

The Heart System - Chapter 401 [1,519 words]

Chapter 401: Chapter 401

I sat back on one of the sunbeds on the balcony, legs stretched out, shoulders sinking into the cushion. It was night already, a little past seven, and the city below was wrapped in that quiet, glowing haze that only came with snowfall. The balcony was fully closed off now, floor-to-ceiling glass panels sealing it from the cold. The glass was thick and clean, curving slightly at the edges, framed with dark metal. A single control panel sat near the wall; one button and the entire structure could lift and retract, turning the space back into an open balcony whenever we wanted. Right now, though, it was warm, insulated, and calm, the hum of the city muted into something distant and harmless.

Outside, snow drifted lazily between buildings, catching neon lights and streetlamps, turning them into smeared ribbons of color. Cars moved far below like slow constellations, their headlights blurred by the glass. It felt unreal in the best way.

I pulled up my status and checked my EXP.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [] 2826/9922

Good. Not amazing, but progress. Real progress.

Next, the shop.

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: 2105c

I smiled faintly. Two thousand one hundred and five. Bliss Multiplier sitting at one-thirty really was doing its job. Every decision I'd made there had paid off, and for once, I didn't regret leaning into it.

I reached down, grabbed the beer glass from the ground, and took the last sip. Empty. I set it beside the sunbed and let out a slow breath, eyes drifting back to the city.

Cozy. Quiet. Almost peaceful.

My phone buzzed against the cushion. I picked it up and saw Carrie's name on the screen.

'Are you coming?'

I stared at it for a moment, thumb hovering, then locked the screen and set the phone back where it was. Not now. I leaned back again, enjoying the warmth and the faint hum of the balcony's heating system.

The glass door slid open behind me, and something small and fast rushed past, knocking the empty beer glass over. It clinked harmlessly against the floor. I bent forward, picked it up, and looked back.

Tessa stood there, one hand still on the door, stepping inside with that familiar casual confidence.

Ahead of us, Mik was pressed up against the glass wall, tail flicking, meowing at the frozen city beyond like she expected it to respond.

"I thought Mik was the lazy type," I said, setting the glass aside.

Tessa reached over, moved my phone a little farther down the sunbed so she could sit, then dropped beside me. "Guess she just didn't have the right friend to play with," she said with a shrug. "You told me Minne's mother wasn't really... active, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "She gets tired fast. Can barely walk for long."

"Well," Tessa went on, nodding toward the cat, "turns out our little Mik here is pretty energized."

I huffed. "She nearly knocked me off the sunbed."

"Don't be dramatic." She bumped her shoulder into mine. "I also started giving her a bit less food. She needs to lose that belly fat."

"What's wrong with having a little belly fat?" I shot back. "You see me giving you less food?"

She turned her head slowly. "Huh? You calling me fat? You got a death wish or something?"

I chuckled. "I'm joking, don't kill me. You're actually pretty fit, and you know that."

"Fuck yeah I know it." She raised an eyebrow. "You told us Kayla has the biggest ass."

"Well," I said, spreading my hands, "Kayla's... Kayla. She does. You can't argue with that."

Tessa exhaled through her nose. "Yeah. If I was a man, I'd fuck the shit out of that ass."

I grinned. "Now you understand me."

We sat there like that, the warmth of the balcony settling around us. Mik eventually gave up on the window, padded over, and hopped straight into Tessa's arms, curling up almost immediately.

"Huh," I said. "She's tired already."

Tessa nodded, gently scratching behind Mik's ear. "Guess so. Poor thing must've been bored out of her mind back when she lived with Minne's mother."

"Yeah," I said, watching the snow drift outside. "She's in good hands now."

And for the first time in a while, I almost believed that applied to all of us.

I pushed myself up from the sunbed and stretched, arms over my head, feeling my back crack in a way that was way too satisfying. Tessa followed a second later, leaving Mik curled up on the cushion like she owned the place now.

I walked toward the glass wall at the edge of the balcony, hands slipping into my pockets. Tessa came up beside me, shoulder almost brushing mine as we both looked out over the city.

Snow kept falling, soft and unbothered, the lights below glowing through it like the whole place was underwater.

"Living in a dumpster of an apartment," Tessa said quietly, "and now this, huh?"

I snorted. "Yeah. It's... different."

She hummed. "Different good or different weird?"

"Both," I said. "Working at a company like TechForge is also different. Still getting used to it."

I nodded to myself. "Sometimes I miss my old job."

She glanced at me, surprised. "Sometimes?"

"Very rarely," I added quickly. "But still. At least back then we didn't have rats trying to leak info to the public. And it definitely didn't have me crawling around vents like some off-brand action movie."

Tessa laughed. "Hey, that was some real James Bond stuff, by the way. Good job."

"Thanks," I said, a little embarrassed, a little proud.

The glass door slid open behind us.

"Master," Minne said softly, peeking her head out. "Dinner is ready."

I nodded and gestured toward the door. "Coming."

Tessa turned with me, and we stepped inside, warmth wrapping around us again as the balcony door slid shut.

Halfway across the living room, I paused. "Go ahead," I said. "I'll be right back, forgot my phone."

She gave me a look. "Don't get lost in your own penthouse."

"No promises."

I walked back out onto the balcony and grabbed my phone from the sunbed. Another message from Carrie.

A single question mark.

I stared at it for a few seconds longer than I meant to. The city reflected faintly on the glass, my own face layered over the lights and snow.

Then I glanced toward the dining area inside. Toward the table. Toward the warmth. Toward people actually there.

In forty, I typed.

I slipped the phone back into my pocket, stepped inside, and closed the glass door behind me.

I walked over to the dining table, the warmth of the penthouse settling into my shoulders as I pulled a chair out and sat down. The table was already set neatly, plates aligned, cutlery polished, glasses filled with water. The smell hit me a second later and my stomach reminded me that, yeah, I hadn't eaten properly all day.

Minne had cooked. Of course she had.

There was grilled chicken glazed with some kind of honey-soy sauce that caught the light just right, steam still rising from it. A bowl of buttery mashed potatoes sat in the middle of the table, flecked with herbs, next to a pan of sautéed vegetables that looked way better than anything I'd ever managed to make myself. There was rice too, fluffy and white, and a small salad on the side with cherry tomatoes and thin slices of cucumber.

Tessa walked over to Mik's little corner, crouched down, and poured food into the tray. Mik immediately appeared from nowhere and dove in like she hadn't eaten in days.

"Traitor," I muttered, watching her.

Tessa smirked and came back to the table, taking the seat across from me. "She's loyal to whoever feeds her."

"Smart cat," I said.

Minne stood there for a second, hands clasped in front of her apron, clearly waiting.

"You can sit," I said gently. "You don't have to hover."

She hesitated, then nodded and took her seat, relief obvious on her face. She knew I didn't have to tell her that but... I think she liked it. She liked me telling her to come and join us.

We started eating, forks clinking softly against plates. The first bite shut my brain up immediately. The chicken was tender, sweet and savory at the same time, and the potatoes were ridiculous. I let out a quiet sound before I could stop myself.

Minne looked up instantly. "Is it... okay?"

"It's amazing," I said honestly. "You're spoiling me."

Her shoulders relaxed, a shy smile spreading across her face. "I'm glad."

Tessa took a bite and hummed. "Yeah, this is really good. You're officially hired for life."

Minne blushed hard. "Th-thank you."

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We ate in comfortable silence for a bit, the kind that didn't feel awkward at all. Just forks, chewing, and the soft hum of the apartment around us.

"So," Tessa said eventually, swallowing. "Long day?"

"Yeah," I replied. "Not bad, just... long. A lot of meeting thingies, a lot of nothing, somehow."

She snorted. "That sounds about right."

Minne nodded. "You looked tired when you came back, Master."

Well, and a bit concerned...

"I am," I admitted. "But this helps."

Tessa leaned back slightly in her chair. "Work at TechForge still crazy? For me, it still is."

"Yeah." Nala agreed. "It is."

"God, I still can't use Excel." Jasmine muttered. "It is so hard."

"It's calmer now," I said. "At least on the surface. Still feels like I'm always waiting for something to explode, though."

Kim raised an eyebrow. "Occupational trauma?"

"Something like that."

Minne tilted her head. "Did something happen today?"

I shook my head. "Not really. Just one of those days where your brain won't shut up."

She seemed to accept that, even if she didn't fully believe it.

Tessa picked at her vegetables. "I had a shift today too. But I survived. Yay."

"High praise," I said.

"I know. I might celebrate."

Minne smiled softly. "I stayed home most of the day. Cleaned a little. Then I think I... fell asleep."

My fork paused for half a second, but I kept my voice light. "You needed it."

She nodded. "I guess so."

The conversation drifted, easy and slow. Tessa talked about a rude customer she'd dealt with last week. Minne mentioned a new recipe she wanted to try. I listened, chimed in when it felt right, and kept eating until my plate was mostly clean.

For a while, it almost felt normal. No gods. No threats. No weird powers. Just dinner.

Eventually, I leaned back and let out a satisfied breath. "Alright," I said. "I'm done."

Minne looked up again. "Was it enough?"

"More than enough," I said, smiling at her. "Thank you. Really."

Her smile turned bright this time, proud and relieved all at once. "You're welcome, Master."

Tessa stretched her arms. "I'm going to regret eating this much later."

"That's a future problem," I said.

After the table was cleared and Minne started gathering plates, I drifted into the living room. I dropped onto the couch, reached into my pocket, and pulled out a cigarette. I lit it, the familiar burn grounding me as I leaned back and stared at the ceiling for a second.

Carrie popped into my mind without asking.

The text. The question mark. The way she always did that, like she was nudging my shoulder through the screen.

I exhaled smoke slowly, watching it curl toward the ceiling.

Footsteps approached, and Kim appeared beside the couch, arms crossed loosely. She glanced at the cigarette, then at me.

"You going to Carrie's tonight?" she asked casually.

I shrugged, taking another drag. "Maybe."

She looked around the dimly lit café corner as if checking for eavesdroppers, even though the place was nearly empty except for the bored barista wiping counters twenty meters away. Then she leaned in close, her breath warm against my ear.

"Take me as well."

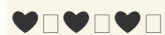
"Take you?"

"Yes." Her voice dropped lower, edged with something dark and eager. "I wanna be there when that bitch suffers."

"Uh..."

Well... now that wasn't something I was expecting. Not even the slightest bit. Kim wanted to come to the hotel and... watch me have sex with Carrie? That... yeah.

Well... could be interesting.



Later that night I stood at the hotel window, arms crossed, staring down into the street. The snow had finally quit an hour earlier, giving way to a heavy, drumming rain that turned the world outside into a smeared watercolor of neon signs and wet headlights. The room felt colder than it should have—cheap radiator clanking uselessly in the corner.

The door opened behind me with a soft click.

I glanced back over my shoulder. Carrie stepped inside, hesitated in the doorway like she might still turn and run. She reached up slowly, pulled off the wool hat, unwound the scarf that had been hiding half her face, then slipped her glasses off and folded them into her palm. Rain had darkened the ends of her hair; a few strands clung to her cheeks. She looked smaller than I remembered, shoulders hunched under the weight of the long coat.

She took one step forward and closed the door behind her. The lock clicked.

I leaned my hip against the window frame, kept my arms folded. "You're wearing it?"

Carrie nodded once. Her face stayed carefully neutral, eyes fixed somewhere around my collarbone.

She shrugged out of the coat. It hit the carpet with a wet slap. Underneath...

Black leather straps and panels, glossy under the low lamplight. A full bondage harness that framed rather than covered—thin bands crisscrossing her ribcage, circling her heavy breasts so the nipples stood out bare and already pebbled in the cool air. The straps dipped low over her hips, leaving her ass completely exposed except for the wide, flared base of a thick black buttplug nestled deep between her cheeks. The front was open: pussy lips framed by leather, swollen and glistening even from across the room. Her belly curved soft and full, pale skin catching the light, stretch marks faint silver threads. No attempt at modesty. Just raw exposure.

I let my gaze drag over every inch of her, slow and deliberate. Then I grimaced. "Look at that fucking belly. You fat fuck."

She didn't flinch. Didn't speak. Just stood there, breathing shallow, waiting for whatever came next.

"Crawl here."

She froze for a heartbeat—like the word had to travel all the way down her spine before her body obeyed. Then her knees bent. She dropped to the carpet, palms pressing flat, ass lifting slightly as she started forward on all fours. The plug shifted visibly with each movement, base catching the light. She moved carefully, deliberately, stopping an arm's length away from my boots. Head bowed, breathing audible now.

I lifted one leg, planted the sole of my boot against her forehead—firm enough to hold her there, not enough to hurt yet. She didn't resist. Just waited, trembling faintly under the pressure.

Then I pushed.

Not hard. Just enough. She toppled backward with a small gasp, landing flat on her back, legs splayed, breasts jiggling from the impact. The plug made a soft, muffled sound against the carpet as her ass hit.

I turned away without another word, walked to the single bed in the center of the room. A black duffel sat on the edge. I unzipped it, reached inside, pulled out the blindfold—wide strip of black silk, padded.

I tossed it. It landed on her stomach.

"Put it on."

Carrie's hands came up slowly. She hesitated, fingers brushing the fabric, then lifted it to her eyes. Tied it tight behind her head. Darkness complete. Her breathing sped up, chest rising and falling faster.

I looked down.

A small, dark spot had already formed on the carpet beneath her. A thin trail of wetness leaking from her open pussy, pooling slightly. I hadn't laid a finger on her yet.

"Look at that," I said, voice low and mocking. "You're dripping like a cheap whore and I haven't even touched you. Pathetic. That sloppy cunt's crying for it already, isn't it?"

She didn't answer. Just lay there blindfolded, legs slightly apart, waiting.

I crossed the room quietly, turned the handle, eased the door open a crack. A few seconds later footsteps came down the hallway. Kim appeared at the threshold, hood up against the rain, cheeks flushed from the cold and something else. She stepped inside. Her eyes went wide when she saw Carrie on the floor—naked except for the leather, blindfolded, exposed, plug glinting.

I closed the door slowly behind her. The lock clicked again.

"E-Evan?" Carrie's voice cracked from the floor, small and uncertain.

I didn't answer right away. Just shook my head at her tone.

"Evan?" I repeated, stepping closer to where she lay. "What do you really call me, bitch?"

Her lips parted. A shaky breath. "D-Daddy."

I saw it—the fresh slickness that welled up between her thighs at the word, shining brighter under the lamp. Her pussy visibly clenched, another slow trickle escaping.

I shook my head again, almost amused.

Kim stayed a few feet away, hood still up, arms crossed tight like she was holding herself together. Her eyes flicked between Carrie on the floor and me—wide, dark, hungry. She didn't speak. Just watched.

I took another step toward Carrie, boot nudging her thigh so her legs opened wider.

I dropped to my knees between her spread legs, the carpet rough against my shins. Carrie's blindfold stayed tight; her breathing had turned shallow and quick, chest rising fast under the leather straps.

I hooked my hands under her knees, yanked her toward me in one firm pull. Her body slid easily across the floor until her thick thighs draped over my shoulders, weight settling heavy and warm. Her ass lifted slightly off the carpet, plug still buried deep.

My hands slid lower, palms cupping the soft, full cheeks. I found the wide base of the plug with my fingers, gripped it.

"Look at this greedy little hole," I said low, voice rough. "Swallowing that fat plug like it's nothing. You walked all the way here with it stretching you open, didn't you? Bet you were clenching the whole time, trying not to leak all over your coat."

Carrie whimpered, hips twitching involuntarily.

I pushed the plug deeper—just a slow press. She gasped sharp, body tensing, ass clamping down hard around the thickest part. Pain flickered across her blindfolded face, but she didn't pull away.

"Too much?" I murmured, almost mocking. "Or just enough?"

I reversed direction then, pulling back slowly. Her rim stretched tight around the taper, clinging, resisting like it didn't want to let go. The muscle fluttered, expanding and contracting visibly as the plug dragged out inch by inch, shining with lube and her own slick.

Then—pop.

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The flared base cleared her rim with a wet, obscene sound. Her asshole gaped open immediately—pink, slick, pulsing in the cool air of the room. A small, helpless sound escaped her throat.

I stared down at it for a long second, watching the ring wink and try to close, failing. "Fuck... look at that ruined little hole. Wide open and begging already."

I slid two fingers in without warning—middle and index, straight to the second knuckle. Carrie's whole body jerked, a sharp gasp ripping out of her.

Kim stepped closer then, boots soft on the carpet. She crouched beside us, eyes wide and glittering under the low light. Our gazes met over Carrie's trembling body. Kim's lips curved into a quiet, wicked giggle. She pulled her phone from her pocket, angled it down, hit record. The tiny red light blinked on.

I couldn't help the slow smile that tugged at my mouth.

I started working my fingers—slow at first, then deeper, in and out, feeling the hot, velvety grip of her ass try to pull me back in every time I withdrew. Carrie's pussy dripped steadily now, a thin trail running down toward her tailbone, pooling on the carpet.

I reached up with my free hand, squeezed her cheeks together hard enough to make her mouth pop open in a perfect little 'O'. Then I leaned forward and spat right onto her blindfolded face. The saliva landed on her cheek, slid slow toward her open mouth.

"Fucking slut," I growled. "Getting so wet just from having your ass played with. Just how horny are you, huh? Dripping like a bitch in heat and I haven't even fucked you yet."

Carrie moaned—low, broken, needy.

I added a third finger. Three now, stretching her wider. She hissed through her teeth, hips bucking up involuntarily. I sped up—fast, shallow thrusts, curling my fingers to drag against the sensitive walls inside her.

I let go of her face, spat again—this time harder, splattering across her lips and chin. Then I smeared it in with my palm, rubbing the spit over her cheeks, her mouth, marking her.

Without warning I pushed those wet fingers past her lips, deep into her mouth. She gagged instantly, throat convulsing around my knuckles, but I didn't pull back. I fucked her mouth slow and deep, feeling her tongue flatten and struggle, spit pooling and dripping down her chin to mix with the mess already on her face.

I kept it up for a long minute—fingers sliding in and out of both holes at once—until my hand was coated, slick with her saliva.

Finally I pulled free. Strings of spit connected my fingers to her swollen lips for a second before snapping. I brought my hand straight down to her gaping ass, rubbed the thick saliva all over her stretched rim, pushing some inside with two fingers again just to slick her up more.

Then I stood.

I stripped fast—boots kicked off, jeans shoved down, t-shirt yanked over my head. Naked now, cock hard and heavy, already leaking at the tip.

I planted one bare foot on her soft waist, pressing just enough to pin her.

"Turn around," I ordered. "On your knees. Arch that fat ass up."

Carrie moved immediately—blind, shaky, but obedient. She rolled onto her stomach, pushed up onto her hands and knees, then dropped her chest low to the carpet, ass lifted high. Back arched deep, thighs spread, pussy glistening, asshole still slightly open from the plug and my fingers.

I knelt behind her.

I gripped my cock, rubbed the head slowly along her crack—up and down over that puffy, abused ring. The tip caught on the rim every time I passed, making her whimper and push back like she was trying to suck me in.

"Such a sloppy, desperate hole," I muttered. "Look at it twitching for dick. You're gonna take every inch, aren't you? Gonna let me wreck this greedy ass while your cunt leaks all over the floor."

She moaned—wordless, pleading.

I pressed forward.

No resistance at all. Her ass opened around me like it had been waiting for this exact moment. I slid in smooth and deep—halfway in one slow push, then all the way until my hips met her cheeks. Carrie let out a long, shuddering moan, body trembling. Fresh wetness poured from her pussy, dripping down her thighs in thin rivulets.

I stayed buried for a second, feeling her pulse around me, hot and tight and perfect.

I started moving—slow at first, letting her feel every thick inch dragging out, then slamming back in deep enough to make her whole body jolt forward. Her ass gripped me like a vice, hot and slick, no resistance left after the plug and fingers had already opened her up. Each thrust made a wet, filthy sound that echoed in the quiet room, mixing with the steady hammer of rain against the window.

"Fuck, listen to that sloppy hole," I growled, hips snapping forward again. "Swallowing my cock like the greedy pig you are. You love getting your fat ass reamed, don't you? Dripping cunt making a mess on the carpet while I use your shithole."

Carrie moaned—long, broken, muffled against the carpet. Her blindfold stayed tight, but her mouth hung open, drool pooling under her cheek.

I picked up speed, pounding into her with hard strokes. My palm cracked down on one cheek—sharp, stinging. The flesh jiggled, a red handprint blooming instantly against her pale skin.

"Count them, bitch," I ordered. "Or I stop."

"O-one..." she gasped.

Another slap—harder, on the other cheek.

"T-two..."

I kept fucking her through it, relentless, feeling her walls flutter and clench every time my palm connected. Her pussy was a steady leak now, slick trails running down her inner thighs, pooling beneath her knees.

I glanced over at Kim. She was still standing a few feet away, phone in one hand recording, eyes dark and hungry. I crooked two fingers at her—come here.

She stepped closer without hesitation, boots soft on the carpet. I leaned in as I kept thrusting into Carrie, deep and steady, my voice dropping to a rough whisper against Kim's ear.

"Slap her ass."

Kim let out a quiet, wicked chuckle. She reached out, palm connecting with Carrie's right cheek—light at first, almost playful. Carrie whimpered.

Then Kim did it again—harder. The crack rang out sharper than mine. Carrie's body jerked forward, ass pushing back onto my cock instinctively.

"Good," I muttered.

I grabbed Kim by the throat—not hard, just firm enough to feel her pulse jump under my fingers—and pulled her in. Our mouths crashed together. She kissed back hungry, tongue sliding against mine, small moan vibrating into my mouth. Her free hand gripped my shoulder for balance while I kept fucking Carrie in long, punishing strokes.

I broke the kiss after a few seconds, lips brushing hers one last time. "Keep watching," I told her low. Then I turned my attention back to the blindfolded woman trembling under me.

"You hear that?" I snarled down at Carrie, slamming in harder. "Another slap. And another. Bet that makes your sloppy cunt throb even more, huh?"

Carrie's moans turned higher, more desperate. Her walls started fluttering wildly around my cock—classic sign she was close. Her thighs shook, hips bucking back to chase the friction.

"Please—Daddy—please let me cum," she begged, voice cracking. "I need it—I'm so close—please—"

I laughed low, cruel. "You didn't earn it yet, sow."

I pulled almost all the way out—slow, teasing—then slammed back in once, hard, grinding deep. Her body seized, legs trembling violently as the orgasm tried to crest.

Then I stopped moving completely. Buried to the hilt, but still. No friction. No rhythm. Just the pressure of me filling her, unmoving.

Carrie whined—high, frustrated, body shaking like she was fighting the denial itself. Her pussy clenched uselessly around nothing, the almost-orgasm fading fast, leaving her panting and wrecked.

I didn't give her time to recover.

I started fucking her again—harder this time, brutal snaps of my hips that made her tits bounce under the leather straps, made the whole bedframe rattle even though we weren't on it yet. Each thrust shoved her forward an inch across the carpet.

Kim slapped her ass again—crack—then again, leaving overlapping red marks. Carrie cried out, half pain, half pleasure.

