buried deep inside her, my hand freezing on her clit. "Not yet, you fucking sow. I'm fucking your ass raw and you nearly came? Pathetic. You don't get to cum until I say." I held her there, cock throbbing inside her stretched hole, feeling her walls flutter in frustration, her body trembling with denied release.

She whined, trying to grind back against me, but I pinned her hips with my hands, digging my nails into her skin.

"Beg for it, pig. Tell me why a worthless bitch like you deserves to cum."

"Please—Evan... no. Daddy. I need it—your cock in my ass—feels so good... please let me..." Her voice was desperate, broken, ass clenching around me in vain.

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I slapped her ass hard—once, twice—then started moving again, slow at first, teasing thrusts that dragged my cock along her walls, making her feel every inch. "Earn it, sow.

Take this dick like the animal you are." I built the pace back up gradually, hips rolling deeper, harder, until I was pounding her again, relentless, unhinged. My hand went back to her throat, squeezing rhythmically with each thrust, cutting off her air just enough to make her dizzy, her moans turning to choked gasps.

I flipped her hair over her shoulder, exposing her neck, and bit down—teeth sinking into the skin, not breaking it but hard enough to bruise, sucking a mark there while I reamed her ass.

"Marked like livestock," I growled against her skin, licking the bite before slapping her cheek—light but stinging, making her head snap to the side. "Look at you, face down, ass up, taking it in your asshole. Your perfect little life? This is the real you—a sobbing, dripping mess begging to be used."

She pushed back harder, meeting my thrusts, her body slick with sweat and beer, tits dragging across the mattress with every brutal drive. I grabbed them both now, hands under her, mauling her breasts—squeezing, twisting, pulling her nipples until they were red and swollen. "These fat tits—perfect for grabbing while I wreck your hole. Moo for me, sow. Show me what a dumb animal you are."

She hesitated, but I slapped her ass—harder than before, the crack like a whip—and she did it, a weak, humiliated "M-moo—" escaping her lips, her face burning red.

"Holy SHIT! Did you just do that? How fucking embarrassing, you fucking idiot!"

"Moo..."

I laughed, thrusting deeper, faster. "Louder, pig. Moo while I fuck your ass." Another slap, and she complied, moaning it out between gasps, her voice shaking with shame and arousal. I kept going, pounding her without mercy, my cock swelling inside her, the friction building to a fever pitch. Her asshole gripped me tighter, walls massaging every vein, the heat unbearable.

I reached down again, fingers assaulting her clit—rubbing furiously, pinching, slapping the sensitive nub until she was writhing under me.

"Feel that, bitch? Your pussy's dripping while I own your ass. You're such a disgusting whore—getting off on being treated like trash."

Her body tensed again, breaths panting, ass clenching erratically around my cock as she climbed toward the edge. "Daddy... fuck—I'm gonna... please..."

I stopped once more, holding still deep inside her, my fingers pulling away from her clit. "No, you fucking sow. I'm tearing up your ass and you nearly came again? Greedy little pig. You think you deserve release? Not until you've suffered more." I ground against her,

cock twitching inside her stretched hole, feeling her walls spasm in denial, her whole body shuddering with frustration.

She sobbed openly now, tears streaming down her face, mixing with the beer and mascara. "Please—Evan—can't take it—need to cum—your cock—ass—please—"

"Evan?"

"DADDY! DADDY! LET ME CUM, PLEASE! DADDY!"

I slapped her ass—left, right, then grabbed her hips, nails digging in deep enough to draw tiny beads of blood. "Shut up and take it, animal. We're not done." I started thrusting again, even harder this time, my pace frantic, hips slamming into her bruised cheeks with punishing force. The bedframe banged against the wall, the room filled with the wet slaps of flesh on flesh, her choked moans, my growls.

I wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling her up slightly, changing the angle so my cock dragged against her inner walls in a new, brutal way. My other hand went to her mouth, fingers shoving inside, forcing her to suck them like a cock. "Suck, sow. Taste your own filth while I breed your hole." She gagged, drool spilling down her chin, but she sucked obediently, tongue swirling around my fingers as I fucked her ass mercilessly.

I kept it up, minutes blurring into a haze of violence—slapping her thighs, her ass, her tits whenever I could reach; yanking her hair to arch her back painfully; choking her intermittently, making her vision blur. Her body was a wreck—bruised, slick, trembling—but she took it all, pushing back, moaning like a bitch in heat.

"That's it, pig. Break for me. Your ass is mine—stretched, ruined, leaking my pre-cum. You love being my fucktoy, don't you? Admit it."

"Yes—fuck—yours—ruin me—please—" she mumbled around my fingers, her voice muffled and desperate.

I pulled my fingers out, smeared her own spit across her face, then slapped her cheek—stingy, humiliating. "Disgusting. Smeared like a used rag." I thrust deeper, feeling my own release building, but I held back, focusing on her torment. Her asshole was loose now, but still gripping me perfectly, the friction electric.

I flipped her over roughly—yanking my cock out with a wet pop, her hole gaping wide before I shoved her onto her back on the bed now. I grabbed her ankles, forcing her legs up and apart, folding her in half until her knees hit her shoulders, ass exposed and vulnerable. "Look at me while I wreck you, sow. Watch my face as I split your ass." I got on the bed and slammed back in, the new position letting me go even deeper, my cock bullying into her fucking guts.

She screamed, eyes locked on mine, wide with a mix of pain and lust. I pounded her like that—brutal, animalistic, my hands pinning her legs down, slapping her inner thighs whenever she tried to close them. "Keep them spread, bitch. Show me that wrecked hole taking my dick." Her tits bounced wildly, stomach heaving with every thrust, pussy dripping onto the sheets below.

I leaned down, spitting into her open mouth. "Swallow, pig." She did, choking it down, and I slapped her face lightly. "Good pig." Then back to the frenzy—thrusting, grinding, my balls slapping her ass cheeks, the room reeking of sex and beer.

She wailed in frustration, body writhing under me, hole fluttering helplessly. "Please... need it—your cock... ass... cum—please Evan—"

"You can't form sentences now?" I asked. "Fucking idiot."

"I'll do anything... cum... let me cum, please. Please, please, please."

I slapped her tit—hard, making it jiggle. "Anything? Good. Then suffer." I started again, slow, torturous thrusts, building back to full brutality, my mind lost in the haze of dominance, her body mine to break.

My cock was buried to the balls in her wrecked asshole, and I started moving again. Her hole was loose from the abuse but still hot and greedy, walls clinging to every ridge and vein as I reamed her.

I leaned in close, face hovering over hers, and slapped her cheek—hard, open palm cracking across her left side, blooming instant red. Then the right. Her head snapped side to side with each hit, mascara-streaked tears flying, lips parting in shocked gasps.

"Fucking look at me while I destroy your ass, sow," I snarled, slapping her again—left, right, left—each crack louder than the last, her cheeks flushing crimson, skin stinging hot under my hand. "You don't get to hide. You take every inch and every hit like the disgusting pig you are."

Her mouth fell open on a whimper. I seized the chance—shoved three fingers deep past her lips, straight to the back of her throat. She gagged instantly, eyes watering, throat convulsing around my knuckles as thick drool spilled over my hand and down her chin. I held them there, pressing deeper, feeling her gag reflex spasm helplessly.

"Eat it, bitch," I growled, pumping my fingers in and out a few times, fucking her mouth while my hips kept snapping forward, cock bullying deep into her ass with wet, obscene slaps. She retched, gurgled, spit bubbling around my fingers, running in strings down her neck and soaking into the beer-drenched sheets.

I pulled my fingers free with a wet pop. She coughed, gasping for air—then I spat directly into her open mouth, a thick glob landing on her tongue. "Swallow, pig." She did, choking it down, humiliated tears streaming faster.

I shoved my fingers back in—deeper this time, four now, stretching her jaw wide. She gagged harder, body jerking, throat working frantically around the intrusion while her asshole clenched rhythmically on my thrusting cock. I fucked her face with my hand a few more times—slow, deliberate, making sure she felt every knuckle scrape her tonsils—then yanked out again. Spit sprayed from her lips as she heaved.

Another slap—harder, across both cheeks in quick succession. Her face was a mess now: red handprints overlapping, cheeks swollen and hot, lips puffy and glistening with drool.

I slid my hand down between us, fingers finding her cunt—swollen, dripping, clit throbbing under my touch. I pinched it roughly between thumb and forefinger, rolling it hard. "This sloppy little slit's been leaking the whole time I've been tearing up your ass. Pathetic. You're dripping like a broken faucet just from getting your shithole reamed. What kind of worthless sow gets this wet from pain?"

I slapped her pussy with a full force. The wet crack echoed; her whole body bucked, a raw scream ripping from her throat. I did it again—harder—then again, three quick, stinging slaps right on her clit. Each one made her hips jerk involuntarily, pussy clenching on nothing, juices splattering against my wrist.

"Cry louder, pig. Let me hear how much you love being treated like garbage." I spat on her face this time—right between her eyes, the glob sliding down her nose and over her lips. She flinched but didn't dare close her mouth.

The Heart System - Chapter 380[1,727 words]

Chapter 380: Chapter 380

I went back to her cunt—rubbing vicious circles over her clit, then dipping two fingers inside her soaked hole, curling them roughly against her front wall while my thumb battered her clit. My cock never stopped moving—long, brutal strokes into her ass, hips slamming forward so hard her whole body rocked up the mattress.

"Feel that, you filthy animal? My fingers wrecking your cunt while my dick owns your ass. You're just holes—two sloppy, ruined holes for me to use and discard. Look at you—old enough to know better, still spreading like a desperate street whore for the man who caged your son. Disgusting. Revolting. And still you're gushing."

Another hard slap to her pussy—making her scream again, legs trembling in my grip. I kept fingering her mercilessly—three fingers now, stretching her open, palm grinding

against her clit with every thrust. Her moans turned frantic, body tensing, pussy walls fluttering wildly around my fingers.

Her orgasm was building fast—arousal spiking, breaths coming in short, panicked pants, ass and cunt clenching in perfect sync around my cock and fingers.

Then the UI flickered into my vision again, cold blue text overlaying her tear-streaked, red-slapped face:

```
┌───────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────┐
Orgasm Control
=====
Target: Carrie
Arousal: ██████████ 99%
(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)
=====
Available Commands
=====
[1] Deny Orgasm
[2] Ruin Orgasm
└───────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────────┘
```

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm without hesitation.

Instantly I ripped my fingers out of her cunt, leaving her empty and clenching on nothing. At the same time I stopped thrusting—held perfectly still, cock buried deep in her spasming asshole.

Carrie wailed in frustration, hips bucking uselessly, trying to chase the friction. "No—no—please—Evan—I was so close—"

I slapped her cheeks again, left, right, left, hard enough that fresh handprints bloomed across the already angry red. Her face was a furnace now, swollen, tear-soaked, mascara ruined beyond repair.

"Shut the fuck up, sow. You don't cum until I decide you've suffered enough."

I pulled out of her ass with a wet, obscene pop—her hole gaping, raw, twitching—and climbed off the bed. She lay there panting, legs still trembling in the air, body slick and wrecked.

I grabbed her by the hair, yanking her up roughly. "I changed my mind. I don't want to see that old hag face while I'm fucking you. Fucking useless piece of shit."

I flipped her onto her belly in one brutal motion, face-down on the soaked mattress. She gasped, arms flailing for balance. I dragged her backward by the hips until her lower half hung off the edge of the bed—knees on the floor, upper body sprawled across the sheets, ass presented high and vulnerable at perfect height.

I stepped between her spread thighs, lined up, and slammed back into her gaping asshole in one thrust—burying myself to the hilt. She screamed into the mattress, hands clawing at the sheets.

I grabbed her hips—fingernails digging into bruised flesh—and started fucking her again, hard and fast, hips snapping forward with punishing force.

I kept pounding into her asshole, hips slamming forward with relentless fury, my cock stretching her raw, abused ring wider with every brutal thrust. The position was perfect—her upper body sprawled flat on the mattress, face buried in the beer-soaked sheets, ass hanging off the edge like a presented trophy, knees digging into the carpet. Her hole gripped me like a desperate vice, hot and slick from the mess we'd made, squelching obscenely as I reamed her deeper, balls slapping her dripping cunt below.

"Take it, you worthless piece of trash," I snarled, leaning over her back, breath hot against her sweat-matted hair. "You're not even human right now—just a dripping, broken hole for my cock."

I slapped her ass—hard, open palm cracking against the left cheek, then the right, the impacts echoing like gunshots. Her flesh was a masterpiece of abuse: deep crimson welts overlapping in angry patterns, handprints blooming into bruised purple at the edges, skin hot and swollen like overripe fruit begging to burst. It jiggled hypnotically with every slap, the heat radiating off it, making her whole body quiver—soft, yielding curves turned into a canvas of my dominance, each red mark a testament to how thoroughly I'd claimed her. Fuck, it was intoxicating, that perfect, thick ass turned into a throbbing, inflamed mess, rippling under my hand like waves on a stormy sea.

"Fuck, Evan—Evan..." Carrie moaned into the sheets, voice muffled and hoarse, her body rocking back instinctively despite the pain, chasing the brutal rhythm like an addict.

I felt the pressure building in my balls, that tight coil winding hotter, my cock throbbing thicker inside her clenching walls. I leaned forward over her, reaching around with both

hands—shoving four fingers from each into the sides of her mouth, hooking them deep like reins on a wild horse. Her lips stretched wide around them, drool spilling instantly as I yanked her head back hard, arching her neck painfully, forcing her upper body up off the mattress just enough to control her completely.

"That's it, you pathetic cum-rag," I growled, fingers digging into her cheeks, pulling her back onto my cock with every savage thrust. "Gape for me like the used-up garbage you are—mouth stuffed, ass impaled, nothing but a drooling mess for my fucking pleasure."

I went faster—hips a frenzied blur, cock pistoning in and out of her asshole with unhinged speed, the friction burning white-hot, her walls milking me desperately.

"Feel that? Your hole's swallowing me whole, greedy for the load that's gonna paint your insides. You're lower than dirt, whore."

I moaned low and guttural, the sound ripping from my chest as the pleasure spiked, my body slick with sweat, muscles straining. Carrie was right there with me—her moans turning frantic, ass clenching erratically around my shaft, pussy dripping rivers down her thighs, her whole frame trembling on the edge.

I yanked her back harder with my fingers, stretching her mouth wider, drool cascading down her chin in thick strings, her gurgled cries vibrating through my hands. The climax built in me like a storm—unstoppable, electric, every nerve firing as I hammered into her one last time, burying deep.

"Fuck—take it all, you disgusting old fuck," I roared, and then...

I came—hard, explosive, rope after thick rope erupting into her asshole, flooding her guts with hot, sticky cum. It felt endless, pulse after pulse surging out, my cock jerking wildly inside her, filling her to the brim until it leaked out around my base, dripping down her thighs in creamy rivulets. My vision blurred, body locking up in ecstasy, waves of pleasure crashing through me, draining every last drop into her ruined hole.

Carrie moaned loud and broken as she felt the first hot spurt hit her walls. "Oh god—Evan—filling me—" and then her own climax hit like a freight train, her asshole spasming violently around my throbbing cock, milking me for more as her body convulsed.

She screamed into my fingers, back arching painfully against my pull, pussy gushing clear fluid onto the carpet below, thighs shaking uncontrollably. It was a total surrender—her orgasm ripping through her in shuddering waves, every muscle tensing and releasing, tears soaking the sheets as the denial from before amplified it into something shattering, her whole form quaking like she'd been electrocuted.

We rode it out together—me grinding deep, pushing out the last few spurts with shallow, insistent thrusts, her walls fluttering helplessly around me, drawing out the aftershocks. I kept yanking her head back, fingers hooked firm, prolonging the intensity until her moans

turned to whimpers, her body going limp in exhausted bliss. Sweat poured off us, the room reeking of sex and beer, our breaths syncing in ragged harmony.

Finally, I gave one last deep push—burying to the hilt, feeling her hole clench weakly around my spent cock—then smacked her ass hard one more time, the crack sharp and final, her red, bruised flesh jiggling under the impact.

I pulled out slowly, her asshole gaping wide, cum bubbling out in thick globs, dripping down her crack and pooling on the floor. I took a few steps back, chest heaving, looking at her—ass still presented, body slumped half-off the bed, a wrecked, cum-leaking mess of bruises and fluids. Fuck, she looked used up, thoroughly broken.

I was tired now—muscles aching, breath coming in heavy pants, the high crashing into satisfied fatigue. I planted my foot on her hip and shoved hard, pushing her off the bed entirely. She tumbled to the floor with a thud, landing in a heap on the carpet, knees drawn up, cum still leaking from her abused hole.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Carrie

EXP Gained: +920

Villain Bonus: +3050 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 3970c

I collapsed onto the bed naked, sprawling out on my back, chest rising and falling as I panted, staring at the ceiling, letting the exhaustion wash over me.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

10 Unused Ability Points

The Heart System - Chapter 381[1,573 words]

Chapter 381: Chapter 381

Nice. Now that this was over, I bought five positive reputation points. Thankfully, that put me back where I was... well, at least close to where I was. I spent a lot actually, but I had still some credits to my name in the shop, 2212 to be exact. Hell, while I was at it, I could buy another Mastery Evolve but... nah. I needed to hold onto it, because apparently, there was a new item.

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)
- Random Passive Skill (1700c)

=====

Credits: 2212c

Huh, a random passive skill? It was tempting, but I didn't buy it just yet. Again, I needed a clear head. Because right now I was tired, so fucking tired. I'd never thought I'd... say or do something like this to a woman. But, well, Carrie had consented and she seemed to enjoy it. And, I couldn't lie, for kidnapping Kim and threatening me, I kinda hated Carrie. I guess this could be called hate-fuck?

I glanced left. Carrie was lying on the ground, ass covered in my handprints, her cheeks red as well, her hair disheveled. She was fucking ruined, panting, cum oozing from her ass in slow, creamy drops.

"When..." she asked, voice cracked and small. "Is it the next time?"

"Next time?"

She looked at me. "Yes. Next time."

"Hmm..."

Well, next time? Carrie was... honestly, lower than a human for me. I didn't like her one bit, not at all. And knowing that, would I really come here—screw her, just to farm some EXP? Shit. It felt like I was betraying myself but... fuck.

"Tomorrow. Same time." I said, looking at her. "Be there in time or fuck off."

"O-okay..."

"Now come." I said, sitting on the edge of the bed now. "Suck my cock clean. I gotta go, I have stuff to do unlike you."

"I just need to... take some time..."

"My time is more valuable than you, you fucking idiot." I said, my cock half-soft. "Come here."

"Yes..."

She crawled between my legs—slow, trembling, knees dragging across the carpet, leaving faint wet streaks from the cum still leaking out of her. Her swollen, red face hovered inches from my lap before she leaned in without hesitation.

I spread my thighs wider. My cock hung heavy, still slick and musky, coated in the remnants of her ass and my own load. She started with small, tentative licks at the base—tongue flat, tasting the strongest part first: the bitter, earthy tang of her own hole mixed with drying cum.

"That's right, you pathetic, disgusting whore," I muttered, voice flat and exhausted. "Clean the dick that was just buried balls-deep in your filthy shithole. Lick every trace of your own ass off me like the nasty little toilet you are. How low do you have to sink to suck clean the cock that reamed your guts raw? You're revolting."

She moaned low in her throat, the sound vibrating against my shaft as she took the head into her mouth. Lips stretched wide around me, she sucked gently at first, slow pulls, then worked her way lower. Her tongue swirled underneath, tracing every vein, collecting the thick, creamy streaks that clung there. She hollowed her cheeks, sucking harder, drawing me deeper inch by inch until her nose pressed against my pubes and her throat opened fully.

She depthroated me on the next stroke, holding it there while her throat convulsed around the head, gagging softly but refusing to pull back. Drool poured from the corners of her mouth, running in thick strings down my balls and dripping onto the carpet. She bobbed slowly, then faster—wet, sloppy sounds filling the quiet room—nose buried on every downstroke, throat milking me as she cleaned every last bit of her own filth off my skin.

"Fucking look at you," I rasped, fingers tightening in her matted hair. "Old hag choking on ass-flavored cock like it's your last meal. You can still taste your wrecked hole, can't you? That sour, dirty tang coating your tongue. Swallow it all down, you worthless cum-rag. This is your place now—on your knees, mouth full of the dick that just used you like trash."

She whimpered around me, the vibration shooting up my shaft, but she didn't stop. Kept sucking, kept depthroating, tongue pressing flat and dragging along the underside until my cock was slick only with her spit, glistening clean, half-hard again from the suction and the humiliation she wore like makeup.

I yanked her off by the hair—hard—cock slipping free with a wet pop. Strings of spit connected her swollen lips to the tip. I stood up, towering over her kneeling, wrecked form, and slapped my half-hard dick across her face—once left cheek, once right, then again left. Wet, heavy smacks. Her head jerked sideways each time, fresh red blooming over the handprints already there.

"Slut," I said coldly. "Fucking slut."

I turned, walked to my scattered clothes. Underwear first—stepped in, tugged them up over my sensitive cock. Pants next, belt buckled slow and deliberate. Jacket zipped halfway. I didn't glance back once.

Behind me Carrie pulled herself onto the edge of the bed—slow, limbs shaking—then collapsed back against the headboard, panting hard, legs splayed, cum still leaking from her gaping ass onto the sheets in lazy rivulets. Her chest heaved, eyes distant, ruined.

I walked to the door without a word. Opened it. Stepped into the hallway. Let it click shut behind me.

Elevator at the end of the corridor. I pressed the call button. Doors slid open with a soft ding. Stepped inside. Hit ground floor. Leaned back against the mirrored wall as the car dropped. My reflection looked back—messy hair, wrinkled shirt, faint red on my knuckles, tired but satisfied eyes.

Doors opened on the lobby. I walked out, through the glass entrance, into the cool night. Car across the street—black, quiet. Unlocked it, slid inside, shut the door, leaned my head back against the seat, and exhaled long and slow.

Well... guess I'm not a vanilla guy anymore, huh?



I had a dream that night. Or... was it a nightmare?

That same woman, with the umbrella, was sitting on a bus stop, but there were blinding lights—like one of those stadium floods—aimed straight at me, turning her into nothing but a dark silhouette against the glare. I stood across the street, the crosswalk painted white right in front of my shoes. I tried to step forward, but a bus screamed past at impossible speed, close enough that the wind punched my chest and nearly yanked me under the wheels. Phew. Heart hammering.

I stepped back, looked both ways this time—roads empty, not a single car in sight. Nothing. I stepped forward again. Same thing. Another bus materialized from the right, horn blaring like a war cry, tires screeching as it barreled straight for me. I jumped back just in time, asphalt trembling under my feet.

"Hey!" I yelled across the street. "Hey, you!"

The woman slowly lowered her umbrella. She turned her head toward my voice, but those fucking lights overhead were so bright they burned white holes in my vision. I couldn't see her face. Just the outline of her shoulders, the tilt of her head. Who the hell was she? Why did she keep showing up in my dreams? And why had the other goddess—Dierella—gone cold when I even mentioned her?