I reached down, tangled my fingers in her damp hair, yanked her head back sharply. Her neck arched, blindfold still in place, mouth open in a silent scream. I fucked her fast now—short, punishing strokes, skin slapping skin loud enough to drown the rain for a second.

"Take it, you disgusting slut," I growled. "This is all you're good for—getting your holes wrecked while we laugh at how desperate you are."

One final thrust—deep, brutal, balls slapping against her soaked cunt. I held there, grinding, feeling her spasm around me.

Then I pulled out completely, my cock shining with her slick, tip glistening. Her gaping asshole twitched, trying to close around nothing.

I stepped back.

"Get on the bed, slut," I ordered. "Not gonna do all the work by myself."

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Carrie stayed frozen for a heartbeat—panting, trembling—then started moving. Blind, shaky, she crawled toward the bed, ass still high, red handprints glowing on her cheeks, pussy dripping a steady trail behind her.

I grabbed a fistful of Carrie's hair near the roots, twisting just enough to get a good grip. She let out a small, startled yelp as I yanked her head up and started walking—slow, steady—toward the bed. Blindfolded, she had no choice but to crawl after me on hands and knees, palms slapping the carpet, ass swaying with each hurried shuffle. The plug was long gone, but her hole still twitched open and closed with every movement, like it remembered being stretched.

She didn't see the edge of the bedframe coming. Her shin cracked hard against the metal corner. A sharp hiss escaped her teeth; her body jerked sideways, almost losing balance.

I didn't slow down. Just shook my head once, muttered "clumsy bitch" under my breath, then released her hair. Before she could recover I bent, hooked both hands around her soft waist, and threw her forward onto the mattress. She landed with a heavy thud—face-first into the comforter, breasts squashed beneath her, legs dangling half off the edge.

I stepped behind her again, grabbed her hips, and dragged her back until her knees hit the mattress edge and her ass hung perfectly over the side—cheeks spread, gaping hole presented like an offering.

I planted one foot on the bed beside her hip for leverage, then pressed my palm flat to the back of her head, shoving her face down into the sheets. Her cheek mashed against the fabric; she gasped, muffled.

Then I lined up and drove back into her ass—hard, no warmup, no mercy. One brutal thrust buried me to the balls. Carrie's whole body bucked, a raw cry tearing out of her throat.

I started hate-fucking her—short, vicious snaps of my hips that slammed her forward into the mattress every time. Each stroke was punishing, meant to remind her exactly what she was here for. My fingers dug into the back of her skull, squeezing harder, pinning her down while I railed her open hole.

"You feel that?" I growled, voice low and venomous. "That's what happens when a desperate, fat slut begs for it. I'm using your ass like it's nothing because that's all it is—"

nothing. Just a warm, sloppy sleeve for my cock while your useless cunt drips and cries for attention it doesn't deserve."

I spat—thick and wet—right onto the side of her face. It landed near her ear, slid slow toward her open mouth. She flinched but couldn't move; my hand kept her pinned.

"Open wider," I ordered. She obeyed instantly, lips parting.

I spat again—straight into her mouth this time. She swallowed reflexively, choking a little on it.

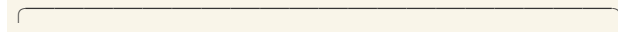
"Pathetic. You'll take anything I give you, won't you? Spit, cock, shame—doesn't matter. You're just a hole that gets wetter the meaner I get."

Across the room, Kim had already stripped quietly down to her black lace bra and matching panties. She sank to the floor with her back against the wall, legs spread wide. One hand slipped inside the crotch of her panties, pushing the fabric aside. Her fingers found her clit immediately—slow circles at first, then faster as she watched us. Her other hand cupped one breast through the bra, pinching the nipple hard enough to make her own breath hitch.

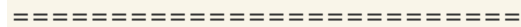
I caught her eye. Smirked. Then I drove deeper into Carrie—deeper than before—grinding my hips in a slow circle once I bottomed out. Carrie gasped sharp, pain and pleasure twisting together in the sound.

"I'm—close—" Carrie panted, voice cracking. "Daddy—please—it's too much—I can't—"

The interface flickered in my vision again, clean and clinical against the haze of sweat and skin.



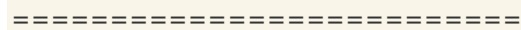
Orgasm Control



Target: Carrie

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■□□ 82%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)



Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm without hesitation.

Carrie's body locked up—thighs quivering, ass clenching desperately around my cock like it could force the release through sheer will. A long, frustrated whine poured out of her. Her hips jerked once, twice—trying to chase the edge—but the orgasm simply... dissolved. Faded. Left her trembling, empty, aching.

She sobbed once—soft, broken.

I didn't stop. Just kept fucking her—harder now, punishing the denial with deeper, meaner strokes. My palm cracked down on her ass—once, twice—red welts overlapping the earlier marks.

Then I released her hair completely. Pulled out in one slow drag, letting her gaping asshole wink open and closed in the cool air. Perfect—pink, slick, ruined just enough.

I stepped back half a pace to admire it. Then I pushed back in—smooth, deep—held for a second—pulled out again. Watched the gape form once more, wider this time, the rim fluttering helplessly.

I spat directly into the open hole—thick glob landing inside, sliding down the walls. Then I slammed back in, burying myself to the hilt.

Kim's fingers were moving faster now—two inside herself, thumb circling her clit. Her panties were soaked, shoved to the side, thighs glistening. She bit her lower lip to keep quiet, eyes locked on Carrie's stretched ass taking every punishing thrust.

I removed my cock from her asshole and climbed onto the bed after her, the mattress dipping under my weight. Carrie was still on all fours, ass presented, blindfold tight, body trembling from the denial that had just ripped through her. Her pussy was a slick, swollen mess—lips puffy and glistening, clit visibly throbbing—but I wasn't going to give her that yet. Not like this.

I grabbed her hips and flipped her over roughly. She landed on her back with a startled gasp, legs splaying wide. The leather harness dug into her soft flesh, nipples hard and dark against the straps. Her belly rose and fell fast, stretch marks catching the dim lamplight like faint silver rivers.

I moved between her thighs, hooked my hands under her knees, and yanked her legs up and back—far back. Her knees bent toward her ears, thighs pressing against her sides, tits squashed flat between her folded legs. The position folded her in half, ass lifted off the sheets, pussy and still-gaping asshole completely exposed and vulnerable. Her own weight pinned her shoulders down; she couldn't move much, couldn't close her legs even if she wanted to. Perfect.

I knelt above her, one hand braced beside her head, the other guiding my cock back to her ass. The head nudged her rim—still slick from spit and earlier use—and I pushed in slow this time. Inch by inch, watching her face contort under the blindfold as I stretched her open again. When my hips met her cheeks I held there, grinding deep, letting her feel how full she was.

"Feel that?" I murmured, voice low and mean. "Folded up like a cheap fucktoy, legs behind your ears, ass stuffed full. You can't even pretend you're anything else right now. Just a hole I get to ruin while your fat tits get crushed against your own thighs."

Carrie whimpered—high and needy. Her pussy clenched on nothing, fresh wetness leaking down toward her tailbone, dripping onto the sheets below her ass.

I started thrusting—long, punishing strokes that bottomed out every time. Each one made her body jolt, tits jiggling despite the compression, belly folding softly with the motion. The angle let me go impossibly deep; I could feel the resistance of her body trying to take me, then giving up, opening wider with every slam.

"You love being bent in half like this, don't you?" I growled, picking up speed. "Legs pinned back so I can pound your greedy shithole while your sloppy cunt just weeps. Look at it—dripping all over your ass crack like it's begging for attention it's never gonna get. Pathetic."

I spat down onto her exposed pussy—thick glob landing right on her clit. She jerked, a broken moan spilling out.

"Beg for it again," I ordered. "Tell Daddy how bad you need to cum while I wreck your ass."

"Please—Daddy—" she panted, voice cracking. "I'm so close—please let me—fuck, it hurts so good—I need it—I'll do anything—"

I laughed—low, cruel—and slammed in harder. My balls slapped against her soaked skin with every thrust. Her walls fluttered wildly around my cock, clamping down like she was trying to milk the orgasm out of me before I could stop her.

The interface flickered again in my vision:

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Carrie

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 94%

(Commands unlocked at 80%+ arousal)

=====

Available Commands

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Carrie's whole body seized—legs shaking violently against her own shoulders, pussy spasming uselessly, ass clenching so hard around my cock it almost hurt. A long, frustrated wail tore from her throat. Her hips bucked once, twice—desperate little jerks—but the peak simply... collapsed. Dissolved into aching emptiness. Tears leaked from under the blindfold, soaking the silk.

"No—no—please—" she sobbed, voice raw. "Why—fuck—why won't you let me—"

"Because you haven't earned shit," I snarled, not slowing down. I kept pounding—harder, meaner—using the denial to fuel every thrust. "You're just a set of holes that leak when I'm mean to them. That's all you get tonight—edged and aching while I use whatever I want."

I reached down with one hand, pinched her nipple through the leather strap—hard enough to make her yelp—then slapped her tit lightly, watching it jiggle against her folded thigh.

"Say it," I demanded. "Tell me what you are."

"I'm—I'm your hole—" she gasped between thrusts. "Just a hole—please—Daddy—use me—"

I spat on her face again—right across the blindfold this time. The saliva soaked into the fabric, darkening it.

"That's right. And holes don't cum unless I say so. They just take cock and leak and beg. That's you. A leaking, begging, fat-assed hole."

The Heart System - Chapter 405[1,712 words]

Chapter 405: Chapter 405

Kim was still on the floor across the room—legs wide, fingers buried deep inside herself, thumb frantic on her clit. Her bra was pushed up now, one breast spilling out, nipple pinched between her own fingers. She watched with dark, hungry eyes, biting her lip to stay quiet. Every time Carrie moaned or sobbed, Kim's hips bucked a little harder against her hand.

I caught her gaze again and smirked, slow, wicked, then drove even deeper into Carrie, grinding my hips in slow circles once I bottomed out. Carrie cried out, body trembling on the edge of another denied peak.

I fucked her like that for long minutes—relentless, deep, changing nothing but the rhythm: fast and brutal, then slow and grinding, then fast again. Each denial made her more frantic—legs shaking, pussy dripping steadily onto the sheets, ass clenching and fluttering around my cock like it could force the release through willpower alone.

Finally I felt her hit that razor edge again—arousal maxed, body locked tight, walls spasming wildly.

I pulled out completely—slow, obscene—watching her asshole gape wide, pink and slick, twitching in the cool air.

Carrie whined—desperate, broken. "No—no—please—Daddy—I was so close—"

In the sudden silence—rain still hammering the window—her blindfold slipped.

Just a fraction. The knot at the back had loosened from all the thrashing, the sweat-soaked silk sliding up one side. One eye opened—wide, glassy with tears and shock.

She saw Kim.

Kim—legs spread on the floor, fingers still moving inside herself, bra askew, eyes locked on Carrie's folded, exposed body.

Carrie recoiled instantly—violent, instinctive. Her legs snapped down from beside her ears, knees curling toward her chest as if she could hide. She scrambled backward on the mattress, blindfold half-off now, the other side still clinging awkwardly to her face. Her breath came in short, panicked bursts.

"Kim?" Her voice cracked—small, terrified. "What—what are you—how—"

She looked from Kim to me, then back, realization crashing over her like cold water. Shame, fear, betrayal—all of it hitting at once. Her hands flew up to cover her breasts, her pussy, her face—anything she could reach—body curling in on itself.

I stayed kneeling on the bed, cock still hard and shining, watching her panic with cool detachment.

Kim froze mid-motion—fingers still inside herself—then slowly pulled her hand free, a small, guilty smile tugging at her lips.

Carrie's eye—wide and wet—darted between us again.

"You—you knew?" she whispered to me. "The whole time... she was here?"

I froze.

For a second my brain short-circuited. Carrie's one visible eye was wide with raw panic, the blindfold half-slipped up her forehead like a crooked mask. Kim stood frozen on the floor for half a heartbeat, fingers still glistening, then slowly rose. She didn't look embarrassed. She didn't look ashamed. She looked... calm. Dangerously calm.

She walked toward the bed without hurrying, completely naked except for the black bra still pushed up above her tits. Her eyes never left Carrie's face.

I pulled my cock out of Carrie's ass with a wet sound and stepped off the bed, heart still hammering from the sudden shift in the room.

Carrie scrambled to sit up, yanking the blindfold the rest of the way off. Her face was flushed, tear-streaked, lips trembling.

"Kim...?" Her voice cracked. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Kim stopped right beside me, close enough that her bare hip brushed my thigh. She tilted her head, staring down at Carrie with cold, glittering eyes.

"What am I doing here?" Kim repeated, voice low and venomous. "That's cute. You really want to ask me that, you pathetic bitch?"

Carrie's mouth opened, then closed. She looked between the two of us, still trying to process. "This—this isn't what it looks like. I didn't—"

"Oh, shut the fuck up," Kim cut her off, stepping closer to the edge of the bed. "You forced me to go on dates with your creepy fucking son. You threatened to ruin my job, my reputation, everything if I didn't 'give Tom a chance.' You tried to sell me to that obsessed little freak like I was a fucking escort."

Carrie's face went pale. "I—I was trying to help him! He was struggling, he—"

"Help him?" Kim laughed, sharp and ugly. "You nearly destroyed my life because your loser son couldn't take no for an answer. You cornered me in the office, told me I had to fuck him or you'd make sure I never worked in this city again. And now here you are—blindfolded, ass gaping, begging Evan to let you cum like the desperate whore you are."

Carrie's voice rose, shaky but louder. "You don't understand what I was going through! Tom was—"

I moved before she could finish.

My hand cracked across her cheek—hard, loud, the sound echoing over the rain. Her head snapped to the side.

"Don't raise your voice to Kim, you fucking whore."

Carrie gasped, hand flying to her reddening cheek, eyes wide with shock.

Kim didn't even wait. She climbed onto the bed, grabbed Carrie by the jaw, and slapped her across the other cheek—harder.

"You fucking whore!" Kim hissed, voice trembling with years of pent-up rage. "You nearly ruined my life! You tried to whore me out to your disgusting son and now you're the one getting used like a cheap fucktoy? Karma's a bitch, isn't it?"

Carrie fell back onto the mattress from the force of the slap, breasts heaving, legs still splayed from the earlier position. Tears spilled freely now.

I stepped forward, reached down between her thighs, and grabbed a thick fistful of her pubic hair. I yanked upward—hard. She squealed, hips lifting off the bed, fresh pain flashing across her face.

"You want to earn your right to cum, Carrie?" I asked, voice cold. "You want to earn your right to become my fucking slave?"

She looked at Kim—still hovering over her, eyes burning with hatred—then back at me. The fight drained out of her in seconds. Her shoulders slumped. Defeated. Broken.

She gave one small, shaky nod.

"Good girl."

I released her pubic hair. She whimpered in relief.

"Kim," I said without looking away from Carrie's face. "Sit on her face."

Kim didn't hesitate for even a second. She swung her leg over Carrie's head, lowered herself, and planted her wet pussy directly onto Carrie's mouth. She ground down immediately with slowrolls of her hips, smearing her slick folds across Carrie's lips and nose.

"Lick," Kim ordered, voice dripping with satisfaction. "Taste what a real woman feels like, you miserable cunt."

Carrie hesitated only a moment, then her tongue came out—tentative at first, then more desperate as Kim rocked harder against her face.

I moved between Carrie's spread thighs, gripped my cock, and rubbed the head up and down her soaked pussy lips. She was drenched. I pushed her left leg up, hooked it over my shoulder, and drove into her cunt in one smooth, deep thrust.

She moaned loudly into Kim's pussy, the sound muffled and vibrating.

I started fucking her—hard, steady strokes that made her whole body jolt with every impact.

I kept my rhythm steady inside Carrie's pussy—deep, unhurried strokes that let her feel every inch sliding in and out. Her leg was still hooked over my shoulder, body folded beneath me, completely open. Kim straddled her face, thighs framing Carrie's head, hips rocking in slow, lazy circles so her slick folds dragged across Carrie's mouth and nose.

Kim lifted her gaze and locked eyes with me.

There was no anger left in her expression now—just something raw, quiet, almost tender. The storm that had been brewing in her since the moment Carrie's blindfold slipped had burned itself out, leaving only this strange, heavy calm. Her pupils were blown wide, cheeks flushed, lips parted. She looked at me like I was the only solid thing in the room.

She leaned forward without breaking eye contact.

Her mouth found mine—soft at first, then deeper. I kissed her back, tasting the faint salt of sweat and arousal on her tongue. One of my hands left Carrie's hip and slid up to cup the back of Kim's neck, holding her there while I kept thrusting into Carrie below us. The

three of us moved together in a slow, obscene rhythm: my hips rolling forward, Kim grinding down, Carrie's muffled moans vibrating up through Kim's core.

I broke the kiss first, lips brushing hers one last time.

I looked down at Carrie—face buried between Kim's thighs, eyes squeezed shut, tears still leaking from the corners.

"Your pussy is wetter than before, you miserable old fuck," I said, voice low and rough. "You love this, don't you? Being used while she rides your face. Tell me."

Carrie only moaned—long, broken, wordless. Her hips lifted to meet every thrust, desperate for more friction, but she didn't answer.

I stopped moving.

Buried deep, I reached down with both hands and grabbed the soft swell of her lower belly—the gentle, feminine pouch of milf fat that gathered just above her mound. Not obese, not even close—just that plush, lived-in curve most women her age after years, after life. Warm, yielding flesh that jiggled slightly under my palms when I squeezed.

I kneaded it slowly, thumbs pressing into the softness.

"For once in your life, Carrie," I said, voice softer now, almost gentle, "tell the truth. Fucking tell it. No more masks. No more nothing. Tell it."

Kim raised herself slightly—enough to let Carrie breathe, enough to look down at her. Carrie's chest heaved. Her lips were swollen and shiny with Kim's arousal. Tears streamed freely now, carving clean tracks through the mess on her cheeks.

She broke.

"I'M FUCKING TIRED OF OTHER PEOPLE!" The words exploded out of her—raw, ugly, sobbing. "I HATE IT! I JUST WANT TO FEEL FUCKING NORMAL! I'M TIRED OF GETTING TOM OUT OF TROUBLE! I'M TIRED OF COVERING FOR HIM! I'M TIRED OF BEING THE ONE WHO FIXES EVERYTHING!"

Her voice cracked on the last word. She curled in on herself as much as the position allowed.

"Now he's gone," I said quietly. "And you're free."

"God... I'm... I'M... I'M A BAD PERSON!"

"At least you did it for your stupid son," I told her. "Not for your own personal gain."

"I'M..."

"Apologize to Kim."

The Heart System - Chapter 406[1,719 words]

Chapter 406: Chapter 406

Carrie's sobs hitched. She looked up—Kim's pussy hovering just inches above her mouth, glistening, waiting. Carrie's eyes were red-rimmed, defeated.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry."

Kim met my eyes again. Her expression stayed neutral—unreadable. She didn't speak. She simply lowered herself back down, settling her pussy firmly over Carrie's mouth once more.

But this time she leaned forward.

Her tongue found Carrie's clit—slow, deliberate licks at first, then firmer circles. Carrie's muffled cry vibrated straight into Kim's core.

I started moving again—slower now, deeper, more measured. No more punishment. Just long, rolling thrusts that dragged the head of my cock along every sensitive spot inside her. I kept one hand on the soft curve of her belly, kneading gently, the other braced beside her head so I could watch her face—watch the way her brows knit, the way her lips parted around Kim's folds, the way fresh tears slipped free even as pleasure started to overtake the shame.

"You feel that?" I murmured. "No more fighting. Just let it happen."

Carrie's hips began to roll up to meet me—small, instinctive movements at first, then bigger. Her pussy fluttered around my cock, walls rippling in slow waves. Kim's tongue never stopped—steady, patient licks that circled her clit, flicked over the hood, sucked lightly, then licked again.

The room filled with wet sounds: the slick glide of my cock inside her, Kim's soft sighs, Carrie's muffled moans growing higher, more frantic.

I felt her building—really building this time. No interface needed. Her thighs trembled against my shoulder, her belly quivered under my palm, her breathing turned ragged even with Kim smothering her.

Kim sensed it too. She sucked Carrie's clit between her lips—gentle but firm—and held it there, tongue flicking fast.

Carrie shattered.

Her orgasm hit like a freight train—body locking up, back arching off the mattress as far as the position allowed, a raw, muffled scream tearing out of her throat and straight into Kim's pussy. Her walls clamped down hard around my cock—pulsing, milking, spasming in violent waves that dragged me right to the edge with her. Wetness flooded out around my shaft, soaking my balls, dripping down her ass crack onto the sheets. Her whole body shook—legs kicking uselessly, toes curling, fingers clawing at the comforter.

The feeling was overwhelming: hot, tight, rhythmic squeezes that pulled every last bit of restraint out of me. I groaned low, hips stuttering, and came hard—thick, hot spurts flooding deep inside her, painting her walls, spilling out around my cock as her pussy kept clenching through aftershocks.

We rode it together—me grinding slow circles to push every drop deeper, her body convulsing in long, rolling waves, Kim's tongue still working her clit through the peak until Carrie's hips jerked away in overstimulation.

Finally I eased out carefully watching my cum leak from her swollen pussy in thick, white rivulets. Her asshole still gaped softly from earlier, pink and slick. Her face was flushed, wrecked, lips shiny with Kim's arousal.

Kim lifted herself off slowly. Carrie immediately rolled onto her side, curling up, one hand covering her face.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Beldenwary

EXP Gained: +850

Villain Bonus: +2330 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 4134c

"I'm sorry..." she whispered, voice hoarse and broken. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

I sighed and walked over to her.

Carrie was still curled on her side, one hand covering her face, shoulders shaking with quiet, hiccuping sobs. When she sensed me close she lowered her hand just enough to peek up—big, wet eyes rimmed red, mascara streaked down her cheeks like dark rivers. She looked small. Smaller than I'd ever seen her.

I crouched so we were eye-level.

"We forgive you," I said quietly. "Both of us. But don't ever do something like that again. Not to Kim. Not to anyone. Got it?"

She stared at me for a long second, lips trembling, then gave one small, jerky nod. Fresh tears spilled over.

Kim had already turned away. She moved silently around the room, picking up scattered clothes—panties first, then bra, jeans, t-shirt. No words. No eye contact. She dressed with quick, efficient motions, like she was putting armor back on. When she finished she tugged the hem of her t-shirt down once, smoothing it over her hips, then walked straight to me.

She stopped close—close enough I could smell the faint coconut of her shampoo mixed with sex and sweat.

"I'll be at the car," she whispered. Her voice was flat, almost careful. Then she slipped past me and out the door. It closed softly behind her.

The room felt suddenly bigger. Quieter. Just the rain drumming the window and Carrie's uneven breathing.

I looked at her one more time—curled, naked except for the leather straps that now looked ridiculous and sad—then walked to the bathroom.

The bathroom was tiny, the kind of cheap hotel afterthought that barely qualified as a room. White tiles cracked in three places near the shower drain. A single bulb flickered overhead, throwing harsh shadows. The mirror above the sink was speckled with old water spots. A thin bar of soap sat in a plastic tray next to a half-used bottle of hotel shampoo. The shower curtain was cheap vinyl, pale blue, mildew creeping up the bottom edge. The whole space smelled faintly of bleach and damp grout.

I grabbed one of the two thin white towels from the rack—scratchy, too small—and walked back out.

Carrie had pushed herself up to sit on the edge of the bed. Legs pressed together, arms wrapped around her middle like she was trying to hold herself in one piece. Cum still leaked slowly from between her thighs onto the sheet; she didn't seem to notice or care.

I knelt in front of her again and lifted the towel to her face. She flinched at first—tiny, instinctive—then stilled when she realized I wasn't going to hurt her.

I wiped gently. First one cheek, then the other, then under her eyes. The mascara came away in dark smears. She blinked up at me, confused.

"I don't really hate you," I said while I worked. "I just love being... someone different with you."

"W-what?"

I folded the towel to a clean side and dabbed at her lips. "In here, with you, I get to be the guy who doesn't have to be nice. Doesn't have to explain. Doesn't have to care about tomorrow. It's fucked up, but it's honest. And I think you need that too. Someone who sees the mess and doesn't run."

She swallowed hard. "I was..."

"I understand why you did what you did," I cut in gently. "Protecting your son. Even though it was evil. Even though it almost broke Kim. I get it. Mothers do fucked-up things for their kids. Doesn't make it right. Doesn't make it okay. But I get it."

Her lower lip quivered again.

I tossed the towel onto the floor. It landed in a crumpled heap.

"Go take a vacation from everything," I told her. "From Tom. From guilt. From this city. From me. You need it. More than you know."

I stood up, grabbed my jeans from the chair, pulled them on. Shirt next. Boots last. The whole time she just sat there naked, used, crying quietly, watching me like she couldn't quite believe what she was seeing.

A strong woman like Carrie—sharp-tongued, commanding, always in control—reduced to this. Curled on a cheap hotel bed, leather straps digging into her skin, cum drying on her thighs, eyes swollen from tears. It felt wrong. Not the sex. Not the power. Just... seeing her like this. Fragile. Human.

I zipped my jacket, checked my pockets for keys and phone.

She didn't speak. Didn't beg me to stay. Just watched.

I paused at the door, hand on the knob.

"Well," I muttered to myself, more than to her. "That was weird."

Then I left.

The hallway was cold. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead. Rain still hammered the windows at the far end. I didn't look back.

♥□♥□♥□

I sighed, the steam still clinging to the bathroom mirror in lazy swirls. Yesterday had been a fucking mess—Carrie cracking open like that, all the guilt and exhaustion pouring out while Kim and I just watched it happen. But at least she finally said the truth out loud. Being the one everyone leaned on, the one who always had to fix shit, always had to look strong... that kind of reputation doesn't come free. It eats you from the inside until you're hollow. I got it. Didn't make what she did to Kim okay, but I got it.

I wiped the mirror with my forearm, clearing a rough oval so I could see myself. Tired eyes, damp hair sticking to my forehead, bathrobe hanging open and wet against my chest. The credits from last night had hit like a truck—way more than I expected. Enough that I'd thrown my original plan out the window.

Instead of dumping everything into Honeyed Words like I'd told myself I would, I funneled the bulk straight into Bliss Multiplier. Maxed it at 150%. Now every sexual encounter was going to feed me 150% more EXP than before. Greedy? Maybe. Smart? Definitely.

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: 1739c

I'd also burned a chunk to buy one extra Ability Point just so I could nudge Honeyed Words up another rank. Charm still needed work if I wanted to squeeze every drop out of that skill, but I wasn't ready to dump the rest of my points yet. Ten unused Ability Points sitting there like loaded guns. I'd decide later.

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

The Heart System - Chapter 407[1,712 words]

Chapter 407: Chapter 407

I looked down.

Minne was already on her knees between my legs, bathrobe hanging open around my hips, her small hands wrapped around the base of my cock. The shower hadn't killed my morning wood at all. If anything, the hot water had just made it worse. She'd offered to "help calm me down" the second I stepped out dripping wet, and I wasn't about to say no.

She looked up at me with those big, soft eyes—red hair still a little damp from her own shower earlier, lips already shiny.

"That's right, honey," I murmured, voice low. "Suck it deeper."

She pulled me out of her mouth with a wet pop, tongue dragging along the underside before she dipped lower and took one of my balls into her mouth—gentle suction, careful little swirls. "Y-yes, Master..."

I groaned. "Take it like a good girl... fuck yeah. Open wide for me."

I wrapped my hand around the shaft, guiding the head back toward her lips. "Use your fingers—hook them in the corners of your mouth like this. Pull your cheeks out a little. Make it nice and wide so I can slide in easy."

Minne obeyed instantly. She slipped her index fingers into the sides of her mouth, pulling gently outward until her lips stretched into a perfect, obscene circle. Her tongue flattened instinctively, waiting.

I pushed forward, slow at first, letting her adjust, then deeper. The head bumped the back of her throat. I held there a second, feeling the tight heat flutter around me, then pulled back just enough to let her breathe before sliding in again. This time I went all the way—slow, steady—until my cock pressed against the soft resistance of her throat.

She gagged hard—eyes watering, throat convulsing around the head. Her teeth grazed me lightly in reflex. Not enough to hurt, just a quick scrape that made me hiss through my teeth.

I didn't pull out right away. I let her feel it—let her struggle for a heartbeat—then eased back so she could drag in a shaky breath through her nose.

Minne looked up at me with those huge, watery puppy eyes—apologetic, eager, desperate to please.

I smiled down at her, cupped one cheek with my palm, then slid my thumb past her swollen lips. She closed around it immediately, sucking gently like it was a lifeline.

"I'm sorry, Master..." she mumbled around my thumb, voice thick.

"It's alright, honey." I pushed a second finger in beside the first; her tongue curled around them eagerly, swirling, tasting. "You're still not great at depthroating yet, huh?"

She shook her head quickly, eyes shining. "I will be! I promise—"

"You don't need to be." I rocked my fingers gently in her mouth, feeling her tongue chase them. "I like the way you are. The little gags, the way your eyes water, the way you try so fucking hard for me... that's perfect."

She moaned softly around my fingers, the sound vibrating straight to my cock.

I pulled my fingers free—strings of spit connecting them to her lips for a second—then guided myself back to her mouth.

This time she opened wide on her own—no fingers needed—jaw slack, tongue flat. I slid in slow, letting her take as much as she could before the gag reflex kicked in again. Her throat fluttered around the head, tight little spasms that felt obscene.

I held her head gently with both hands now—not forcing, just guiding—and started a slow, shallow rhythm. In... out... in... letting her get used to the depth. Every time she gagged I eased back, gave her a second to breathe, then pushed again—deeper each time, training her without breaking her.

Her hands gripped my thighs for balance. Tears leaked down her cheeks, mixing with spit that dripped from her chin onto her chest. She never looked away—never stopped trying.

I groaned low, hips rocking a little faster. "Fuck... that's it, honey. Just like that. Let me feel that throat squeeze me."

She hummed around my cock—happy, needy—and took another inch.

I could feel the pressure building already—balls drawing tight, the base of my spine tingling. But I wasn't ready to finish yet.

Not even close.

I moaned low in my throat and pushed deeper, burying myself to the hilt in one slow, grinding thrust. Minne's walls fluttered hard around me, hot and slick, gripping like she never wanted to let me go. My balls pressed flush against her clit and I held there for a second, letting her feel every thick inch stretching her open.

Then I felt the familiar coil tighten too fast at the base of my spine. Too close. Way too fucking close.

I pulled out with a wet, obscene sound—my cock shining, veins pulsing angrily—and grabbed her by the waist. "Up, baby."

Minne let me haul her to her feet. Her legs were shaky; I had to steady her for a heartbeat before she found her balance.

I turned her around so she faced the counter. She bent forward immediately, both hands slapping down on the cold marble edge, back arching, ass presented. The short hem of her maid skirt rode up even higher, black fabric bunched around her hips. Her red hair spilled forward, a few damp strands sticking to her flushed cheeks.

She glanced back over her shoulder—big, glassy eyes locking onto mine. The look in them was pure, wordless begging. Please. Now. Inside. Please.

I stepped up close, fisted my cock, and rubbed the swollen head up and down her dripping slit—coating myself in her wetness, teasing her clit with every slow pass. She whimpered, hips rocking back, trying to chase me.

I hooked two fingers into the soaked crotch of her panties and tugged them further to the side—fabric stretched tight against one thigh now, leaving her completely open.

Then I pushed in.

One long, smooth slide until my hips met her ass.

I groaned against the back of her neck. "Fuck... you have the tightest pussy, Minne. I love it."

She shivered, voice tiny and breathless. "Thank you, Master... I love your... your... p-penis..."

I smiled against her ear, then dragged my tongue along the shell—slow, wet—before whispering, "Come on. Say it properly."

Her cheeks went scarlet. "I... love your dick, Master."

"You love me fucking you from behind like this?"

I started moving—long, deep strokes that made her gasp every time I bottomed out.

"Yes, Master," she moaned, fingers curling tighter on the counter. "I love it... I love it so much..."

"You want to have my babies?"

Her whole body clenched around me at the question. "Yes, Master... I want to get pregnant... please cum inside me... please, please..."

I kissed her cheek—soft, almost sweet—then drove in harder, burying myself so deep she rose onto her toes.

I was right there. Balls tight, pressure building like a dam about to burst.

I gave her ass a light, playful slap—just enough to make the flesh jiggle—then straightened up. One hand slid up to the crown of her head; I fisted a handful of red hair and held her steady while I fucked her faster—short, urgent snaps of my hips that slapped skin against skin.

Minne's moans turned higher, more frantic. "Master... I'm... close..."

"Yeah, baby," I growled. "Cum. Cum on my cock. Let me feel it."

I slipped my free hand around, pushed two fingers past her lips. She sucked immediately—hungry, desperate—tongue swirling, cheeks hollowing.

Her eyes squeezed shut. Teeth grazed my knuckles lightly as her whole body locked up.

Then she came—hard.

Her pussy clamped down in violent, rhythmic pulses, milking me so tight I could barely move. A muffled scream vibrated around my fingers; her hips jerked back against me, riding the waves, wetness flooding out around my shaft and dripping down her thighs.

The squeeze was too much.

I groaned her name—low, wrecked—and came.

"Fuuuuck—"

First rope shot deep, thick and hot. Then another, and another—pulse after pulse flooding her, filling her up until I could feel it starting to leak back out around my cock. I kept thrusting through it—small, greedy pumps—emptying every last drop while her walls fluttered and squeezed, drawing it deeper.

Finally I stilled, buried to the root.

I pulled out slowly.

My cock—still half-hard, glistening with cum and her slick—slapped wetly against the curve of her ass and throbbed once... twice... leaving sticky little smacks against her skin.

I looked down.

Her pussy was a beautiful wreck—swollen lips puffy and dark pink, clit still peeking out, glistening. Thick white cum oozed out immediately—slow, creamy rivulets that slid down her inner thighs, dripped onto the tile in fat drops. Every time her walls twitched with aftershocks another bead would well up and spill. The sight alone made my spent cock give one last lazy twitch against her ass.

I lifted my eyes to the mirror.

Minne was looking back at me—cheeks flushed, lips parted, eyes glassy and soft and so fucking in love it almost hurt to see.

"You did good, honey."

"Thank you, Master," she whispered, voice hoarse from moaning and gagging and swallowing.

I reached down, stroked a thumb along her swollen lower lip.

"Come on. Suck my cock clean now, honey. I'm already late for work."

"Yes, Master!"

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Minne

EXP Gained: +0

Villain Bonus: +0 EXP

Star Rating: 0 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 0c

Ah fuck. Another penalty. God, I needed to fix my reputation...

She dropped right back to her knees—eager, obedient—opened wide and took me into her mouth again. Slow, careful licks at first, cleaning every inch, tasting herself and me mixed together. She hummed happily around the head, tongue swirling, making sure not a drop was wasted.

I let her work for a minute, hand resting gently on the back of her head, then finally stepped back.

She stayed kneeling, looking up at me with that bright, adoring smile—chin still shiny, hair a mess, maid skirt still rucked up around her waist.

I leaned down, kissed the crown of her head one more time.

Then I left the bathroom—robe tied loosely, cock finally soft, heart still pounding.

Work was waiting.

And after that... Chase Bellings.

Today was going to be long.

♥□♥□♥□

The Heart System - Chapter 408[1,543 words]

Chapter 408: Chapter 408

I sat in the waiting room with one leg crossed over the other, my phone resting loosely in my hand as I stared at the screen for the third time in the last minute. Still nothing from Carrie. No new messages, no half-assed "?" or passive-aggressive emoji. Guess she

actually listened when I told her to take a break from everything. Good for her. Or maybe she was just pissed enough to actually go silent. Either way, the quiet was loud.

Chase Belling's office door stood right in front of me, closed, sterile-looking, the little plaque beside it catching the fluorescent light. Beside me sat a man I didn't know, maybe mid-thirties, decent jacket, nervous posture, hands clasped like he was praying for good news or bad news to hurry up and get over with. We'd been sitting like this for fifteen minutes now. Too long. Appointments with Chase usually didn't drag unless something was off, or unless the patient just wouldn't shut up.

I was about to check the time again when the door finally opened.

And of course, it was Ivy.

Uh-oh.

She stepped out first, pulling the door shut behind her, her expression already halfway between annoyed and suspicious before she even fully registered me. Then her eyes landed on my face and narrowed immediately.

"Wait... Evan?" she asked, arching one eyebrow. "What are you doing here?"

Before I could answer, the man beside me stood up, cleared his throat politely, knocked once on the door, and slipped inside Chase's office. The door closed again, leaving just the two of us in the waiting room with that awful buzzing silence.

I got up from the couch and coughed lightly. "Oh. Ivy. Hey. What's up?"

She didn't return the greeting. Not even close. Her posture shifted, shoulders squaring, arms folding over her chest as realization clicked into place. I could practically see the gears turning in her head.

"My mother sent you, didn't she?" she said flatly.

I sighed. "She didn't send me. She just... mentioned she was worried."

"Uh-huh." Ivy stepped closer, stopping right in front of me. "And you just happened to be free enough to sit outside my boyfriend's appointment like a fucking watchdog?"

"Boyfriend?" I repeated. "Is that official now?"

Her jaw tightened. "Don't do that."

"Do what?"

"Act like you're clueless," she snapped. "You know exactly what you're doing."

I rubbed the back of my neck. "Look, Ivy, I wasn't spying. I just wanted to make sure he wasn't—"

"Wasn't what?" she shot back. "A criminal? A junkie? Another 'mistake'?"

I didn't answer immediately, which was answer enough.

She scoffed. "Unbelievable. You and my mother are unbelievable."

"Hey," I said, keeping my voice low but firm. "Your past boyfriends weren't exactly nothing to write home about. You gotta give Delilah that. First one was a cousin-fucker, the other one couldn't stay clean longer than a week."

Her eyes flashed. "Don't you dare bring that up like it's a punchline."

"I'm not joking," I said. "I'm saying she's worried because history isn't exactly on your side."

"And whose fault is that?" Ivy fired back. "Mine? Or the fact that she never trusted my judgment to begin with?"

A couple sitting across the room glanced our way. I lowered my voice. "God, you're loud."

She laughed sharply. "No. Fuck no. I'm not loud. You don't get to tail me and then tell me to keep my voice down."

"Come on," I said, gesturing toward the hallway. "Let's talk outside."

"No," she said immediately. "How dare you pry into my personal life, Evan? You're not my father. You're not my keeper."

"I'm not trying to be," I said. "But someone has to look out for you when you keep walking into the same wall."

Her hands clenched into fists. "You know what I did before I met Chase? I talked to my mother. I told her I knew she had a boyfriend. I told her I'd be understanding, that I respected her personal life. And you know what she did?"

I didn't answer.

"She smiled," Ivy continued bitterly. "She said thank you. And then she turned around and sent you to interrogate mine."

"That's not—"

"It is exactly that," she cut in. "If she wants me to respect her boundaries, she should respect mine too."

"Ivy," I said, trying to keep the edge out of my voice, "this isn't about control. It's about safety."

"Oh, spare me," she snapped. "Chase is a therapist, Evan. A licensed one. Not a dealer, not some creep I met at a bar."

"I know what he is on paper," I said. "That doesn't mean I trust him automatically."

She shook her head, incredulous. "You're... god. Stop. You really think you're some kind of moral compass now?"

"I think I've seen enough shit to recognize patterns."

"And I think you're projecting," she shot back. "Just because your life is a mess doesn't mean mine has to be."

That one landed.

I exhaled slowly. "I'm not saying you can't date. I'm saying maybe letting your mother worry a little less wouldn't kill you."

"She worries no matter what I do," Ivy said. "So maybe this time, I get to choose without being followed."

The office door opened again before I could respond.

Chase stepped out, adjusting his glasses, his expression polite but strained. "Mrs. Komb," he said calmly, "could you please be more quiet? I've got a patient here."

Ivy froze, then immediately straightened. "I'm sorry," she said, forcing a tight smile. "It won't happen again."

Chase nodded once and closed the door. The silence that followed was thick.

I tried again, softer this time. "Come on. Let's just talk outside."

"There's nothing to talk about," Ivy said coldly. "Do whatever it is you do, Evan. I don't fucking care. Bye."

"Ivy, wait—"

She didn't. She turned on her heel, marched toward the elevator, and stabbed the button like it had personally offended her. The doors opened, she stepped in, and a second later she was gone.

I stood there for a moment, then dragged a hand down my face and walked back to the couch. I sat down heavily, staring at the floor.

Fuck. I got minus five points from her.

That was the worst.

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: 7 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 7 / 20

Esme: Interest: 25 / 40★

I shook my head, pushed myself up from the couch—and immediately groaned and dropped back down into it.

"Fuck," I muttered under my breath.

I leaned back, crossing my legs, staring at the ceiling tiles like they might offer me absolution. My chest felt tight in that annoying, lingering way, like the echo of a bad argument that refused to leave your body. I really hoped Chase hadn't heard any of that. The walls here weren't exactly thick, and Ivy's voice carried when she was angry. Which was most of the time she was angry. Which, to be fair, was often.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Maybe Ivy was right.

That thought irritated me more than it should have. It settled in my head and refused to budge. Maybe this really was just me projecting. Why would Delilah even ask me to look into Chase Bellings in the first place? The guy was licensed, educated, well-spoken, respected enough to have a waiting room full of patients on a weekday afternoon. He wasn't some back-alley quack. He wasn't hiding behind fake certificates or operating out of a rented office with peeling wallpaper.

He knew his stuff.

I pulled my phone out again and hesitated for half a second before calling Ivy.

It rang. Once. Twice.

No answer.

I exhaled through my nose and leaned forward, elbows on my knees, then scrolled and tapped Delilah's contact. The call went straight to voicemail. Of course it did. Perfect timing as always.

"Great," I muttered, ending the call before the beep.

I sat there for a few more minutes, staring at nothing in particular, watching people come and go through the frosted glass door at the end of the hallway. My leg bounced without me really noticing it. Every instinct told me to leave, to walk out, go home, light a smoke, and forget this whole mess. Ivy had made it very clear she didn't want me here. Delilah wasn't answering. There was no reason to keep pushing.

After nearly twenty minutes of stewing in my own head, I slapped my hands against my thighs and stood.

"Eh," I said to no one. "Fuck this."

I headed toward the elevator, already reaching into my pocket for my phone again, maybe to text Nala or just doom-scroll until my brain shut up.

That was when the world flickered.

The familiar translucent blue panel slid into view in front of me, sharp and undeniable, hovering just enough to block my path.

NEW MAIN QUEST

=====

Title: Dirty Closet

Task: Find the truth about Bellings.

Reward: +7900 EXP, 5000c

The Heart System - Chapter 409[1,542 words]

Chapter 409: Chapter 409

I stopped dead.

My hand froze halfway to my pocket. My stomach dropped, that cold, instinctive lurch that always came with something important, something dangerous. I stared at the panel longer than I meant to, reading it again and again like the words might rearrange themselves into something less inconvenient.

Dirty Closet.

Find the truth about Bellings.

The system didn't hand out quests like this for nothing. Not main quests. Not with rewards like that. This wasn't some optional side bullshit. This was the system planting its feet and telling me, very clearly, that walking away was no longer an option.

Slowly, I glanced back over my shoulder.

The door to Chase's office was open now.

He was sitting behind his desk, posture relaxed, one hand resting near his laptop, the other folded loosely over it. He was smiling at me. Not wide, not forced. Calm. Professional. The kind of smile that was meant to put people at ease.

Instead, every nerve in my body screamed.

Something was wrong.

I couldn't tell if that feeling came from the system, from the quest notification still burning in the corner of my vision, or from something more instinctual. Something older. Something I'd learned to listen to the hard way. Either way, the sensation crawled under my skin and refused to let go.

I exhaled slowly, reached up, and mentally accepted the quest.

The panel vanished.

I turned around and walked toward the office.

Chase looked up as I stepped inside. "Mr. Marlowe," he said smoothly. "Did you decide you wanted to come in after all?"

"Yeah," I replied, closing the door behind me. I nodded once. "Figured I might as well."

He gestured toward the couch across from his desk. "Have a seat."

I sat down, leaning back slightly, careful to look relaxed. Chase turned his laptop toward himself and began scrolling through something, fingers moving with practiced ease.

"Evan Marlowe," he said aloud. "Anxiety, right?"

"Right," I said easily.

He glanced up. "So, did you do all the homework I'd given you last time?"

"Yeah," I said without missing a beat. "I did."

That was a lie.

Every single assignment he'd given me was still sitting untouched in my notes app, half-read and mostly ignored. Breathing exercises. Social exposure journaling. Mindfulness tracking. I wasn't socially anxious. Not really. I just knew how to play the part when it benefited me.

"I practiced the breathing techniques," I continued, crossing one ankle over my knee. "Especially in crowded places. Helped more than I expected."

Chase nodded approvingly. "Good. And the journaling?"

"I kept up with it," I said. "Mostly focused on identifying triggers. Work stress came up a lot."

"That's normal," he replied. "Awareness is the first step toward managing it."

He went back to his laptop, typing something. I watched him closely, noting every movement, every micro-expression. His posture stayed open. His breathing was steady. No visible tells. If there was something off about him, it wasn't obvious on the surface.

We talked for a while after that. About stress. About work. I told him half-truths wrapped in believable details. That managing people at TechForge could be overwhelming. That responsibility sometimes felt heavier than expected. That I worried about letting people down. All true, just selectively framed.

He listened attentively, occasionally interjecting with gentle questions, steering the conversation the way a good therapist did. Nothing about it felt wrong. If anything, he was competent. Charismatic, even.

Which only made the unease worse.

Eventually, the conversation lulled into a brief silence. Chase folded his hands together and leaned back slightly.

"By the way," I said casually, like the thought had just occurred to me, "that girl earlier. Ivy. She's your girlfriend, right?"

He blinked once, then smiled faintly. "Not officially."

I nodded. "Figured."

"I heard you two arguing," he added, tone curious but not judgmental. "What was that about?"