I tensed every muscle. This was a dream, right? Dreams didn't have rules. I took three big steps back, sucked in a breath, then sprinted.

The moment my foot hit the crosswalk stripes, the bus came out of nowhere—full speed, no warning. Metal slammed into me like a freight train. I flew sideways, tumbling across the pavement.

But... no pain. No broken bones. No blood. Just the impact, then the roll, and I was already pushing myself up onto my elbows, dazed but whole.

Dierella stood over me now.

Her skin had gone ashen, almost gray, veins pulsing black under the surface like roots. Her wings—those beautiful, iridescent things—flapped lazily behind her, heavy and slow, feathers edged in something that looked like dried blood. She didn't look human anymore. She looked like something ancient and wrong wearing a beautiful mask that had started to crack.

"My, my, Evan," she purred, voice echoing inside my skull. "You are not where you should be right now."

"Huh?"

"Let's get you somewhere... pleasurable, shall we?"

"Wait—"

Everything snapped to black.

I opened my eyes inside Ivy's house.

Delilah knelt naked on the cold concrete floor, forehead pressed to the ground, arms stretched forward in total submission. Next to her, also naked, also kneeling, was Ivy. My friend. My sweet, sarcastic, always-in-control friend. Her shoulders trembled slightly, but she kept her head down, hair falling like a curtain around her face.



CURRENT/STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 999 (+999)

◆ Charm: 999

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honored Words (999)

↳ Gaslight (999)

↳ Emotional Charisma (999)

↳ Seductive Allure (999)

◆ Libido: 999

↳ Endless Vigor (999)

◆ Pleasure: 999 (+999)

↳ Sensory Overload (999)

↳ Erogenous Insight (999)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (999)

◆ Luck: 999

=====

99999 Unused Ability Points



What... was this?

The Heart System - Chapter 382[1,523 words]

Chapter 382: Chapter 382

"Evan," Delilah begged, voice shaking with raw desperation, "please fuck my pussy today."

"No, mine," Ivy muttered, quieter but no less frantic. "Please, please, please. She's already pregnant, but not me!"

"Raise your heads." My voice came out calm, almost detached. "Ivy. Look up at me."

She lifted her chin slowly, eyes wide and glassy, lips parted like she was about to speak—

I backhanded her.

The crack rang sharp through the dim room. Her head snapped sideways, a thin line of blood trickling from her nose. But instead of crying out in pain, her whole body seized. She convulsed hard—back arching, thighs clamping together, a strangled scream ripping from her throat as the first orgasm tore through her like lightning. Her hips bucked involuntarily, fluids splashing onto the concrete beneath her knees. Pleasure Skill plus maxed Charisma. A cheat code so broken it turned violence into ecstasy.

"More!" she screamed, voice cracking, already leaning back toward me, chasing the sting. "Ruin the FUCK out of me! Slap me!"

I smacked her again—harder. Palm met cheek with a wet, meaty slap. A fresh red welt bloomed instantly across her skin, blood smearing from her lip where it split. Her body jerked like she'd been electrocuted. Another orgasm crashed over her immediately—stronger, more violent. She collapsed forward onto her hands, ass high, trembling uncontrollably as wave after wave ripped through her. Her moans turned guttural, animalistic; her eyes rolled back until only whites showed, tears streaming down her face, mixing with the blood.

Again. I put real force into it this time. The impact stung my own hand, but she took it like a drug. Her head whipped to the side, lip splitting wider, blood dripping onto her chest. She came so hard her whole frame locked rigid, muscles standing out in sharp relief, then released in shuddering spasms. A gush of clear fluid pulsed from between her thighs, pooling wider on the floor. She gasped for air in broken sobs, but the look in her eyes wasn't fear or pain—it was fevered, ravenous gratitude.

"Yes... more..." The words slurred out of her swollen mouth, thick with need. She rocked forward on her knees, presenting her face again like an offering.

One more. I swung with everything. Her body convulsed in full-body tremors, back bowing so sharply I thought her spine might snap. She collapsed sideways, twitching, hips grinding against nothing, every muscle locked and releasing in violent rhythm. Tears

carved clean tracks through the blood and sweat on her face. When the peak finally ebbed, she lay there gasping, chest heaving, staring up at me with hollow, devoted eyes.

"Thank you," she whimpered, voice barely audible, cracked and reverent. "Please... I need it. More."

I raised my hand, a creepy smile curling on my face... then, once again...

Everything went black.

Then I saw eyes. No color, no shape, no pupils—just voids staring back. They didn't even look like eyes, yet somehow I knew they were watching. Every twitch, every breath, every thought. They saw me.

I jolted awake in a cold sweat, blanket clinging to my skin like wet cloth. A harsh cough tore from my throat as I sat bolt upright. The movement woke Jasmine and Nala. Jasmine blinked groggily, one hand already sliding over my shoulder in concern. Nala fumbled for the bedside lamp; soft golden light spilled across the sheets.

"Jesus, Evan," Jasmine murmured, voice thick with sleep. "You scared the hell out of me. You okay?"

"I... yeah. Yeah." My chest heaved. "It was... shit."

Nala propped herself on an elbow, eyes narrowing at the sheen of sweat on my face. "Want me to grab you some water? You're drenched."

"Nah. I'm... I'm good." The words came out ragged.

Fucking hell. What had I even seen? Treating Ivy and Delilah like that... No. That wasn't my nightmare. That was Dierella's handiwork. She knew I was getting close—close to the woman with the umbrella. So she punished me? Damn, I didn't know.

One thing was crystal clear: I needed answers about that umbrella woman. She felt like the key to this entire twisted mess.

"Let's..." I exhaled slowly. "Let's just sleep."

"You sure?" Nala asked softly.

"Yeah." I nodded. "Damn. Sorry, girls."

"What kind of nightmare?" Nala pressed gently.

"I... don't remember." The lie slipped out easily.

"Mm." She didn't push. "You really good to sleep?"

"Yep."

"Okay then," Jasmine said, scooting closer and tugging the blanket up around us. "Come here."

I lay back down. Jasmine curled against my left side, draping one leg over mine, her lips brushing my shoulder in a quiet kiss. Nala mirrored her on the right, arm across my chest, body warm and solid. For a long minute I just stared at the ceiling, heart still thudding unevenly.

Then Nala's hand drifted lower—fingers trailing over my stomach, then wrapping loosely around my cock. Fuck. I was rock-hard. The dream had left me aching, pulsing, precum already slicking the tip.

"Someone's worked up," Jasmine whispered against my cheek, her own hand joining Nala's. They stroked together—slow, lazy pulls that made my hips twitch.

"It's two in the morning," I muttered. "You girls don't have to—"

Nala leaned in, lips grazing my ear. "We insist."

A low moan slipped out before I could stop it. I was still wired, nerves raw from the nightmare. "Fuck... then be my guest."

Jasmine and Nala straightened up, exchanging a quick glance.

"Rock, paper, scissors?" Jasmine asked, one eyebrow raised.

Nala shrugged with a small smirk. "Sure."

They faced each other, hands hovering. One, two, three—

Nala threw paper. Jasmine threw rock.

Jasmine slumped dramatically, shoulders dropping. "You cheat. Every damn time."

Nala just smiled, soft, wicked, and peeled her tank top over her head in one smooth motion. No bra underneath. Her heavy breasts spilled free, nipples already tight in the cool air.

She tugged the blanket down and off me in one pull. I lifted my hips without thinking as she hooked her fingers into my waistband and dragged my pants and boxers down together. My cock sprang up, thick and throbbing, a fat bead of precum rolling down the shaft.

Nala straddled my thighs, settling her weight just above my knees. She leaned forward, breasts brushing my chest, and kissed me slow—deep, languid, tongue sliding against mine like she had all night.

"We'll do all the work, handsome," she murmured against my lips. "You just relax."

I nodded, throat too tight to speak.

Nala lifted herself slightly, just enough to hook her thumbs into the waistband of her pajama shorts. She peeled them down her thighs in one slow drag, the soft fabric whispering against her skin before she kicked them off the side of the bed. Her underwear followed—simple black cotton, already damp at the crotch. She slid them off with care, letting them dangle from one finger for a second before flicking them away. Naked now, she straddled me again, knees bracketing my hips, her heat hovering just above my cock.

She reached down between us, fingers wrapping around my base—firm, confident. The head brushed her slick folds; another thick bead of precum smeared across her clit, making her shiver. She held my gaze the whole time, dark eyes locked on mine as she stroked me once—twice—spreading the wetness from both of us along my length. Then she lined me up and sank down slow.

The stretch drew a low, shared groan from us both. She took me to the hilt in one smooth glide, walls fluttering around me as she bottomed out, her clit grinding against my pelvis. For a heartbeat we just stayed like that—her seated fully, breasts rising and falling with quick breaths, my hands instinctively settling on her hips.

"Fuck, you feel good," she whispered, voice husky. "So thick... filling me up already."

Jasmine pressed closer on my left, lips trailing hot open-mouthed kisses along my neck, up to my jaw. Her hand slid up my chest, fingers finding my nipple and rolling it gently between thumb and forefinger—light pinches that sent sparks straight to my cock. "You're so hard for us," she murmured against my ear. "We're gonna take such good care of you tonight."

Nala started moving—slow rolls of her hips at first, grinding in tight circles that dragged every inch of me along her inner walls. Her breasts swayed heavily with the motion, nipples brushing my chest on every forward lean. I groaned, fingers digging into her hips, but I didn't thrust—not yet. She wanted control, and I was happy to let her have it.

She picked up speed gradually—lifting higher, dropping harder. Wet sounds filled the room: the slick slide of her pussy on my cock, the soft slap of her ass meeting my thighs. Jasmine's mouth moved to my collarbone, sucking lightly, then harder, leaving a faint mark. Her free hand drifted down to where Nala and I joined—fingers circling Nala's clit in slow, teasing rubs while Nala rode.

"God—yes—" Nala gasped, head tipping back. Her rhythm faltered for a second as Jasmine's touch pushed her closer. "Keep doing that... fuck, Jas..."

The Heart System - Chapter 383[1,567 words]

Chapter 383: Chapter 383

Jasmine hummed approval against my skin, fingers moving faster—tight little circles, then light flicks. Nala's walls clenched hard around me; she slammed down once, twice, grinding deep. A sharp cry tore from her throat as the first orgasm hit—her whole body locking up, thighs trembling, pussy pulsing in rhythmic waves around my cock. She rode through it, hips jerking erratically, milking me with every spasm until she collapsed forward, forehead resting on my shoulder, panting.

"Shit... one already," she laughed breathlessly. "You two are dangerous."

Jasmine kissed the side of Nala's neck, then leaned over to capture my mouth in a slow, deep kiss—tongue sliding against mine while her hand kept working Nala's oversensitive clit in gentle strokes. Nala whimpered into the kiss, hips starting to roll again almost immediately.

"Again?" Jasmine teased softly. "Greedy girl."

Nala didn't answer with words—just lifted and dropped harder, faster. The new pace was relentless: long, strokes that let me feel every flutter of her walls, every ripple as she chased a second high. I finally started meeting her—small upward thrusts that made her gasp each time I bottomed out. My hands roamed up her sides, cupping her heavy breasts, thumbs brushing over stiff nipples before pinching lightly. She arched into the touch, moaning loud enough that Jasmine had to kiss her to muffle it.

Jasmine's other hand found my balls—cupping, rolling them gently, then tugging just enough to make my hips jerk. "You like watching her ride you?" she whispered against my ear. "She's dripping all over you... making such a mess."

"Fuck yes," I groaned. "She's so tight... squeezing me like she never wants to let go."

Nala's second orgasm built fast—her breaths turning short and sharp, hips losing rhythm as she ground down hard. Jasmine's fingers never stopped circling her clit; she pinched lightly, rolled, flicked. Nala shattered again—louder this time, a broken cry muffled against my neck as her pussy clamped down like a vice, fluttering wildly. She shook through it, thighs quivering, a fresh gush of wetness coating my cock and balls. She slumped against me, trembling, but didn't stop moving—slow, lazy rocks to draw out the aftershocks.

"Two," Jasmine counted softly, kissing Nala's temple. "Good girl."

Nala lifted off me with a wet pop—my cock glistening, throbbing angrily in the cool air. She shifted to the side, making room, and Jasmine was already moving.

"My turn," Jasmine said, voice low and hungry.

She swung a leg over me, straddling my hips reverse—back to my chest—so I had a perfect view of her ass as she reached back, guided me to her entrance, and sank down in one smooth motion. The angle was deeper, tighter; she groaned long and low as she took every inch, walls gripping me like velvet.

"Fuck... you hit different like this," she breathed, starting to rock—slow at first, then building into steady bounces that made her ass jiggle against my hips.

I reached around her, hands clamping onto her waist—fingers digging into the soft curves there, holding her steady as she moved. The grip let me feel every shift of her body, every clench of her muscles around me. Nala shifted beside us, her hand trailing lightly over my thigh, watching with heavy-lidded eyes, but keeping her touches focused on me—fingers teasing up my side, nails scraping just enough to make me hiss.

Jasmine moaned low, hips snapping harder, faster now. "Yes—god, Evan... deeper..."

I thrust up to meet her, matching her rhythm—deep, punishing strokes that made her gasp each time I bottomed out. My hands stayed locked on her waist, pulling her down harder onto me with every bounce, controlling the pace just a little, making sure she felt every inch driving into her. Nala leaned in closer to my ear, her breath hot. "She's riding you so good... look at her ass bouncing like that. You gonna make her scream?"

"You're so wet," I growled up at Jasmine, voice rough. "Dripping all over my cock, slut. Making a fucking mess—hear how sloppy you sound?"

Jasmine panted, head tipping back. "Close—fuck—so close—"

I slapped her ass lightly—once, then twice—the sharp cracks echoing softly in the quiet room, just enough to make her jolt and clench tighter around me. "That's it... take it harder. You love bouncing on this dick, don't you?"

"Please—Evan—harder—" she whimpered, grinding down faster, her walls fluttering wildly.

Nala's hand moved to my balls now—cupping them gently, rolling, adding to the building heat. "Fill her up, Evan," she murmured. "She's clenching so tight... bet she's gonna come all over you."

I sat up suddenly—wrapping one arm around Jasmine’s waist, yanking her back flush against my chest. The new position let me thrust deeper, harder—hips snapping up into her with relentless force, the wet slaps filling the room. My free hand slid between her legs, fingers finding her clit and rubbing in rough, insistent circles—pressing, rolling, pinching lightly to make her buck.

Jasmine’s head fell back on my shoulder, moans turning desperate, broken. "Evan—fuck—right there—don’t stop—"

I pinched her clit again—firmer this time—while slamming up hard, burying myself to the hilt. "Cum for me. Squeeze that pussy around my cock—show me how bad you need it."

Jasmine came with a sharp, keening cry—body locking rigid against mine, pussy spasming wildly around my cock, milking me in tight, rhythmic pulses that nearly dragged me over with her. Her thighs shook violently; a hot gush of wetness coated us both, spilling down my balls. She rode through it, hips grinding down erratically, chasing every last shuddering wave until she was trembling, gasping in my arms.

The sight—the feel—of her coming undone like that, walls still fluttering around me, pushed me right to the edge. Pleasure coiled tight in my balls, hot and insistent, then snapped hard. I groaned low against her neck, thrusting up once more, deep, brutal, and came hard inside her. Rope after thick rope pulsed out, filling her completely, spilling out around my base as her pussy kept clenching, drawing it deeper, milking every drop. I held her tight through it, hips jerking with each spurt until I was utterly spent, cock twitching weakly inside her slick heat.

We stayed like that for long seconds—panting heavily, bodies slick with sweat and cum, tangled together in the dim light. Jasmine slumped back against me, still trembling slightly, her breaths coming in soft, ragged bursts. Nala kissed my shoulder softly, then leaned over to press one to Jasmine’s cheek, tasting the salt on her skin.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +420

Villain Bonus: +50 EXP

Star Rating: 4.7 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 517c

"Better?" Nala asked quietly, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on my chest, grounding me.

I exhaled a shaky laugh, arms still wrapped around Jasmine. "Yeah... much better."

Jasmine turned her head just enough to kiss my jaw, lips lingering. "Nightmare's gone?"

"For now," I murmured, pulling them both closer, letting the warmth of their bodies chase away the last shadows. "For now."

The room fell quiet again—only soft breaths, the faint rustle of sheets, the slow thump of hearts settling into sync. The dark waited outside, but in here, between them, it couldn't touch me.

Not tonight.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [████████████████████] 1186/9922

♥□♥□♥□

I needed more credits if I wanted to continue my relationship with Carrie, and I also wanted to get rid of this Sadist status. For that, I needed the Bliss Multiplier. As I was contemplating whether I should put more points into Honeyed Words or not while sitting at my desk, a quiet "fuck it" slipped out of my lips, and I bought Mastery Evolve, putting that point into Bliss Multiplier just like that.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (||||)

↳ Gaslight (||||)

↳ Emotional Charisma (||||)

↳ Seductive Allure (|)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (||||)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (||||)

↳ Erogenous Insight (|)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (||||)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

10 Unused Ability Points

Good. Now I was going to get one hundred and twenty percent of the EXP I earned as credits. Since I also had a "date" with Carrie tonight, I could get all the help I needed. Yesterday, I nearly hit the lowest point of Reputation by accident, and I didn't plan on repeating that mistake.

Okay. This time, I was going to end it with Carrie. No more BDSM shit, no more unhinged talks, and no more of her in my life. This was going to be the last time.

Even though I kept saying that, half of me knew it was a lie. I liked it. I liked doing all that fucked-up shit to Carrie for some reason. Again, I'd been a vanilla guy my whole life, but something snapped in me when Kim was kidnapped and Carrie unlocked something I didn't know existed. The realization made me feel like a weirdo.

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)
- Random Passive Skill (1700c)

=====

Credits: 1229c

The Heart System - Chapter 384[1,676 words]

Chapter 384: Chapter 384

"How's my best secretary boy?" a voice boomed beside me as a hand landed on my shoulder.

I glanced left and saw Tessa smirking. "Oh, hey. What's up?"

"I'm good," she replied, leaning her elbow against my desk. "You went to see Carrie again yesterday, right?"

"Yep," I said. "Why?"

"You going to see her tonight too?"

"Probably," I said. "Why, jealous?"

"Kim talked to me yesterday," Tessa said quietly. "When you were gone. She said she wants to punish Carrie too, the same way you are."

"Punish?" I asked.

"You remember that strap-on you bought?" Tessa continued. "She wants to use it on her."

"Kim? Our Kim?" I asked. "Damn. I didn't know she was like that."

"Apparently she hates Carrie's guts," Tessa shrugged. "And she wouldn't mind rearranging them either."

"I think that might be too much for her," I said. "I'm not sure she'd actually be okay with it."

"Don't hog all the fun, magic fingers," Tessa said as she pushed herself off my desk. "Just talk to her."

"I'll think about it," I replied, watching her walk toward the elevators.

She glanced back, waved, and stepped inside. I leaned back in my chair, clasped my hands behind my head, and stared at the ceiling for a moment. Kim wanting in sounded hot on paper, but I couldn't shake the feeling that she said it out of anger and didn't actually mean it.

After a few seconds, I pulled my phone out and dialed Kim. She picked up after the second ring, and it sounded like she was outside.

"Hey, handsome," she said.

"Hey," I replied. "You outside?"

"Yeah. With Tessa... well, she's not here, but she'll be," Kim said. "She was going to swing by you. Did she?"

"Oh yeah, she did," I said. "And she told me some things you supposedly wanted to do."

"Oh my god," Kim muttered. "I was drunk, Evan. Please don't take that seriously."

"So it was just drunk talk?" I asked.

"It was," she said quickly. "Forget it. I told her to keep her mouth shut this morning, and of course she didn't. If I did that to her, she'd never let it go."

"That's Tessa," I said.

"She's coming outside now," Kim added. "I'll talk some sense into her. Bye, Evan."

"Yeah. Bye."

I slipped my phone back into my pocket and leaned into my chair again, exhaling slowly.

The elevator doors slid open, and Anotta stepped out.

She didn't slow down. She walked straight toward Nala's office, heels clicking softly against the floor. As she passed my desk, our eyes met.

My body tensed before I even realized it. Shoulders stiff, spine straight, like some instinct kicking in. Anotta didn't smile or acknowledge it beyond that brief glance. She kept walking, entered Nala's office, and closed the glass door behind her.

I exhaled slowly.

Anotta was dangerous. Not in an obvious way—no raised voice, no intimidation tactics. Just... power. Connections. The kind of woman who didn't need to threaten anyone to get what she wanted. I needed to be careful around her.

"Welp," I muttered. "Smoke break."

I pushed myself up and headed down the hallway. At the end was the coffee room. A few people were already there, waiting in line, grabbing cups, talking quietly. The machine hummed as it poured coffee for the guy in front of me.

When it was my turn, I poured myself a black coffee and headed for the door that led outside.

Outside was a narrow platform attached to the building, with a concrete floor and metal railings. There was barely enough room for a handful of people to stand without crowding each other. A couple of ashtrays were bolted near the railing, and the lingering cigarette smell suggested the place saw plenty of use.

A few coworkers were already there, smoking, leaning on the railing, staring out at the city.

I pulled a cigarette from my pack, lit it, and took a slow sip of my coffee. Bitter, hot, grounding. I exhaled smoke and looked out over the city—gray buildings, distant lights, the sky heavy and dull.

Then I glanced back inside.

Through the glass, I saw Amelia at the coffee machine. She hadn't noticed me yet. Her posture was straight, expression serious, eyes sharp behind her glasses like always.

I lifted my hand and waved.

She didn't react at first. Then she turned her head slightly, her gaze drifting toward the window, and she saw me. She gave a small nod.

Coffee in hand, she stepped outside.

"Hey," I said. "Want a smoke?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Eh... sure."

I handed her one and leaned in to light it. She took a careful drag and exhaled slowly, like she wasn't entirely used to it.

We stood there side by side, smoking.

"When's your break?" I asked.

"In a few hours," she replied. "Are we going to drive around the parking lot again?"

"Yep," I said. "Only if you want to."

"Sure," she said. "I just hope I won't hit a car. That'd... suck."

"You'll do fine," I said. "You did fine before."

"Yeah..." She cleared her throat. Then her eyes widened slightly. "Hey. You saw Anotta, right?"

"Yep," I said. "She went into Nala's office."

"She's... a weird one," Amelia said. "I don't get good vibes from her."

"Yeah," I said, shrugging. "But she's interested in the project. We kind of have to tolerate her."

"I heard there was a meeting," she said. "And you were there too. What did they talk about?"

"I honestly have no idea," I said. "They just talked and talked. I felt like a kid sitting at the adult table. Terms, numbers, stuff way above my head."

"I wonder why you were called in," Amelia said.

"I don't know," I said. "Apparently Anotta wanted me there."

"I'd count myself lucky if I were you," she said. "That means Anotta trusts you."

"You just told me she gives you bad vibes," I chuckled, taking another drag. "I don't know if I'd call that lucky."

Her lips curled, just barely, into the faintest smirk. "Yeah," she said. "Guess you're right."