I chuckled softly. "Well... maybe you should pay me to talk about that stuff, huh?"

He laughed, genuinely amused. "Fair enough. I know Ivy, and I know you're good friends. Should I call it coincidence that you're here to see me because of her?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Because of Ivy?"

He tilted his head slightly. "Are you in love with her, perhaps?"

I snorted before I could stop myself. "God, no. No, no, no. Nah. I'd rather fall in love with a fish than her."

He smiled wider at that. "Oh. I thought you two were... well, then what were you fighting over?"

"Kinda personal," I said. "Sorry."

"Mm," Chase hummed, nodding. He clapped his hands together once, light and decisive. "Welp, I guess that's our time."

"Yeah."

He glanced at the clock. "I'll text you your next homework, Mr. Marlowe. I hope you can manage that as well."

"I'll try my best," I said, standing up.

We exchanged goodbyes. Polite. Professional. I walked out of the office and into the hallway, the door clicking shut behind me.

As soon as it did, the tension I'd been holding leaked out of my shoulders in one long exhale.

Well.

That didn't go as planned.

I hadn't learned anything concrete. No slip-ups. No red flags. No dramatic reveal. Just one thing, sitting heavy in my chest.

The system didn't make mistakes. And now I knew one thing for certain.

Ivy and Chase weren't just a thing.

They were a problem.



I was back behind my desk, fingers moving on autopilot over the keyboard while my mind was very much somewhere else. The soft hum of computers, distant chatter from the hallway, and the muted clicks of keyboards around me should've been grounding, familiar, normal. Instead, everything felt slightly off, like the world was tilted just enough to make standing still uncomfortable.

Yesterday had been weird. Not the normal kind of weird I was starting to get used to, either. The system UI popping up like that, handing me a main quest out of nowhere, was not something I could brush off. It wasn't subtle. It wasn't optional. It was the system

practically grabbing me by the collar and pointing at Chase Bellings like, hey, pay attention to this one.

I leaned back slightly in my chair and rubbed my face with both hands before exhaling. Whatever this was, it wasn't going to resolve itself. Especially not when the system got involved.

Another thing that kept circling back into my thoughts was Indicrelation. The word itself felt heavy, like it carried history and consequences I hadn't even begun to understand yet. From what little I'd managed to dig up so far, it wasn't just some casual gathering or a metaphorical competition. It was an actual event. A contest of gods. Or goddesses, in this case. Influence, control, subjects, power, all of it wrapped into one horrifyingly abstract concept.

And Mana was the strongest among them.

That alone made my stomach tighten. Strength, when it came to goddesses, didn't just mean brute force. It meant reach. Authority. The ability to bend rules, break them quietly, and make reality shrug and accept it afterward. I'd already seen a glimpse of what she could do, and I didn't like how calm she'd been while doing it. Calm meant confidence. Calm meant control.

Which made her dangerous in a way that was far worse than someone loud and violent.

I glanced down at my phone, unlocking it again despite having checked it barely a minute ago. My thumb moved almost aimlessly as I scrolled through search results, articles, cached pages, and archived mentions of Chase Bellings. Therapist. Licensed. Clean record. Media darling in some circles. A professional smile in nearly every photo.

Everything was straight. Too straight.

There wasn't even a hint of scandal. No whispers. No buried accusations. No legal disputes. If I hadn't already seen the system quest myself, I would've assumed Delilah was just being paranoid. Hell, I was starting to wonder if I was being paranoid.

I opened the reviews again, scrolling more carefully this time.

Most of them praised him. Words like empathetic, insightful, life-changing popped up again and again. People thanked him for helping them through grief, addiction, anxiety, depression. It was almost impressive how spotless his reputation was.

Almost.

The bad reviews were few, but they stood out because of how out of place they felt. One of them was from a guy who had apparently worked at Chase's office. The review was bitter, poorly written, and clearly fueled by resentment. Complaints about low wages, long

hours, no benefits. I dismissed that one almost immediately. Spite reviews happened all the time.

The women, though, were different.

One of them wrote about how Chase didn't even try to understand her problems. She said he dismissed her concerns, redirected conversations constantly, and made her feel like she was overreacting. She didn't accuse him of anything dramatic. No abuse. No misconduct. Just a complete lack of emotional connection.

The other one was harsher.

She called him a balloon inflated by media attention. Said he was a bad therapist who didn't listen, didn't care, and relied more on rehearsed phrases than genuine engagement. It wasn't a rant. It was short, sharp, and oddly specific.

I read both of them again, slower this time.

Patterns mattered.

The Heart System - Chapter 410[1,543 words]

Chapter 410: Chapter 410

I tapped into the first woman's profile, following the breadcrumb trail to her name. Nothing special. Private account, regular photos, nothing that screamed troll or attention seeker. I opened Instagram and sent her a friend request, adding a short message explaining that I was doing some research and wanted to ask a few questions if she was comfortable.

Then I did the same for the second woman.

I wasn't sure if either of them would respond. Most people ignored messages like that, especially from strangers. Still, it was something. More than sitting around and overthinking.

I locked my phone and slipped it into my pocket, leaning back in my chair again and staring at the ceiling.

Two seconds later, my phone rang.

I blinked, then frowned, pulling it back out. Amelia's name lit up the screen. Right. Driving lessons.

I answered the call. "Hey."

"Hey," Amelia said. "I'm downstairs already. Hope that's okay."

"Yeah, that's fine," I replied, glancing at the clock. "Be there in five. You want some coffee?"

"That'd be great, thanks."

"Alright, got it."

I ended the call and stood up, pushing my chair back under the desk. My body felt stiff from sitting too long, so I rolled my shoulders once and took a breath. Work could wait for a few minutes.

Before heading out, I made a quick detour toward Nala's office. The door was closed, but voices carried faintly through it. I knocked anyway, polite and measured.

"Come in," Nala called.

I stepped inside and immediately clocked Sarah Lin standing across from her desk. Head of marketing. Sharp suit, sharp eyes, the kind of woman who looked like she never wasted a word. They were mid-discussion, judging by the documents spread out between them.

"Sorry to interrupt," I said. "I'm taking a short break. You need anything from me?"

Nala barely looked up from the papers. "Nope. You can go, Mr. Marlowe."

Right. Public mode.

"Oh. Uh," I said, catching myself. "Y-yeah. Mrs. Nolin."

Sarah glanced between us, clearly filing something away mentally. Nala smiled just a little, the kind that didn't quite reach her eyes. I caught the wink she threw my way and shook my head faintly before turning and leaving.

The hallway felt quieter as I walked toward the elevators. I pressed the button and waited, hands in my pockets, mind drifting again despite my best efforts. The doors opened, and I stepped inside, riding down in silence broken only by the soft hum of the elevator.

When the doors opened again, I stepped out and headed toward the automatic doors at the front of the building. As soon as they slid open, cold air brushed against my face.

It was snowing gently.

Not the aggressive kind that stung your skin or turned sidewalks into death traps. Just soft flakes drifting down lazily, catching the light from streetlamps and dissolving when they touched the ground. The city looked quieter under snow, like it was holding its breath.

I stepped outside, pulling my coat tighter around myself, and scanned the area for Amelia.

Amelia was standing next to my car when I stepped outside, leaning against the passenger-side door with her shoulder, one knee slightly bent. Snow gathered in thin patches along the parking lot lines, the flakes falling slow and lazy like they had nowhere better to be. She was scrolling through her phone, face relaxed, fully in her own world.

I walked toward her, boots crunching softly on the asphalt.

She noticed me just before I reached her, eyes lifting, and she slipped her phone into her pocket with an easy motion. She smiled and gave a small nod, polite, familiar.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I replied. "Sorry. Got caught up."

"It's fine," she said. "I wasn't waiting long."

I stopped in front of her, glanced at the car, then back at her. "Before we start, quick detour."

Her eyebrow lifted. "Uh-oh."

"I'm out of cigarettes," I said. "There's a supermarket a few minutes from here. We'll drive there first."

She hesitated for half a second. "Am I... driving?"

I answered by tossing the keys to her.

She fumbled slightly but caught them, staring down at the keys like they'd suddenly become dangerous.

I grinned, stepped forward, gently nudged her away from the passenger door with my shoulder, opened it, and slid into the seat. I shut the door and leaned back like this was completely normal.

Amelia stood there, frozen, keys in hand.

"Oh," she said quietly.

She cleared her throat, then walked around the front of the car, opened the driver's door, and got in. She shut it carefully, like she didn't want to anger the vehicle. Her hands hovered over the steering wheel before finally gripping it.

She exhaled. "Okay."

She put the key into the ignition and turned it. The engine came alive with a smooth hum.

"Alright," I said. "Seatbelt."

She clicked it on immediately.

I glanced down, then reached over and grabbed the gear selector.

"One thing," I said.

She looked at my hand. "What?"

"We're not driving it like a normal automatic."

Her eyes widened. "Evan."

I shifted the gear. "Manual-style."

"There isn't even a clutch," she said.

"I know," I replied. "That's the point."

She stared at me. "That makes no sense."

"It does if you imagine one," I said calmly. "Trust me."

She let out a nervous laugh. "I really shouldn't."

"You'll be fine," I said. "Alright, listen carefully."

She nodded, shoulders tense.

"Imagine there's a clutch pedal on the left," I said. "Your brain does most of the work anyway. When you start moving, don't mash the gas. Ease into it like you're slowly releasing an invisible clutch."

She blinked. "That's... ridiculous."

"And it works," I said. "Foot gentle. Smooth pressure. Let the car roll first."

She swallowed. "Okay."

"Go ahead," I said.

She pressed the gas carefully. The car rolled forward, slow and controlled.

"Oh," she said. "That didn't jerk."

"Exactly," I said. "You eased off the imaginary clutch."

She glanced at me. "I hate that that makes sense."

We rolled through the parking lot, snow crunching under the tires. Amelia's hands were stiff on the wheel, knuckles pale, posture locked.

"Alright," I said. "Now listen to the engine."

The hum climbed slightly as she picked up speed.

"When it starts sounding like that," I continued, "imagine you're pressing the clutch in. Ease off the gas just a little, then shift up."

She nodded. "Okay."

The sound rose again.

"Now," I said.

She lifted her foot slightly, shifted, then pressed the gas again.

The transition was smooth.

Her eyes widened. "I didn't feel anything."

"Because you did it right," I said. "Gas off a bit, shift, gas back on. That's it."

She let out a shaky laugh. "This feels illegal."

"Welcome to driving," I said.

We reached the edge of the parking lot.

"Signal," I reminded.

She flicked it on immediately.

"Brake gently," I said. "Ease off the gas first, then brake like you're pressing that imaginary clutch again. You don't want the car to fight you."

She slowed down, movement controlled.

"Good," I said. "Now turn."

She turned onto the road, snow blurring the edges of the streetlights. Traffic was light, cars moving slow and cautious.

"Okay," I said. "Second gear behavior. Keep it smooth."

The engine tone climbed.

"And shift," I said.

She did it, timing better this time.

"Oh," she said, surprised. "That actually feels... nice. Isn't this car automatic? I didn't know it had a manual mode."

"Some cars have it."

"Well... it goes smooth, yeah?"

"Yep. Because the car isn't being yanked around," I said. "You're guiding it."

She shook her head. "Who even drives like this anymore?"

I shrugged. "You never know when you'll need control."

She snorted softly. "That sounds like something you'd say."

We drove in silence for a bit, snow drifting past the windshield. Amelia relaxed little by little, shoulders dropping, grip loosening.

"So," she said. "You always teach like this?"

"By tricking people into thinking there's a clutch?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yeah."

"Only when it helps them stop panicking," I said.

"I am still panicking," she said. "Just... quietly."

The engine tone climbed again.

"Shift," I said.

She did it smoothly.

I nodded. "See? You're already thinking ahead."

She glanced at me, smiling despite herself. "Don't jinx it."

We stopped at a red light.

"Ease off," I said. "Brake gently. Imagine clutch in."

She did exactly that.

"Perfect," I said.

The light turned green in a few seconds.

"Alright," I said. "Roll first. Gentle gas."

The car moved cleanly.

She let out a breath. "Okay. I get it now."

"Good," I said. "That's muscle memory starting."

The supermarket sign appeared ahead, glowing softly through the snowfall.

"There," I said. "That's us."

She nodded. "Okay."

She slowed down, eased off the gas, braked smoothly, then turned into the parking lot. The car barely jolted.

"Nice," I said.

She parked between the lines, not perfect, but solid.

She turned the engine off and leaned back hard against the seat.

"Wow," she said.

I looked at her. "You did great."

She laughed, rubbing her face. "I cannot believe that worked."

"It always does," I said, opening my door. "Come on. Cigarettes."

The Heart System - Chapter 411[1,562 words]

Chapter 411: Chapter 411

We stepped out into the snow, the supermarket lights buzzing ahead, Amelia still shaking her head like she'd just learned a secret she wasn't sure she was allowed to know.

Amelia and I walked toward the supermarket together, our steps syncing without trying. The air was cold enough to sting a little, the kind that crept into your sleeves and stayed there. Her breath puffed out in short clouds, and she kept her hands buried in her coat pockets.

The automatic doors slid open as we reached them, letting out a wash of warm air that smelled like bread and disinfectant. Inside, the place was bright—too bright—white lights humming overhead, reflecting off the tiled floor. Carts rattled somewhere behind us. A scanner beeped rhythmically at the registers. Everything felt busy without being loud.

The cigarette counter was right near the front, behind the checkout lanes. Packs lined up behind the cashier in neat rows, all colors and warning labels. The woman working the register barely looked up when I stepped forward.

I told her what I wanted. She reached back, grabbed the packs, slid them across the counter. I paid, stuffed them into my jacket pocket.

I turned to Amelia. "Have you eaten anything yet?"

She shook her head. "Nope."

"Well," I said, glancing around, "since we're here... want to eat?"

She didn't hesitate. "Yeah. Sure."

"Where?" I asked. "Your call."

Her mouth curved into a small, confident smile. "I know a place. They make the best flatbread wraps."

I raised an eyebrow. "That's a bold claim."

"It's close," she added. "I walk there from the company all the time."

I nodded. "Alright."

We headed back toward the exit. The doors opened again, the cold rushing in—and that's when I noticed him.

A man stood just outside, one hand resting on a shopping cart. Late forties, maybe. Short. Thick through the middle. A white beard that looked more neglected than styled. His jacket was worn thin, and his eyes lingered in a way that made my skin crawl.

Amelia saw him too. I felt the shift in her immediately. Her posture tightened. Her steps slowed just a fraction. She was suddenly alert, like she'd flipped a switch.

The man didn't move. Just watched.

I didn't say anything. I stepped a little closer to Amelia as we passed him, close enough that our arms brushed. The cart squeaked softly when he shifted his weight.

We kept walking.

After a few seconds, Amelia cleared her throat. "It's... it's there. Just across the street."

I nodded. "Okay."

We stopped at the crosswalk. Red light. Cars rushed past, tires hissing against wet pavement. I glanced back over my shoulder.

The man was still there.

Still looking at us.

I looked away before Amelia could notice. The light changed, and we crossed. Halfway over, I checked again. He hadn't followed. He was just standing there, staring, until a passing car blocked my view.

The place Amelia led me to was small, wedged between a pharmacy and a closed bookstore. Warm yellow light spilled out through fogged windows. The sign above the door was slightly crooked, hand-painted, the kind of place you didn't find unless someone told you about it.

Inside, it felt instantly different. Softer. Safer. Wooden tables, mismatched chairs, a chalkboard menu with smudged handwriting. The air smelled like grilled bread, garlic, herbs—comforting in a way that hit before I even realized how tense I'd been.

A small bell rang when we walked in.

Behind the counter, a woman looked up from the grill and smiled like she recognized Amelia.

"Told you," Amelia said quietly.

I glanced around. A couple sharing food in the corner. Someone typing on a laptop with headphones on. Low conversation. The steady sizzle from the kitchen.

"Yeah," I said. "You did."

We stepped further inside, letting the door close behind us. The cold, the street, the man outside—none of it followed us in.

For the moment, it was just warmth, food, and the feeling that we'd landed somewhere we were meant to be.

We slid into a small table near the window. The chair creaked when I sat, wood worn smooth by a thousand other people leaning back the same way. Amelia set her coat on the empty chair beside her and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, still a little stiff, like she hadn't fully shaken whatever happened outside.

A waiter came over—a guy around our age, apron dusted with flour, smile easy and practiced.

"What can I get you two?"

Amelia didn't even need to look at the menu. "Two lamb flatbread wraps. Extra yogurt sauce. And fries to share."

He turned to me. "What about you, sir?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I'll take whatever she's having."

Amelia glanced up at me, surprised, then smiled faintly. The waiter scribbled it down, gave us a quick nod, and disappeared back toward the kitchen.

The silence settled in right after. Not heavy, just... there. The kind that made you aware of the hum of the lights, the scrape of cutlery from another table, the soft music playing somewhere overhead.

"So," I began, resting my forearms on the table. "I, uh, I kinda noticed that man. Back at the supermarket's parking lot."

She didn't look at me right away. Just stared at the table, fingers tracing the grain in the wood. "Yeah..."

"Who was he?" I asked. "If you don't mind me asking?"

"It's..." She muttered, her jaw tightening. "No one."

"Right," I said slowly. "Okay."

"Yeah..."

Awkward didn't even begin to cover it. I leaned back slightly, letting it drop. Whatever that was, she clearly didn't want to open it up here.

While we waited, I took the place in properly. The walls were covered in old photos—black-and-white shots of the street from decades ago, a faded picture of the shop when it first opened. There were handwritten notes taped near the counter, thank-yous from regulars. A small shelf held jars of pickled vegetables and spices, labels written in looping script. It felt lived-in. Real.

The smell coming from the kitchen made my stomach growl before I could stop it.

Our food arrived on chipped ceramic plates. The flatbread was blistered and warm, folded over thick slices of meat, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, sauce dripping just enough to be messy. The fries were golden, dusted with something that smelled like paprika and salt.

"Careful," Amelia said as she picked hers up. "They overflow these."

I took a bite and immediately understood why she liked the place. The meat was tender, smoky, the sauce cool and sharp against it. I chewed slowly, nodding.

"Okay," I said. "Yeah. You win."

She laughed quietly, the tension easing just a bit. We ate for a while, trading small comments about work, about nothing important. The way people do when they're circling around something without touching it.

I reached for another bite—and caught movement in the window.

My stomach dropped.

The man stood outside, just off to the side of the glass. Same jacket. Same beard. Same eyes. Amelia's back was to him. She had no idea.

I stared at him for a second too long. He noticed. Our eyes locked.

I exhaled through my nose and set the wrap down. "Hey," I said lightly, standing. "I need to make a phone call. I'll be right back, okay?"

She nodded, distracted by her food. "Yep."

I walked toward the door, then paused, glancing back. Amelia was still eating, unaware. Good.

I pushed the door open and stepped outside. The cold hit me immediately. I closed the door behind me and turned.

The man was still there. But now he wasn't looking past me.

He was looking straight at me.

"Well..." I muttered under my breath. "Let's see what he wants..."

I walked toward him, stopping a few feet away.

"Hey," I said. "You're looking for someone, man?"

"Mm?" he muttered, eyes narrowing. "Who are you?"

"No one," I said. "Answer my question, please."

"No one, huh?"

"Why are you looking at Amelia?" I asked. "Are you some sort of stalker?"

"Stalker?" He scoffed, then shook his head. "I'm his father."

"Father?"

He spat on the ground, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then turned and started toward the crosswalk.

I stood there, scratching the back of my head as I watched him go. Her father? They didn't look anything alike. He looked like he hadn't taken care of himself in years. Amelia was... the complete opposite.

What kind of relationship did they have?

Or he could've been lying. That was just as likely. Plenty of creeps in the world said whatever they needed to get away.

Either way, one thing was clear—she hadn't been happy to see him.

"Huh..." I muttered. "Her father, huh?"

The door chimed softly when I stepped back inside.

Warm air hit my face again, carrying the smell of grilled meat and spices, something buttery underneath it. I let the door swing shut behind me and paused for half a second, glancing over my shoulder through the glass.

She hadn't noticed.

Amelia was still sitting there, shoulders slightly hunched, fork moving absently from plate to mouth like she was eating on autopilot. Her eyes were down, fixed on the food, lashes low. Whatever she was thinking about, it wasn't what was in front of her.

Good.

The Heart System - Chapter 412[1,633 words]

Chapter 412: Chapter 412

I walked back over and slid into my seat across from her. The chair scraped quietly against the floor.

She looked up at me.

For a split second, I thought she might ask where I'd gone. Or why my face felt a little tighter than before. But she didn't. She just looked... tired. Distant.

"So," I began, resting my elbows lightly on the table. "How's life?"

"Good," she said simply, taking another bite. "How about you?"

"Good," I repeated, then shrugged. "Though it could've been better these last few days. The weather's just... killing me."

She huffed a little. Not quite a laugh.

"Yeah, it's cold," she said. "This New Year's Eve is gonna suck."

I tilted my head. "You don't like the cold?"

"Who likes the cold?" she shot back.

That earned a faint smile out of me. I picked up my fork again.

"Yeah," I said. "You're right."

We ate in silence for a bit.

The place itself was small but cozy, the kind of restaurant you'd miss if you blinked while walking past it. Warm yellow lights hung low from the ceiling, reflecting off dark wooden tables polished smooth from years of use. The walls were cluttered with framed photos—old city shots, faded menus, handwritten notes in a language I didn't understand. It felt lived-in. Familiar. Like the place had stories soaked into the walls.

A couple sat two tables over, murmuring quietly to each other. Somewhere behind the counter, a pan hissed.

I glanced toward the window without really meaning to.

The street outside was still there—cars passing, lights changing—but the man was gone.

Good.

Still, my chest felt a little tight. 'Father,' he'd said. Just like that. Spat it out like it tasted bad.

I looked back down at my plate and forced myself to focus on the food. It was good. Way better than I'd expected. Rich, filling, the kind of meal that made you slow down without realizing it.

I was halfway through another bite when my phone buzzed in my pocket.

I froze.

Then I sighed quietly and pulled it out.

A text Chase.

'Are You doing your homework, Mr. Marlowe?'

I stared at the screen for a second, then shook my head and slipped the phone back into my pocket without replying.

Yeah. I still needed to deal with him. If he was hiding something, I had to figure it out. For Ivy. For the reward. For everything tangled up in that mess.

"You look stressed," Amelia said suddenly.

I blinked and looked up at her. She was watching me now, head tilted slightly.

"Was it a bad text?"

"Oh—nah," I said quickly, waving it off. "Just tired, I guess. Don't worry about it."

She studied me for a second longer than necessary.

"Mm," she murmured.

And just like that, she let it go.

Another pause settled between us, heavier this time. I could feel it—the unspoken thing hanging there. The guy outside. The way her shoulders had stiffened. The way she'd said no one like it was a locked door.

She was the one who broke the silence.

"So," she said, clearing her throat. "Work's been kind of crazy lately."

I looked up, catching the shift immediately.

"Oh yeah?" I said, playing along. "How bad are we talking?"

She rolled her eyes. "You know how it is. End of the year. Everyone suddenly remembers they need everything done now."

I snorted. "Sounds about right."

"One of the managers nearly lost it yesterday," she continued. "Printer jammed, orders backed up, phones ringing nonstop. I thought she was going to throw the thing out the window."

"That I would've paid to see."

She smiled at that. A real one this time, small but genuine.

"Yeah," she said. "Me too."

I relaxed a bit, leaning back in my chair. "Honestly, I don't know how you deal with that place. I'd last maybe a week."

"You say that," she replied, "but you're more patient than you think."

I raised an eyebrow. "That's debatable."

She laughed softly, shaking her head. The tension eased, little by little, like she was deliberately steering us somewhere safer.

We talked about work after that. Annoying coworkers. Stupid customers. The usual stuff. I complained about deadlines; she complained about schedules. It wasn't deep, but it didn't need to be.

By the time our plates were mostly empty, the awkwardness had faded into something comfortable.

I pushed my plate aside and exhaled. "Damn. That was good."

"Told you," she said, dabbing her mouth with a napkin.

I glanced toward the counter and stood. "I've got it."

She blinked. "What?"

"It's my treat," I said.

She frowned, then sighed. "Fine. But next one's on me."

I smirked. "Deal."

"And," she added, pointing at me, "the fuel for your car."

I chuckled. "Alright, alright."

I paid at the counter, exchanged a few words with the waiter—still smiling, still way too cheerful—and then headed back.

Amelia was already standing when I returned, shrugging her coat on. We stepped outside together, the cold air biting immediately.

The street looked normal again. Quiet. Ordinary. But I couldn't shake the thought.

Father, huh?

Yeah. Maybe.

Or maybe not.

Either way, I knew one thing for sure—whatever that relationship was, it wasn't simple.

And neither was anything else lately.



I had Nala bent over her own desk, papers shoved carelessly to one side, her blouse ripped open down the front. The white cotton hung off her shoulders like a ruined flag; her heavy breasts spilled free, dark nipples already tight and pointing downward from the angle. Every thrust I gave her rocked those tits forward—pendulous, hypnotic—smacking softly against the polished wood each time my hips met her ass.

I reached around with one hand and caught her right breast, kneading the soft, warm flesh. My thumb brushed over the hard peak, rolling it slowly while I kept fucking her with long strokes. She was so wet the sound was obscene—wet slaps echoing in the quiet office, muffled only by the hum of the air conditioning and the distant murmur of people in the hallway beyond the frosted glass.

I leaned over her back, chest pressing against her spine, lips finding the side of her neck. I kissed there first—open-mouthed, tasting salt and the faint floral of her perfume—then dragged my tongue up to the spot just below her ear.

"You love getting fucked in your office, huh?" I murmured against her skin, voice low and rough. "Right here where anyone could walk by and hear how soaked you get for me."

Nala let out a shaky laugh that turned into a moan when I bottomed out again, grinding deep enough to make her toes lift off the floor.

"God yes," she breathed. "I love it... love feeling you stretch me open while I'm supposed to be working. Makes me so fucking wet thinking someone might hear us."

I squeezed her breast harder, pinching the nipple between thumb and finger just enough to pull a sharp gasp from her. My other hand gripped her hip, holding her steady while I picked up the pace—long, powerful strokes that dragged the head of my cock along every sensitive ridge inside her. Her pussy clenched greedily around me with every withdrawal, like it was trying to keep me buried.

"Feel that?" I growled softly into her ear. "How tight you squeeze me every time I pull back? Like your cunt doesn't want to let me go. So fucking greedy for it."

She pushed back to meet me, ass jiggling with each impact. "I can't help it... you feel so good... so thick... filling me up completely..."

I kissed her neck again—sucking lightly, leaving a faint mark she'd have to cover later—then straightened up just enough to watch myself disappear inside her over and over. Her dark lips were stretched wide around my shaft, glistening, creamy with her arousal. Every thrust pushed more wetness out, coating my balls, dripping down the insides of her thighs.

I couldn't get enough of the sight.

After another dozen deep strokes I pulled out completely—slow, letting her feel the drag—then spun her around.

Nala's back hit the desk; she braced both hands behind her, breasts heaving, eyes glassy and dark with want. I grabbed her under the knees, lifted her legs, and hoisted her ass right onto the edge of the table so her weight rested on her tailbone. Her thighs parted wide, pussy open and flushed, clit swollen and begging.

I stepped between her legs, lined up, and slid back inside in one smooth glide.

She gasped—head tipping back—then wrapped her arms around my neck as I started fucking her again, standing now, her legs hooked over my forearms. The new angle let me go even deeper; I could feel the mouth of her cervix with every thrust.

I walked us forward—three steps—until her back pressed against the frosted glass partition that separated her office from the hallway. The glass was cool against her skin; she shivered, nipples tightening further. Anyone passing by would see only blurred silhouettes, shadows moving rhythmically, but they'd hear... if they listened closely enough.

Her pussy was drenched—sopping, slippery, making every slide frictionless and loud. Wetness coated my shaft, my balls, ran in rivulets down to where our bodies joined. Each time I pulled back a thin string of her arousal stretched between us before snapping.

She was trembling now—close, so close.

"I'm... I'm gonna cum," she whispered, voice barely audible, terrified someone might hear. Her lips brushed my ear. "Evan... I'm so close... please..."

I sped up—short, hard thrusts that slapped wetly against her clit with every stroke.

"Do it, baby," I rasped. "Cum on my cock. Let me feel that tight pussy squeeze me while you come apart."

The Heart System - Chapter 413[1,509 words]

Chapter 413: Chapter 413

Nala leaned in and bit down on my shoulder—teeth sinking in just enough to sting—muffling the moan that tried to tear out of her throat. Her whole body locked up: thighs clamping around my waist, nails digging into my back, pussy spasming violently around my cock in long, rolling waves.

She came hard—silently at first, then a choked, desperate whimper against my skin as the pleasure crashed through her. Her walls milked me in rhythmic pulses—tight, fluttering, relentless—pulling me deeper, dragging me right to the edge.

I couldn't hold back.

The first spurt hit deep—hot, thick—flooding her as I groaned into her hair. Then another, and another, rope after rope pumping into her while her pussy kept clenching, drawing it out, milking every drop. My hips jerked with each pulse; I could feel the warmth spreading inside her, the excess already starting to leak out around my shaft, dripping down her ass crack and onto the edge of the desk.

I kept thrusting—slow, shallow now—riding the aftershocks, pushing the last weak spurts deeper while she trembled against me.

Nala let her head fall back against the glass, eyes half-lidded, lips parted in a dazed, blissful smile. Sweat glistened on her dark skin, making it glow under the office lights. Her hair—usually so perfectly pinned—was a wild halo now, strands clinging to her forehead and neck. Her blouse hung uselessly open, breasts rising and falling with heavy breaths, nipples still hard and dark against her flushed chest.

I stayed buried inside her a moment longer, cock twitching lazily, giving one last gentle grind to coax out the final drops.

Then I eased out slowly.

Cum immediately welled up—thick, white, creamy—oozing from her swollen entrance in slow, lazy rivulets. It slid down her dark folds, coated her inner thighs, dripped in fat beads onto the floor. Her pussy pulsed once... twice... pushing out another small gush that ran down to her ass.

I gave her ass a light, affectionate smack, just enough to make the flesh jiggle and force another trickle of my cum to spill free.

Nala chuckled, breathless, sated, a little delirious.

"God... you always make such a mess," she murmured, voice husky.

I kissed her softly—once on the lips, once on the corner of her mouth—then stepped back, cock finally softening, still shiny with both of us.

She stayed leaning against the glass for a second longer, legs shaky, chest heaving, looking thoroughly fucked and beautiful.

No system reward again. Fuck. This sucked.

I stared at the empty notification bar in my vision for a second longer than I should have, a dull frustration settling in my gut. I'd dumped everything into Bliss Multiplier thinking the EXP flood from sex would carry me for months. Instead, the system had quietly nerfed the gains because of my reputation—sexual activity now giving scraps, barely enough to move the needle. I regretted it hard. Should've bought Reputation Points. Positive ones. Something to claw my way out of the "villain" tag that kept following me like a bad smell. Now I was stuck. Carrie was off the table—I'd literally told her to vanish on a vacation from everything, including me. No more booty calls, no more easy EXP. That left quests. The boring, grindy, actual-work kind.

I exhaled through my nose and turned my attention back to Nala.

She was now leaning against the edge of her desk, legs slightly parted, breathing in slow, recovering pulls. Cum still leaked from her in thick, lazy drops—white against her dark skin, sliding down the inside of her thigh in slow rivulets before she reached for the pack of wet wipes she kept in the top drawer for exactly this reason.

She pulled one out, unfolded it carefully, and started cleaning herself with unhurried, almost sensual motions. First between her legs—gentle swipes along her swollen lips, gathering the creamy mess I'd left inside her. The wipe came away glistening; she folded it over and went again, slower this time, dragging the cool cloth over her clit just enough to make her hiss softly through her teeth. Her other hand braced on the desk; her breasts swayed gently with each movement, nipples still dark and peaked from earlier. She wiped down her inner thighs next—long strokes that left her skin shiny and clean—then folded the wipe again and dabbed at the sticky trail that had run down toward her knee.

Every motion was fucking hypnotizing, almost performative. She knew I was watching. She arched her back a little more than necessary when she reached behind to clean between her cheeks, letting out a quiet, satisfied hum when the cool wipe grazed her still-sensitive rim.

Hot. So fucking hot.

I stepped up behind her before she could finish.

My cock, still slick, still half-hard, nudged against her entrance. I pushed in slow, just the head at first, then deeper, stirring the cum still inside her. She gasped, hands flying to the desk edge for balance. I pulled out slowly, watching a fresh gush of my own release coat my shaft as I withdrew. Then I pushed back in again. Out. In. Out. Each stroke dragged more of the thick white cream out of her until my cock was glistening with it, coated from base to tip.

I stepped back.

"Now it's your turn to clean me, Mrs. Nolin."

Nala chuckled—low, throaty, still a little breathless. She turned, sank gracefully to her knees, and wrapped her lips around me without hesitation.

She took me deep right away, slow suction that pulled the mess off my shaft in long drags of her tongue. She swirled around the head, collecting every drop, then bobbed lower, cheeks hollowing as she sucked the cum from the underside, from the veins, from the sensitive frenulum. Her tongue flattened and lapped upward like she was savoring an ice cream cone, humming softly in her throat when she tasted us mixed together. Spit and cum dribbled from the corners of her mouth; she didn't care. She just kept going—deeper, slower, until her nose brushed my pubic bone and she held there, throat fluttering around me, swallowing what she could.

When she finally pulled off, lips shiny and swollen, she licked me clean one last time—base to tip—then sat back on her heels with a smug little smile.

I tucked myself back into my pants, zipped up, adjusted my belt.

Nala rose, smoothed her skirt down, tugged her blouse closed (leaving the top two buttons undone because why bother), and dropped back into her chair like nothing had happened. She crossed her legs, still flushed, still glowing.

I walked over to the control panel by the door, tapped the dashboard, and unfrosted the glass. The hallway beyond came into view—empty, thank fuck. I unlocked the door.

"Should we order takeout tonight?" I asked, hand still on the knob.

Nala, still panting lightly, gave me a lazy thumbs-up without looking up from her water bottle. She took a long swallow, throat working visibly, then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I'll let Minne know then," I said.

She nodded, wiped sweat from her forehead with her forearm, and exhaled hard. "Phew. Okay."

I winked at her, stepped out, and closed the door behind me.

Back at my desk I dropped into the chair, leaned back, and stared at the ceiling for a second. No reward. Still sucked.

I pulled my phone out and called Minne.

She picked up on the second ring.

"Master?"

"Hey, honey. We're ordering takeout tonight. You good with that?"

"Of course, Master," she chirped. I could hear the smile in her voice. "What are we feeling? Pizza? Chinese? That new ramen place?"

"Whatever you and others want. I'm easy."

"Okay! I'll ask others when they get back. Mik's being extra naughty today, by the way, Master."

I laughed under my breath. "Yeah? What'd she do now?"

"She knocked the little succulent pot off the windowsill again. Soil everywhere. Then she ran across the kitchen counter while I was trying to make tea. Mrs. Tessa says she's just 'expressing her inner hunter,' but I think she's just a meanie."

"She's a cat. Comes with the territory. How's your mom doing?"

"She's good! She called yesterday, she was actually happy."

"Good, good."

"Oh—and Mik says hi, Master. She's currently sleeping on your pillow. Again."

Well Minne sounded... energetic.

"Of course she is." I rubbed my eyes. "Alright, love you. See you tonight."

"Lo-love you, um, love you, too, Master. Be safe."

We hung up.

I leaned back in the chair, chair creaking under me. Bored. Tired. My mind kept drifting back to Chase Bellings, then the guy who was supposedly Amelia's father... and my reputation bar still sitting firmly in the red. Villain-coded. No matter how many people I fucked, no matter how many orgasms I gave, the system didn't seem to care unless I did something "heroic." Whatever the fuck that meant.

I rubbed my eyes harder, exhaled through my nose, and opened them.

Then I saw her.

The Heart System - Chapter 414[1,510 words]

Chapter 414: Chapter 414

Emma was standing right in front of my desk.

Green hair, half-lidded eyes, that perpetual look like she'd just woken up from a nap she didn't want to end.

I jerked in my chair.

"Jesus..." I muttered. "Fuck... Emma, hey. You scared me."

"I know," she said flatly.

"How did the anime convention go?"

"Uh... good." I rubbed the back of my neck. "Yours?"

"Still sad that my battery died." She shrugged, shoulders barely moving. "I wanted that prize."

"Yeah. I wish I'd given you my phone. You could maybe win it."

"Mm." She nodded once, then planted both hands on my desk and leaned forward, turning her body toward me. "How's Kim?"

"The cat?" I asked. "It's Mik now. We changed her name. And, oh boy, she is naughty. Always running around, doing stuff. She actually ruined the single couch with her claws."

"Naughty?" Emma asked, one eyebrow lifting a fraction. "She is the laziest. Are you sure?"

"Yep." I leaned back. "There's someone in our penthouse that basically talks cat. Tessa. She knows a lot of stuff about 'em. And... I guess she brought the energized side of Mik... unlucky for us."

"Well, she getting any thinner?"

"Thinner?" I asked back. "Well, maybe."

"Good." She clapped her hands once and pushed herself upright. "Nala in her office, right?"

"Yep."

"Okay. Welp, I'm off then. Bye, Evan."

"Uh-huh. Bye, Emma."

She turned and drifted away like she'd never been there.

I stared at the empty space for a second, then let my head fall back against the chair.

"God... I'm so tired."

♥□♥□♥□

Okay, I might've gone full conspiracy mode.

Every single one-star review Chase Bellings had? Only from women. And they were all saying the same thing. He didn't listen. He rushed them. Prescribed the usual stuff—Xanax, sleep meds, whatever—like he had a template and just filled in the blanks. One woman, initials P.Z., said she caught him scrolling on his phone while she was talking about her problems at home. There were dozens like that. Different names, same story.

I took a sip of my orange juice and kept scrolling.

The penthouse was quiet now. We'd finished the takeout—Chinese cartons stacked up, an empty pizza box on the counter because Tessa insisted on "balance." The girls were sprawled in the living room watching TV. Minne was cleaning dishes in the kitchen. I was still at the dining table, phone in hand.

"Evan?" Jasmine called from the single couch. "Still reading about Chase?"

"Yep," I said. "It's weird."

Tessa, on the double couch with Mik on her lap, shrugged. "So what? The dude doesn't listen to women? He a sexist or something?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm still digging."

Then my phone buzzed.

The woman I'd sent a friend request to—the one whose review stood out—had accepted. Daila Zen. Fifty-eight. Two kids. Husband gone. Her bio said 'Single mom, powerful and spiritually high.' I figured she'd been seeing Chase to deal with all that.

I opened the chat. My thumbs hovered over the screen for a second. I could ease into it, small talk first. Or I could just be straight.

Straight was easier.

"Should I take that, Master?" Minne asked softly, pointing at my empty glass.

"Yeah, sure," I said. "Thanks, honey."

She picked it up and walked back toward the sink.

I typed.

'Hello, Ms. Zen. May I ask some questions about Chase Bellings?'

A few seconds later:

'Chase? Who are you?'

'A concerned friend. One of my friends is seeing him. After reading your review, I got worried.'

'He is the worst. Tell your friend to find another therapist.'

'Why? Would you be willing to talk in person?'

'I'm working at Canvas Supermarket right now. Can't text much. If you're free, you can come here.'

Canvas Supermarket.

That was across town. I'd passed it before when I picked Esme up from the station. It wasn't exactly close. But I didn't have anything urgent tonight. And if Chase was hiding something, I needed to know. It would help Ivy. And it would help me.

'Alright. I'll be there in an hour. Does that work?'

'Yes. Boss is nearby. Can't talk.'

She went offline.

I locked my phone and stood up.

Mik jumped down from Tessa's lap and trotted over, brushing against my leg. I bent down and scratched behind her ears. She did feel a little lighter than before. Maybe I was imagining it. Maybe I wasn't.

"Where are you going?" Jasmine asked.

"Meeting a woman who left Chase a bad review," I said. "I'll probably be back in a few hours."

"This was supposed to be game night," Kim muttered.

"Risk again?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," Tessa said. "Monopoly."

I laughed. "I'll try to make it back early. No promises."

I grabbed my jacket from the hanger and slipped it on.

"Let us know if something happens," Nala said.

"Yeah," I said, heading for the door. "I will."



I parked the car along the curb and stepped out. Canvas Supermarket was right across the street, bright and busy even at this hour. I could already see her under the striped awning near the entrance.

Dalia Zen stood behind a small folding stand set up beside the glass wall of the supermarket. Buckets of flowers surrounded her—roses, lilies, cheap mixed bouquets wrapped in plastic. She was Black, short gray hair cut close to her scalp, strong jawline, deep lines around her mouth. She wore a thick cardigan layered over a long skirt, practical boots, no makeup. Her expression looked permanently unimpressed.

I shoved my hands into my coat pockets, crossed the street, and walked straight up to her stand.

"Ms. Zen?" I asked.

She looked at me carefully. "Yes?"

"I'm the one who messaged you. About Chase."

She gave a small nod. "Right."

I didn't bother easing into it. "What happened with him?"

Her face changed immediately. "If you care about your friend," she said flatly, "pay me."

I frowned. "You agreed to meet me here."

"And we're meeting," she replied, adjusting a bouquet. "Talking costs extra."

"You're serious?"

"Five thousand."

"Five grand? Jesus. You really need to see a therapist."

"No money, no talk."

I tried again. "Just tell me what he did. Why did you leave that review? Was he ignoring you? Prescribing things without listening?"

She didn't even look at me. She kept trimming stems, rearranging flowers, acting like I wasn't standing there.

I exhaled through my nose and shook my head. "You're fucking useless."

I turned and started walking back toward my car.

Then I remembered.

Hypnotize.

The system had given me that skill. I'd never used it. I didn't even know how to activate it. I just thought about it, trying to will it to work.

"How do I even activate Hypnotize?"

I didn't feel anything change. But when I glanced at the glass wall behind her stand, I caught my reflection. My damaged eye—the one Karamine had taken—was glowing faint pink.

I turned back to her.

She was staring at me now. Her expression was blank. Completely empty.

"Dalia," I said, keeping my voice steady. "Tell me everything about Chase Bellings."

She nodded.

"He told me I was the reason my husband left me," she said in a flat tone. "That I was unbearable."

My jaw tightened. "And?"

"He said humans are not meant to suffer the way they do. That their bodies are not built for it."

"Go on."

"I was suicidal. He encouraged it. He told me which pills would work faster."

My stomach twisted. "What else?"

"He told me to record a video before I did it. Said it would be good."

"What did you do?"

"I recorded the video. I took the pills. My dog alerted the neighbors. They found me."

"The video?"

"He took it. Said he would keep it so my name would not be embarrassed."

I stared at her. "Why didn't you put this in your review?"

"I did not want people to think I was weak."

I processed what she'd just told me. Chase wasn't just inattentive. He was pushing patients toward suicide and keeping evidence.

The pink glow in my reflection faded.

Dalia blinked. Her face shifted back to normal awareness. She looked at me like nothing had happened.

"So," she said, annoyed again, "five thousand?"

She didn't remember.

I shook my head. "Nah. But you should get another therapist, though. Just saying."

Then I turned and walked away.

Crazy chick... five grand? Really?

Hell no.

I crossed the street back toward my car, hands still in my coat pockets, mind stuck on what Dalia had just told me.

Chase encouraging suicide. Taking videos. Keeping them. That wasn't negligence. That was something else entirely.

I reached the curb and slowed down.

There was a car parked directly behind mine. I frowned. I didn't remember anyone being that close when I left... then I saw it. The rear of my car had a fresh dent. Paint scraped. The bumper slightly pushed in.

I exhaled slowly.

Of course.

The Heart System - Chapter 415[1,647 words]

Chapter 415: Chapter 415

I walked around the back to inspect it properly, crouching a little to look at the damage. Not catastrophic, but not nothing either.

The driver's door of the other car opened.

I straightened up as a woman stepped out. Short black hair. Sharp features. Familiar posture. I stared at her for a second.

"Oh, you gotta be kidding me," I muttered. "You again?"

Hannah closed her door calmly and walked around the front of her car onto the sidewalk. "Sorry," she said evenly. "I rear-ended your car."

She was the same chick that rear ended me! The one that Kayla talked about. Fucking hell. This day just kept getting worse and worse.

"My car? Again?" I asked. "I was literally parked for a few minutes."

She adjusted her sleeve like we were discussing the weather. "Yes. I'm sorry."

"My god," I muttered, rubbing my forehead. "You didn't see me?"

"Nope."

Just nope.

No panic. No guilt. Just a flat nope.

I looked at the dent again and then back at her. This woman needed her license revoked permanently. With everything going on in my life right now, the last thing I needed was her treating traffic like a suggestion.

"You know what?" I said finally. "It's fine. Let's just go on our merry ways. And please, for the love of God, stay away from me in traffic, okay?"

"Thank you," she replied, nodding once. "I saw you with Sophia a couple of times, by the way."

"Sophia?" I frowned. "Who is—oh. The bodyguard from Stingy Ladies?"

"Yes."

"You two friends?" I asked. "Then both of you stay away from me."

"I'll try my best."

She stepped closer and extended her hand for a handshake.

I stared at it for a second, then put one hand on my waist and shook hers with the other. Her grip was firm. She held it a second longer than necessary, just looking at me.

Then she let go and stepped back slowly, still watching me.

"Bye," she said.

"Yeah."

She got back into her car and started it. I stepped aside and watched.

She pulled away from the curb, angled toward the road... and nearly clipped a passing car.

The other driver honked loudly and swerved. I put both hands behind my head and just stared.

She corrected awkwardly, oversteered, then finally merged onto the road like a menace released into the wild.

I watched until she disappeared down the street.

"Motherfucker..." I muttered, walking around to the driver's side of my car. "My poor car."

I got in, shut the door, and started the engine, still shaking my head. Out of everything happening tonight—suicidal patients, blackmail videos, hypnotic eye powers—I was somehow most exhausted by her.