Huh. I still had that quest, didn't I? Inviting Amelia to the penthouse.

The thought lingered in the back of my mind as I stared out at the city, cigarette burning slowly between my fingers. Amelia and I weren't close. We talked, sure, but there was a clear distance she kept with everyone. Inviting her over could easily be misunderstood. She might think I was trying to push things somewhere personal, and while that wouldn't be entirely wrong, it wasn't something I wanted to rush or force. The last thing I wanted was to creep her out.

I decided to sit on it. The quest wasn't going anywhere. I could afford to wait.

We stayed quiet for a while after that, just drinking our coffee and smoking. People rotated in and out of the balcony. Some faces I recognized, others I didn't. At one point it got crowded enough that we had to stand a little closer to the railing. Still, it was tolerable. The air was cool, and at least the weather wasn't as bad as the forecaster had threatened that morning.

"I should go," Amelia said eventually. "Unlike you, Mr. Marlowe, I don't know my boss well enough to slack during work hours."

I chuckled. "Yeah, fair enough."

She took one last drag, stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray, and adjusted her glasses. "Thanks for the talk, Evan. I'll talk to you later."

"Mm." I nodded. "See you in a few hours."

She gave a small wave and headed back inside.

I took another drag, letting the smoke fill my lungs, then exhaled slowly.

"Excuse me."

I glanced back. A man standing a few steps away cleared his throat and gave me a polite nod. He looked mid-thirties, casual office wear, holding a coffee cup like he'd forgotten about it.

I nodded back. "Yeah?"

"Sorry to bother you," he said. "I just... I don't think I've ever seen Amelia talk with anyone like that before."

I blinked. "Like what?"

"Casual," he said, shrugging. "Actually standing around and talking. I'm Marco, by the way."

"Evan," I said. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise." He hesitated, then added, "She's always been kind of... withdrawn."

"That so?" I asked.

"Yeah. I've been here about three years now," Marco said. "When she first joined, we talked a few times. Work stuff. She was polite, sharp, but distant. Never stayed longer than necessary. After a while, she just stopped engaging unless she had to."

"I didn't know that," I said honestly.

He nodded. "Most people don't. She keeps to herself. Doesn't gossip, doesn't join lunches. Doesn't even complain, which honestly makes her more intimidating than the rest of us."

I snorted softly. "Yeah, I can see that."

"She's not rude," Marco added. "Just... closed off. Seeing her out here, laughing a bit? That was new."

I shrugged. "Guess I caught her on a good day."

"Maybe," he said with a small smile. He glanced at his watch and sighed. "Well, I should get back. Nice talking to you, Evan."

"You too," I said.

He nodded once more and headed inside.

I finished my cigarette, crushed it out, and took the last sip of my now-cold coffee. I set the cup in the used-glass area inside the coffee room and walked back into the hallway.

The office felt quieter than before. The hum of work, keyboards clacking, muted conversations. I made my way back to my desk and sat down, rolling my shoulders to loosen the tension I hadn't realized I was holding.

When I glanced to my right, Anotta was still in Nala's office. The glass door was shut, and the two of them were deep in conversation. I couldn't hear anything, but the body language alone was enough. Focused. Serious. Calculated.

I shook my head and exhaled.

Whatever that meeting was about, I had a feeling it wasn't something small.

The Heart System - Chapter 385[1,585 words]

Chapter 385: Chapter 385

My phone buzzed on the desk. I glanced at the screen and blinked. Cora. Video call. Well, that was unexpected.

I picked it up and leaned back in my chair. "Hey."

The screen flickered, then her face appeared—too close at first, like she'd shoved the phone right up to her cheek by accident. She yelped softly, pulled it back, and I saw more of her.

She was in a weird... costume.

"Oh," I said before I could stop myself. "Wow."

Cora froze. Her shoulders tensed immediately. "D-don't laugh."

"I wasn't going to," I said quickly. "I swear."

She shifted the phone a little farther away, giving me a full view. She was wearing something straight out of a dark fantasy anime—a monster-girl outfit. Black and deep violet fabric, form-fitting in places and loose in others. The top hugged her chest with sharp, angular cutouts, held together by thin straps that crossed over her collarbone. The sleeves were long and detached, clawed at the fingertips, and the skirt was short but layered, asymmetrical, with torn-looking edges that fluttered when she moved.

There were small horn accessories clipped into her hair, curving back just enough to be noticeable without looking ridiculous. A thin tail swayed behind her when she shifted her weight, clearly attached to a belt under the skirt. Thigh-high stockings with faint rune-like patterns climbed up her legs, stopping just before bare skin.

It was... anime as hell.

And yeah. A little sexy.

She hugged her free arm across her stomach, clearly self-conscious. "Esme said this one fit the theme. I don't even know if it does."

"It fits something," I said honestly.

She looked up at me through the screen, eyes wide behind her glasses. "E-Evan."

I smiled. "You look cute. And sexy. Both. Somehow."

Her face turned red immediately. "You're not helping."

"I'm being truthful."

She bit her lip, then adjusted the phone again. "I don't like showing people this stuff. I mean—cosplay. Or myself. Like this."

"I know," I said. "And you don't have to do it for anyone else. You're doing it because you agreed to try. That's already more than enough."

She hesitated, then nodded slowly. "I... Esme said the same thing."

As if summoned by name, a blurry shape drifted into the background.

"Sis?" a sleepy voice mumbled.

The camera shifted as Cora turned the phone slightly, and Esme wandered into view, half-lidded eyes, hair messy like she'd just rolled out of bed. She was wearing a completely different cosplay—soft, pastel-colored, oversized hoodie styled like some kind of sleepy mage or support character. The sleeves were too long, covering her hands, and there were little embroidered stars along the hem. A floppy wizard hat sat crooked on her head.

She yawned.

"Oh," I said, amused. "Hey, Esme."

She squinted at the screen. "Hi, Evan."

Cora glanced at her. "You're supposed to be helping me, not interrupting."

"I did help," Esme said, leaning her head against Cora's shoulder. "I picked the outfit. And I said you look good."

"You said I looked 'acceptable.'"

"That's high praise."

I chuckled. "You both look great."

Esme nodded slowly, like that settled the matter, then drifted out of frame again. I heard a couch creak in the background and something soft hitting a pillow.

Cora sighed. "She's already mentally done for the day."

"Well, yeah," I said. "Gotta conserve energy."

She nodded. "I'm still nervous. What if people stare?"

"They will," I said easily.

She stiffened. "That's not comforting."

"But they'll stare because it's a convention," I added. "Everyone's dressed up. Everyone's weird. You'll blend in more than you think."

She looked down, then back at the screen. "You'll be there, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "I promised."

"Okay." She took a breath. "Then I'll go."

The glass door of Nala's office slid open.

Anotta stepped out.

She walked past the desks with that same calm, dangerous composure, heels clicking softly against the floor. Didn't glance my way. Didn't acknowledge me at all.

"Hey," I said quickly into the phone. "I gotta go."

Cora nodded. "O-okay. Um... see you tomorrow."

"Yeah," I said. "You did good today."

She smiled—small, shy, but real. "Bye, Evan."

"Bye."

I ended the call, slipped the phone into my pocket, and stood up just as Anotta reached the elevators.

"Ms. Anotov," I called.

She didn't slow. Didn't turn.

The elevator doors slid open. She stepped inside like she hadn't heard a thing.

"Damn it," I muttered under my breath, exhaling slowly.

From behind the glass, Nala looked over at me. She wore a small, knowing smile and lifted her hand, gesturing for me to come in.

I hesitated for half a second, then walked toward her office.

I slid the glass door open with a sigh, and stepped inside. The room felt quieter than the hallway—muted, insulated. I pulled one of the chairs closer and sat at the small table beside her desk.

Nala leaned back in her chair and exhaled, long and tired, rubbing her temples with two fingers.

"God, she's exhausting," she said.

I didn't interrupt. I just leaned back, crossed my arms loosely, and listened.

"She's backing the project, yes," Nala continued, eyes drifting to the glass wall for a second. "But she's getting too involved. Asking questions that aren't her lane. Wanting updates that go beyond oversight. Pushing timelines, probing internal decisions." She shook her head slightly. "It's not overt, but it's there."

"Control," I said.

"Influence," she corrected. "She's smart enough to dress it up as concern. As interest. As support." A faint smile tugged at her lips, but it didn't reach her eyes. "And that's what bothers me."

I nodded slowly. "She doesn't feel like someone who invests and then waits."

"Exactly." Nala rested her elbow on the desk, chin on her knuckles. "She wants her fingerprints on everything. Not to run it—but to know she could, if she wanted."

That tracked. Way too well.

I shifted in my chair. "Does that put us in a bad position?"

"Not yet," she said. "And not necessarily ever. But it means we have to be careful. Clear boundaries. No shortcuts. No letting her think pressure works."

We sat there for a moment, the quiet settling in comfortably. The hum of the building. The distant murmur of people moving through the floor. Not tense—just tired.

"Well," I said eventually, pushing myself up, "I'll let you get back to ruling the world."

She huffed a quiet laugh. "Someone has to."

I stepped closer as I turned to leave, leaned down, and pressed a light kiss to her cheek. "Don't overwork yourself."

She glanced up at me, amused. "You don't get to say that."

"I just did."

I straightened, gave her a small smile, and headed for the door, sliding the glass open and stepping back into the hallway.



The elevator doors slid open, and Amelia stepped out.

She didn't walk toward my desk. She didn't wave or call my name. She just stopped a few steps out of the elevator and waited, hands loosely around her coffee cup, posture straight as always. Like she'd calculated exactly where to stand so I'd notice her without her having to ask for anything.

I pushed my chair back and stood.

She looked up when I approached. "Hey."

"Hey," I said. "Ready?"

She nodded once. "Yeah."

We stepped into the elevator together. I pressed zero, and the doors slid shut with a soft thud. For a few seconds, the only sound was the hum of the cables.

"So," I said, breaking it gently, "how'd the rest of your day go?"

"Quiet," she replied. "Which is good. No fires to put out. No surprise meetings."

"Lucky."

That earned me the smallest huff of amusement. Barely there, but I caught it.

The elevator descended smoothly. I leaned back against the wall, hands in my pockets. "Still nervous?"

"A bit," she said honestly. "But less than yesterday."

"That's progress."

"I guess." She hesitated, then added, "I practiced the pedals in my head during lunch."

I smiled. "That might be the most Amelia sentence you've ever said."

She blinked, then shook her head. "I don't know if that's a compliment."

"It is."

The elevator dinged, doors opening to the lobby. We stepped out and headed for the exit together, passing through the quiet after-hours space. Outside, the air was cooler, the sky dim and heavy with clouds that hadn't decided whether they wanted to rain again.

We descended the front steps and crossed into the parking lot. My car sat where I'd left it, familiar and unassuming.

I walked around and opened the passenger door, sliding in. Amelia took the driver's side, setting her coffee down carefully in the cup holder like it might explode if mishandled.

I handed her the keys. She took them, fingers a little stiff, then leaned forward and tried to guide the key into the ignition.

Missed.

She frowned, adjusted her angle, tried again. Missed again. I didn't say anything. Just watched her hands instead of her face.

She exhaled slowly through her nose. "Sorry."

"Hey," I said calmly. "No rush. You've got it."

She paused, loosened her grip, then tried again. This time the key slid in smoothly.

"There you go," I said.

She let out a breath she'd clearly been holding and turned the key. The engine came to life.

We sat there for a second, the car idling.

"Same as yesterday," I said. "We'll start slow. Just the lot. No pressure."

She nodded. "Okay."

The Heart System - Chapter 386[1,594 words]

Chapter 386: Chapter 386

She eased her foot onto the gas, and the car rolled forward.

Her movements were more confident than yesterday—still careful, but not rigid. She checked the mirrors without me prompting her. Turned the wheel with smoother hands.

"Nice," I said. "See? Already better."

"I'm trying not to overthink," she replied. "That's the hardest part."

"Driving's mostly muscle memory," I said. "Your brain just needs to stop getting in the way."

She shot me a look. "That sounds like advice you give yourself often."

"Eh, well, maybe."

She drove along the edge of the lot, slow and controlled. Turned the wheel for a wide curve instead of a sharp one. The tires crunched softly over gravel near the curb.

"Brake a little earlier," I said gently.

She did, and the car slowed smoothly instead of jerking.

"Good," I added. "That was perfect."

Her shoulders relaxed just a bit.

We did another loop. Then another. Each time, she looked less tense, her hands settling into a rhythm. She even adjusted her seat slightly on her own.

"You're not correcting me as much," she said after a moment.

"That's because you're not giving me reasons to."

She was quiet for a second. Then, softer, "That's... reassuring."

We drove past a row of parked cars. She navigated between them carefully, eyes sharp behind her glasses.

"I was scared I'd hit something again," she admitted.

"You didn't," I said. "And you won't. You're paying attention. That's half the battle."

"Only half?"

"The other half is trusting yourself."

She considered that, then nodded.

We did one last loop. This time, she picked a spot near the edge of the lot and eased into it.

"Okay," she said, voice steadier now. "I'm going to park."

"Take your time."

She lined it up, adjusted once, then brought the car to a smooth stop. Shifted into park. Turned the engine off.

For a moment, neither of us moved.

Then she exhaled and leaned back in her seat. "I did it."

"You did," I said, grinning. "And cleanly, too."

She glanced at me. I expected the usual neutral expression. The composed, serious Amelia I was used to. Instead, her lips curved upward. Not a polite half-smile. Not a brief acknowledgment. An actual smile. It softened her whole face. Changed it. It didn't quite fit her serious demeanor—but that made it even more striking.

I blinked. "Wow."

She caught herself and quickly looked away. "What?"

"That," I said honestly. "You smiling."

She froze for half a second, then shook her head, embarrassed. "Don't make it weird."

"I'm not," I said. "Just... wasn't expecting it."

She muttered something under her breath and opened the door.

We stepped out of the car and started walking back toward the building.

"You did really well," I said as we climbed the steps. "At this rate, you'll be better than me."

She glanced over. "I doubt that."

"Give it time."

She hesitated, then smiled again—smaller this time, but still real.

"Thanks, Evan."

Yeah.

That was definitely new.

We walked the rest of the stairs side by side and pushed through the glass doors into the building. The lobby was quieter now, late-afternoon quiet, the kind where even footsteps sounded too loud.

We stepped into the elevator together.

The doors slid shut.

Silence settled between us again—not uncomfortable exactly, but thin. Like neither of us wanted to poke it and see what happened.

I watched the floor numbers tick up. Amelia stared straight ahead, hands folded, posture composed again like she'd slipped the armor back on.

The elevator slowed.

My floor.

I stepped out and turned back. "Hey."

She looked at me. "Yeah?"

"Good job today," I said again, softer this time. "Seriously."

She hesitated, then nodded. "Thank you. For... being patient."

"Anytime."

She reached out and punched another button before the doors could close. "And—" she paused, then added, "thanks again."

I nodded. "See you tomorrow."

"See you."

The doors slid shut, and she was gone.

I walked back to my desk, dropped into my chair, and let myself exhale. The quiet hum of the office wrapped around me again.

My phone buzzed.

Nala.

I glanced toward her office and saw her sitting behind her desk, phone in hand, eyes already on me through the glass.

I picked up. "Hey."

"The anime convention," she said immediately. "They're starting early. Weather warning. Might snow hard tomorrow."

"Wait," I said. "It starts now?"

"At eight," she replied. "Four hours from now."

"Oh." I nodded slowly. "Okay. I'll call Cora. You sure you won't come?"

She smiled faintly, still watching me. "Like I said, Evan, I can't afford to be seen in public wearing cosplay. Especially not with Project Phoenix looming over everything."

"Fair enough," I said. "But if you change your mind, you know where we'll be."

"I know." Her gaze softened. "I saw you teaching Amelia again. How was she?"

"She's good," I said. "Getting better."

"Mm." She nodded. "You can leave early if you want. I'll handle things here."

"Alright." I leaned back. "I'll call Cora and see how bad the panic is."

She smirked. "Good luck."

"Bye, boss," I said, deliberately sarcastic.

She rolled her eyes. "Bye, Evan."

The call ended.

I didn't wait. I tapped Cora's name and held the phone to my ear.

She answered almost immediately. "Evan?"

"Hey," I said. "So. Small update."

"Um... o-okay?"

"The convention's today."

Silence.

Then—"What."

"Eight p.m.," I added quickly. "They moved it up because of the weather."

"Today?" Her voice jumped an octave. "As in—today today?"

"Yep."

"Oh my god." I heard rustling on her end. "No, no, no, no, no—Evan, I'm not ready. My wig isn't styled properly, the straps on the costume are still wrong, and Esme hasn't even tried her horns on yet."

"You'll be fine," I said calmly. "Trust me."

"That doesn't mean I'm socially prepared," she shot back. "Those are two completely different skill sets."

I smiled. "Cora."

"I'm serious," she said. "What if people stare? Or take pictures? Or talk to me?"

"That's... kind of the point of conventions."

She groaned. "I knew this was a bad idea."

"You said that before too," I reminded her.

"B-but... Evan, I don't know."

"You'll survive," I said. "I'll be there. Esme'll be there. You won't be alone."

There was a pause. Then, quieter, "What if I freeze?"

"Then we step outside," I said without hesitation. "Or we leave. No pressure. No forcing."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Another pause. I could practically hear her chewing on her lip.

"Okay," she said finally. "Okay. I can... try."

"That's all I'm asking."

"When are you picking us up?"

"Two hours," I said. "Enough time to panic constructively."

She huffed out a nervous laugh. "I hate that you're right."

"I know."

"Okay," she repeated. "Two hours."

"See you then."

"Evan?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks," she said softly.

"Anytime."

The call ended. I leaned back in my chair and stared up at the ceiling, exhaling slowly. Seeing Cora and Esme in cosplay, surrounded by people?

Yeah.

That was going to be weird. And somehow, I already knew I wouldn't trade it for anything.



Goodbye to my date with Carrie... for now.

The convention was already in full swing by the time we arrived. The café had been completely transformed—dim, warm lighting, wooden beams propped up along the walls, fake iron sconces with flickering orange bulbs, banners stitched with fantasy crests hanging between shelves. Someone had gone all-in on the "old tavern" aesthetic. It smelled like roasted coffee beans mixed with cinnamon and something faintly sweet, maybe honey syrup.

The tables were crowded, not just with drinks but props—foam swords leaning against chairs, spellbooks that were definitely notebooks in disguise, dice trays, plush creatures piled like loot. Servers walked around in themed outfits, carrying drinks in thick, oddly shaped glassware that looked like something pulled straight out of an anime fantasy world. My coffee came in a heavy goblet-like mug, etched with runes that were probably nonsense but looked cool as hell.

People were everywhere. Some stood near the makeshift photo corner—brick-pattern backdrops, fake barrels, lanterns—posing dramatically while friends snapped pictures. Others sat in groups, laughing too loudly, comparing costumes, pointing out details on armor or wigs. Cameras flashed now and then, catching bits of glitter, metal, and colored lenses.

We'd claimed a small round table near the side, half-sheltered by a wooden divider. Close enough to feel part of it, far enough not to be overwhelmed.

Cora sat to my left, shoulders slightly hunched, hands wrapped around her drink like it was a lifeline. Since this had all been last-minute, she hadn't had time to do her full cosplay. Instead, she wore a soft, oversized sweater in muted pastel tones, paired with a short skirt and thigh-high stockings. The real standout was the wig—long, silver-lilac hair that framed her face beautifully—and the fluffy tail clipped behind her, swaying slightly whenever she shifted. She'd bought both here, cheeks pink when the vendor helped her put them on.

Esme sat across from me, already halfway to dozing off.

She was dressed like a fantasy peasant—simple earth-toned dress, apron tied loosely, sleeves rolled just enough to look intentional. But the horns ruined any attempt at "normal." Two small, curved black horns jutted out from her hair, subtle but unmistakable. Apparently, she'd picked a super niche character: the first human turned into a demon, long before becoming the Demon Lord's helper. This was the "before" version. Human. Tired. Horns included.

It fit her disturbingly well.

I took a sip of my coffee. Strong. Bitter. Good.

The Heart System - Chapter 387[1,564 words]

Chapter 387: Chapter 387

"So," I said quietly, leaning forward a bit. "How are you holding up?"

Cora shrugged, eyes darting briefly to a group nearby before returning to her mug. "Nervous," she admitted. "But... not in a bad way. I think."

"That's progress," I said.

She nodded, then glanced at Esme. "You?"

Esme's head dipped slightly, then lifted just enough for her to nod once. No words. Just confirmation that she was still technically awake.

I chuckled under my breath and leaned back in my chair.

This was good. Really good. No pressure, no expectations—just getting them out, letting them exist somewhere new. Especially Cora. She was quiet, but she wasn't shrinking. That alone felt like a win.

I took another sip. Cora followed suit, taking a careful, shy drink of her mocha. Esme lifted her teacup with both hands, sipped, and immediately looked like she might pass out right there.

Around us, the room buzzed. Laughter, chatter, the clink of glass. A couple of people glanced our way—quick looks, curious, appreciative. A few women held my gaze a second longer than coincidence would explain. Charm doing its thing, I guessed.

I didn't lean into it.

I didn't come here for that.

Tonight wasn't about credits or status effects or dates that blurred into something ugly. Tonight was about sitting at a tavern-themed table, watching Cora slowly relax and Esme fight sleep with heroic determination.

I took another sip of coffee and let the noise wash over us.

A few minutes later, while I was halfway through my coffee and Cora was still carefully negotiating with her mocha like it might bite her, three women drifted over to our table.

They looked confident. Too confident.

One of them—short blue wig, little crown accessory, corset over a blouse—smiled brightly. "Hey! Sorry to bother you guys."

Cora stiffened instantly. Esme barely reacted, blinking once.

"No, uh—hi," Cora said, a beat too late.

"We just wanted to say," another woman chimed in, tall, long red coat with gold trim, "your cosplays are super cute."

Cora's brain visibly short-circuited. "O-oh. Um. Th-thank you."

Esme nodded. "Thanks."

The first woman leaned closer, eyes lighting up. "What are you cosplaying from? I swear I recognize the tail."

Cora glanced at me for help.

I gave her an encouraging look. You've got this.

She swallowed. "I-it's from, um... Nightbound Familiar. The, uh... side character. Season two."

"Oh my god!" the woman clapped her hands once. "Yes! The silver familiar girl, right?"

"Yes," Cora said quickly, then immediately panicked. "I mean—no. I mean—kind of. It's not exactly her. It's more like—an inspired version. Like if she was—uh—casual."

There was a pause.

"That's still really cute," the woman said diplomatically.

Cora nodded way too hard. "Thank you."

The red-coated woman turned to Esme, tilting her head. "And you?"

Esme took a slow sip of her tea. "Peasant."

"Oh." The woman blinked. "From...?"

Esme lowered the cup. "From Ashfall Chronicles. Volume one. Before demonization. It's a side-story to the main anime."

The third woman—short black hair, camera hanging around her neck—snapped her fingers. "WAIT. The first human who gets corrupted and becomes the Demon Lord's aide later?"

Esme nodded. "Mm."

"That's actually really deep lore," the photographer said, impressed. "Most people skip straight to demon form."

Esme shrugged. "Too much effort."

Cora looked at her like she'd just witnessed a miracle.

The first woman laughed lightly. "I love that. Honestly, that's so on-brand."

She glanced at me then. "Are you cosplaying too?"

I lifted my goblet slightly. "Background NPC."

They laughed.

"So," the blue-wigged woman said, leaning back a bit, clearly trying to keep the conversation going, "have you guys been to many conventions before?"

Cora opened her mouth. Closed it. Opened it again. "N-no. This is my first."

"Oh!" the woman said warmly. "That's exciting."

"Yes," Cora agreed, immediately regretting everything. "Very. Exciting. Extremely. I am—excited."

Silence.

Esme stared into her tea like it held ancient secrets.

"Cool," the red-coated woman said, nodding. "You picked a good one for your first time."

"Y-yeah," Cora said. "I almost didn't come."

"Oh? Why not?"

Cora's soul left her body.

"I—uh—crowds," she said weakly. "And talking. And... people."

The photographer smiled sympathetically. "Totally fair."

"I also almost tripped on the stairs," Cora added, for reasons known only to panic. "And I spilled sugar on myself earlier. Not now. Earlier."

"That happens," the woman said.

Esme nodded. "She survived."

Cora covered her mouth. "Esme!"

"What?" Esme said. "You did."

The women laughed again, thankfully.

"Well," the blue-wigged woman said, clasping her hands, "it was really nice meeting you guys. Your cosplays are genuinely adorable."

"Thank you," Cora said, quieter this time.

"Yeah," Esme added.

"Enjoy the con!" the photographer said, already stepping back.

They waved and moved off toward another table, already chatting among themselves. The moment they were gone, Cora deflated like someone had pulled a plug.

She dropped her forehead into her hands. "Oh my god."

I snorted softly. "You did fine."

"I did not," she groaned. "Why did I say 'extremely excited'? Who says that?"

Esme shrugged. "You didn't scream."

"That's not the bar!"

I leaned back, smiling. "Hey. You talked. You answered questions. You didn't vanish into thin air."

Cora peeked at me through her fingers. "I didn't?"

"Nope."

She slowly lowered her hands, cheeks still red. "I think my heart is still beating too fast."

"That's normal," I said. "Adrenaline."

Esme lifted her cup again. "Social combat."

Cora let out a weak laugh despite herself. "Ugh. Why did I keep talking."

"Because you're human," I said. "And humans ramble when nervous."

She hid her face again. "Aw..."

Esme took another sip. "You did better than last year."

Cora blinked. "This is my first anime convention, Esme. I wasn't here last year."

"Exactly."

I chuckled and took another sip of my coffee.

Cora finally relaxed enough to drink again, shoulders loosening bit by bit. "They were nice," she admitted. "I just... didn't know what to say."

"And yet," I said, "you said things."

She groaned softly. "Don't remind me."

Esme leaned back in her chair, eyes half-lidded. "They liked the horns."

"That's because the horns are cool," I said.

"They itch," Esme replied.

Cora smiled faintly into her cup, still embarrassed—but it was real.

Progress.

A sharp ding rang through the café, bright enough to cut through the chatter.

I looked up just as the barista—same woman who'd been theatrically slamming goblets down earlier—reached up and rang the little bell hanging from the ceiling again. It was an odd thing, really. A brass bell etched with glowing rune patterns that pulsed faintly, like someone had baked magic straight into the metal. She clapped her hands twice, loud and practiced.

"Alright, everyone! Adventurers, heroes, demons, familiars, and background NPCs—may I have your attention?"

The room gradually quieted. A few people groaned playfully, others perked up immediately.

"We're starting a special event!" she continued, grinning. "Since tomorrow's storm forced us to cancel the outdoor carnival games, we're doing something a little different tonight."

Esme cracked one eye open. "Mm..."

"Quiz event," the barista said, already pointing at a small chalkboard behind her. "Download the Here I Am anime app, enter the quiz room, and use the password—one three three one."

A murmur rippled through the café as phones came out.

Cora glanced at me, hesitant. "A... quiz?"

"Looks like it," I said, already pulling my phone out. "Free stuff involved. I'm in."

She hesitated for maybe half a second longer, then fished her phone out too. Esme followed suit, slower, like this was already exhausting her.

The barista leaned on the counter. "Rules are simple. Twenty questions. Lore, characters, iconic scenes. First, second, and third place get rewards."

"What kind of rewards?" someone shouted.

Her smile widened. "Mystery prizes."

Esme straightened a little. "Are there plushies?"

"Maybe."

That was all it took.

She turned to me, eyes suddenly sharp. "You're going to win that, right?"

I snorted. "You're putting a lot of faith in me for an anime I half-watched."

She frowned. "Then why are we doing this?"

I shrugged as the app finished installing. "They were supposed to set up carnival games outside. Ring toss, shooting gallery, that kind of thing. Storm warning messed it up. This is the backup plan."

Esme clicked her tongue. "So you're saying we're going to lose."

Cora looked mildly horrified. "W—we are?"

I crossed my fingers theatrically. "Let's hope we don't, huh?"

She did not look reassured.

The barista clapped again. "Alright! Quiz is live. Everyone ready?"

A chorus of yeses, cheers, and a few dramatic groans answered her.

Question one popped up on my screen.

Q1: What is the name of the city where the protagonist awakens in episode one?

"Shit," I muttered.

Cora leaned closer, squinting. "Is it... Lumeris?"

Esme yawned. "No. That's episode three."

"Great start," I sighed, tapping a random answer.

The questions kept coming.

Character birthdays. Weapon names. Episode-specific dialogue. Symbol meanings. OST titles.

At some point, I stopped pretending we had a chance.

Cora was biting her lip, clearly trying her best. "Wait—no—wasn't that before the betrayal arc?"

"I don't know," I whispered back. "I was emotionally checked out by then."

Esme answered maybe one out of every five questions, and even then only when she was weirdly confident.

"That one," she said lazily at question fourteen. "Trust me."

It was wrong.

The Heart System - Chapter 388[1,757 words]

Chapter 388: Chapter 388

By the time question twenty rolled around, the café was buzzing. Some people were clearly way too invested, whispering urgently, tapping screens like their lives depended on it.

'Quiz Complete. Please wait for results.'

I leaned back and took a sip of my coffee. "Well. That was an experience."

Cora stared at her phone like it might scold her. "I think I answered half of them wrong..."

Esme folded her arms. "I wanted a teddy bear."

A few seconds passed. Then the barista rang the bell again.

"Alright! Results are in!"

Cheers erupted from one side of the room.

"Third place—table seven!"

Applause.

"Second place—window booth, demon party!"

Louder applause.

"And first place—congratulations to the group near the bar!"

The winners whooped.

I exhaled slowly. "Yep. There it is."

Cora slumped. "We lost..."

"We didn't even fully watch the anime," I said dryly. "This was always the outcome."

Esme's face scrunched up in genuine disappointment. "No..."

She turned to Cora, eyes narrowing. "I wanted a teddy bear. You stupid sis. Why did you masturbate with it instead of watching the show?"

Cora choked.

"D—don't call me stupid!" she yelped, face going nuclear-red. "I was—I didn't—I'm not going to answer that!"

Esme stuck her tongue out at her, exaggerated and childish. "Hmph."

Cora snapped back instantly, flipping her off and crossing her arms. "You're awful."

I nearly spat my coffee out laughing.

Yeah.

We definitely lost the quiz—but somehow, it still felt like a win.

The winners lined up at the bar one by one, the barista handing out the prizes with exaggerated ceremony. First place got a massive teddy bear—honestly bigger than Esme—second place walked off hugging an absurdly large rubber duck, and third place was handed a voucher for a free drink, which they immediately redeemed.

We clapped along with everyone else. Esme even gave a half-hearted 'yay' before her head drooped again.

The winners returned to their seats, proudly showing off their loot, posing for photos. The noise level dipped back into that cozy, lively hum.

Cora finished the last of her mocha, fingers fidgeting around the empty glass. Esme drained her tea in three slow gulps and set it down with a soft clink.

Cora glanced between me and her sister. "Um... should we leave?"

"Already?" I asked, arching a brow. "We just got here."

She shrank a little. "I mean—I'm not saying we have to. Just... asking."

"Come on," I said gently. "You're doing fine. Have a little fun."

Esme exhaled loudly and leaned back in her chair, eyes half-lidded. "Define... fun..."

That was when someone stopped at our table.

She was... striking. Crimson wig—bright, vivid green—but not a cheap wig kind. It looked meticulously styled, layered, almost sculpted. Metallic accents were woven through it, catching the warm tavern lights. Her cosplay was intricate, borderline professional.

She lifted her gaze.

We locked eyes.

Oh.

"Oh," I said, blinking. "Emma."

She grinned. "Hey."

"I, uh..."

"I didn't know you were into this kind of stuff," she continued, glancing around. "Though... you're not cosplaying."

"Yeah," I shrugged. "Background MC energy tonight."

She laughed softly. "Figures."

I gestured to the girls. "This is Cora. And Esme."

Cora straightened immediately. "H-hi."

Esme lifted two fingers in a lazy salute. "Mm."

"Nice to meet you," Emma said warmly. "Love the horns."

Esme touched one instinctively. "Thanks."

Emma looked back at me. "Did you take the quiz?"

"Yeah," I sighed. "And failed spectacularly."

"Aw. My phone died before I could even download the app," she said, holding it up. "Battery betrayal."

"Bummer," I said. "You probably would've won."

She shrugged. "Maybe." Then she glanced over her shoulder. "I should get back. My friends are waiting."

"Yeah, sure," I said. "Good seeing you."

"Mm." She nodded once, then disappeared back into the crowd.

Cora watched her go, then leaned forward, lowering her voice. "Who... was that?"

"Nala's friend," I said simply.

"Oh." She nodded. "Okay."

Silence settled again, heavier this time. Esme yawned, stretching her arms above her head.

Then a new group wandered over—two guys, three women, all in mixed cosplay. One of them smiled brightly.

"Yo, that's a cool setup you've got," one of the women said. "Are you guys from the same fandom?"

"Uh," Cora hesitated. "Kind of?"

"Love the horns," another said, eyes lighting up. "Did you make those?"

Esme nodded. "Bought. Modified."

"That's sick," one of the guys said. "Mind if I—"

He reached out.

Esme flinched back instantly, shoulders tensing, breath hitching.

Before his fingers could get anywhere near her, I cleared my throat sharply and clapped my hands once.

"Hey."

The sound cut through the moment cleanly.

I smiled, polite but firm. "Hands off the horns, yeah?"

The guy froze. "Oh—uh—sorry, man. Didn't mean—"

"It's fine," I said. "Just asking."

EVENT

=====

Esme's Interest +10

Crap. I earned a small amount of positive reputation points, but I didn't check if I was penalized or not. That was for later.

There was an awkward shuffle. Someone laughed a little too loudly. The group murmured excuses and drifted away. Damn. Awkward as hell.

I turned to Esme. "Hey. Want to get some air with me?"

She nodded immediately. "Yes."

We stood up.

I leaned toward Cora. "You stay here, okay? Order another coffee if you want. I've got it."

Cora nodded, eyes sharp now, still tracking the guy who'd reached out earlier.

I gave her cheek a light, teasing tap with my knuckle. "Hey. Cause no trouble."

She exhaled. "Mm..."

Esme and I stepped outside.

The front entrance was quiet compared to the café—streetlights glowing soft amber, snowflakes drifting lazily down, barely sticking to the ground yet. The air was cold and clean, biting just enough to wake you up.

Esme took a deep breath, shoulders slowly relaxing.

"Hey... how are you?"

"Better," she murmured.

I glanced at her, then out at the snow. Yeah.

This was probably the right call.

I'd never seen her do that with me before. Flinch. Freeze. Get scared like that.

Which... weirdly enough, meant something.

Guess that meant she actually trusted me. Trusted me enough to stand next to me without fear. That small realization warmed something in my chest, quiet but steady. Tonight felt... good. Not in a loud way. Just real.

I cleared my throat and pulled my cigarette pack from my jeans, tapping one out and lighting it. Esme crossed her arms and leaned against the wall beside the entrance, head tilted down, exhaustion written all over her posture.

"Sorry," I said after a moment. "I thought you'd have more fun."

"I am," she replied, exhaling slowly. "Really. Thank you, Evan."

"Mm."

She hesitated, then added, "I'm actually glad my sister met you."

I glanced at her.

"You're... an okay guy."

I smiled faintly. "Okay guy, huh? I'll take that as a compliment."

"Mm."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 35 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60★★

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: 7 / 20

Esme: Interest: 25 / 40★

A milestone with Esme. That... surprised me.

I honestly hadn't expected to gain anything from her tonight. No push, no manipulation, no angle—just being there. Turns out that counted. And hell, I wasn't complaining.

The reward wasn't EXP or anything flashy. Just four mystery chests. I flicked my cigarette ash away and opened them one by one.

Three hundred credits total. Not amazing. Not trash either.

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)
- Random Passive Skill (1700c)

=====

Credits: 1529c

Nice.

I could afford another Mastery Evolve now... but I held off. Bliss Multiplier was already sitting high, and I didn't need to get greedy. More importantly, thank fucking god, I'd earned positive reputation for stepping in earlier. No penalty. No backlash.

The bar barely moved, sure, but still. A win was a win.

"Well," I muttered, taking another drag. "Talking... uh—talking gets stuff off your chest, Esme."

She glanced at me. "Talk about... what?"

"Your family," I said carefully. "Cora told me some things but... hey. You don't have to if you don't want to. Just—if you ever feel like it, I'm a good listener."

She let out a long breath. "I'm... really not sure."

"For me?" I asked, dropping my cigarette to the ground and crushing it under my shoe. "Please?"

She looked at me, conflicted. Her mouth opened, then closed again. Her eyes shimmered just slightly.

I stepped closer and leaned against the wall beside her, turning my gaze toward the empty street instead of pushing her to meet my eyes.

She rubbed her face, then exhaled again—shaky this time.

"One day," she began quietly. "When I was... fourteen..."

She stopped.

I nodded. "Yeah?"

"My father tried to force himself on me," she said flatly. Too flat. "He... ripped my clothes off. My mother was there. She didn't stop him."

My jaw tightened.

"He beat her," Esme continued. "So... as Cora says, she was already tamed."

"Bastard," I muttered.

She swallowed. "Then my sister came home from school. She saw him. Saw... everything."

Silence swallowed the space between us. The wind carried the moment, cold and sharp.

Then she spoke again, voice breaking. "She grabbed a knife. And she killed him."

"Killed?" I whispered.

"And our mother," Esme said, tears spilling freely now. "It's my fault. After that, Cora was never the same."

I stared at the pavement. "I thought... Cora told me you ran away. Went to your aunt's."

"I guess she left that part out," Esme said bitterly. "That day broke her. She stopped talking to people. Stopped trusting anyone."

I turned toward her fully. "Esme. That wasn't your fault."

"I—"

"Esme." I stepped closer. "None of that was your fault. Not a single part of it."

"My sister..." she sobbed. "Evan..."

I opened my arms. She didn't hesitate.

She stepped into me, burying her face against my shoulder as her body shook. I wrapped my arms around her, one hand resting gently in her hair, chin against the top of her head.

She cried—quiet at first, then harder, the kind that comes from years of holding it in.

I stayed. Just stayed.

The Heart System - Chapter 389[1,569 words]

Chapter 389: Chapter 389

Fuck... she'd been through hell. Both of them had. And suddenly, everything about Cora made sense. The walls. The paranoia. The constant vigilance.

"You're strong," I said softly, pulling back just enough to look at her. "You really are. And you don't get to blame yourself for surviving."

"I would always sleep when he was home," she choked out. "I didn't want him to—my mother... she—when I... they're..."

"Ssh." I pulled her back into a hug. "It's okay. You're safe now. I won't let anyone hurt you. Ever."

She nodded weakly. "Mm..."

Knowing all this made me feel like an asshole for even thinking about crossing lines before. No wonder she didn't trust men.

"Thank you," she whispered at last. "For listening."

I nudged her shoulder lightly. "Told you. Good listener."

"Mm."

"Come on," I said gently. "Let's head back in. Your sister's probably worried sick."

"Y-yeah." Then, unexpectedly, she linked her arm with mine. "Let's go."

I blinked—then smiled.

"Yeah."

We went back inside together, the warmth and noise of the place folding around us again like nothing had happened.

My phone buzzed in my pocket the second we reached the table. I didn't need to look to know who it was—but I did anyway. It was Carrie... 'Are you coming?'

That was it. No emoji. No pressure. Just those two words sitting there, heavy. I locked my phone and slid it back into my pocket without replying. Not tonight.

I pulled my chair out and sat beside Esme again. Cora immediately leaned forward, eyes sharp, scanning her sister's face.

"Are you okay?" she asked quietly.

Esme nodded, then tilted her head and added, deadpan, "I'd be better if I had a teddy bear right now, sis."

"Oh my god, shut up," Cora groaned, covering part of her face with her hand.

I laughed before I could stop myself.

Esme shot me a look. "You're not helping."

A waiter approached then, dressed head-to-toe like he'd stepped out of some fantasy tavern—loose shirt, leather vest, boots that looked intentionally worn. He gathered the empty glasses with a polite nod.

"Anything else for the table?" he asked.

"I'll take a tea," I said. "Whatever's warmest."

"Mocha," Cora added after a second. "Please."

Esme yawned mid-sentence. "Uh... chamomile. If you have it."

The waiter nodded, smiling. "Coming right up."

As he walked away, I leaned back slightly and let my eyes drift to Cora.

And... yeah. My thoughts went there again. Cora killed her parents.

The words didn't sit right in my head. Not because I doubted Esme—but because I could suddenly see the shape of it. The weight of it. The way it must've hollowed Cora out from the inside and rebuilt her into what she was now.

Protective. Sharp. Always ready.

I swallowed and shook my head once. Not my business.

Whatever happened back then, it wasn't my place to judge it. If anything... it made sense why she held Esme so close. Why she barely let anyone else in.

The night rolled on anyway, like it always did.

We talked. About dumb stuff, mostly.

Esme complained about her feet hurting from standing too long earlier. Cora teased her for nearly falling asleep at the table. I chimed in now and then, steering things away from anything heavy.

The drinks arrived.

Steam curled up from my tea as I wrapped my hands around the cup. Cora took careful sips of her mocha, still visibly shy in the crowded space. Esme drank her chamomile like it was medicine, shoulders finally relaxing.

At some point, Esme leaned her head against the back of the chair and sighed.

"This place is... kinda nice," she admitted.

"See?" I said. "Didn't die."

"Yet," Cora replied dryly.

I smiled into my cup.

People passed by our table—cosplayers, couples, groups laughing too loud. Every now and then someone glanced our way, especially at the girls' outfits, but no one bothered us again.

And that was good.

I checked my phone once more, out of habit. No new messages. Carrie would wait. Or she wouldn't. Either way, tonight wasn't about her.

It was about sitting here, drinking overpriced tea in a fake tavern, listening to two sisters bicker softly while snow threatened outside. It wasn't loud fun. It wasn't dramatic. But it was... calm. And honestly? I needed that more than anything.



The clock on my phone read a little past eleven when I finally got home.

I unlocked the door, stepped inside, and shut it behind me with a quiet click. The penthouse was dim and still, that late-night calm settling in like a blanket. My shoulders dropped the second I kicked my shoes off.

First stop was the common bathroom.

I flicked the light on, leaned over the sink, and washed my hands, then my face. Cold water. A long exhale. God, I was tired. Not the bad kind—just the kind that came after too much being around people. I dried off, shut the light, and stepped back into the hallway.

That's when Mik appeared. Right in front of me. Silent as a ghost. She looked up, tail flicking once, and let out a soft, demanding meow.

I smiled despite myself, bending down. "Hey, menace."

I scratched under her chin and between her ears. She immediately leaned into it like I owed her money.

"Yeah, yeah," I murmured. "I missed you too."

Satisfied, for now, she trotted off, and I headed toward my bedroom. But halfway there, I noticed the light bleeding out from under Tessa's door.

Still awake. I hesitated for half a second, then knocked lightly.

"Evan?" Her voice came through, quiet but clear. "Come in."

I opened the door.

Tessa was sitting at one of those vanity setups—the kind with a mirror framed by soft lights, a small stool, and a tabletop cluttered with bottles, tubes, and jars I didn't even pretend to understand. She had some kind of pale green mask smeared over her face, carefully applying it with her fingers while watching herself in the mirror.

She glanced at me through the reflection. "Hey."

I closed the door behind me. "Thought you'd be asleep."

"I haven't done any facial care since I moved into this penthouse," she said. "Decided it was time."

I snorted. "Ah. That explains why you've been looking horrible."

She didn't even turn. "I'm going to shove this entire bed up your ass, Evan."

"Sorry, sorry," I laughed, dropping onto the edge of her bed and letting out another long breath. "How's Mik?"

"I fed her. Bathed her," she said flatly. "She stretched me."

"Oof," I winced. "Cats don't like baths."

"Yeppers."

She kept working the mask in, occasionally tilting her head or checking her jawline. I watched her for a second, then leaned back on my hands.

"Took Cora and Esme to that anime thing," I said.

Her fingers paused. "Oh?"

"Yeah. Last minute chaos. They actually did okay."

Tessa hummed. "Cora didn't panic?"

"She did," I said. "But, like... quietly."

That got a soft chuckle out of her. "And Esme?"

"Tired. Grumpy. Wanted a teddy bear five minutes in."

"Teddy bear? Hey, I also want one."

"Oh?"

"I'll put your photo onto its head and punch it when I'm angry."

"Ah... right."

"So, tell me. What happened at the 'anime thing?'"

I told her about the themed café, the quiz we absolutely bombed, the awkward conversations, the snow starting to fall outside. She asked questions in between applying whatever came next—some serum, judging by the dropper.

"Anyone bother them?" she asked.

"Yeah," I admitted. "I handled it."

Her eyes flicked up in the mirror, sharper now. "Good."

We fell quiet after that. Just the soft hum of the room, the faint clink of glass as she set one bottle down and reached for another.

Then, casually, "Did you go see Carrie today?"

"Nope."

"Huh." She tilted her head, inspecting her reflection. "Kim really wants to go with you, you know. She talked my ears off because I told you what she actually wanted."

"Yeah. Poor you."

"Will you take her next time?" Tessa turned on the stool to face me fully now, elbows resting on her knees. "Fuck, I'd like to watch too. I wanna see that bitch suffer."

I lifted a brow. "Hey. There's nothing non-consensual between me and Carrie."

She scoffed. "You put her little boy beyond bars and now she's wet for you. I swear, some rich people."

"Fuck, right?"

She studied me for a moment, something unreadable in her eyes. Then her expression softened just a little.

"Hey," she said. "Come to my room sometimes. I won't say no to some talking. Company."

"You're making me blush, Tessy."

"Tessy?" She pointed at the door. "Okay. Enough. Get the fuck out. I'm taking a bath and going to sleep."

"What, you don't accept visitors during your bath?" I grinned. "Could be... educational."