My phone buzzed in the cupholder just as the light ahead turned red again.

I glanced down without really thinking, thumbed the answer button, and put it on speaker.

"Evan?"

Mendy's voice came through—soft, a little hesitant, the way it always got when she was nervous about asking for something.

"Hey, Mendy," I said, easing off the gas and rolling to a stop behind a white delivery van. "What's up?"

"I, uh..." She paused, like she was second-guessing the call already. "I was just calling to say hi."

"Oh." I rubbed the back of my neck, staring at the brake lights in front of me. "Yeah, hey. Sorry, I've been busy for the last few days. We really weren't in contact."

"Mm." A small, quiet sound. Not quite a sigh, but close. "So... how's everything?"

"Good, good," I lied smoothly as the light stayed stubbornly red. "How's yours?"

"Classic." She gave a tiny laugh that didn't reach her eyes—I could hear it even over the line. "I actually called you because... well, I decided to change my bedroom a bit again. Are you available today? I need some second eye on this place."

Shit.

I checked the dashboard clock: 8:47. Chase's appointment was at 10:30 across town, and I'd already mapped out how I was going to slip Hypnotic Suggestion into the session without him noticing—get inside his head, figure out what the fuck was really going on with Ivy, whether he was safe or just another creep wearing a polite mask. I did not have time to play interior decorator.

"Yeah," I heard myself say. "Sure."

The word was out before my brain could veto it.

I immediately wanted to punch the steering wheel.

But Mendy's voice lit up. "Alright, sweet. Are you hungry?"

"I just ate. Chinese." I merged into the turning lane as the light finally changed. "I'll be there in an hour or more. I'm kind of on the other side of town. Work stuff."

"Oh, that's actually relieving," she said, relief audible. "The house is a mess. I need to clean some stuff anyway."

"Right." I stopped at the next light, fingers drumming on the wheel. "See you, Mendy."

"See you, Evan."

"Hmm."

I hung up.

Then I dropped my forehead onto the steering wheel and stayed there.

The light turned green above me. I didn't move. No one was behind me—no honks, no impatient revving—so the intersection just sat quiet while I breathed against the leather wrapping. Cars flowed past on the cross street. I stayed put until the light cycled red again.

Eventually I lifted my head, exhaled hard through my nose, and leaned back in the seat. Bored. Frustrated. Trapped between too many people who needed something from me and not enough hours in the day.

I fished the crumpled pack of cigarettes out of my coat pocket, tapped one out, lit it with the car lighter. The first drag burned my throat in that familiar way. I cracked the window an inch, turned the heat up a notch so the hot air blasted against my face, and took another long pull.

The phone buzzed again.

This time the screen lit up with Kayla's name and a photo thumbnail—her smiling in a low-cut top from last summer.

I answered and propped the phone against the dash cam so the camera faced me.

Kayla's face filled the screen—hair loose, makeup light, wearing nothing but a black lace bra and matching panties. She was standing in what looked like her bedroom, phone leaned against a stack of books on her bed so the camera caught her from mid-thigh up. Behind her: a full-length mirror and an open wardrobe stuffed with dresses.

"Hey," she said, voice warm and teasing.

"Hey, gorgeous." My eyes immediately dropped to the generous curve of her ass reflected in the mirror. Jesus. Even from this angle it was obscene—round, full, the kind of ass that made my cock twitch just looking at it. "What's up?"

She turned sideways so I could see more of her profile, then held up two dresses—one in each hand.

"Girls' night tonight. Help me pick something to wear?"

"Sure," I said, voice already a little rougher. "Show me."

She grinned, set the second dress down, and stepped into the first one—a deep emerald green bodycon number with thin straps and a neckline that plunged almost to her navel. She shimmied it up over her hips, the fabric stretching tight across her ass like it was painted on. The material hugged every curve, dipping low in the back to show the dimples above her cheeks, then clinging to her thighs so the hem stopped just high enough to be dangerous.

She did a slow turn.

The dress rode up slightly as she moved, flashing more thigh, more ass. Her skin glowed against the jewel tone; her breasts were pushed up and together, cleavage deep and inviting. When she bent forward a little to adjust the straps, the fabric pulled taut across her ass, outlining every perfect round inch.

My cock stiffened instantly—thickening against my zipper, already half-hard just from watching her move.

"Fuck..." I muttered under my breath.

Kayla glanced over her shoulder at the camera, catching my expression.

"How's this one?"

I swallowed. "It's... goddamn, Kayla. That ass in that dress? Criminal. You look like sin."

She laughed—low, pleased—and smoothed her hands down her sides.

"Okay, second one."

She peeled the green dress off—slowly, making sure I saw every inch of skin revealed—and stepped into the next: a crimson red mini with a halter neck and cutouts at the waist. This one was shorter. Way shorter. The hem barely skimmed the bottom curve of her ass; one wrong move and it would ride up completely. The cutouts exposed her toned sides, the halter pulled her breasts high and tight, nipples faintly visible through the thin fabric if you looked close enough.

She turned again—slower this time—letting the dress hug her hips, flare just enough at the bottom to tease.

The red made her skin look molten. Her ass looked even bigger, rounder, more obscene in the tight material. When she bent forward to fix the hem, the dress rode up enough that I caught a glimpse of black lace underneath—thong, barely there, disappearing between her cheeks.

I groaned quietly.

The light turned green ahead of me.

I hit the gas—slowly—most of my attention still glued to the phone screen propped against the dash cam.

Kayla straightened, hands on her hips, looking straight into the camera.

"Okay," she said, voice playful. "Second one. Thoughts?"

I stopped at the next red light, thank fuck, and let the car idle while I stared.

"Kayla... that one's lethal. The red makes your skin look like it's glowing. And that ass in that dress? I'm already imagining bending you over in it. You're killing me."

She bit her lower lip, pleased, and gave a slow twirl so I could see the back again—the way the fabric clung, the way it rode up just enough to show the bottom swell of her cheeks.

The light stayed red.

I was grateful for once.

The Heart System - Chapter 416[1,565 words]

Chapter 416: Chapter 416

I stared at the screen, jaw tight, as Kayla did another slow spin in the red dress. The way it hugged her ass—tight, obscene, riding up just enough to show the bottom curve of her cheeks—made something hot and possessive twist low in my gut.

"Wait," I said, voice rougher than I meant it to be. "Are you really going to wear one of those? Nah. Pick another one."

Kayla stopped mid-turn, one eyebrow lifting slowly. A knowing little smile curled her lips.

"Ohhh," she drawled, dragging the word out. "Jealous, baby?"

I didn't answer right away. Just swallowed, eyes locked on the phone screen propped against the dash.

She laughed—soft, teasing, delighted—and stepped closer to the camera so her face filled half the frame, cleavage spilling forward in the halter neckline.

"You don't want me going out looking like this?" she asked, voice dropping to that husky whisper she knew drove me crazy. "Don't want other guys seeing how good my ass looks in this dress?"

My cock throbbed against my zipper. Hard. Painfully hard.

"Kayla..." I warned, but it came out more like a groan.

She bit her lip, eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Too bad," she murmured. "I was really feeling this one."

Then she reached behind her neck, untied the halter, and let the dress slide down her body in one smooth motion. Fabric pooled at her feet. She stepped out of it, kicked it aside, and stood there in just the black lace bra and panties—curves on full display, skin flushed from the teasing, nipples visible through the thin cups.

The light turned green.

I hit the gas—too fast—tires chirping slightly as I pulled forward. My eyes flicked between the road and the phone.

Kayla climbed onto her bed, taking the phone with her. She lay back against the pillows, propped the device between her breasts so the camera angled down her body—long legs stretched out, panties stretched tight over her mound, bra straps slipping off her shoulders.

"Are you busy tonight?" she asked, voice casual, like she wasn't currently half-naked and dripping honey at me through the screen.

I merged into the next lane, pulse hammering in my ears.

"I'm going to help Mendy rearrange her bedroom."

A tiny pause.

"Ah..." She dragged the word out, disappointed but playful. "So you wouldn't have time to visit me?"

Fuck.

The mental image hit like a freight train—Kayla spread out on her bed, legs open, waiting for me while I wasted time moving furniture for someone else. My cock jerked hard enough that I had to shift in the seat.

"Fuck," I muttered under my breath. Then louder, rougher: "I'm coming there right now. Don't fucking wear anything, okay?"

Kayla turned the phone toward her face for a few seconds, her eyes lit up—bright, triumphant.

"So you choose me over Mendy?" she asked, voice sweet and dangerous.

I nodded once—sharp, decisive—without even thinking.

She smiled—slow, wicked—and slid the phone lower. The camera panned down her body, past her breasts, over the soft plane of her stomach, until it settled between her thighs. Her fingers hooked into the waistband of her panties, tugged them to the side.

Her pussy came into view—pink, swollen, glistening with arousal. She spread herself with two fingers, letting me see how wet she already was, how ready.

"Then I'm waiting for you, handsome," she whispered.

The screen went black.

Call ended.

I stared at the dark phone for a full second, breathing hard, cock straining painfully against my jeans. Then I flicked on the turn signal, cut across two lanes, and aimed the car straight toward her place.

Fuck Mendy's bedroom. Fuck the schedule. Fuck everything.

I was already late anyway.



I knocked once—sharp, impatient—then stepped back half a pace.

The door swung open after a few seconds.

Kayla stood there in exactly what she'd shown me on the call: black lace bra pushing her tits up high, matching panties already damp at the crotch, hair loose and messy like she'd been running her fingers through it waiting for me. Her lips curved into that slow, knowing smile the second she saw my face.

I didn't say a word.

I stepped inside, kicked the door shut behind me with my heel, and grabbed her by the waist. She yelped—half laugh, half gasp—as I lifted her clean off the floor. Her legs

wrapped around my hips instantly, ankles locking at the small of my back, thighs squeezing tight. Her arms looped around my neck; her breasts pressed soft and heavy against my chest through my shirt.

I carried her two steps forward and pinned her back to the bedroom door—hard enough that the wood rattled in the frame.

"Not wearing any of those dresses tonight," I growled against her mouth. "They're too fucking revealing. You're not going out like that."

Kayla's eyes sparkled with mischief. She tilted her head, lips brushing mine.

"I think I'll be a bad girl and wear them anyway."

I kissed her—rough, hungry, swallowing the little moan she let slip. My cock was painfully hard already, straining against my jeans, pressing right up against the damp lace between her legs. I ground into her once, eeling the heat of her cunt through the fabric.

"Make me not wear it," she whispered when we broke for air. Her voice was breathy, challenging. "Make me, Evan."

I kissed her again—deeper this time—tongue sliding against hers while one hand slid down to grip the thick curve of her ass. I squeezed hard, fingers digging into the soft flesh. She whimpered into my mouth.

Then I turned, still carrying her, and walked us to the living-room couch.

I dropped her onto the cushions—gentle enough that she bounced once, legs splaying wide. She looked up at me with dark, hungry eyes while I stripped fast: jacket shrugged off, t-shirt yanked over my head, jeans and boxers shoved down in one go. My cock sprang free—thick, flushed, already leaking at the tip.

I knelt on the couch between her thighs, hooked my fingers into the waistband of her panties, and dragged them down her legs. She lifted her hips to help; the lace caught briefly on her ankles before I tossed it aside.

I slid two fingers straight into her pussy—no warning, no teasing. She was soaked—hot, slippery, walls fluttering around my knuckles the second I pushed in. I curled them upward, stroking that spongy spot inside her while my thumb found her clit and circled slow.

"Fuck... look at this greedy little cunt," I murmured, voice low. "So wet already. You were touching yourself waiting for me, weren't you? Getting that fat ass ready for me to wreck."

Kayla moaned—long, throaty—head tipping back against the cushions. "Yes... God, yes... couldn't help it..."

I pumped my fingers faster, curling harder, thumb pressing firm circles on her clit. Her hips bucked up to meet every thrust. I slapped her ass once—light but sharp—watching the flesh jiggle, loving how full and round it was under my palm.

"Love this huge ass," I growled. "So fucking soft. So perfect to grab while I fuck you. You know how many times I've thought about bending you over and just burying my face in it?"

She laughed breathlessly, then moaned again when I added a third finger—stretching her wider, slick sounds filling the room.

Kayla stretched her legs wider—knees toward the ceiling, thighs trembling in the air, opening herself completely. Her pussy glistened around my fingers, clit swollen and dark pink, begging.

I pulled my hand free, watching her hole clench on nothing. Then I brought my fingers to my mouth and licked them clean—slow drags of my tongue, tasting her, salt and sweet and pure want.

"Goddamn, you taste good," I said, then plunged them back inside her—three deep, pumping fast.

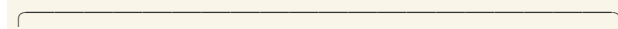
"Mmm..."

"You gonna be my good girl tonight?" I asked, voice rough. "Or you gonna keep teasing me about those dresses? Because if you wear one of them out, I'm gonna drag you into the nearest bathroom and fuck you so hard you can't walk straight tomorrow."

Kayla's hips jerked. "I—I'm close... Evan..."

I sped up—fingers slamming in and out, thumb grinding hard on her clit.

The interface flickered in my vision:



Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Kayla

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 92%

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I leaned in close, lips brushing her ear.

"You gonna wear any dress other than those tonight?"

Kayla shook her head frantically. "No. I will wear those, Evan. You can't... make... me."

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Her whole body locked up—thighs shaking, pussy clamping down hard around my fingers like a vice. A choked whine tore out of her throat; her hips bucked once, twice—desperate—then the wave simply... collapsed. The orgasm died before it could crest. She groaned—long, frustrated, wrecked.

"Fuck... oh fuck..."

I pulled my fingers out slowly. Kayla's hand shot down between her legs—trying to finish herself—but I caught both her wrists and pinned them above her head with one hand.

"This is nothing," I said quietly, voice steady. "Trust me, Kayla. This is nothing."

She stared up at me, eyes glassy, chest heaving, lips parted, still trembling from the ruined edge.

I held her gaze for a long second.

Then I leaned down and kissed her, slow, deep, while my free hand slid back between her thighs.

The Heart System - Chapter 417[1,623 words]

Chapter 417: Chapter 417

I kept my fingers buried deep inside her—three now, curled upward, stroking that spongy spot over and over with steady, relentless pressure. Kayla's hips rolled in helpless little circles, chasing the friction, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. Her pussy was

soaked—hot, slippery, clenching around my knuckles every time I dragged my fingers out just to slam them back in. The wet sounds filled the room, loud and filthy.

"God, listen to that," I murmured against her ear, voice low and rough. "Your cunt's making such a mess for me. So fucking greedy. You're dripping all over my hand, baby."

Kayla moaned—long, broken—head tipping back against the couch cushions. "Evan... please... I'm so close already..."

I sped up—fingers pumping faster, thumb grinding hard circles on her swollen clit. Her thighs trembled, legs spreading even wider in the air, toes curling. Her pussy fluttered wildly around me, walls starting to clamp down in those telltale rhythmic pulses.

The interface flickered in my vision again:

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Kayla

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 94%

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

She was right there—body locking up, breath hitching, hips jerking up to meet every thrust of my hand.

"You gonna be good tonight?" I asked, voice dark. "No more teasing about those dresses? Or do I need to remind you who decides when you get to cum?"

Kayla's eyes fluttered open—glassy, desperate. "I—I'll be good... I swear... Evan, please... let me—"

"Not believing you."

I selected [1] Deny Orgasm.

Her whole body seized—pussy clamping down so hard around my fingers it almost hurt. A high, broken whine tore out of her throat. Her hips bucked once, twice—frantic, chasing the peak—but the wave simply collapsed. The orgasm dissolved into aching, empty frustration. She groaned—long, wrecked—thighs shaking violently.

"Fuck... no... no, no, no..." She tried to grind down on my hand, but I pulled my fingers free completely.

Kayla's hands shot down between her legs—desperate to finish herself—but I caught both her wrists and pinned them to the cushions above her head with one hand once again.

"Not yet," I said quietly.

She thrashed once—helpless, needy—then sagged back, chest heaving, eyes glassy with tears of frustration.

"Evan... please..." Her voice cracked. "It hurts... I was so close..."

I leaned down, kissed the corner of her mouth—soft, almost gentle—then straightened up.

"You're being such a brat tonight," I murmured. "Teasing me with those dresses, making me jealous. Maybe you need to cool off."

Before she could answer I brought my free hand down—fast, sharp—slapping her open pussy.

The wet smack echoed. Kayla yelped—half shock, half pleasure—hips jerking upward. Her clit throbbed visibly, flushed dark and swollen.

"Fuck!" she gasped.

I did it again—lighter this time, but still firm—palm connecting right over her mound. Her whole body jolted; a fresh gush of wetness leaked out, coating her inner thighs.

"That's it," I growled. "Cool that greedy little cunt down. You don't get to cum until I say so. Not after the way you teased me."

Kayla whimpered, high, needy, trying to close her thighs, but I kept them spread wide with my knee.

"Evan... please... I'm sorry... I won't wear them... I swear..."

I slapped her pussy once more—quick, stinging—watching her clit pulse under the impact. She cried out, back arching off the couch.

"Such a bad girl," I said, voice low. "Getting this worked up just from being edged once. Look at you—dripping, shaking, begging already. You love when I control you, don't you?"

She nodded frantically—tears gathering at the corners of her eyes. "Yes... yes... I love it... please, Evan... I need it..."

I leaned down, kissed her hard, tongue sliding against hers, then pulled back just enough to murmur against her lips.

"Not yet."

I slapped her ass instead, hard, the crack ringing out, watching the flesh jiggle, a pink handprint blooming fast on her pale skin.

Kayla moaned, long, broken, hips rolling upward like she couldn't help it.

Then I brought my hand back between her legs—palm cupping her mound, fingers sliding back inside her in one smooth thrust.

She gasped, head falling back, body already trembling toward the edge again.

I started fingering her slowly this time—deep, curling strokes—building her back up deliberately while she whimpered and begged under her breath.

"You're gonna take whatever I give you tonight," I told her. "And you're gonna thank me for it. Understand?"

"Yes... yes, Evan... thank you..."

I smiled against her neck.

"Good girl."

I kept fingering her—slow, deep strokes now, three fingers curling inside her slick heat while my thumb kept lazy pressure on her clit. Kayla's hips rolled in helpless little circles, chasing every touch, her breath coming in short, ragged pants. She was soaked—dripping down my wrist, coating the couch beneath her ass in a dark, wet spot.

"Look at you," I murmured, voice low against her ear. "Already shaking again. That greedy little cunt can't get enough, can it? Clenching around my fingers like it's begging for more even after I just denied you."

Kayla whimpered—high and needy—head tipping back. "Evan... please... I need it... I'm so fucking close again..."

I sped up just enough—fingers slamming in and out, curling hard against that spot that made her thighs tremble.

"You think you deserve to cum?" I asked, voice dark. "After teasing me with those dresses? After making me jealous thinking about other guys staring at this perfect ass?"

She shook her head frantically. "No—no—I'm sorry... I'll be good... I swear—"

I pulled my fingers out abruptly.

Before she could whine I brought my palm down—sharp, wet smack—right across her open pussy.

Kayla yelped—hips jerking upward, clit throbbing visibly under the impact.

I slapped her again—harder this time—palm connecting with a loud, wet crack that echoed in the room. Her whole body jolted; a fresh gush of wetness leaked out immediately, running down her ass crack.

"That's better," I growled. "Cool that needy cunt down. You don't get to cum until I decide you've earned it."

Kayla groaned—long, frustrated—thighs shaking. "Evan... fuck... that hurts so good..."

I released her wrists and slid my hand up to her throat—not choking, just firm enough to guide her. I pulled her down off the couch until she was on all fours on the floor—ass up, back arched, breasts hanging heavy beneath her.

"Go to your room," I ordered.

Kayla started to push up onto her hands and knees to stand.

My foot came down—bare, firm—between her shoulder blades, pressing her chest back to the carpet.

"You think you get to walk after teasing me like that?" I asked quietly. "Crawl like a dog. You deserve this."

A low, broken moan spilled out of her. Her hips rolled once—instinctive, needy—then she dropped lower, palms flat on the floor, and started crawling.

Ass swaying with every movement, pussy glistening between her thighs, she made her way down the short hallway toward her bedroom. I followed behind, cock throbbing hard against my thigh.

She reached the doorway. I leaned past her, pushed the door open.

Her bedroom was small but lived-in—queen bed with rumpled gray sheets, a full-length mirror propped against one wall, a cluttered vanity with makeup and perfume bottles, soft string lights draped over the headboard giving the room a warm amber glow. The wardrobe stood open in the corner, dresses spilling out like colorful secrets.

Kayla stayed on all fours just inside the threshold, breathing hard, waiting.

I stepped past her to the wardrobe and started flipping through the hangers. She watched—eyes dark, hungry—then slipped one hand between her legs. Her fingers found her clit immediately—slow circles at first, then dipping inside herself, fucking herself shallowly while she stared at me.

I pulled out a long, navy maxi dress—high neck, long sleeves, ankle-length. Conservative. Safe.

I tossed it onto the bed.

"You're gonna wear this tonight."

Kayla's fingers stilled for a second. She looked at the dress, then up at me.

"But it's too old-timey..." she whispered, almost petulant.

I turned slowly, surprised for half a heartbeat—then smirked.

"I knew you didn't learn your lesson."

I grabbed her by the hair—firm but careful—yanked her head forward until her cheek pressed against the mattress. She stayed on her knees, ass still high, lower body exposed while her upper body draped over the edge of the bed.

I moved behind her, hooked my hands under her thighs, and lifted—hoisting her lower half up until her knees left the floor. Her legs dangled in the air; I spread them wide, holding her open like that—pussy and ass presented perfectly, head still pinned to the sheets.

I lined up and slid into her in one smooth, deep thrust.

Kayla moaned—muffled against the comforter—as I filled her completely.

I started moving—long, punishing strokes that rocked her forward into the mattress every time I bottomed out. Her walls clenched greedily around me, still fluttering from the earlier edges, slick and hot and desperate.

I kept her lower half lifted—thighs spread wide in my grip, ass high, pussy stretched tight around my cock as I drove into her from behind. Each thrust rocked her forward into the

mattress, her cheek mashed against the sheets, fingers clawing at the comforter. The angle let me go impossibly deep; every time I bottomed out my balls slapped wetly against her clit, sending sharp jolts through her body.

"Fuck... look at this greedy cunt taking me," I growled, voice rough against the back of her neck. "So fucking wet, so tight. You love being held like this, don't you? Legs in the air, ass up, getting railed like you deserve."

Kayla moaned—muffled, desperate—pushing back as much as the position allowed. "Yes... God, yes... Evan... harder..."

I gave her what she wanted.

The Heart System - Chapter 418[1,514 words]

Chapter 418: Chapter 418

My hips snapped forward—harder, faster—skin slapping skin loud enough to echo off the walls. Her pussy clenched around me in frantic little pulses, walls fluttering like they were trying to pull me deeper. I reached down with one hand, grabbed a handful of her ass cheek, and squeezed—hard—then brought my palm down in a sharp, stinging crack.

The flesh jiggled; a bright pink handprint bloomed instantly across her pale skin.