She smirked and flipped me off. "Get the fuck out, cowboy."

"Fine, fine. I tried my shot."

I stood, stepped closer, and kissed her cheek. Immediately pulled back.

"Ew. What is that stench?"

"The mask, idiot."

"Oh fuck," I gagged theatrically. "I'm gonna puke."

"Go puke elsewhere."

"Blergh."

I backed toward the door, waving as I opened it. She shook her head, lips curling into an annoyed smile, and the door shut between us.

I headed down the hallway, the penthouse quiet again.

Yeah.

Long day.

The Heart System - Chapter 390[1,507 words]

Chapter 390: Chapter 390

I walked into the master bedroom and quietly closed the door behind me.

Nala and Jasmine were already asleep.

The room was dim, lit only by the city glow sneaking in through the curtains. Both of them were sprawled comfortably across the bed, all loose limbs and slow breathing. For a second, I just stood there, watching them, then peeled my clothes off and slid under the covers.

I settled in the middle.

Almost immediately, Jasmine shifted. Still half-asleep, she moved closer, draping one leg over mine like it was the most natural thing in the world. Her face nudged against my shoulder.

"Hey, handsome," she mumbled, voice thick with sleep.

I smiled and leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. She smiled back without opening her eyes, yawned, and rolled away again, already gone.

I stared up at the ceiling and let out a slow breath. God, I was exhausted. The convention, the noise, the people—it had drained the hell out of me.

Beside me, Nala stirred. She yawned quietly, then reached out, finding my hand and pulling it around her waist. I turned toward her as she shifted closer, backing into me, her body warm against mine. She laced her fingers with mine and settled, her breathing evening out again.

Then Jasmine, apparently not done claiming space, rolled closer from the other side and wrapped her arms around my back, hugging me in her sleep.

Pinned. Completely.

I huffed out a silent laugh, then relaxed into it, eyes finally closing.

Yeah.

I needed this. And within seconds, the exhaustion won, and I drifted off to sleep.

"Evan."

A voice reached me through a heavy fog, distant and muted, like it had to travel through layers of sleep before it could touch me. I tried to move, tried to open my eyes, but my body didn't respond. My limbs felt heavy, locked in place.

"Evan."

Another voice followed, louder this time, coming from somewhere to my left. The sound carried weight, authority, and it made my chest tighten.

When my eyes finally opened, I immediately knew something was wrong.

I wasn't in my bed.

The ceiling above me was wooden, dark and polished, stretching high enough that the beams disappeared into shadow. Warm orange light flickered across the surface, moving slowly, alive. I pushed myself upright and realized where I was.

That place again.

The mansion.

The wide fireplace stood directly ahead of me, flames crackling steadily inside it. The fire cast long shadows across the floor and walls, stretching and shifting with every movement of the flames. Above the mantle, a small rectangular window revealed the same impossibly blue sky I had seen before, a sky that felt artificial, frozen in time.

I stood there, facing the fire, my heartbeat slowly picking up as my surroundings came into focus. Last time I had been here, the room had been full. Goddesses lounging on couches, watching me with interest, judgment, amusement.

Now it was empty.

No figures sitting by the fire. No eyes on me. Just silence and the low crackle of burning wood.

I turned slowly, scanning the room. The mansion felt even larger without anyone in it. Doorways stretched off into distant hallways, the polished wooden floor reflecting the firelight faintly beneath my feet. The air felt thick, heavy, like it pressed against my skin.

"Shit," I muttered under my breath. "Where am I?"

"Mana!"

The sudden voice came from my left, sharp and clear, cutting through the quiet. It echoed faintly through the room, coming from behind a closed door.

My stomach tightened instantly.

I took an instinctive step backward, panic flaring before I could stop it. My eyes darted around, searching for somewhere to hide. Spotting a couch near the center of the room, I moved quickly and crouched behind it just as the door swung open.

Someone stepped inside.

I pressed myself lower, heart hammering, careful not to make a sound.

Peeking around the edge of the couch, I saw her.

Pink hair, short and slightly messy.

Miko.

The same woman from that twisted bar, the one who had helped take down Sarah. She walked into the room with an irritated expression, her hand coming up to rub her forehead as she sighed. She was dressed casually, almost indecently so, wearing a thin tank top that clung to her chest and shorts that barely covered her hips.

"Damn it," she muttered to herself, looking around the room. "Where this woma—"

"Here."

Another voice interrupted her from the hallway beyond the door.

Footsteps followed, slow and confident.

The door creaked open again as someone else entered. I quickly pulled back into my hiding spot, my breath shallow and controlled. I could only see part of her at first, long legs stepping into the room before stopping a few feet from Miko.

Mana.

Miko walked past her and dropped into one of the single couches near the fireplace. Mana followed, taking a seat on the couch directly in front of where I was hiding. My chest tightened painfully as I realized how close she was.

I stayed completely still, knees pressed to the floor, muscles locked, afraid that even breathing too loudly might give me away.

"Karamine," Miko said, leaning back. "And her subject."

"Dierella's subject," Mana corrected calmly. "She stole him from her."

"Whatever," Miko replied with a dismissive wave. "He's been racking up points. Good ones, too. Even though he started later than our subjects."

"So what?" Mana asked. Her tone was neutral, almost bored. I heard the soft shift of fabric, likely her crossing her legs. "What are you implying?"

"I picked up a new subject recently," Miko continued. "A guy who swings both ways. Works as a hooker. Even though he sleeps with anyone who breathes, I'm not even close to Dierella's numbers."

"Emotion generates the highest yield," Mana replied. "You know that."

"I don't want to lose this year's Indicrelation," Miko said sharply. "Last year it was you. The year before that, Karamine. And now it's supposed to be Dierella?" She scoffed. "She's never won before, Mana. We can't let that happen."

"What," Mana said, her voice sharpening slightly, "are you suggesting?"

"I'm just..."

"Weren't you the one who helped him at that bar?" Mana shot back.

"I didn't know things would escalate like this," Miko continued, irritation seeping into her voice. "We need to intervene."

"Intervene how?" Mana asked.

"You're the strongest among us," Miko said slowly. "We can use that."

Mana did not respond immediately.

"How exactly?" she asked after a moment.

"Make him your subject," Miko said. "Once he's under your command, end him."

A chill ran down my spine.

"You want me to kill him?" Mana asked.

"You've done it before," Miko replied quietly. "Ondilin's subject turned up dead in his house. She claimed she didn't even feel it happen."

"Their bond was weak," Mana said.

"Bullshit. Because you took him under your wing," Miko snapped. "And eliminated him at the perfect time. Ondilin was about to win. You were second."

Silence filled the room.

I felt sick.

They were talking about people as if they were disposable pieces, tools to be removed when inconvenient. Subjects. Games. Wins. Losses. A human life meant nothing more than a score.

Mana stood up.

I risked another glance.

She had moved to stand in front of the fireplace, staring into the flames, her posture rigid, thoughtful. The fire reflected in her eyes as she watched it burn.

"Dierella spent the last of her power rewinding time for that girl," Mana said. "Mendy. Evan agreed to become her subject because she offered help."

"You're Mana," Miko said softly, stepping closer. "You win these games. You could take him with ease."

They were talking about me.

"We didn't let Silk go for nothing," Miko whispered near her ear. "Do what needs to be done. Kill him."

A sudden flash of lightning lit the room through the window. For a split second, my shadow stretched across the wall.

Both of them saw it.

I pulled back instantly, heart slamming against my ribs, panic flooding my body. Footsteps rushed toward me as another flash of lightning illuminated the room again.

I didn't have time to think.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..."

I woke up with a sharp gasp, sitting upright in my bed, sweat soaking my skin. My heart was racing uncontrollably, breath coming in short, uneven bursts.

My bedroom.

The clock glowed faintly on the wall. The sheets were tangled around my legs. Nala and Jasmine were gone from the bed, the sound of running water coming from the bathroom. Voices murmured somewhere in the living room, but my heartbeat was so loud that I couldn't make out any words.

I stared ahead, chest rising and falling rapidly, trying to ground myself.

My hands were shaking. Whatever that was, it didn't feel like a normal dream.

And the thought that stayed with me, long after my breathing slowed, was terrifyingly simple.

They were... they were watching me.

The Heart System - Chapter 391[1,840 words]

Chapter 391: Chapter 391

I swung my legs off the bed, bare feet hitting the cold floor. The room was dim, gray morning light seeping through the curtains, heavy clouds outside smothering any real sun. Snow drifted lazily past the window—slow, fat flakes that barely moved, like the world was holding its breath.

I stood, walked to the desk, grabbed the cigarette pack with shaking fingers, tapped one out, and lit it. The first drag burned my throat, sharp and familiar. I exhaled slowly, smoke curling toward the ceiling.

What the hell was that?* Silk... Was she the woman with the umbrella? The one from the dream?

Miko said they let Silk go for nothing. What did that even mean? Why did it feel like I'd heard it before? Like it mattered?

Another drag. The nicotine steadied me a little, but the questions kept circling.

No work today, at least. I could breathe. Relax. Maybe figure out what the fuck was going on.

The bathroom door opened behind me. Nala stepped out, bathrobe tied loosely around her waist, hair damp and clinging to her shoulders. She hadn't noticed the way my shoulders were still tense, the way my hand shook slightly around the cigarette. She smiled—soft, sleepy, beautiful—and walked straight to me.

"Morning," she murmured, rising on her toes to kiss me. Her lips were warm, tasted faintly of toothpaste. I kissed her back, one hand sliding to her waist, pulling her closer for a second.

"Morning," I said against her mouth, managing a small smile. She didn't ask why I was up so early or why the cigarette was already lit. Just accepted it, like always.

She stepped back, untied the robe, let it fall to the floor. Naked, skin still flushed from the hot water, droplets clinging to her collarbone, her breasts, the curve of her hip. She bent slightly to pick up her panties from the chair—black lace, simple—and I watched the way her ass jiggled softly when she moved, the gentle sway of her cheeks as she stepped into them, pulling the fabric up slowly over her thighs. The lace hugged her curves perfectly, cutting high on her hips, accentuating the roundness of her ass, the dip of her waist. My cock twitched in my boxers, already half-hard from the sight.

She reached for her bra next—black, matching the panties. Before she could hook it, I stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray, crossed the room in two steps, and wrapped my arms around her from behind. My hands slid over her bare stomach, pulling her back

against my chest. She laughed softly, surprised, the sound turning into a hum when I pressed my lips to the side of her neck.

I needed to distract myself. Or... I'd die from overthinking.

I walked her backward toward the bed, hands roaming—up to cup her breasts, thumbs brushing her nipples, making them harden instantly. She let herself be guided, body soft and pliant against mine. When the backs of her knees hit the mattress, I pushed gently. She fell back onto the bed with a small bounce, bathrobe open, tits spilling to the sides, nipples dark and peaked.

I climbed over her, caging her with my arms, and lowered my head to one breast. I licked her nipple—slow circle with the flat of my tongue—then sucked it into my mouth, hard. She moaned, back arching, fingers sliding into my hair. I switched to the other nipple, sucking deeper, teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp. Then I kissed her—deep, hungry, tongue sliding against hers, tasting her, swallowing her soft whimpers.

My cock was fully hard now, straining against my boxers, pressed against her thigh. I was horny, badly, and she could feel it.

Nala smiled against my mouth, reaching down to tug her panties aside with one hand. "Morning fuck?"

I smirked, kissing the corner of her mouth. "Morning fuck."

I pushed Nala's legs wider, knees sinking into the mattress on either side of her hips. She was on her back, bathrobe long gone, black panties already tugged to the side, pussy glistening and swollen from the earlier teasing. I knelt between her thighs, cock hard and leaking, and lined up—rubbing the head along her slit once, twice, coating myself in her wetness before pushing in slow, deep, feeling her open around me with a soft, wet sound.

She moaned low, back arching off the bed, hands flying to my shoulders, nails digging in as I bottomed out. "Evan... fuck... so full..."

I started moving with slow thrusts, pulling almost all the way out, letting her feel the drag of every inch, then sinking back in deep, grinding my pelvis against her clit with each stroke. Her pussy clenched around me, hot and slick, walls fluttering every time I hit that spot inside her. I leaned down, kissing her hard—tongue sliding against hers, swallowing her moans—while one hand cupped her breast, thumb circling her nipple, pinching lightly, then harder when she gasped into my mouth.

"God, you feel so good," I murmured against her lips, voice rough, hips rolling deeper, grinding hard enough to make her gasp. "Tight little pussy gripping me like you never want to let go... love how wet you are for me... dripping all over my cock, soaking everything."

Nala whimpered, legs wrapping around my waist, heels digging into my lower back. "Don't stop... please... just like that... deeper..."

I kept the rhythm steady—long, slow strokes, grinding my pelvis against her clit with pressure. Her pussy was soaked, hot and slick, gripping me like a velvet fist every time I bottomed out. The wet sounds of our bodies filled the room—soft, obscene squelches with every thrust, her juices coating my cock, dripping down my balls, soaking the sheets beneath her ass.

I leaned down, kissing her hard—tongue sliding against hers, tasting her moans, swallowing every little sound she made. My hand slid down between us, fingers finding her swollen clit, rubbing tight, fast circles while I thrust, the dual sensation making her moan louder into my mouth, hips bucking up to meet me greedily. My other hand gripped her hip, fingers digging into the soft flesh, guiding her onto me harder with each stroke.

"You love this, don't you?" I growled against her ear, nipping the lobe lightly. "Love feeling me fill you up... slow and deep... your pussy's fluttering around me already... so fucking sensitive... gonna cum soon, aren't you?"

"Evan—fuck—your fingers... your cock... I'm gonna—" Her voice broke, body tensing, pussy clenching hard around me.

I felt her climax hit—sudden, violent. Her pussy spasmed wildly, walls pulsing in rhythmic contractions, gushing hot and wet around my cock. She screamed my name, hips bucking uncontrollably, legs shaking, back arching off the bed as wave after wave crashed through her. Her tits bouncing with every tremor, nipples hard and dark, face flushed, eyes squeezed shut, mouth open in a raw, broken moan. Juices soaked us both, dripping down my balls, the sheets beneath her ass dark and wet.

I kept thrusting slow through it, drawing out every pulse, letting her ride the aftershocks until she collapsed beneath me, panting hard, body trembling.

"First one," I whispered, kissing her neck, sucking lightly on the skin. "You're so fucking beautiful when you cum... pussy milking me like that..."

She laughed breathlessly, still shaking. "You're evil... keep going..."

I pulled out slowly, cock slick and shining with her wetness, and flipped her over—hands guiding her hips up, ass in the air, face down on the pillow. Doggy style—her back arched perfectly, pussy and ass presented, cheeks spread slightly from the position. I slapped her ass once—firm, the flesh jiggling—and she moaned, pushing back toward me.

"Ass up higher," I said, voice rough. She obeyed, arching more, pussy dripping down her thighs.

I lined up again and thrust in—hard this time, burying myself to the hilt in one stroke. She cried out, hands fisting the sheets, ass cheeks rippling from the impact. I started fucking her—fast, deep, hips slamming forward, balls slapping her clit with every plunge. My hands gripped her hips, fingers digging in, pulling her back onto me with each thrust, making her take every inch.

"Fuck—look at this ass bouncing," I growled, slapping her cheek again, watching the red bloom. "Taking my cock so good... pussy dripping all over me... you love getting fucked like this, don't you?"

"Yes, fuck, yes, harder... Evan—please—" she moaned, voice muffled into the pillow, hips pushing back to meet me.

I reached forward, grabbing a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back just enough to force her spine into a deeper arch. The motion pulled her shoulders off the mattress, tits thrusting forward, nipples stiff and dark against the flushed skin of her chest. She gasped sharply, the sound turning into a needy whimper as her neck stretched, throat exposed, pulse hammering under the thin skin. My other hand slid around her hip and down between her legs—fingers finding her swollen clit immediately, rubbing fast, tight circles with just enough pressure to make her hips jerk involuntarily.

Her pussy clenched tighter around my cock, walls fluttering in frantic little spasms, juices running in hot rivulets down my shaft, soaking my balls and dripping onto the sheets in steady, wet patters. Every thrust made obscene squelching noises—loud, filthy, echoing in the quiet room—her wetness coating everything, slick and messy, the scent of her arousal thick in the air.

"Fuck—Evan—your hand... your cock... don't stop—" she moaned, voice high and trembling, hips pushing back to meet me even though the angle was already deep and punishing. I could feel her building fast again—her moans climbing in pitch, body trembling harder, pussy starting to spasm in erratic pulses around me, clit throbbing under my fingers like a second heartbeat.

"You're gonna cum again already?" I growled against her ear, yanking her hair a little harder, making her arch even more. "Greedy little thing... pussy's already fluttering like it's starving... you love getting fucked like this, don't you? Bent over, hair pulled, clit rubbed raw while I pound you deep."

"Yes... fuck... Evan—please—let me—" Her voice cracked, breath hitching, hips bucking wildly now, ass shaking against my pelvis with every slam. Her pussy clenched harder, walls rippling in desperate waves, juices gushing out in thick spurts, soaking my hand, my thighs, the bed beneath us. Her tits bounced heavily beneath her, nipples scraping the sheets, stomach flexing with every thrust, sweat shining on her skin in the dim light.

I rubbed her clit faster—relentless circles, fingers slick with her wetness—while I pounded harder, hips a blur, cock reaming her pussy with brutal, deep strokes, hitting that spot over and over until her whole body seized.

"Evan—I'm—close—again—" she cried, voice breaking into a high whine.

"Oh, you're close?"

"Yes, yes, yes..." She gritted her teeth, eyes closed tightly. "Oh, fuck..."

"Cum, cum for me..."

"Evan... Evan!"

I wanted to deny her orgasm but... nah. Not her. I wouldn't use that power on her.

The Heart System - Chapter 392[1,572 words]

Chapter 392: Chapter 392

I kept going—faster, harder, hips snapping forward, cock slamming deep, fingers rubbing her clit without mercy. She screamed loudly, body convulsing violently, pussy clamping down like a vice around me, spasming wildly in rhythmic, powerful contractions. Her hips bucked uncontrollably, ass shaking against me, moans turning raw and desperate as wave after wave crashed through her.

Her whole body seized—back bowing sharply, tits swinging wildly beneath her, mouth open in a broken, sobbing moan as the orgasm tore her apart, pussy pulsing in violent, endless waves, milking my cock with tight, greedy squeezes.

I slowed just enough to ride her through it, grinding deep, letting her feel every inch while her pussy fluttered weakly around me, still leaking, aftershocks making her tremble and whimper.

"Second one," I whispered, kissing the back of her neck, then sucking lightly on the skin. "You came so fucking hard... pussy squeezing me like that... soaking everything... you're incredible."

She laughed breathlessly, still shaking, voice hoarse. "You're... gonna kill me... keep going..."

"Hey, I didn't cum yet but you already came twice." I said. "Not fair."

"Make me... cum again." She smiled. "I love it. You're... so good, Evan. Like a drug."

I smirked, pulling out slowly, cock slick and shining with her wetness, and flipped her onto her back again—legs spread wide, pussy swollen and dripping, clit red and sensitive. I knelt between her thighs, lined up, and thrust back in—deep, slow this time, grinding against her clit with every roll of my hips. My hands roamed—cupping her tits, thumbs flicking her nipples, then sliding down to grip her waist, pulling her onto me harder.

"God—Evan—your cock... so deep..." she moaned, hands grabbing my arms, nails digging in.

I leaned down, kissing her hard—tongue sliding against hers, swallowing her moans—while one hand pinched her nipple, rolling it between my fingers, the other sliding between us to rub her clit again. She whimpered into my mouth, hips bucking up to meet me, pussy clenching tight around my cock.

- Critical Success: Nala

I felt her building once more—moans turning frantic, body tensing, pussy fluttering faster. "Evan—I'm—gonna cum—again... what the..."

Her climax tore through her in a sudden, shattering rush. Her pussy clamped down on my cock in fierce, erratic pulses, walls rippling and squeezing in chaotic waves that felt almost angry in their intensity. She didn't just gush—she flooded, a hot, forceful rush of wetness exploding out around me, soaking my shaft, my hand, my thighs, and the sheets in a messy, spreading bloom. Her hips jerked upward in short, violent spasms, like her body was trying to throw me off and pull me deeper at the same time. A high, keening wail ripped from her throat—half-moan, half-scream—cracking into breathless little sobs as her back bowed off the bed in a sharp, trembling arc.

Her legs locked around my waist, heels digging painfully into my lower back, thighs quivering so hard I could feel the muscles jumping under her skin. Her hands flew to my arms, nails biting deep, leaving half-moon marks as she clung to me like I was the only thing keeping her from flying apart. Her tits bounced wildly with each shudder, nipples flushed dark and straining, sweat gleaming on the curves. Tears spilled from the corners of her eyes—not slow trickles, but sudden, overwhelmed streams—cutting fresh tracks through the flush on her cheeks. Her mouth hung open, lips trembling, no coherent words left, just raw, animalistic sounds: gasps, whimpers, broken cries that pitched higher every time another wave hit.

I slowed, riding her through it, letting her tremble and gasp until she collapsed back, panting hard, body limp and shaking.

"Three," I whispered, kissing her forehead, then her lips softly. "You're so fucking beautiful when you cum... pussy squeezing me like that... love it."

I pulled out slowly, cock slick and shining with her wetness, leaving her pussy gaping slightly, still fluttering from the aftershocks. Nala whimpered at the loss, legs trembling, body limp against the mattress. I grabbed her by the waist, lifted her off the bed in one smooth motion—her arms wrapping around my neck, legs instinctively hooking around my hips—and carried her across the room toward the window.

The frosted glass was still opaque, but the risk lingered in the air, electric. I turned her around so her back faced me, pressed her palms flat against the cool surface, fingers splaying wide. She arched instinctively, ass pushing back toward me, pussy dripping down her thighs.

I lined up and thrust back into her pussy—deep, hard, burying myself to the hilt in one stroke. She gasped, forehead pressing to the glass, tits flattening against it through the thin fabric of her open blouse. I started fucking her—slow at first, hips rolling, letting her feel every inch dragging along her walls, then faster, deeper, hands gripping her hips hard enough to bruise.

I leaned in, kissing the side of her neck, teeth grazing the skin. "I want to fuck your ass tonight," I murmured against her ear, voice low and rough. "The balcony will be closed off today, right? I'll fuck you at the same sunbed I took your virginity on. Get ready for it, okay?"

Nala glanced back over her shoulder, eyes hazy and dark, and kissed me—messy, desperate, tongue sliding against mine. "Mmh... of course. My ass is yours. You can ruin it all you want, Evan."

"I fucking love you."

"I love you more." She smirked.

I kept fucking her—harder now, hips snapping forward, cock slamming deep, balls slapping her clit with every plunge. Her pussy clenched tight around me, walls rippling, juices running down my shaft, dripping onto the floor in small patters. My hands roamed—one sliding up to cup her tit, pinching her nipple hard, rolling it between my fingers, the other gripping her hip, pulling her back onto me with every thrust.