"You're gonna wear that long dress tonight," I said, voice low and mean. "Or I'll fuck you so hard you won't be able to walk tomorrow. I'll keep you edged all night—bring you right to the edge over and over—until you're crying and begging to behave."

Kayla whimpered—high, broken—hips jerking back onto my cock. "Evan... please... I—I'll wear it... I swear..."

I slapped her ass again—harder this time—the sound ringing out like a whipcrack. Her cheek flushed deeper red; she cried out, body shuddering.

"Damn right you will," I snarled. "This fat ass is mine. No one else gets to see it in those slutty little dresses. You tease me again and I'll spank you raw—then fuck you until you can't sit down."

Another slap right on the same spot. Her skin burned hot under my palm; she moaned louder, pussy clamping down so tight it dragged a groan out of me.

Kayla was climbing fast now—breath hitching, thighs trembling in my grip, walls starting to flutter wildly around my cock.

"I'm—close—Evan—please—"

The interface flickered:

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Kayla

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 96%

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

I selected [1] again.

Her whole body locked up—back arching, pussy spasming violently around me, trying to force the climax through sheer desperation. A strangled whine tore from her throat; her hips bucked once, twice—frantic—then the wave simply collapsed. The orgasm died mid-peak, leaving her trembling, empty, aching.

"No—no—nooo..." she sobbed, voice cracking. "Evan... fuck... why..."

I pulled out completely—slow—watching her pussy gape for a second before clenching on nothing. A thick string of her arousal stretched between us, then snapped.

She collapsed forward—chest heaving, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes—ass still red and glowing from the slaps.

I gave her one more hard smack—right across both cheeks—making her yelp and jolt.

Then I lined up again and slid back inside—deep, slow, deliberate.

"Again," I said quietly. "You're gonna take it until you learn."

I started moving—long, punishing strokes—building her right back up while she whimpered and begged beneath me.

I let go of her thighs slowly, easing her lower body back down to the floor. Kayla's legs trembled as they hit the carpet, her knees buckling slightly from the strain of being held up like that for so long. She was a mess—hair wild, face flushed and tear-streaked, pussy still glistening and swollen from the edging. Her breaths came in short, desperate pants, eyes locked on mine with that mix of frustration and raw need.

I didn't give her time to recover.

I hooked my hands under her waist—fingers digging into the soft skin there—and hoisted her up in one smooth lift. I carried her the few steps to the bed and dumped her onto the mattress on her back. The springs creaked under her weight; she bounced once, breasts jiggling, then settled with a gasp.

I climbed on after her, knees sinking into the comforter on either side of her hips. My hands found her thighs—smooth, warm—and spread them wide, exposing her completely. Her pussy was a sight: lips puffy and pink clit throbbing visibly, slick with arousal and the remnants of our earlier mess. She was dripping onto the sheets already, a dark spot forming beneath her ass.

I fisted my cock—still slick from her—and lined up with her entrance. The head nudged her folds, parting them easily, and I pushed in slow—inch by inch—watching her face contort in pleasure as I filled her.

"Fuck..." I groaned, bottoming out in one long slide. "So tight... so fucking perfect."

Kayla's back arched off the bed, hands flying to my shoulders, nails digging in. "Evan... yes... God, yes..."

I started moving—slow at first, long drags that let her feel every ridge and vein. Her walls clutched me like a vice, hot and slippery, pulling me deeper with every thrust. I leaned down, chest pressing against her breasts, lips brushing her ear.

"You feel that?" I whispered, voice rough. "How deep I am? This pussy was made for me. So wet, so ready... you love taking my cock, don't you?"

She nodded frantically—hair splayed across the pillows—moaning low in her throat. "I love it... I love it so much... harder, Evan... please..."

I gave it to her.

I picked up the pace—hips snapping forward with more force, the bedframe creaking under us. Each thrust slapped wetly against her clit, sending jolts through her body. Her legs wrapped around my waist, heels digging into my back, urging me deeper. I reached down with one hand, grabbed a handful of her ass—squeezing the thick, soft flesh—and used it for leverage, pulling her onto me harder.

"Look at this ass," I growled, slapping it once—sharp, stinging. The flesh jiggled, a pink mark blooming. "So fucking huge and perfect. I could fuck you like this all day, watch it bounce while you scream for me."

Kayla cried out—louder now—head thrashing side to side. "Evan... oh God... I'm—I'm close again..."

I felt it—her walls starting to flutter, clamping down in rhythmic waves. Her thighs shook against my sides; her breaths turned short and ragged. I thrust harder—deeper—grinding my hips in slow circles every time I bottomed out, dragging the head of my cock over that sensitive spot inside her.

The interface flickered:

Orgasm Control

=====

Target: Kayla

Arousal: ■■■■■■■■■■ 98%

=====

[1] Deny Orgasm

[2] Ruin Orgasm

But this time... no.

I let it happen.

"That's it, baby," I murmured, voice low and encouraging. "Cum for me. Cum hard. Be a good girl and let go."

Kayla shattered.

Her orgasm hit like a storm—body convulsing beneath me, pussy spasming wildly around my cock in violent, milking pulses. She screamed—loud, raw, uninhibited—the sound tearing out of her throat and echoing off the walls. "EVAN—FUCK—YES—OH GOD—"

It was so intense her back bowed off the bed, legs locking around me like a vice. The neighbors had to hear it—hell, the whole apartment building probably did. Her screams turned to sobs—broken, overwhelmed—as wave after wave crashed through her. Wetness flooded out around my cock, soaking my balls, dripping down onto the sheets in hot gushes. She shook like she was breaking apart, tears streaming down her cheeks, mouth open in a silent cry when the noise finally gave out.

"Good girl," I groaned, thrusting through it—slow, deep—riding every spasm. "That's my good girl... cum all over my cock... let it all out..."

Her pussy kept clenching—relentless, rhythmic—milking me so tight it dragged me right to the edge. The pressure built fast—balls drawing up, spine tingling, cock throbbing inside her.

"I'm close," I rasped, voice strained. "Fuck... get up. Jerk me off while I cum on those dresses."

Kayla—still trembling from aftershocks—nodded weakly. I pulled out with a wet pop, her pussy clenching on nothing, and helped her sit up. She slid off the bed onto her knees—shaky, obedient—and wrapped both hands around my cock. Slick with her cum, it glistened under the bedroom light.

I grabbed the two dresses from the floor—the green bodycon and the red mini—and spread them out flat on the bed like a canvas.

Kayla started jerking me—slow at first, then faster—twisting her wrists on the upstroke, thumb rubbing over the head just how I liked. Her eyes were locked on mine—dark, spent, but still hungry.

I reached down, grabbed a handful of her ass—squeezing hard, fingers digging into the soft, jiggling flesh. "Fuck... that ass... keep going..."

She sped up—hands flying now, slick sounds filling the room.

The pressure snapped.

I came hard—first rope shooting out thick and hot, splattering across the green dress in a long, white streak. Then another—onto the red mini—coating the hem and the cutouts. Rope after rope exploded from me—more than usual, like I'd been holding back for hours—painting both dresses in messy, sticky arcs. The orgasm ripped through me in waves: hot pulses starting from my balls, surging up my shaft, spilling out in endless, overwhelming spurts. My hips jerked with each one; my groan turned to a growl as Kayla kept pumping, milking every last drop until it dribbled over her fingers and onto the fabric below.

"Fuck... yes... that's it... fuck... yes..."

Kayla didn't stop—kept jerking slowly, coaxing out the final weak spurts, her hands slick with cum.

Finally I eased back, cock twitching in her grip.

She let me go and looked down at the dresses—both ruined now, cum stains soaking into the material, turning dark patches on the green and red. The long navy one I'd chosen earlier lay untouched off to the side—clean, pristine.

I smirked down at her.

"Well, now you don't have any choice, huh?"

The Heart System - Chapter 419[1,545 words]

Chapter 419: Chapter 419

Kayla exhaled—long, shaky—then let herself collapse back onto the bed. Her body went limp, chest heaving, skin flushed and sweat-slicked. The intensity had wrecked her—eyes half-lidded, lips parted, legs still trembling faintly. She looked spent, like she'd run a marathon and lost, but with that soft, satisfied glow that said it was worth it.

I stood there for a second, catching my own breath, cock softening between us.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Kayla

EXP Gained: +750

Villain Bonus: +1000 EXP

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 2625c

I collapsed onto the bed next to Kayla, chest heaving, skin slick with sweat. Every muscle felt like it had been wrung out and left to dry. My heart was still hammering against my ribs, cock softening against my thigh, sticky with both of us. The room smelled like sex—musky, sweet, heavy—and the sheets were wrecked beneath us.

Kayla rolled toward me immediately, curling into my side like she belonged there. Her head found my shoulder; one leg draped lazily over mine, her breasts pressing soft and warm against my ribs. She let out a long, contented sigh, fingers tracing idle patterns across my chest.

For a minute we just breathed. No words. Just the slow rise and fall of her body against mine and the faint thump of my pulse in my ears.

Then she spoke—quiet, almost shy.

"I just wanted to see if you'd get jealous."

I blinked up at the ceiling. "What?"

"The dresses." She drew a slow circle around my nipple with her fingertip. "They weren't even mine. I borrowed them from a friend to mess with you. Wanted to know if it would bother you."

I turned my head to look at her. "Wait... did I just cum all over one of your friend's clothes or something?"

Kayla bit her lip, trying not to laugh. "Mendy's clothes."

"Oh, fuck me."

She finally cracked—soft giggles shaking her shoulders. "I didn't think you'd actually do something like that. Not gonna lie."

"Yeah..." I dragged a hand down my face. "Me too."

Silence settled again, heavier this time. I stared at the ceiling fan spinning lazy circles overhead, guilt crawling up my throat like bile.

"I'm sorry," I said after a few seconds. "That was... fucked up. Probably the most toxic thing I've ever done. I got jealous—stupidly. I mean, like, I don't even know why it hit me so hard. We're not... exclusive. I fuck other women. You can wear whatever the hell you want. But the thought of other guys looking at you in those dresses, imagining what I get to do to you...ah, I don't know. I just don't know."

Kayla stayed quiet for a long second, fingers still moving in slow circles on my chest.

Then she lifted her head, leaned over, and kissed me—soft, lingering, lips brushing mine like she was tasting the apology.

When she pulled back her eyes were warm, almost fond.

She shifted higher, kissed the center of my chest—right over my heart—then lower, trailing open-mouthed kisses down my sternum, my stomach, until she reached my softening cock. She pressed one gentle kiss to the head, tongue flicking out to taste the lingering salt and sweetness.

My cock gave a weak twitch—stirred, thickened for half a second—then went soft again, spent.

Kayla smiled against my skin. "It's good," she murmured. "Knowing someone cares enough to get jealous. Even if it's messy."

Huh... three points from her. Nice.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 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: 7/20

Eleanor: Interest: 15/20

Amelia: Interest: 7/20

Esme: Interest: 25/40★

She stretched—long, feline—arms over her head, back arching, breasts lifting. Every curve caught the low bedroom light.

"God, I need a bath," she said, voice lazy and satisfied. "I'm going to be so late."

"Late..." The word hit me like cold water.

I sat up fast—too fast—head spinning for a second.

"Shit. I forgot about Mendy. I need to go there now."

Kayla laughed—soft, amused—and rolled off the bed. "You know the way out, Evan. I need to wash myself."

She padded naked toward the bathroom, hips swaying. At the doorway she paused, looked back over her shoulder, and blew me a kiss—playful, sweet, completely unbothered.

I smiled despite myself—small, crooked—then scrambled off the bed.

I gathered my clothes from the living-room floor: boxers, jeans, t-shirt, jacket. Dressed in record time—belt still half-buckled, shoes untied—and headed for the front door.

Kayla's bathroom door clicked shut behind me; I heard the shower turn on.

I stepped out into the hallway, pulled the door closed quietly behind me, and exhaled hard.

Fuck.

I was late.



I walked up to the door and knocked. No answer.

I waited a few seconds, then knocked again, a little harder this time. Still nothing.

I stepped back and pulled out my phone, calling Mendy. It rang. And rang. And rang.

No pickup.

I moved to the side window and tried to peek through the glass, cupping my hands around my eyes to block the reflection. The curtains were drawn. I couldn't see anything inside. No lights. No movement.

I checked the time.

11:02 PM.

Shit. The traffic was just terrible.

I rubbed my face with one hand. I was too late. She was probably asleep. Or maybe she'd waited for a while and then just given up.

I walked back to the door and knocked one more time, louder.

Nothing.

No footsteps. No voice. No light flickering on.

"Well... fuck," I muttered under my breath.

I stood there for a moment, staring at the door like it might suddenly open out of guilt.

It didn't.

I turned around and walked back to my car. The cold felt sharper now. I got inside and shut the door, the sound echoing in the quiet street.

All because I hung out with Kayla. I'd said I'd be here earlier. I'd said I wouldn't be late.

I leaned back into the seat and exhaled slowly. I couldn't even keep a simple promise. I shook my head, started the engine, and stared at the road ahead.

Oh... minus one point from her? Yeah, I deserved that.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 20 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 7 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 7 / 20

Esme: Interest: 25 / 40★

Well. This sucked.

My phone rang, slicing through the silence of the night. I picked it up without glancing at the screen.

"Hello, Mr. Marlowe," a calm voice said. "I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, but... we may have a problem. I tried reaching Mrs. Nolin, but I think she's asleep."

"Who's this?" I asked, frowning.

"The night guard at TechForge," he replied.

"Oh. Right. What's going on?"

"There was a beeping sound coming from Mrs. Nolin's room during my routine check," he said. "When I went to investigate... I found a hidden camera tucked in the corner of the ceiling."

My stomach dropped. "A hidden camera?"

"Yes, sir." His voice was steady, but I could hear the unease beneath it. "The battery was running low, so I think it was signaling it by beeping."

Shit. A hidden camera in her office. Everything—the talks about Project Phoenix, the business secrets, the... other things we'd done in that room. Everything. This wasn't just bad. This was catastrophic. My mind raced. What the hell were we supposed to do now?

"Alright," I muttered, trying to keep my voice calm. "Can... can we recover the recordings?"

"No, sir," he said. "It's saving directly to the cloud. There's no storage unit attached."

"Fuck," I said, the words tasting bitter. "Alright. Don't let anyone know about this. First thing in the morning, come to Nala's office."

"Yes, sir."

"Hmm."

I ended the call and rubbed my face, feeling the weight of the night press down on me. Problems kept stacking up, one after another. God, tonight was a disaster.

♥□♥□♥□

My phone alarm screamed through the quiet bedroom like a drill through my skull.

I cracked one eye open, morning light slicing through the half-open blinds in thin, golden bars across the sheets. The room was warm, still smelling faintly of last night's sex and coffee grounds from the machine in the kitchen. I reached blindly for the nightstand, thumbed the stop button, and let the silence rush back in.

I rolled left—empty pillow, cool sheets. Nala wasn't there.

Right—same thing. Jasmine's side was cold too. They must've slipped out early, probably to the gym or to grab breakfast before the day turned into chaos.

I pushed myself up, elbows on the mattress, legs swinging over the edge. My back popped. My head still felt thick with sleep and yesterday's decisions.

That's when I realised someone was there... Dierella.

The Heart System - Chapter 420[1,550 words]

Chapter 420: Chapter 420

Dierella stood in front of the window, silhouetted against the pale morning sky. Her ashen wings—huge, a little boney, the color of smoke and storm clouds—moved in slow, lazy beats, stirring the air just enough to rustle the curtains. She was naked except for the faint shimmer of divine light that clung to her skin like frost... well, and matching black underwear. Her long hair spilled down her back, catching the sun in liquid streaks.

She didn't turn right away. Just kept staring outside, arms loose at her sides.

"Bad stuff are happening, huh?" she muttered, voice soft but carrying that unnatural weight gods always had—like the words were carved into the air itself.

"No shit," I said, rubbing my face with both hands. I swung my legs fully off the bed and planted both palms on the mattress. "Why are you here?"

"To talk." Simple. Flat. She finally glanced back at me—eyes the color of molten lead, unreadable. "Did Mana say anything to you?"

"She wanted me to become her subject." I stood up slowly, half-naked, morning wood still half-present. "But I knew better. She'd just kill me the second I was no longer useful. Like she killed that one guy."

Dierella exhaled—long, slow, almost human.

She turned fully then, wings folding slightly as she walked toward me. Each step was silent, deliberate. When she reached me she placed one hand on my shoulder—cool fingers, impossibly light, but the touch sent a shiver straight down my spine.

"You deserved a reward, Henrik."

I blinked. "Reward?"

She let her hand fall away.

Her wings flared—slow, powerful beats that lifted her a few inches off the floor. Then higher. She rose smoothly until her back pressed against the wall opposite the bed, feet dangling just above the carpet. The motion was effortless, graceful, terrifying in its casualness.

And then her clothes—if you could call the faint ashen mist that clung to her a "dress"—simply melted away. It dissolved like smoke, revealing smooth, luminous skin, full bare breasts, nipples hard and peaked, and the soft, glistening slit between her thighs already slick with something that shimmered like liquid starlight.

My mouth went dry.

I stood up, shoved my boxers down, kicked them aside. My cock was fully hard now—painfully so—jutting forward like it had a mind of its own.

I crossed the room in three strides, grabbed her ass with both hands—soft, impossibly warm flesh—and squeezed hard enough to make her wings flutter once. She was weightless in my grip, hovering, legs parting naturally as I stepped between them.

I lined up and pushed inside her in one slow, relentless thrust.

The moment the head breached her entrance I came.

Hard.

A thick, hot rope shot deep inside her—then another, and another—before I'd even bottomed out. Her pussy was unreal: hot, tight, rippling like velvet lined with silk, sucking me in, milking me with gentle, rhythmic pulses that felt like they were pulling straight from my soul. I groaned, loud, broken, hips jerking involuntarily as I emptied into her.

Dierella's fingers slid under my chin, tilting my head up so I had to meet her eyes.

"Good boy," she whispered.

I pulled back—slow, shaking—then thrust in again.

I came instantly—another flood, just as thick, just as endless. Her walls fluttered around me, drawing it deeper, absorbing it like it was nothing. I groaned again, forehead dropping to her shoulder.

She moaned—soft, musical, almost amused. "That's right. Keep it going. Cum as much as you want."

I was gone.

Too horny to think, too lost in the impossible heat of her body. I leaned in, buried my face between her breasts—soft, perfect, smelling faintly of ozone and something ancient—and started thrusting. Shallow at first, then deeper, hips snapping against hers while she hovered there, weightless, wings beating slow and steady to keep her pinned to the wall.

She cradled the back of my head with one hand, fingers threading through my hair.

"That's right," she breathed. "Fuck me."

I pushed deeper—groaning into her skin—then bit down gently on one nipple. Not hard, just enough to feel it harden under my tongue. She sighed—pleased—and I came again.

Same volume, same force, hot spurts flooding her, spilling out around my cock and dripping in thick, pearlescent strands to the floor below.

Her pussy never stopped rippling, never stopped pulling. It was like she was regenerating me—letting me empty, then refilling me just so I could empty again. Cum oozed steadily from where we joined—creamy white against her luminous skin—running down her thighs, pooling on the carpet in fat drops.

I thrust again.

Came again.

Groaned loud—raw, animal—into her chest.

Dierella's legs suddenly wrapped around my waist—strong, unyielding—pulling me flush to the hilt.

"You did a good job," she murmured.

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN ██████████ ■ ██████████ HERO

=====

Current Reputation: Neutral

Then she grabbed my chin, lifted my head, and kissed me.

EVENT

=====

Reward: +20 Ability Point

Her mouth was warm, sweet, endless. Her tongue slid against mine—slow, claiming—and I came again. Then again. Then again. Each pulse felt like it was being pulled straight from

my core, thick ropes flooding her, overflowing, dripping in heavy streams to the floor. My knees buckled; I braced one hand against the wall beside her head to stay upright.

She broke the kiss gently.

Then she pushed me back—softly, wings folding as she lowered herself to the ground.

Her feet touched the carpet.

She looked down between us.

So much cum.

It coated her inner thighs in glossy streaks, pooled at her feet in a small, sticky puddle. Her pussy was swollen, lips dark and glistening, still leaking slow, thick rivulets of white that slid down her legs like molten wax. Every time her walls fluttered another bead welled up and dripped free.

I couldn't look away.

My cock was still hard, still twitching, bobbed between us, shiny with her and me.

Dierella smiled, small, knowing, and reached down to trace a finger through the mess on her thigh.

She lifted it to her lips, licked it clean, eyes never leaving mine.

"If you keep going like this," Dierella whispered, voice like smoke curling through the room, "I'll let you fuck my ass. And you must know... I'm a virgin down there."

She turned slowly. Then she bent forward at the waist—back arched, ass presented—reaching behind herself with both hands. Her fingers spread her cheeks wide, exposing the tight, untouched ring of her asshole—pink, puckered, glistening faintly with that same divine shimmer that coated the rest of her.

The sight hit me like a punch.

My cock twitched violently. One hard, involuntary pulse, and I came again—thick ropes shooting on her ass, creamy streams that ran down her thighs and dripped to the floor.

I moaned, loud, broken, hips jerking as the orgasm ripped through me without warning. Dierella chuckled, low, pleased, then reached back with one hand, swiped a thick glob of my cum from her ass cheek, brought it to her lips, and licked it clean. Her tongue dragged slow across her fingers, eyes never leaving mine.

Then she stepped forward—close—until our noses almost brushed. Her breath was cool against my lips, scented with something ancient and sweet.

Before I could react, she placed one palm flat on my chest and pushed.

I stumbled back, landing hard on the mattress. The bedframe creaked. I blinked once.

She was gone.

No wings. No shimmering skin. No cum on the floor. No puddle. Nothing.

I looked down.

My boxers were still on—dry, undisturbed. My cock strained against the fabric—hard, throbbing, leaking a wet spot at the tip—but there was no evidence of what just happened. No divine pussy. No overflowing cum. Just me, alone, panting, painfully aroused.

But the pleasure... the memory of her tight, rippling heat, the endless orgasms, the taste of her on the air... that was real. Too real to be a dream.

"Shit..." I muttered, dragging a hand down my face. "I got a reward... twenty Ability Points? Now that's good."

The interface flared in my vision—clean, clinical, like it hadn't just witnessed a goddess fuck me into oblivion.

I had thirty unspent points now.

I didn't hesitate.

Ten went straight into Luck. The bar filled—jumping from 1 to 10 in a single breath. Something shifted in the air around me, subtle but undeniable—like the room itself exhaled.

Then two more into Charm—bumping it from 13 to 15. Honeyed Words stayed maxed, but the overall stat glowed brighter, more potent.

I checked the full sheet:

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 15

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (▣▣▣▣)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

=====

19 Unused Ability Points

Satisfied, for now, I let my head drop back onto the pillow and closed my eyes.

Fuck.

I was still rock-hard. Throbbing. Aching. The goddess's "reward" had left me hornier than I'd ever been—cock straining, balls heavy, every nerve lit up like I'd been edged for days.

A soft knock on the door.

"Mast—"

"Minne," I rasped, voice wrecked. "Come here. Shut the door."