"Fuck—Nala—your pussy's so tight... gripping me like you're trying to keep me inside forever..." I growled against her ear. "Love how you take me... deep and hard... moaning like that... you're so fucking hot when you're desperate."

She moaned louder, forehead pressed to the glass, breath fogging it. "Evan—yes—fuck me—harder—please—"

I grabbed her under the knees suddenly, lifting her up—her back pressing flush against my chest, legs hooked over my forearms, pussy impaled on my cock. I held her in the air, thighs spread wide, and started thrusting up into her—fast, deep, hips snapping, cock driving into her pussy with brutal force. Her tits bounced wildly against her chest, nipples hard and dark, ass slapping against my pelvis with every upward plunge.

"God—look at you... held up like this, pussy stuffed full... taking my cock so deep..." I rasped, one hand sliding to her clit, rubbing fast circles while I fucked her. "You're dripping all over me... soaking my thighs... love how your pussy squeezes me when I hit that spot..."

She gritted her teeth, moans turning into high, desperate cries. "Evan—fuck... I'm... I'm... I'm going to fucking... god. Fuck, fuck... EVAN!"

I pounded harder—hips a blur, cock slamming up into her, fingers rubbing her clit relentlessly. She groaned, her body convulsing violently in my arms, pussy spasming wildly around me, gushing hot and wet in thick floods that splattered against the window, running down the glass in messy streaks. Her legs shook in my grip, hips bucking uncontrollably, moans raw and broken, tears of pleasure slipping from her eyes as the orgasm ripped through her, pussy pulsing in endless, violent waves, milking my cock with desperate, tight contractions.

The feeling—her pussy clamping down, gushing, milking me—pushed me over. I groaned loud, hips slamming up one last time, cock pulsing hard as I came inside her—thick ropes flooding her pussy, filling her completely, pleasure exploding through me in waves. I kept thrusting, grinding deep, emptying everything while she shook and sobbed in my arms, pussy still pulsing around me, milking every drop.

I slowed, cock still buried deep, both of us panting hard, bodies slick with sweat and cum. I lowered her gently to the bed, pulling out slowly, cum leaking from her pussy onto the sheets.

She collapsed back, chest heaving, legs trembling. "Fuck... Evan... that was..."

Before she could finish, the door opened.

Minne peeked in, eyes wide. She froze, staring—my half-hard cock swinging, slick with cum and Nala's wetness, Nala sprawled on the bed, pussy dripping, thighs soaked.

"Um... the breakfast is ready, Master," she said shyly, cheeks burning red.

I smirked, wiping sweat from my brow. "Thanks, Minne. After breakfast, can you wash this window? Our Nala here decided it was too clean and dirtied it."

Minne's eyes flicked to the streaked glass, then back to us. "Of course, Master."

EXP:  1746/9922



The Heart System - Chapter 393[1,821 words]

Chapter 393: Chapter 393

We were not supposed to work today but... I couldn't afford to just sit at home and let my thoughts get the better of me. I needed something to do.

I sat behind my desk, staring at the monitor without really seeing what was on it. My thoughts kept drifting back to that place, to the fireplace, to Miko's voice saying it so casually. End him. Like she was talking about throwing out trash or canceling a meeting. Mana standing there, calm, unreadable, as if killing someone was just another option on a menu.

They talked about it like it was normal.

Like I was already dead and just didn't know it yet.

I forced myself to inhale slowly and then exhale, shoulders dropping as I tried to ground myself back in reality. I was at work. Behind a desk. In a building full of people, glass walls, security badges, cameras. Not in some cosmic mansion being discussed like a racehorse.

I looked down at the folder in front of me and finally gave myself something concrete to focus on.

Nala had dropped it on my desk earlier that morning with a distracted "Can you handle this?" before disappearing into a meeting. Inside were printed schedules, meeting summaries, and half a dozen sticky notes in her sharp handwriting. I flipped it open and started working through it methodically.

First was rescheduling a product sync that had somehow ended up overlapping with a client demo. I opened the internal calendar, moved the meeting, and sent out polite update emails explaining the change without assigning blame. Then I skimmed through a list of deliverables from the engineering team and flagged two items that were clearly unrealistic for the proposed timeline. I added comments, softened the language, and sent them back to Nala with suggestions instead of complaints.

There was a vendor call that needed to be pushed to next week, a room booking that had been double-booked by another department, and a stack of documents that needed approval stamps routed to the right inboxes. It was mundane work, the kind of administrative glue that kept things from quietly falling apart, and it helped more than I expected.

Each task pulled me a little further away from the memory of hushed voices plotting my death.

After a while, the folder was empty. I closed it, stacked it neatly on the corner of my desk, and leaned back in my chair. I rubbed my face with both hands, dragging my palms down over my eyes and cheeks, feeling the tension there.

Calm day. Too calm.

The quiet left room for my thoughts to creep back in, and I didn't like where they went. Out of pure boredom, or maybe avoidance, I pulled up the Shop interface.

The familiar menu appeared in my vision, crisp and clean.

Random Passive Skill was tempting. It always was. The idea of stumbling onto something unexpected, something that might shift the board in my favor, had its appeal. But unpredictability was dangerous right now. What I needed was control, something I understood, something already proven.

Mastery Evolve.

My eyes drifted to Bliss Multiplier almost immediately. It had carried me this far, amplified moments that mattered, and stacked gains in ways I could actually track. I didn't need novelty. I needed consistency.

I bought it without overthinking.

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)
- Random Passive Skill (1700c)

=====

Credits: 701c

I slotted the Mastery Evolve straight into Bliss Multiplier and leaned back again, exhaling slowly as the familiar sensation settled in.

There was no dramatic rush, no fireworks, just a subtle feeling of alignment, like tightening a bolt that had been slightly loose. Well, whatever. Bliss multiplier was now perfect, and my next plan was to put extra points into Honeyed Words now.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 13

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

10 Unused Ability Points

I grabbed my phone next, mostly to give my hands something to do.

A notification waited for me. Delilah.

The timestamp told me it had come in while I was in the restroom. I opened it and found a photo instead of text. She was sitting outside somewhere, sunlight hitting her face, a takeaway coffee cup in one hand and a peace sign raised with the other. Casual, relaxed, like the world wasn't full of goddesses deciding who lived and died.

Under the photo was a message.

'Hey, send one too.'

I snorted softly and lifted my phone, snapping a quick picture of myself at my desk. I threw up a half-hearted peace sign, my expression flat, office lighting doing me no favors. I sent it back with a short message.

'Boring day. Sucks.'

The reply came almost immediately.

'You look down today. Something off?'

I stared at the screen longer than I meant to. My fingers hovered over the keyboard, unsure. What was I supposed to say? That I had overheard two celestial beings casually discussing murdering me to win some twisted competition? That one of them was strong enough to do it without anyone noticing?

Yeah. That would go over great.

I erased the half-formed responses and typed something safer.

'Just boring day. I'm not down.'

It was a lie, but not a dramatic one. The kind people told each other all the time.

I locked my phone and set it face-down on the desk, then rubbed my face again, dragging a hand through my hair. The memory crept back in anyway. Miko's irritation. Mana's calm voice. The way none of it felt emotional to them, just strategic.

They were dangerous. All of them.

And now I was a variable in their game, whether I wanted to be or not.

How was I supposed to deal with that? I wasn't a god. I wasn't immortal. I was a guy sitting behind a desk in a tech company, rescheduling meetings and sending emails. Even with the system, even with everything I'd gained, the gap felt terrifyingly wide.

One thing was clear, though.

Mana was the most dangerous of them all.

Power like that didn't come with mercy, and the way Miko talked about her made it obvious she wasn't just strong, she was willing. I needed to stay away from her, avoid her attention as much as possible. And Miko too. There was something unstable there, something sharp and eager beneath the surface.

Crazy didn't even begin to cover it.

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling, jaw tight.

Whatever game they were playing, I had just become a piece on the board.

The elevator doors slid open and Amelia stepped out, her shoes clicking softly against the floor as she walked toward my desk. She stopped right in front of it, posture straight as always, hands loosely at her sides. I looked up at her and gave a small nod, and she returned it, eyes narrowing slightly as she studied my face.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," she said, voice calm but observant.

I let out a short breath through my nose and leaned back in my chair. "Eh. Well, maybe I did, huh?" I replied with a weak chuckle. If only she knew. Ghosts would've been easier to deal with than what was actually sitting in my head.

Her lips twitched, like she was trying not to smile, but concern lingered in her eyes. She shifted her weight slightly before speaking again. "I'm heading out early today. I'm not

feeling great." She paused, then added, a little more awkwardly, "I came to let you know that your car will be safe from further... experimental driving sessions. I don't think risking damage to it would be wise while I'm like this."

I blinked once, then dramatically wiped my forehead with the back of my hand, leaning into the bit. "Phew. You have no idea how relieved I am."

That finally got her. Not a full smile, not quite, but her lips curled upward just enough to count. She nodded once, stepped closer, and tapped the edge of my desk lightly with her knuckle, a quiet, almost ceremonial gesture.

"Get some rest," I said.

"You too," she replied, then turned and walked back toward the elevator.

I watched her go, the doors closing behind her, and let out a slow exhale I hadn't realized I was holding. For a moment, the office felt a little quieter.

My phone rang before I could sink too deep into my thoughts. I glanced at the screen and frowned slightly.

Kayla.

I picked it up. "Hey," I answered. "Kayla?"

"Hey, Evan," she said. Her voice sounded a little uncertain. "I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd stop by the penthouse, but no one's answering. Are you outside?"

"At work," I replied. "Are you at the door?"

"Yeah."

"Minne isn't answering?" I asked, already feeling a small knot form in my stomach.

"Minne..." she repeated slowly. "Who was she again?"

"The maid," I said. "She should be home around this time."

"Nope. No one's answering," Kayla said, then quickly added, "It's okay, though."

"I... huh," I muttered. "Guess she stepped out. Sorry about that."

"It's fine," she said. "I brought some donuts for you. Should I just leave them by the door or...?"

"Donuts?" I perked up despite myself. "Ah, thanks. You can leave them at the lobby." I hesitated, then added, "If you don't mind waiting a bit, I could call someone and get you a keycard for one of the downstairs rooms."

"No," she said. "It was supposed to be a short visit anyway. I need to get back."

"Yeah. Sorry again."

"It's fine. See you, Evan."

"See you."

I hung up and immediately dialed Minne.

It rang.

No answer.

I waited a moment, then called again, my brow furrowing as I stared at the screen.

Still nothing.

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling for a second before calling the lobby.

"Mr. Marlowe," a woman answered promptly. "How may I help you today?"

"Hey, sorry for bothering you," I said. "Have you seen Minne go outside today?"

"Yes, Mr. Marlowe. A few hours ago."

"Did she mention where she was headed?"

"No, she didn't," the woman replied. There was a brief pause. "Is everything alright, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine. Thanks."

"Of course. Do you need anything else?"

"Nope. Have a nice day."

"You too, Mr. Marlowe."

The Heart System - Chapter 394[1,566 words]

Chapter 394: Chapter 394

I ended the call and set my phone down slowly. My eyes drifted toward Nala's office across the floor. Through the glass, I could see her inside, seated behind her desk with a stack of files spread out in front of her. Jasmine and Kim were there too, the two of them having decided to come in today instead of staying cooped up at home. Cabin fever, I guessed. That, and Project Phoenix had pulled all of us in tighter than usual.

I pushed myself up from my chair and walked over, clearing my throat before opening the door.

Nala looked up from the papers immediately. Her expression softened when she saw me, and she smiled.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I replied. "I, uh, I talked to Kayla just now. She was apparently at the penthouse. She knocked, but no one answered."

"Oh." Nala muttered, eyes still on me as I closed the door behind myself. "Minne wasn't home?"

"She wasn't," I said. "And she's not answering my calls either. Do you know where she might've gone?"

Nala frowned and leaned back in her chair, thinking. "I have her mother's phone number." She paused, then grimaced. "No. Crap. I changed my phone not long ago and forgot to save it again."

"You've got Emma's number, right?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Alright. Call her and ask for Ms. Drag's number."

"On it," she said, already reaching for her phone.

"I'm heading home," I added. "Ask Ms. Drag if she's heard from Minne. If you find anything, let me know, okay?"

"Yeah," Nala said, and I caught the nervous edge creeping into her voice. "God, I hope she's alright."

"She probably is," I said, exhaling slowly. "But I don't want to take chances. I'll go check the penthouse myself."

"Okay. Let me know if you find something."

"Mm. See you."

"Yeah... god, where is she..."

I left the office and headed straight for the elevator, my steps quicker than usual. I pressed the button and waited, arms crossed, foot tapping lightly against the floor. The doors slid open and Marcus Hale stepped out, immaculate as ever, suit crisp, expression unreadable.

He nodded at me.

I nodded back.

I stepped inside and pressed the button for the lobby. Just as the doors were about to close, Marcus placed a hand between them, stopping the elevator with practiced ease. He leaned in just enough for his voice to carry only to me.

"Good job finding the rat, Marlowe."

I blinked once, then gave a thin smile. "Thanks."

He nodded again, satisfied, and let the doors close.

The elevator descended smoothly. I checked my phone again, thumb hovering over Minne's contact before pressing call one more time. It rang. No answer. I swore quietly under my breath and shoved the phone back into my pocket as the elevator chimed.

I walked through the hallway, passed the security checkpoint, and gave the guard a curt nod as I went by. He returned it without comment. Outside, the air felt colder than I expected. I descended the steps, crossed the parking lot, unlocked my car, and slid into the driver's seat. I looked down to buckle my seatbelt, then lifted my head.

I froze.

I wasn't outside anymore.

The car was parked in the penthouse garage, tucked neatly into a corner spot that I recognized instantly. The lighting was wrong for the time of day, too dim, too still, and the air felt heavy in a way I couldn't quite place.

"What the hell..." I muttered.

My heart started beating faster as the confusion settled in. I hadn't driven. I hadn't even started the engine. I reluctantly unbuckled my seatbelt and stepped out of the car, my movements slow and careful, like I was afraid the world might break if I moved too fast.

I walked toward the elevator and stepped inside. The doors slid shut, and before I could even reach for the panel, the elevator dinged and opened again. I was already at the top floor, standing right in front of the penthouse elevator doors. That made no sense. I should've been at the lobby first, then taken the private lift up.

I stared at the doors, my pulse pounding in my ears.

"What in the fuck is happening?" I muttered, running a hand through my hair. "What the hell..."

I walked to my door with slow, careful steps, my hand tightening around the keycard like it might ground me somehow. I swiped it once. The lock clicked. That familiar sound should have been comforting. It wasn't.

I pushed the door open.

Everything looked normal. Too normal. The lights were the same, the furniture untouched, the faint scent of cleaning products still lingering in the air. My body refused to move forward anyway. Fear rooted me in place, my foot hovering just past the threshold like stepping inside might trigger something unseen.

I forced myself to take a step in.

Then another.

I reached back and closed the door behind me, the click echoing louder than it should have.

"Minne!" I called out. "Hey, Minne!"

No answer.

My chest tightened as my eyes swept the living room, the kitchen, the hallway. Nothing was out of place, but nothing felt right either. My thoughts kept looping back to the same impossible question. How did I go from the company parking lot to here without driving? Without time passing?

Something was wrong. Deeply wrong. And worse, it felt familiar, like a half-remembered nightmare I had already lived through once.

I stepped toward the balcony and looked outside.

The sky was crimson, heavy and unmoving, like a painted ceiling instead of the real thing. Cars were frozen mid-traffic, headlights glowing but lifeless. Birds perched along the railing, wings half-spread, locked in place as if time itself had forgotten them.

My stomach dropped.

"Dierella?" I called, turning back toward the apartment. "Dierella you there?"

"You got me instead."

I flinched hard and spun around.

She was sitting on the double couch like she owned the place. Mana. Legs crossed, posture relaxed, dressed in a long black gown that clung to her body and shimmered faintly under the lights. Her hair fell dark and glossy over her shoulders, matching the dress, matching the calm confidence in her expression. She looked older than most of the others, mature in a way that had nothing to do with age and everything to do with power. Her chest sagged naturally, just slightly, beneath the fabric, the material stretched thin enough that it failed to hide much at all, especially her... big areolas. Her skin glowed softly, flawless, unreal.

I coughed as my throat seized up, half from fear, half from the sudden dryness in my mouth. When our eyes met, her gaze was gentle. Too gentle. I had heard her voice before, heard what she was capable of. Was she here to kill me?

"You," I muttered, my voice rough.

"I know you were there," she said easily. "Listening in on us. I imagine that was frightening."

"What are you doing here?" I demanded. "I was at TechForge and now I'm here. How?"

"Evan Henrik Marlowe," she said, cutting me off cleanly. "You are an interesting subject."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I said. "You cannot just kill me like that. Not like Ondilin's subject."

Her lips curved into a small smile. "So you understand. That you are, at the end of the day, a subject. A toy."

My jaw tightened. "Then why are you here?"

"As a Goddess, the rules are clear," she replied, her eyes never leaving mine. "We do not interfere with another's subject unless that subject willingly changes allegiance."

"And?"

"But that rule is irrelevant right now," she said, leaning back slightly. "I am here for a different reason."

I swallowed. "Which is?"

She stood and walked toward me, stopping just short of arm's reach. I backed away until my hand brushed the edge of the dining table, the wood cold beneath my palm. Mana turned her head and looked toward the dining window, unhurried, composed, as if this were a casual visit.

My gaze flicked to the hallway.

Where was Minne?

Panic coiled tight in my chest as the thought took shape. If Mana was here, if time itself was frozen, then Minne was not just missing. She was involved.

"Where's Minne?" I asked.

"Who?" Mana replied.

"Minne," I said sharply. "She was supposed to be here. Where is she?"

"I did not hurt her," Mana said, finally meeting my eyes again. "If that is what you are thinking. But she is with me."

The words hit like a punch to the gut. My blood went cold. I dropped my gaze to the floor and exhaled slowly, trying to keep my breathing steady. She had Minne. A Goddess had my maid, my friend, dragged into whatever this was.

"I expended a considerable amount of power to come here," Mana continued calmly. "And to take her. If Dierella finds out, or if you tell anyone about this, you already know the consequences."

"Don't hurt Minne," I said immediately.

Her smile widened just a fraction. "Then you are free to become my subject. We can—"

A sharp metallic sound rang out from the hallway.

I snapped my head toward it just as another metallic clink echoed, heavier this time.

Then she stepped into view.

The Heart System - Chapter 395[1,764 words]

Chapter 395: Chapter 395

Dierella emerged from one of the rooms, her form nothing like the one she usually wore. Her wings were fully extended now, larger, darker, the membranes veined and powerful. Two twisted horns curved from her head, sharp and unmistakably real. Her skin had taken on an ashen hue, veins standing out vividly beneath the surface. She wore nothing at all, her body raw and terrifying in its divinity.

In her arms was Minne.

Minne's hands were bound in heavy chains, the links trailing back into her bedroom. Dierella walked forward in silence until the chains reached their limit. She stopped, lifted her gaze to Mana, and stared at her with pure rage.

Then, one by one, Dierella grabbed the chains and crushed them in her fists. Metal groaned and snapped apart like brittle wire.

She carried Minne the rest of the way into the living room and gently laid her unconscious body on the table.

"Mana," Dierella sneered, locking eyes with her, her voice low and sharp. "Stop butting yourself into my business, alright?"

"Dierella," Mana replied, clapping her hands together once, amused. "You have me all wrong, honey."

"Stop."

"Dierella, Dierella..." Mana said again, almost fondly.

She stepped closer and reached out, fingers brushing along Dierella's left horn, then flicked the other one lightly, like she was teasing a pet instead of provoking a predator. Dierella's jaw tightened immediately. Her teeth ground together as she shoved past Mana with her shoulder, forcing her aside without even slowing down.

Dierella stopped in front of me and lifted her hands, placing them firmly over my eyes. I didn't fight it. I just let my eyelids close under her palms.

When I opened them again, I was gripping my steering wheel.

I was back in my car.

The seatbelt was already on, my door closed, the familiar company parking lot stretched out in front of me. Employees walked by, phones in hand, laughing, smoking, complaining about work like nothing supernatural had just happened. The sky was normal. Time was moving. Everything was exactly where it should have been.

My breath came out shaky.

"What the fuck," I muttered. "What even happened?"

My hand stayed on the steering wheel as I stared through the windshield, trying to piece it together. One moment I was standing in my penthouse with a Goddess threatening me and chaining Minne, the next I was back here like none of it existed. Except it did. I knew it did. The fear was still sitting heavy in my chest, my skin still prickling like I'd brushed against something lethal.

Was Minne safe now?

I wasn't willing to assume anything. I needed to see her. With my own eyes.

My phone buzzed in my hand before I could even unlock the car.

I nearly dropped it when I saw the name on the screen.

Minne.

I answered instantly.

"Minne?"

"M-Master..." she said, her voice soft and rushed. "I'm sorry I missed your calls. I... I fell asleep. This isn't like me, I swear. I'm usually really energetic, but I don't know what happened. I just felt really tired and—"

"It's okay," I said quickly, forcing a smile into my voice even though my heart was still pounding. "It's okay, honey."

"Oh." She hesitated. "Are you... upset, Master?"

"No, not at all." I exhaled slowly. "Actually, take the day off."

There was a brief pause. "Oh. Are you sure, Master?"

"Yeah. I'm sure." I leaned back against the seat. "Just... tell me something. Are you okay?"

"Um... I think so?" she replied, unsure. "I feel normal now."

"Good," I said, relief finally starting to sink in. "That's good."

I glanced at the building one last time before starting the engine. "I'm coming to the penthouse. I'll pick you up and drop you off at your mom's place, alright?"

"I can take the bus, Master," she said quickly.

"No," I replied without hesitation. "Be ready in fifteen."

"Oh." She sounded surprised. "Um... yes, Master."

I ended the call and sat there for a moment longer, my grip tightening on the steering wheel.

Mana had been real. The threat had been real. And whatever game the Goddesses were playing, I was very clearly in the middle of it now.

I put the car in drive and pulled out of the parking lot.



The café inside the hotel was busy in that quiet, work-obsessed way. Almost every table was taken, people hunched over laptops, earbuds in, fingers moving nonstop. Some looked productive. Others looked like they'd been staring at the same screen for an hour. Soft music played in the background, barely noticeable unless you focused on it, and the smell of coffee and sugar hung in the air. Floor-to-ceiling windows let daylight spill in, warming the stone walls and the hanging plants scattered around the place.

I sat near the window with a banana-flavored milkshake in front of me.

I took a sip and let out a slow breath, then rubbed the bridge of my nose before dragging my hands down my face. Even now, my head was still full of Mana. The way she talked about killing someone like it was routine. The way everything around her bent and obeyed. No matter how many times I replayed it, it didn't sit right.

A shadow fell over my table.

I looked up and saw Eleanor standing there, a small, tired smile on her face, coat draped over one arm. She looked worn in an honest way, like someone who'd lived long enough to stop pretending she wasn't.

I gestured to the empty chair. "Hey. Come, sit."

She lowered herself into it with a soft sigh. "God, thank you. I'm so tired. I forgot what an off-day even feels like."

"You getting used to working at Stingy Ladies?" I asked.

She chuckled faintly. "Trying to. I'm getting better, I think. Still, a woman my age learning new things..." She tilted her head. "You know that saying? You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"You're anything but old," I said.

She raised an eyebrow. "Beautifully matured?"

"That might be the word I'm looking for," I said with a small smile. "You want something to drink, by the way?"

"What are you having?" she asked, glancing at my glass.

"Milkshake. Banana flavored."

She hummed. "I'll get one too. Strawberry."

I caught the waiter's eye and lifted my hand slightly. He walked over, polite smile already on his face.

"Another milkshake," I said. "Strawberry."

"Coming right up."

"Thanks."

He nodded and walked off.

I leaned back in my chair. "So. How's Charlotte treating you?"

"She tolerates me thanks to you," Eleanor said. "I don't think she likes that I got the job because of your recommendation."

"She bullying you or something?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that," she said quickly. "She's actually sweet. Just... difficult sometimes. Same with her friend Emilia." She lowered her voice. "That woman is a sadist. Did you know that? I saw her putting her whole foot in a man's mouth in the restroom."

"Yeah," I said.

She arched an eyebrow. "You didn't sound surprised."

"I had a feeling."

"You didn't buy her services, did you?"

"What?" I laughed. "No. God, no. I'm not a masochist."

"Just asking," she said calmly. "No kink-shaming here."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, chuckling.

Silence settled between us, comfortable this time. I took another sip of my milkshake and looked out the window.

"So," I said. "Did your brother leave?"

"Yes," she replied. "And honestly, that whole thing must've been incredibly awkward for you. You knock on the bathroom door expecting me, and instead my brother opens it while I'm in the shower."

I cleared my throat and forced a smile. "I won't lie. That was one of the most uncomfortable moments of my life."

The waiter returned and set the strawberry milkshake in front of her. "Enjoy."

"Thank you," she said, taking a sip immediately. Her eyes widened. "Wow. This is actually really good."

She glanced around the café. "I didn't even know this place existed until three days ago. I've been coming here ever since."

"They make good coffee too," I said. "But if you really want the best coffee, Burney's is your place."

"I know it," she said. "Been there a couple of times."

"Trust me," I said. "Best coffee you'll ever drink."

She smiled faintly. "We should go sometime. I've never tried their mocha."

"Sure," I said. "It'll be on me."

Eleanor hummed softly, clearly amused, then checked her phone again before setting it face-down on the table like she didn't want it interrupting the moment.

"My brother was surprised to see me living in a hotel," she said, smiling to herself. "You should've seen his face."

I nodded, resting my elbow on the table. "Yeah. I still can't believe I'm living in a penthouse myself."

"I never thought you would," she said, eyes on me now. "Take Guy down. Put Nala in the CEO position. Take over the hotel. All of it."

"Well," I replied, shrugging lightly, "now you know me a bit better, huh?"

She tilted her head. "The weird part is..." She paused, choosing her words. "You know that woman who was taken into custody not long ago? Venessa. Her... video. The one that was exposed at the gala Anotta attended."

"Yeah?" I said carefully.

"When I watched the news footage of that moment," she continued, lifting her milkshake, "I saw you. Standing off to the side. Watching her."

I let out a quiet breath. "Coincidence?"

She studied my face. "Was it you?"

I shrugged. "No comment."

Her lips parted slightly, then curved into a slow smile. "Wow. You're a dangerous person, Mr. Marlowe. Not gonna lie. I think I'll try very hard to stay on your good side."

I chuckled. "Better stay sharp, Eleanor. You could be my next target any moment."

She took another sip and shook her head. "Like I said. I'll do my very best."

My phone buzzed against the table, cutting through the moment. I glanced at the screen and felt a small jolt of guilt. Nala. Right. I completely forgot to update her.

I picked up the call and brought the phone to my ear. "Hey, Nala. Sorry. I forgot to call. Minne's safe. She just fell asleep."

"Jeez, Evan," she muttered. "You should've told me sooner. Wait—did you say she fell asleep?"

"Yep."

"That's... not like her."

"Yeah. She said the same thing," I replied. "When are you guys coming back to the penthouse?"

"In about an hour."

"Alright. See you then."

"Yeah. Bye."

The Heart System - Chapter 396[1,740 words]

Chapter 396: Chapter 396

I hung up and set the phone back down, exhaling quietly. Eleanor was watching me, curiosity clear on her face.

"Everything okay?" she asked.

"For now," I said, taking another sip of my milkshake. "Just another strange day."

She smiled faintly. "Seems like those are normal for you."

"Unfortunately," I replied, "yeah."

Eleanor checked her phone again, her thumb scrolling once before she stopped. She let out a quiet, disappointed exhale and shook her head.

I raised an eyebrow. "What, you on a tight schedule or something?"

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she tilted the phone toward me.

On the screen was a shopping page. A blue dress filled most of it, sleek and elegant, hugging the model in a way that immediately reminded me of the first time I'd seen Eleanor in blue. This one was bolder though, cut sharper, the kind of dress that didn't ask for attention so much as assume it. Right under the image, in painfully clear letters, it read: OUT OF STOCK.

"I've been trying to get this dress since yesterday," she said, sounding genuinely annoyed. "Every time I refresh, it's gone. People are buying it like crazy. It's a new model from Nuppia."

I nodded slowly, still looking at the screen. "Yeah, I can see why."

She glanced at me sideways. "Oh?"

I leaned back in my chair. "Maybe I can get lucky and see you wearing it someday."

Her lips curved into a small, amused smile. "Maybe," she said. "Who knows?"

She took another sip of her milkshake, clearly less bothered now that the disappointment had been aired out.

I let my gaze linger on her for a brief second longer than polite, then looked past her to the large window behind her seat. Snow was still falling outside, slow and lazy, turning the city into something quieter than it had any right to be. The café buzzed with soft noise, keyboards tapping, cups clinking, low conversations blending together. Cozy. Calm.

I missed moments like this more than I liked to admit.

And then Mana slipped back into my thoughts, uninvited. Her voice. Her calm expression. The way she had spoken about killing someone like it was rearranging furniture. The way I'd been pulled from one place to another without warning. The way Minne had been part of it at all.

My jaw tightened without me realizing it.

Eleanor noticed.

She leaned in slightly, resting her forearms on the table. "Hey," she said gently. "Something on your mind?"

I shook my head. "Nah. Just distracted. Work stuff."

She gave me a knowing look. "Mm. Must be tough, working for a company like that."

"Yeah," I said with a small chuckle. "You could say that."

She glanced out the window, watching the snow for a moment. "At least the weather's doing its part to calm things down."

"True," I said. "Snow kind of forces everyone to slow their pace. Even the city."

She smiled faintly. "I like it. Makes everything feel... quieter. Like the world's holding its breath."

"That's one way to put it," I replied. "I just like that it makes excuses for staying indoors."

"Spoken like a true penthouse dweller," she teased.

"Hey," I said, holding up my hands, "I earned my right to be lazy."

She laughed softly, then checked the window again. "It's supposed to keep snowing through the night, I think."

"Good," I said. "Less traffic. Less noise. Less people pretending they're not miserable."

"You're oddly cynical today," she said.

"Occupational hazard."

She hummed, then tilted her head slightly. "By the way... I heard some noise coming from upstairs earlier. Are you guys installing something?"

"Oh," I said, nodding. "Yeah. We're closing off the penthouse balcony."

Her eyes widened a little. "Wait, is that even legal? Changing part of the hotel like that?"

I waved a hand. "Nala got the permissions. Turns out that balcony was already closed off years ago. A storm knocked part of it out and they never fully restored it, so technically we're just rebuilding what was already there."

"Huh," she said slowly. "So no shady business."

"For once," I replied. "No shady business."

She finished the last sip of her milkshake and set the glass down. "Well. That was dangerously good."

I smiled. "Ready to go?"

She nodded, standing up. "Yep. I need to work out to burn that milkshake. God."

I stood as well, meeting her eyes. "Well... I happen to know a pretty good workout, if you're interested. Burns calories like crazy."

She smirked. "Oh? And what might that be?"

I pulled my wallet from my pocket and reached for the bill, smiling at her as I did. "I'll show you."

I walked up to the counter and paid for the drinks, tapping my card once and mumbling a quick thanks to the waiter. Then I turned back to Eleanor and made a small gesture with my hand, inviting her along.

She stood and fell into step beside me as we headed for the elevator. The doors slid open and we stepped inside, the low hum of the cables filling the brief silence as it began to descend.

She glanced at me sideways, lips curling. "I thought we were going to take the stairs to the penthouse," she said. "Wasn't that the workout?"

Her tone made it obvious she already knew exactly what I was thinking.

I smiled, slow and deliberate. "Oh, trust me. The one I have in mind is a lot more extreme."

The elevator dinged open at the ground floor. We stepped out and walked across the hall to the private penthouse elevator. I pressed the button, waited for the soft chime, then swiped my card inside and hit the top floor.

As soon as the doors slid shut, I leaned back against the mirrored wall and pulled Eleanor in by the waist, my hand settling firmly at her hip. I drew her back against me, feeling her body fit easily into mine.

She let out a light chuckle. "That didn't take long."

Instead of saying something else, she turned her head and kissed me. I kissed her back, slow at first, then deeper, my hand tightening at her waist as my other squeezed her ass. She hummed softly against my lips, fingers curling into my jacket.

The elevator dinged.

Before the doors fully opened, I scooped her up, her arms instinctively wrapping around my neck. Her chest pressed against mine as I stepped out, and she laughed under her breath, the sound warm and breathless. I kissed along her jaw and down to her collarbone as I carried her toward the penthouse door.

I leaned her back against it, still holding her up as I kissed her again, unhurried, confident. Her back thudded softly against the door as she kissed me back just as eagerly.

I knocked once.

The door opened.

Minne stood there, frozen, eyes wide and face burning red as she took in the sight of me holding Eleanor up like that, kissing her against the door.

I broke the kiss just long enough to smile at Minne. "Minne," I said calmly, "don't disturb us for a few hours, okay, honey?"

She nodded so fast it was almost comical, murmured something unintelligible, and hurried off toward the kitchen without looking back.

I chuckled softly, opened the door the rest of the way, and carried Eleanor inside. I kicked the door shut behind us, and kissed her again.

I eased Eleanor down onto the bed, my arms lingering around her waist for a second longer than necessary before I let go. She landed softly on the sheets with a small bounce, dark hair fanning out across the pillow. I dropped down beside her, stretching out on my side, one elbow propped under me so I could watch her face.

She turned toward me immediately, eyes bright and playful, and leaned in to kiss me—slow at first, lips brushing mine, then deeper, tongue slipping in, tasting faintly of mint and the coffee we'd shared earlier. When she pulled back, she was smiling, cheeks flushed, lower lip caught between her teeth for a second.

Then she hopped off the bed, bare feet silent on the carpet. I didn't even realize she'd already removed them.

I stayed propped on my elbow, eyes tracking her every move.

She stood a few feet away, facing me, and reached for the hem of her tight black t-shirt. She didn't just pull it off—she peeled it up slowly, deliberately, letting the fabric drag over her skin. Her stomach came into view first—flat, soft at the edges, a faint line of muscle showing when she flexed. Then the underside of her breasts, full and heavy, nipples already pebbled from the cool air and anticipation. She tugged the shirt over her head, hair tumbling free in dark waves, and tossed it aside with a flick of her wrist.

Next came the pants. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her high-waisted jeans, popped the button, and shimmed her hips side to side—small, teasing twerks that made her ass jiggle inside the denim. She bent forward slightly, giving me a perfect view of her cleavage as she pushed the jeans down over the curve of her hips, down her thighs, letting them pool at her ankles. She stepped out of them gracefully, kicking them to the side, now in nothing but black lace panties that hugged her ass and the dip of her waist.

She turned her back to me, arched slightly, and looked over her shoulder with a smirk. Then she hooked her thumbs into the lace and peeled the panties down—slow, inch by inch—letting them slide over the swell of her ass, down her thighs, until they dropped to the floor. She stepped out, kicked them toward the pile of clothes, and stood there fully naked—curves soft and inviting, skin glowing in the low light, pussy already visibly wet between her thighs.

She crawled back onto the bed, movements slow and predatory, eyes locked on mine. When she reached me, she knelt between my legs, fingers hooking into the waistband of my pants. She tugged them down together with my boxers—slow, teasing, watching my cock spring free, thick and hard, already leaking pre-cum at the tip.

"Fuck..." she breathed, voice husky. "Look at you... so ready for me."

I smirked. "Been ready since you kissed me at the elevator."

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Chapter 397: Chapter 397

She wrapped her hand around the base—warm, firm—and leaned in, tongue flicking out to lap at the head, tasting the bead of pre-cum. Then she took me into her mouth—slow at first, lips stretching wide around the head, tongue swirling underneath. She sank down deeper, cheeks hollowing, throat relaxing as she took more, more, until her nose brushed my pelvis and I was buried all the way in her throat.

I groaned, head falling back. "Fuck yeah... that's it, baby... just like that... take it all."

She moaned around me, the vibration shooting straight through my cock, making it twitch in her throat. She pulled back slowly—lips dragging along the shaft, tongue pressing flat against the underside—until just the head remained in her mouth. She sucked hard on the tip, tongue flicking the slit, then plunged back down again, deepthroating me in one smooth motion. Spit coated my shaft, dripping down to my balls, her hand pumping the base in time with her mouth.

She was good—really good. She could take me deep without gagging, throat opening up like she'd practiced, lips sealed tight, cheeks hollowing with every suck. Every time she bottomed out, her nose pressed against my skin, throat convulsing around me in little swallows that felt like heaven. She pulled off with a wet pop, spit stringing from her lips to my cock, then dove back down—sloppy, hungry, moaning like she was the one getting off.

"Goddamn... your mouth's fucking perfect," I groaned, hand sliding into her hair, guiding her rhythm without forcing. "Look at you... swallowing my cock like you're starving for it... spit all over me... fuck, baby, you're so good at this."

She hummed in response, the vibration making my balls tighten. She pulled off again, spat onto my cock—thick, messy—then wrapped her hand around it, stroking fast while her tongue lapped at my balls, sucking one into her mouth, rolling it gently before licking up the shaft and taking me deep again.

She repeated it—spit, stroke, deepthroat—over and over, spit dripping everywhere, her chin shiny, eyes watering but never breaking eye contact. She was relentless, hungry, moaning around my cock like she couldn't get enough.

Finally she pulled off with a gasp, spit stringing from her lips to my cock, and climbed up onto the bed. She turned her back to me, bent over the bedframe—hands gripping the metal, ass arched high, pussy dripping, legs spread. She reached back with one hand, spreading her lips open, showing me how wet she was.

"Fuck me raw," she said, voice low and needy.

I got up from the bed, cock still hard and slick from her mouth, throbbing with every heartbeat. Eleanor was bent over the bedframe, hands braced on the metal, ass arched high, pussy glistening between her thighs. I stepped up behind her, pressing my body to hers—chest to her back, cock nestling between her ass cheeks.

I rubbed the head along her slit—slow, teasing, mixing my pre-cum with her juices, coating myself in her wetness. She moaned softly, hips rocking back instinctively, trying to take me inside. I leaned in, tongue dragging up the length of her spine—slow, wet trail from the small of her back all the way to the nape of her neck. I kissed the skin there, sucked lightly, then grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back just enough to make her gasp.

"Evan..." she breathed, voice shaky with want.

I kept rubbing my cock against her pussy—sliding the head through her folds, bumping her clit, spreading her wetness everywhere. "So sexy," I murmured into her ear, tugging her hair a little harder. "Already dripping for me... pussy so wet it's practically begging."

She laughed breathlessly, the sound turning into a moan. "Look at you going rough. I'm old enough to be your mother, you know that, right? That's a bit rude."

I smirked, lips brushing her ear. "Still, Eleanor... thirty-eight isn't even old. What did you call it? Beautifully matured."

Before she could answer, I pushed in—slow at first, letting her feel the stretch as my cock parted her walls, sinking deeper inch by inch until I was buried to the hilt. She moaned long and low, head falling forward, hair spilling over her shoulders. The feeling was incredible—hot, tight, her pussy gripping me like a glove, walls fluttering around every ridge as I filled her completely.

I started moving—long, deep strokes, pulling almost all the way out before thrusting back in, hips rolling to grind against her clit with each plunge. I kept one hand tangled in her hair, pulling just enough to keep her arched, the other sliding around to cup her breast, pinching her nipple hard.

"Fuck... your pussy's perfect," I growled against her neck, sucking the skin there. "So wet... so tight... taking my cock like you were made for it... love how you squeeze me every time I bottom out."

She moaned louder, hips pushing back to meet me. "Evan—yes—deeper—fuck me deeper—"

I slapped her ass—hard, the crack sharp in the room, flesh jiggling under my palm. She cried out, pussy clenching tight around me. "God... look at this ass... thick, bouncing every time I fuck you..."

Fuck, she was so good.

I slapped again—other cheek, watching the red bloom, skin hot and stinging. "You love it, don't you? Getting fucked raw by someone younger... your pussy dripping all over me... taking it like a needy little thing."

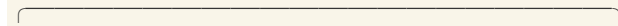
"Yes, fuck, yes, harder—please..." she gasped, voice breaking.

I went faster—hips snapping forward, cock slamming deep, balls slapping her clit with every thrust. Her pussy clenched harder, walls fluttering wildly, juices running down my shaft, soaking my balls, dripping onto the floor. I yanked her hair back further, forcing her to arch, tits bouncing with every impact, nipples hard and dark.

She was close—I could feel it in the way her pussy spasmed, the way her moans turned higher, body trembling. "Evan—I'm—close—gonna cum—"

"Already?" I growled, thrusting harder. "You're such a greedy girl... pussy's already fluttering around my cock like it's starving..."

The UI flickered in my vision.



Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Eleanor

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■□□ 87%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm



I mentally selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Eleanor tensed, body locking up, pussy clenching desperately around me—but the peak slipped away. She moaned in frustration, hips bucking wildly, trying to chase it, but I held her steady, slowing my thrusts just enough to keep her on the edge without letting her fall over.

She glanced back at me, face flushed, eyes glassy. "Evan... what... why..."

I smirked, still buried deep inside her. "This is supposed to be a workout, Eleanor. You have to earn it."

She whimpered, body trembling. I pulled out slowly, cock slick and shining with her wetness, and lay back on the bed. I propped myself up on my elbows, cock standing straight up, throbbing.

"Come on," I said. "Jump on my cock."

Eleanor smiled faintly, half-frustrated, half-hungry, and climbed onto the bed. She positioned herself over me, facing me, knees on either side of my hips. She reached down, guided my cock to her entrance, and lowered herself slowly—taking me inch by inch until I was buried to the hilt inside her pussy.

She moaned low, head falling back, hands braced on my chest as she settled fully on me, pussy clenching tight around my cock.

Eleanor reached up with both hands, gathering her long dark hair in a loose twist, then pulled it all up and held it above her head with one hand. The motion lifted her chest, arching her back slightly, tits rising and thrusting forward, nipples stiff. Her stomach flexed, a soft curve of muscle showing under the skin, waist narrowing into wide hips. She looked down at me with heavy-lidded eyes and a knowing half-smile—like she knew exactly how fucking hot she looked right now, arms raised, body on full display, pussy hovering just above my cock, dripping onto the head.

I groaned low in my throat, hips twitching up instinctively. "Fuck... look at you... holding your hair like that... tits up, pussy dripping... you know what you're doing to me, don't you?"

She smirked, lowering herself slowly—taking just the head inside her, teasing, then sinking down further until half my cock was buried. "Maybe..."

She started jumping—slow at first, lifting her hips high, then dropping down hard, pussy swallowing my cock in wet, rhythmic strokes. Her ass slapped against my thighs with every descent, tits bouncing freely above me, hair still held up in her fist, making her look like some kind of filthy goddess riding me.

"Goddamn... that's it, baby," I rasped, hands sliding up her thighs to grip her hips. "Ride me harder... fuck yourself on my cock... look at those tits bouncing... so fucking sexy..."

She moaned, picking up speed—jumping faster, slamming down harder, pussy clenching tight around me with every drop. The wet sounds grew louder—sloppy, obscene, her juices coating my shaft, dripping down my balls, soaking the sheets beneath me.

She leaned forward suddenly, hair still held up, and kissed me—deep, messy, tongue sliding against mine, moaning into my mouth. Then she straightened again and she started jumping even harder, faster, ass slapping my thighs with sharp cracks, pussy gripping me like a fist.

"So good..." she gasped, voice breaking. "Your cock... so deep... filling me up..."

I moaned louder, hips bucking up to meet her drops, hands sliding to her waist, fingers digging into the soft flesh. "Fuck—Eleanor—your pussy's perfect... squeezing me so tight... love how you ride me... tits bouncing like that... ass slapping down... you're killing me, baby..."

The Heart System - Chapter 398[1,541 words]

Chapter 398: Chapter 398

I let one hand wander up, cupping her breast, thumb flicking her nipple hard before pinching it, rolling it between my fingers. She cried out, hips stuttering for a second before slamming down harder. I leaned up, sucking her other nipple into my mouth—tongue swirling, teeth grazing, sucking deep while my hand slapped her ass—firm, sharp crack that made her moan louder.

I pulled her down suddenly—arms wrapping around her waist, hugging her tight against me so her tits pressed flat to my chest, nipples dragging against my skin with every breath. Her face buried in my neck, pussy still impaled on my cock. I held her like that—bodies flush, her weight on top of me—and started thrusting up hard, hips snapping, cock driving deep into her pussy with punishing force.

"Fuck—yes—like that—" she moaned against my throat, nails raking down my back. "Pound me... Evan—harder—"

I did—hips a blur, cock slamming up into her, balls slapping her ass with every thrust. Her pussy clenched tight, walls rippling, juices running down my shaft, soaking my groin. I could feel her building again—moans turning frantic, body trembling against mine, pussy fluttering wildly around me.

The UI flickered in my vision.

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Eleanor

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 96%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I ignored it completely.

"Evan—I'm—close—" she gasped, voice breaking, hips grinding down to meet my thrusts.

"Do it, baby," I growled against her ear. "Cum for me. Let me feel that pussy squeeze my cock while you fall apart."

She shattered. "EVAN... FUCK"

She screamed loudly, body convulsing hard against mine, pussy clamping down in violent spasms, gushing hot and wet around me in thick floods that soaked my groin and the sheets.

I kept thrusting up through it—slowing just enough to draw out every tremor, every pulse, letting her ride the aftershocks until she collapsed against me, panting hard, body limp and trembling.

Eleanor panted hard, chest rising and falling, skin flushed and glowing with sweat. She let out a weak, breathless chuckle, voice hoarse from all the moaning. "Hey... I was supposed to do the workout. Not you."

I grinned, still buried deep inside her, hips giving one slow, lazy roll just to make her whimper again. "Well, I also drank a milkshake."

She laughed—soft, shaky—then pushed herself up on shaky arms, tits swaying as she lifted off me with a wet sound. My cock slipped free, glistening, still rock-hard and throbbing against my stomach. She looked down at it, licked her lips, then glanced back at me with that playful, half-exhausted smirk.

"Fair point," she said, voice low. "But now... let me do the work."

She climbed off me completely, turned around so her back faced me, ass toward my face—round, full, cheeks still faintly pink from earlier slaps. She straddled me reverse, knees sinking into the mattress on either side of my hips, reached back with one hand to steady my cock, and sank down slowly—taking me inch by inch until her ass rested flush against my pelvis, pussy swallowing me completely.

I groaned deep in my throat, hands immediately flying to her hips. "Fuck... yeah... just like that..."

She started riding—slow at first, lifting her hips high so I could watch my cock slide almost all the way out, her pussy lips clinging to the shaft, then dropping back down hard, ass slapping against me with a sharp, wet crack. The sound echoed in the room—filthy, rhythmic—her ass jiggling every time she bottomed out, cheeks rippling, the faint red marks from earlier slaps blooming brighter with each impact.

I slapped her right cheek—firm, the flesh bouncing under my palm. "Goddamn... look at this ass... bouncing like that while you fuck yourself on my cock... so fucking hot, baby..."

She moaned, picking up speed—hips rolling faster, dropping harder, pussy gripping me tight with every descent. Her back arched, spine curving beautifully, hair spilling down her back in dark waves, swaying with every bounce. From this angle I could see everything—her pussy stretched wide around my shaft, juices coating me, dripping down my balls, soaking the sheets beneath us. Her ass cheeks spread slightly every time she sank down, giving me a perfect view of my cock disappearing inside her.

"Fuck—Evan—your cock feels so good..." she gasped, voice breaking on every downward slam. "Filling me up... stretching me... love riding you like this..."

I slapped her left cheek—harder this time—watching the red flare, the jiggle travel through her flesh. "That's it... ride me harder... show me how much you want it..."

She moaned louder, hips snapping faster—lifting almost all the way off, then slamming down, grinding her clit against my base on every descent. Her ass slapped against my thighs in sharp, wet cracks, the sound mixing with her moans and my grunts. I reached up, grabbed both her ass cheeks—squeezing hard, spreading them wide so I could watch my cock slide in and out, her hole stretched tight around me, rim clinging on every withdraw.

"God—look at that pussy... taking every inch... so wet... so tight..." I growled, slapping her ass again—rapid-fire on both cheeks now, alternating, making her cry out every time.

"You love getting slapped while you ride me, don't you? Ass turning red... pussy gushing... fuck, baby, you're killing me..."

"Yes—fuck—slap me—harder—" she panted, voice shaking, hips never slowing. "I love it... love your hands on me... your cock inside me... fuck—Evan—"

I slapped her ass again—hard, the crack loud—and she moaned, pussy clenching tight around me, walls fluttering wildly. I could feel her building—her moans turning higher, breath shorter, hips stuttering as she chased the edge.

"Evan—I'm—close—again—" she gasped, voice cracking.

I gripped her hips tighter, thrusting up to meet her drops—hard, deep, slamming into her with every bounce. "Cum for me, baby... let me feel that pussy squeeze my cock... soak me again... come on..."

She let out a strangled, high-pitched cry. "EVAN— I'M... I'M CUMMING... FUCK, FUUCK!"

Her whole body seized as if struck by lightning. Her pussy locked down on me in fierce, stuttering pulses, walls spasming in erratic, hungry waves that felt like they were trying to pull me deeper and push me out at the same time. A sudden, forceful rush of wetness surged around my cock—hot, slick, almost violent—spilling out in thick, messy spurts that drenched my groin, ran in rivulets down my balls, and puddled beneath us on the sheets.

Her hips jerked in short, helpless bucks, ass trembling against my pelvis like it couldn't decide whether to grind down or lift away.

The orgasm dragged on longer than the others—her pussy kept fluttering and squeezing in irregular, greedy spasms, milking me even as the intensity started to ebb. When it finally began to fade, she collapsed back against the sheets like her strings had been cut—limp, shuddering, chest heaving in ragged bursts, skin flushed from her throat to her thighs, a fine sheen of sweat making her glow in the low light.

I groaned, the feeling overwhelming—her pussy clamping, gushing, milking me—pushing me dangerously close. My cock throbbed hard inside her, balls tight, pleasure spiking sharp and hot. But I wasn't ready to cum yet.

I slowed my thrusts—deep, grinding rolls—letting her ride out the aftershocks, pussy still fluttering weakly around me.

She collapsed forward slightly, panting hard, body trembling. "Fuck... Evan... that was..."

I smirked, hands sliding up her back, then down to squeeze her ass again. "You're not done yet."

I caught the door creaking open just a crack.

Minne stood there in the hallway shadow, skirt already bunched in one fist, the other hand working furiously between her thighs. Her panties were shoved to the side, fingers slick and frantic as she stared straight into the room—at us.

A slow grin spread across my face.

I brought my palm down hard on Eleanor's ass. The crack echoed. "Come on, get up."

Eleanor slid off me with a soft whimper, knees hitting the mattress, then the floor. I followed, standing.

I bent one knee, hooked my arms under her thighs, and lifted. She wrapped her legs around my waist instantly, ankles locking at the small of my back. Her breasts flattened against my chest, nipples hard little points scraping my skin with every breath. I reached down with my free hand, lined myself up, and sank back inside her in one smooth thrust. She gasped into my neck.

Then I started walking straight toward the door.

Minne's fingers sped up the moment she realized what I was doing. Her eyes were wide, glassy, locked on the place where my cock disappeared into Eleanor over and over.

I kept fucking Eleanor as I closed the distance, each step driving me deeper. Her arms tightened around my shoulders, face buried against the side of my neck so she couldn't see the hallway. She had no idea we had an audience.

When I was close enough, I slammed in balls-deep and held there for a long second. Then I pulled out completely—slow, obscene, letting my wet cock hang free in the air between us.

Minne and I locked eyes through the narrow gap.

She knew exactly what I wanted.

The Heart System - Chapter 399[1,760 words]

Chapter 399: Chapter 399

Without a sound she dropped to her knees on the hardwood, skirt still rucked up around her hips. Her mouth closed around me—warm, careful, quiet. Not a single sloppy noise. Just soft suction and the faint heat of her tongue curling under the head.

Eleanor moaned against my shoulder, oblivious, hips twitching like she was trying to chase me back inside her.

I kept my voice low, rough. "You want my cock back in your pussy?"

She nodded fast against my skin. "Fuck me, Evan. Please. Put it in me."

Minne gave one last slow, dragging suck—lips tight all the way down—then let me go with a soft pop. I gripped myself, angled, and slid straight back into Eleanor's soaked heat. She sighed like she'd been waiting her whole life for it.

I eased into a slower rhythm now, letting every inch drag. Then I tilted my head down toward my cock—eyes on Minne the whole time—and mouthed the words silently: 'Suck my balls.'

She leaned in without hesitation, quiet as a ghost. Her tongue found me first, hot and wet, then her lips closed around one, then the other, rolling them gently, sucking with just enough pressure to make my thighs tense.

The feeling hit like a slow electric current—Eleanor's tight cunt gripping me in long, lazy strokes while Minne's mouth worked underneath, soft pulls and flicks that made my sack draw up tight. Every time Minne's tongue pressed harder, it sent a sharp jolt straight up my spine, doubling the heat already coiled low in my gut. The contrast was filthy perfection: Eleanor's slick walls pulsing around my shaft, Minne's careful, secret worship below. I could feel both of them at once, layered, overwhelming.

Eleanor finally lifted her head from my shoulder. Her lips found mine—open, hungry. I kissed her back, deep, swallowing the little sounds she made.

"You're so good," she breathed against my mouth.

I smiled into the kiss. "You're fucking wonderful."

My hands slid down to her ass. I grabbed hard, spreading her wider, pulling her onto me deeper while her legs locked tighter around my waist. Minne stayed right there, lips and tongue still working my balls in slow, steady rhythm.

I squeezed Eleanor's cheeks harder—fingers digging in—and she moaned loud into my mouth, the sound vibrating through both of us.

I decided to carry Eleanor back toward the bed, her legs still wrapped around me like she never wanted to let go. But as I moved, my balls slipped free from Minne's mouth with a wet, audible pop—slick and sudden, the kind of sound that hung in the air for a split second too long.

Eleanor's head snapped up from my shoulder, her eyes wide and hazy with confusion. "What was that?"

I just grinned, cupping the back of her head to pull her in close. "Don't worry about it," I murmured against her lips, then kissed her deep and slow, tongue sliding in to shut down any more questions. She melted into it, moaning softly, her body still trembling from the rhythm we'd built.

I lowered her onto the bed, flat on her back, her hair fanning out across the sheets like a dark halo. She looked up at me, chest heaving, nipples peaked and begging for attention. I was still buried inside her, but I pulled out slowly, watching her face twist with the loss. My cock glistened with her wetness, hard and throbbing in the cool air.

"Turn over," I said, voice low and commanding. "I want you on your hands and knees."

She bit her lip, a flush creeping up her neck, but she didn't hesitate. Eleanor flipped onto her stomach, then pushed up onto all fours, arching her back just enough to present that perfect ass to me. Her pussy was swollen and slick, lips parted like an invitation I couldn't refuse.

I knelt behind her, gripping my shaft and lining up. "Fuck, look at you," I growled, rubbing the head against her entrance, teasing. "So wet and ready for me. You love this cock, don't you?"

She whimpered, pushing back against me. "Yes, Evan. God, yes. Just fuck me already."

I slammed in—hard, no warning—burying myself to the hilt in one thrust. She cried out, fingers clutching the sheets, her walls clenching around me like a vice. The angle was deeper like this, hitting spots that made her whole body shudder. I grabbed her hips, fingers digging into the soft flesh, and started pounding—slow at first, then building, each slap of skin on skin echoing in the room.

"Take it," I grunted, thrusting harder. "Take every fucking inch. You feel so good wrapped around me."

Eleanor gasped, her head dropping forward for a second before she rocked back to meet every stroke. "God, yes—harder, Evan. I need it. Don't hold back."

I reached forward, sliding my hand into her hair and tugging gently—just enough to lift her head and arch her back a little more. Her breasts swayed with the rhythm, nipples tight, and I caught the side of her face: lips parted, eyes half-closed in pure bliss. "Tell me," I rasped. "Tell me how much you love feeling me stretch you open like this."

"It's so good," she moaned, voice cracking with pleasure. "You're so thick—filling me up completely. Keep going, please. Fuck me just like that."

Her words sent heat roaring through me. I picked up the pace, hips driving forward with more force, the wet slap of our bodies filling the room. Sweat made our skin glide against each other, slick and hot. I flicked my eyes toward the door—Minne was still there in the shadows, peeking through the narrow gap, one hand working frantically between her thighs. Her gaze was glued to us, lips parted, breathing fast. Knowing she was watching made me throb even harder inside Eleanor.

I leaned down over her back, chest pressing to her spine, one arm wrapping around to cup her breast. I rolled her nipple between my fingers, pinching just firm enough to make her gasp. "You like that?" I murmured against her ear. "Being taken so deep? Your pussy's gripping me so tight—like it never wants to let me go."

"Yes—fuck, yes," she panted, grinding back against me. "Harder. I want to feel you everywhere."

I twisted a little more, drawing a sharp, needy moan from her. My other hand slipped down between her legs, fingers finding her clit—swollen, slick, begging for attention. I circled it in time with my thrusts. "Come on, baby," I said low. "Tell me how bad you want my cum. Beg for it."

"I want it so much," she breathed, voice trembling with need. "Fill me up, Evan. Pump me full—I want to feel you spilling inside me, dripping out after."

The raw want in her voice pushed me right to the edge, but I held on, wanting to make it last. I straightened up, both hands on her hips now, spreading her a little wider so I could watch myself slide in and out—slow for a second, then hard again. She was soaked, creamy at the base of my cock, the sight filthy and perfect. "Look at how wet you are for me," I groaned. "You're making such a mess. So fucking hot."

Eleanor pushed up onto her elbows and glanced back over her shoulder, a wicked little smile curving her lips. "Only because it's you. Keep going—make me even messier. Fuck me until my legs shake tomorrow."

I brought my palm down on her ass—not too hard, just enough to leave a warm pink mark and make her moan louder. She arched higher, pushing back eagerly. "You want it like that?" I asked, voice rough. "Rough and deep?"

"Yes," she challenged breathlessly. "Give it to me. I can take it."

I pistoned faster, the bedframe creaking under us. My thumb drifted to the tight ring of her ass, pressing lightly against it—not entering, just teasing the sensitive skin. "Imagine if I took you here too someday," I said, low and teasing. "Both holes filled."

Her whole body shivered. "God, Evan—that sounds so dirty. Keep teasing. Maybe next time..."

"Next time?" I laughed softly, driving deeper. "Already thinking about round two? You're insatiable."

She nodded fast, hair falling in her face. "Can't help it. You feel too good. I want more—always more."

I pulled my thumb away and brought it to her lips. "Taste yourself," I said quietly.

She turned her head without hesitation, sucking my thumb into her mouth, tongue swirling slow and deliberate. Her eyes met mine, dark and hungry. The sight almost broke me. "Good girl," I praised, pulling free with a soft pop. "Now touch yourself. I want to feel you come all over my cock."

Her hand flew between her legs, fingers rubbing fast circles on her clit. "I'm so close, Evan. So fucking close. Keep talking—tell me."

"I'm gonna cum so deep inside you," I growled, thrusts turning relentless. "Fill you up until it's running down your thighs."

"Yes—yes," she gasped, walls starting to flutter around me. "Give it to me. I want every drop."

I could feel her climbing, her moans turning shorter, sharper. Minne was still watching, cheeks flushed, fingers a blur—the secret thrill of it made everything burn hotter.

Eleanor's breathing hitched. "Evan—I'm gonna cum. Don't stop—harder, please!"

"Cum for me," I urged, one hand sliding back into her hair to hold her steady. "Let me feel that tight pussy squeeze me. Cum all over my cock."

She broke first—body locking up, a long, broken cry tearing from her throat as her orgasm crashed through her. Her walls clamped down in pulsing waves, milking me hard, dragging me right over with her. I slammed in deep one last time and came with a rough groan—hot, thick spurts flooding her, spilling out around my shaft as our bodies shuddered together. The feeling was overwhelming: her clenching rhythm pulling every last pulse from me, our sweat-slick skin pressed tight, locked in that perfect, trembling high.

We collapsed forward, me draped over her back, both of us panting hard. My cock twitched inside her a few more times, lazy aftershocks rippling through us. She turned her head, lazy smile spreading across her face.

"That was... incredible," she murmured, voice hoarse.

I kissed the curve of her shoulder, still catching my breath. "You're telling me."

- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Eleanor

EXP Gained: +520

Villain Bonus: +50 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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- Bliss Multiplier: 741c

The Heart System - Chapter 400[1,655 words]

Chapter 400: Chapter 400

I pulled out slowly, feeling the wet drag of Eleanor's pussy release me with a soft, obscene sound. My cock bobbed heavy between us, still slick and half-hard, glistening with both of us. I took a step back, chest heaving, lungs burning from the effort.

Eleanor stayed on her stomach for a second longer, ass still slightly raised, thighs trembling. Then she rolled onto her side and looked up at me with that lazy, satisfied grin she always got afterward.

"You can take a bath here," I said, voice rough, catching my breath. "Shower's hot. Take your time."

"Yeah, I need it," she murmured, stretching like a cat. A small trickle of my cum started to slip down her inner thigh—she quickly pressed her palm between her legs to catch it. "You have a towel?"

"Yep. You go ahead. I'll grab you some clean ones."

"Okay." She sat up slowly, wincing a little in the best way. "Let you know when I'm done... fuck, Evan, you worked me over so bad."

I laughed under my breath, wiping sweat from my forehead with the back of my wrist. "Hey, you burned fat. That was the original plan, right?"

She chuckled, low, throaty, then swung her legs off the bed. I pointed across the room at the bathroom door. She stood, one hand still cupped protectively under her pussy, the other steadying herself on the mattress. Cum was already starting to leak past her fingers despite her efforts. She gave me a playful eye-roll over her shoulder as she padded naked across the hardwood, hips swaying just enough to make my spent cock twitch again.

The bathroom door clicked shut behind her. A second later I heard the shower curtain scrape open, then the hiss of water hitting tile.

I turned my head.

Minne was still in the hallway shadow, half-hidden by the cracked door. Her dyed red hair clung damp to her forehead and neck—she'd been sweating hard. The black-and-white maid dress she insisted on wearing even on quiet days was rumpled, the short skirt bunched high around her hips where she'd held it up to touch herself. Her thighs glistened; her pussy was swollen, slick, visibly dripping. She hadn't come yet—at least not fully. Her breathing was shallow, eyes wide and dark, locked on me like I was the only thing in the world.

I crooked two fingers at her. Come here.

She hesitated only a heartbeat, then stepped forward—bare feet silent on the floor. The moment one foot crossed the threshold into the bedroom I reached out, grabbed her slender arm, and spun her around. Her palms slapped flat against the bathroom door for balance. The wood was cool; she gasped softly at the contrast.

I pressed in close behind her, chest to her back, cock already thickening again at the heat radiating off her skin. I nudged her thighs apart with my knee, lined myself up, and pushed forward in one long, slow slide.

She was soaked—hot, slippery, ready. I sank in to the root without resistance, feeling her walls flutter and clutch immediately. A quiet, broken whimper escaped her.

I leaned in until my lips brushed her ear. "Did you like the show, honey?"

"Master..." she breathed, voice tiny and trembling with want. "Please... fuck me too."

The shower was running full now—steady white noise behind the thin door. Eleanor was in there, humming something off-key, water splashing against her body. So close. So unaware.

I started moving—slow at first, deep, controlled strokes that made Minne’s knees buckle. I wrapped one arm around her waist to hold her upright, the other hand sliding up to cover her mouth gently—not to silence her completely, just to muffle the little sounds she couldn’t help making.

"Shhh," I whispered against the shell of her ear. "She’s right there. You don’t want her to hear how much you need this cock, do you?"

Minne shook her head frantically, eyes squeezing shut. Her pussy clenched hard around me at the words. She loved the risk—the danger of being caught. It always made her wetter.

I picked up the pace, hips rolling in steady, deliberate thrusts. Each one pushed a tiny, stifled moan past my fingers. Her palms slid a little on the door; she braced harder.

From inside the bathroom, Eleanor’s voice floated out over the water.

"Evan? You still out there?"

My heart kicked hard. Minne froze, inner walls pulsing around me in panic and arousal.

"Yeah," I called back, keeping my voice even. I didn’t stop moving—just slowed to long, grinding rolls that let me stay buried deep. "Just catching my breath. You good?"

"So good," she laughed, the sound echoing off the tiles. "This shower pressure is insane. I might never leave."

Minne bit her lip under my hand, eyes rolling back as I circled my hips, dragging the head of my cock over that sensitive spot inside her.

"Take your time," I said. "Take... your... ah... your time."

I felt Minne tremble—her whole body vibrating with the effort not to cry out. I slid my free hand down her stomach, under the crumpled hem of her skirt, fingers finding her clit. I rubbed slow, firm circles while I kept thrusting—deep, quiet, relentless.

She came fast the first time. Fuck, she was already sensitive, huh?

It hit her like a wave—silent but violent. Her pussy clamped down in rhythmic spasms, milking me hard. Her knees nearly gave out; I tightened my arm around her waist to keep her upright. A muffled whine vibrated against my palm. Her head dropped forward, forehead resting on the door, red hair sticking to her flushed cheek.

I didn’t stop.

The shower kept running. Eleanor started singing again—some old pop song, off-key and carefree.

Minne turned her head just enough to look back at me with glassy, pleading eyes.

"More," she mouthed silently.

I smiled against her neck, kissed the sweat-slick skin there, and gave her what she wanted.

I fucked her harder now—still controlled, still quiet, but deeper. Each thrust made her small breasts bounce under the thin fabric of her dress. I reached up and tugged the neckline down, freeing one nipple. I pinched it lightly, rolling it between my fingers the way she liked. She arched, pushing back onto me, trying to take me even deeper.

"Evan?" Eleanor's voice again, closer to the door this time. "You got any of that nice shampoo left? The one that smells like coconut? Every room in this hotel has one right... well, mine did anyway."

My pulse hammered in my ears. Minne's walls were fluttering again—she was close to a second one already.

"In the cabinet," I managed, voice only a little strained. "Top shelf."

"Thanks, babe."

Babe. Casual. Easy. The word made something possessive flare in my chest. I drove into Minne a little harder—reward and punishment at once. She whimpered against my hand, thighs shaking.

I leaned in close again. "You hear that? She called me babe while I'm balls-deep in your tight little pussy. You like knowing I'm filling you up right under her nose?"

Minne nodded frantically, tears of overstimulation gathering at the corners of her eyes. She loved me—really loved me. Had for years. And every time we did this she whispered the same secret hope against my skin: that one day I'd give her what she craved most. A baby. My baby. She never asked outright anymore—just begged with her body, with the way she came around me, with the way she never let me pull out.

I felt her building again. Faster this time. Her breathing turned ragged, even through my fingers.

"Cum again for me," I whispered. "Quiet. Let me feel it."

"Master... Master..."

"Ssh. Cum, honey. Let yourself go."

"I'm... I'm gonna... I want to..."

"Want what?"

She gritted her teeth. "Master.. OH... Master... OHH..."

She came hard.

The second orgasm ripped through her silently but brutally. Her whole body locked up—back arching, pussy spasming so hard it almost pushed me out. I held her tight, grinding deep, riding it out with her. Wetness coated my cock, my balls, dripped down her thighs. She sagged against the door when it finally passed, trembling, boneless.

I wasn't far behind.

The shower was still running. Eleanor was rinsing her hair now—I could hear the water change pitch as she tilted her head under the spray.

I sped up—short, urgent thrusts, chasing my own release. Minne reached back, small hand wrapping around my hip, urging me deeper.

"Please," she breathed against my palm, so quiet I barely heard it. "Inside... please, Master..."

I buried my face in the crook of her neck, groaned low, and came.

Hot, thick pulses flooded her. I held myself deep, hips flush to her ass, emptying everything I had left into her waiting body. She whimpered softly—happy, relieved, possessive—as she felt me fill her. Her walls fluttered one last time, milking every drop like she could pull it straight to where she wanted it most.

We stayed like that for long seconds—panting, sweating, my cock still twitching inside her. The shower kept running. Eleanor started humming again.

I kissed the back of Minne's neck, gentle now.

"Good girl," I murmured.

She smiled against the door—small, secret, hopeful.

- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Minne

EXP Gained: +500

Villain Bonus: +10 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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- Bliss Multiplier: 663c

I pulled out slowly. A thick trickle of my cum immediately followed, sliding down her thigh. She pressed her own hand between her legs this time, same way Eleanor had, trying to keep it all inside.

I stepped back. Minne turned, eyes shining, cheeks flushed. She straightened her skirt with shaking hands, smoothed her hair.

The bathroom door opened a crack.

"Evan? Towel?"

Minne froze.

I stepped smoothly in front of her, blocking the narrow view.

"Uh, yeah, yeah. Coming."

♥□♥□♥□