The Heart System - Chapter 421[1,702 words]

Chapter 421: Chapter 421

The knob turned. Minne stepped inside—still in her maid outfit and closed the door quietly behind her. She froze when she saw me—naked from the waist up, boxers tented obscenely, cock outlined thick and hard against the fabric.

Her eyes went wide. Then dark. Hungry.

I sat up, shoved the boxers down, and kicked them off. My cock sprang free—bigger than usual, veins standing out, head flushed dark and leaking steadily. The goddess's touch had done something—left me swollen, sensitive, ready to burst.

Minne couldn't look away.

"Remove your clothes," I ordered, voice low and rough. "I'm gonna fuck you, Minne."

"Yes, Master!"

She moved fast, fingers flying to the buttons of her maid dress, peeling it off in seconds. Bra next, black lace falling away to reveal small, perfect breasts, nipples already hard. Panties last—sliding down her thighs, leaving her bare, pussy already glistening.

I stood, crossed the room in two strides, grabbed her by the waist, and kissed her—hard, claiming. She melted into it, moaning into my mouth, small hands clutching my shoulders.

I spun her around, bent her over the desk—papers scattering, lamp wobbling—ass up, back arched. Her red hair spilled across the wood like spilled wine.

I stepped behind her, gripped her hips, and slid into her in one long, deep thrust.

Minne moaned, high, sweet, "Oh... Master..."

I didn't hold back.

I pushed deeper, slow at first, letting Minne feel every thick inch stretching her open—until my hips pressed flush against her ass and I bottomed out completely. She moaned—long, sweet, trembling, her small hands gripping the edge of the desk so hard her knuckles turned white.

"Fuck..." I groaned low against the back of her neck. "Feels so fucking good. Your insides... so tight, so hot... like you were made for this cock."

I grabbed both her shoulders—fingers digging into soft skin for leverage—and started fucking her hard. No buildup. No mercy. Just raw, deep thrusts that slammed her forward against the desk every time I drove in. The wood creaked under the force; papers slid, a pen rolled off the edge and clattered to the floor.

Her pussy was drenched—wetness coating my shaft, dripping down my balls, slicking her inner thighs with every pull-back. She was just as horny as I was—walls fluttering, clenching greedily around me like she couldn't get enough.

"You're soaking me, honey," I rasped, voice rough. "This little cunt's greedy today, isn't it? Squeezing me so tight every time I pull out... begging me to stay buried inside you."

Minne whimpered—high, needy—pushing back to meet every brutal thrust. "Y-yes, Master... I can't... it feels too good..."

I snaked one hand around from behind, cupping her small breast. Her tit bounced softly in my palm with each slam of my hips; her nipple was rock-hard, pebbled tight against my thumb. I kneaded it—firm, rolling the sensitive peak between finger and thumb—drawing another sharp moan from her throat.

"These pretty little tits," I growled, pinching harder just to feel her clench around my cock. "Love how they bounce when I fuck you like this. Love how hard your nipples get for me."

I couldn't hold back anymore.

I moaned—deep, guttural—and brought my palm down hard on her ass. The crack echoed in the room; her cheek jiggled, a bright pink handprint blooming instantly on pale skin. Minne cried out—half pain, half pleasure—pussy spasming wildly around me.

Too horny. Way too fucking horny.

I grabbed her waist with both hands, slowed my pace—but went harder. Deeper. I pulled back until just the head remained inside her... then slammed forward to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Held there—grinding deep—feeling her walls flutter and squeeze. Pulled back again. Slammed in. Again. Again.

The desk rattled violently—drawers shaking, files sliding off the edge in fluttering stacks, pens rolling across the floor. The whole thing creaked like it might collapse.

"M-Master..." Her voice came out shaky, broken on every thrust. "Oh... I'm... cumming... M-Master...!"

I didn't stop. Just kept driving into her—slow, punishing, relentless—each deep plunge forcing another whimper from her lips.

Minne's orgasm hit like a wave breaking.

Her whole body locked up—back arching sharply, head snapping back toward the ceiling, eyes squeezed shut so tight tears leaked from the corners. A raw, desperate scream tore out of her throat, high and shattered, echoing off the walls. Her pussy clamped down in violent, rhythmic spasms, milking my cock so hard it dragged a groan out of me. Wetness flooded out around my shaft in hot, pulsing gushes, soaking my balls, dripping down her thighs in thick rivulets. Her legs shook uncontrollably; her fingers clawed at the desk, nails scraping wood; her small breasts bounced wildly with each aftershock as she rode the crest.

"That's it," I growled, voice strained. "Cum for me, honey. Squeeze that tight little pussy around my cock. Show me how much you love being fucked like this."

She kept spasming, wave after wave, moaning brokenly, body trembling like she might fall apart. Her walls fluttered and clenched in endless, greedy pulses, drawing me deeper, trying to pull me over the edge with her.

I didn't let up.

I kept fucking her through it, slow, deep, grinding every time I bottomed out—riding her orgasm, prolonging it until she was sobbing with overstimulation.

"Good girl," I rasped, leaning over her back, lips brushing her ear. "Such a good fucking girl... cumming so hard for Master... look at how wet you are... dripping everywhere... you love this cock, don't you?"

Minne could only whimper, nodding frantically, tears streaming, body still shaking in the aftershocks.

I leaned in close, my chest pressing flush against Minne's back, arms sliding around her waist to hug her tight from behind. Her small body fit perfectly against me—warm, trembling, soft in all the right places. I buried my face in the crook of her neck, breathing her in: shampoo, faint sweat, and that sweet, needy scent that was just her.

"Got you," I murmured against her skin, lips brushing the shell of her ear.

Then I started moving faster.

Quick, sharp snaps of my hips—short, precise thrusts that kept me buried deep while the head of my cock dragged over that perfect spot inside her on every stroke. The rhythm was relentless but controlled, each push forward rocking her forward against the desk, each pull-back making her whimper and clench.

Minne moaned, high, sweet, broken, head dropping forward so her red hair spilled across the wood like spilled wine. "M-Master... oh... yes... right there..."

I kept my arms locked around her waist, one hand splaying over her soft stomach, the other cupping one small breast. Her nipple was hard against my palm; I rolled it gently between thumb and finger while I fucked her—steady, deep, fast enough that the desk creaked again, files sliding another inch toward the edge.

Her pussy was heaven—hot, slick, gripping me like a velvet fist every time I pulled back, fluttering wildly every time I slammed home. Wetness coated my shaft, dripped down my balls, ran in thin rivulets down her inner thighs. The sounds were obscene: wet slaps, her gasping moans, the faint rattle of drawers.

I was glad—deeply, stupidly glad—that my reputation had finally crawled back out of the red. No more villain tag hanging over me like a curse. No more need to be cruel, to edge her until she cried, to prove some fucked-up point. I could just fuck her like this—hard, loving, raw—and know she wanted it exactly the same way.

"You feel so good, honey," I rasped against her ear, voice thick. "This tight little pussy... squeezing me so perfect... like you never want me to stop."

Minne pushed back to meet every thrust—small, eager rolls of her hips—moaning louder now. "I don't... I don't want you to stop... Master... please... deeper..."

I gave it to her.

Deeper. Faster. One hand slid down her stomach, fingers finding her clit—swollen, slick, throbbing. I rubbed slow circles at first, matching the rhythm of my thrusts, then faster—firmer—until her moans turned into sharp little cries.

Her walls started fluttering again—those telltale pulses that meant she was climbing fast. Her thighs trembled against mine; her fingers clawed at the desk edge; her back arched sharper, pressing her ass harder against my hips.

"Master... I'm... I'm gonna—"

"Not yet," I whispered, slowing just enough to keep her teetering. "Wait for me, baby. Cum with me. Let me feel you milk me when I fill you up."

She whimpered—desperate, obedient—nodding frantically. "Y-yes... together... please..."

I sped up again—short, brutal snaps—cock slamming deep, fingers rubbing frantic circles on her clit. The desk rattled harder; a stack of papers finally tipped and fluttered to the floor in slow motion. I didn't care.

Her pussy clamped down—hard, rhythmic—walls spasming in violent waves as her orgasm finally broke.

Minne screamed—high, raw, unrestrained—head snapping back against my shoulder, eyes squeezed shut, mouth open in a perfect 'O'. Her whole body convulsed: thighs locking around my hips, back bowing, pussy pulsing so tightly it dragged me over the edge with her. Wetness gushed around my cock in hot, pulsing floods—drenching my balls, running down her thighs, soaking the front of the desk. She shook like she was breaking apart—small breasts bouncing, fingers scrabbling at the wood, tears leaking from the corners of her closed eyes as wave after wave crashed through her.

"Good girl," I groaned, voice wrecked. "That's my good fucking girl... cum so hard for me... squeeze that pussy... milk me..."

I couldn't hold back anymore.

The first spurt hit deep—thick, hot—flooding her as my hips jerked forward one last time. Then another—rope after rope pumping into her, filling her until it started leaking out around my shaft in creamy white rivulets. The pleasure was blinding: hot pulses starting from my balls, surging up my length, spilling endlessly while her walls kept clenching, drawing out every drop. I buried my face in her hair, groaning long and low, hips grinding slow circles to push it deeper as aftershocks rippled through both of us.

We stayed locked together for long seconds—panting, trembling—my arms still wrapped tight around her waist, her small body limp and sated against mine.

The Heart System - Chapter 422[1,597 words]

Chapter 422: Chapter 422

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Minne

EXP Gained: +650

Star Rating: 4.3 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 975c

Well, I earned less EXP and credits from that session with Minne. But that didn't mean it was a bad thing. I was finally out of the red zone—no more random penalties hanging over my head like a guillotine. Hey, I'd take the slower grind if it meant breathing easier.

I mentally pulled up the stats just to confirm.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████░░░░░░░░░░] 8406/9922

Damn, been a while since I last bothered to check the numbers. What was the last big jump—before fucking Carrie? I honestly couldn't remember. Either way, I was climbing fast. With the Villain tag gone, progress would crawl now, but at least I wasn't bleeding reputation every time I breathed wrong.

I flicked to the shop next.

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: 5339c

Nice. Over five thousand credits sitting there like loaded guns. I'd spend them eventually—probably on Reputation Points or a new ability—but not right now. I needed to get cleaned up. Today was going to be long: pull the hidden cam from Nala's office without tripping any alarms, then figure out what the hell was really going on with Chase.

"That felt good, honey," I said, leaning down to kiss Minne's neck—soft, lingering—before slowly pulling out. A thick trickle of cum followed, sliding down her inner thigh.

She whimpered softly at the emptiness, pussy clenching on nothing.

"Now, come on. Take a shower and join us for breakfast, okay?"

"Y-yes, Master!" she chirped, voice still shaky from her orgasm. Then she turned toward me, cheeks pink. "Um... may I take the shower here? I don't want to be seen naked..."

I smiled and ruffled her damp red hair. "Sure, honey. Just be quick about it, okay? We'll wait for you."

"Yes, Master. I will!"

She scampered off to the en-suite bathroom, small bare feet padding across the hardwood. The door clicked shut behind her; a second later the shower hissed on.

I just smiled—small, fond—then tugged my boxers back up, pulled on my t-shirt, and stepped into my pants. Belt half-buckled, hair still a mess, I left the room.

The kitchen smelled like fresh coffee, bacon grease, and something sweet—pancakes or French toast, probably. Jasmine was at the counter, stacking plates, hair up in a messy bun, wearing one of my old band tees that hit her mid-thigh like a dress.

She glanced up when I walked in, lips curving into a knowing smile.

"Morning, handsome. Got your morning fuck with Minne?"

"Yeah." I rubbed the back of my neck. "For some unknown reason, I was extremely horny."

"You monkey," came Tessa's voice from behind me.

I turned just in time for her to bump me with her hip—playful, hard enough to make me stagger a step. She sauntered past, carrying a bowl of cut fruit, and dropped into a chair at the dining table.

"You coming from outside?" I asked, grabbing a mug and pouring coffee.

"Yep." She speared a strawberry with a fork. "The girl downstairs, Eleanor, asked if we had something for breakfast. You were asleep then. I gave her some eggs and bacon."

"Oh, right. Cool."

Tessa shrugged, popping the strawberry into her mouth. "She looked like she needed it. Girl's been quiet lately. Probably still processing whatever the hell happened with her ex."

I nodded, leaning against the counter, sipping black coffee. "Yeah. I'll check on her later."

Jasmine set the last plate down and came over, slipping an arm around my waist from behind. "Minne joining us?"

"Showering first. She'll be down."

Jasmine pressed a quick kiss to my shoulder blade. "Good. Table's almost ready. Eat something before you disappear into whatever chaos you've got planned today."

Nala came up from the kitchen carrying a tall glass bottle of freshly squeezed orange juice, condensation already beading on the outside. She set it in the center of the dining table with a soft clink, wiping her hands on the dish towel slung over her shoulder.

"Nala," I said, voice low but firm enough to cut through the morning chatter. "We need to talk. It's urgent."

She froze mid-motion, towel still in her hands. Her eyes flicked to mine—sharp, instantly alert. "What happened?"

Jasmine and Tessa both turned toward me at the same time. Jasmine set her coffee mug down; Tessa paused with a strawberry halfway to her mouth.

I exhaled through my nose. "Security found a hidden camera in your office."

Nala put a hand over her eyes, fingers pressing hard against her temples. She exhaled—a long, slow breath that carried the weight of every bad headline she'd ever had to weather.

"I didn't want to break the bad news first thing in the morning," I said quietly, "but this can't wait. We have to move now, or whatever that cam recorded is going to leak."

She lowered her hand. Her face was calm—too calm—but I knew her well enough to see the storm behind it. "Where's the camera now?"

"The security guy who found it has it. He's waiting at your office. I told him to keep his mouth shut—no one else knows yet."

"Good." She nodded once, decisive. "Are you sure, though? Did he tell anyone else about this? Other than you?"

"No. I made it clear."

Nala exhaled again—shorter this time, almost a huff. "I gotta go. I won't be having breakfast."

"I'll come with you," I said immediately. "Let's take my car. I'll text the valet to bring it around front."

"Okay."

She moved fast—grabbed her jacket from the back of a chair, slipped it on over her blouse. I zipped mine up, not bothering with anything else. T-shirt, pants, boots—definitely not office attire, but I didn't have time to change. I pulled my phone out and fired off a quick text to the valet: 'Bring the Jeep to the front. Now.'

We headed for the door. Minne was still upstairs showering; Tessa and Jasmine exchanged a quick look but didn't ask questions. They knew the tone.

The hallway to the elevator was quiet except for our footsteps. I hit the call button. The doors slid open almost immediately—empty car, mirrored walls reflecting us both looking tense and under-caffeinated.

We stepped in. Doors closed. The slow descent began.

Nala leaned against the wall, arms crossed, staring at the floor numbers ticking down. "How could this happen?" she asked quietly. "We sweep that office every month. Every fucking month."

"I don't know," I admitted. "But we're going to find out. Probably planted during one of the cleaning cycles or maintenance visits. We'll pull access logs, camera footage from the hallways, everything."

She nodded, jaw tight. "Hope we're not late, Evan."

The elevator dinged softly. Doors opened onto the lobby.

We walked through—past the front desk, past a couple of early-morning guests checking out. The automatic doors hissed open; cool morning air hit us as we descended the short exterior stairs. My black Jeep was already idling at the curb, valet standing beside it with the keys.

I tipped him with a quick nod and a "Thanks," took the fob, and slid into the driver's seat. Nala climbed in beside me, buckling up without a word.

I turned the key. The engine rumbled to life.

"How could this happen?" Nala asked again, quieter this time, staring straight ahead through the windshield. "We've been careful. We've been so careful."

"I was going to tell you yesterday," I said, pulling away from the curb and merging into traffic. "But it was late. Didn't want to wake you up and ruin your night. Figured we'd handle it first thing this morning."

She gave a small, humorless laugh. "Yeah. First thing. Perfect."

I glanced at her—profile sharp against the morning light, jaw still clenched. "We'll contain it. We always do."

She didn't answer right away. Just watched the city slide past—coffee shops opening, people jogging, normal life moving on while ours tilted sideways again.

"Hope we're not late, Evan," she repeated softly.

I pressed the accelerator a little harder.

The Jeep surged forward.

Nala stared straight ahead through the windshield as I merged onto the main boulevard. The city was waking up slowly around us—streetlights still glowing pale orange against the gray dawn, a few early commuters hunched against the cold on the sidewalks. Snow fell in lazy, fat flakes, drifting down like someone up there had forgotten to turn off the machine. It wasn't a blizzard, just that soft, persistent kind that accumulates without drama and turns everything quiet and soft-edged.

She finally spoke, voice low, almost swallowed by the hum of the heater.

"We should've been more careful."

I kept my eyes on the road, hands steady at ten and two. "We were careful. Monthly sweeps, restricted access, encrypted drives. Whoever planted it knew exactly when and how to slip through the cracks."

She shook her head once—sharp, frustrated. "That's not enough. Careful isn't enough when someone wants in bad enough. We got complacent. I got complacent." Her fingers tightened around the strap of her purse until the leather creaked. "I thought after the last leak we'd plugged every hole. Clearly we didn't."

The Heart System - Chapter 423[1,729 words]

Chapter 423: Chapter 423

A street vendor on the corner was already setting up his hot dog stand, steam rising. Red-and-green New Year's banners hung limp across the lampposts—half-hearted preparations that hadn't quite caught fire yet. Fairy lights were strung along shop awnings, some already lit even though it was barely past eight. A group of teenagers hurried past in puffy jackets, one of them waving a sparkler that fizzed and popped against the falling snow. The city was trying to get festive, but it felt half-asleep, like it was still deciding whether to bother.

I turned left onto the coastal road. The sea was flat and slate-gray to our right, blending into the low clouds. Snowflakes melted the moment they touched the water, leaving tiny concentric ripples that vanished almost instantly.

"I should've had the office swept twice a month," Nala went on, quieter now. "Or installed motion sensors inside the room. Or—fuck—hired a private firm instead of relying on building security. Any one of those would've caught it before it recorded anything usable."

"We don't know what it caught yet," I said. "Could be nothing. A few hours of empty office. Or it could be everything."

She laughed once—short, bitter. "Optimistic."

"Realistic," I corrected.

She rubbed her temple with two fingers. "If it uploads... if any of those files hit the dark web or some gossip forum... we're back to square one. Another scandal. Another round of sponsors pulling out. Another quarter of damage control."

I glanced at her. Her jaw was tight, eyes fixed on the road ahead like she could will the traffic to part.

"We won't let it get that far," I said. "We find out who planted it, we plug the leak, we spin whatever we need to spin. Same as always."

She didn't answer right away. Just watched the snowflakes melt on the windshield, swept away by the wipers in rhythmic arcs.

The company building came into view after another ten minutes—tall glass-and-steel tower, the kind that looks expensive even when it's half-empty. Holiday wreaths hung on the revolving doors, red ribbons fluttering weakly in the breeze. A few early employees were already trudging up the wide exterior stairs, heads down against the cold.

"Let's go from behind," Nala said. "Into the underground parking lot."

"Got you."

I pulled into the underground garage entrance, flashed my pass at the reader, and eased the Jeep down the ramp. Tires hummed over the concrete. The garage was still mostly empty—only a handful of cars scattered across the rows.

I found a spot near the elevators, killed the engine. Silence settled heavy between us for a second.

Nala unbuckled first. "Let's go."

We stepped out. The air down here was colder, tinged with exhaust and wet concrete. Snow had already dusted the Jeep's hood like powdered sugar. I locked it with a chirp, and we walked toward the elevators.

The ride up was silent—fluorescent lights buzzing overhead, Nala staring at her reflection in the polished doors. When they opened onto the lobby, we stepped out into the familiar smell of coffee from the ground-floor café and the faint hum of early-morning HVAC.

A security guard in a navy uniform approached us immediately—mid-40s, short-cropped graying hair, polite but firm expression.

"Mrs. Nolin," he said, dipping his head. "Good morning. Just a heads-up—the elevators are on weekly maintenance starting in about twenty minutes. They'll be offline for an hour or two. If you need to go up or down after that, use the service lift on the east side."

Nala gave a short nod—professional, distracted. "Thank you. We'll manage."

I glanced at the guard's name tag. "Are you the guy I talked to on the phone yesterday?"

He blinked, then shrugged. "No, sir. I didn't talk to anyone yesterday. I came on shift at six this morning."

Nala turned to me, voice low. "He's probably waiting in my office."

We didn't wait for more. We headed straight for the wide staircase that curved up from the lobby to the executive floor. The railing was cold under my palm. Neither of us spoke. The only sound was our shoes on stone and the distant murmur of the lobby behind us.

We reached the top landing. Nala's office suite was straight ahead—double glass doors etched with the company logo, her name in discreet gold lettering beneath it: Nala Nolin, CEO.

A security guard stood outside—black, heavysset, mid-50s, wearing the standard navy uniform and a peaked cap pulled low. He had the kind of build that suggested he'd spent years behind a desk rather than chasing suspects, but his eyes were sharp. He nodded once when he saw us approach.

Nala didn't slow. I reached the doors first, swiped my access card, pushed them open. The three of us stepped inside.

Nala turned to him immediately. "Show me the cam."

The guard reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a small black device—barely bigger than my thumb, matte finish, a tiny lens glinting under the office lights. He held it up between thumb and forefinger like it was radioactive.

Nala took it carefully, turned it over in her palm. "Where exactly?"

The guard pointed upward. "Corner of the ceiling, ma'am. Right above that painting. It was beeping—low battery warning. That's how I noticed it during the sweep."

I followed his finger. The painting—a massive abstract swirl of blues and silvers—dominated the corner. The cam had to have been tucked on the top edge of the frame, lens peeking just over the canvas. Invisible from the floor unless you knew where to look.

"Fuck," I muttered.

Nala stared at the device for a long second, then looked up at the corner. "We need to trace which cloud the recordings were saved to. Pull the MAC address, check for any outbound connections, see if it uploaded anything overnight."

The guard shifted his weight. "I don't know any of that stuff, ma'am. With due respect, I'm no technological nerd. I just found it and bagged it like protocol."

Nala nodded—tight, controlled. "Understood."

I looked at her. "What do we do?"

She exhaled slowly through her nose. "Maeve."

"The head doctor here?" I asked. "She knows about this stuff?"

"Yes." Nala's voice was steady now, decision made. "She's got a background in cybersecurity before she switched to psychiatry. I'll talk to her and see if she can help us trace this."

I nodded. My eyes drifted back to the cam in her hand—small, innocuous, but loaded with potential disaster.

Whatever that thing had recorded wasn't good.

All the times Nala and I had fucked in this office—bent over the desk, up against the window, on the couch during late-night "meetings" had to be on there. Every moan, every slap of skin, every whispered dirty word. If even a second of that leaked... it would be catastrophic. Not just for her career. For both of us.

We should've been more careful. We should've swept the room ourselves. We should've never let our guard down.

Nala closed her fingers around the device, knuckles white.

Fucking hell...

♥□♥□♥□

I was on the break room balcony, leaning against the railing with a cigarette between my fingers. A couple of workers stood on the other side, talking quietly about shifts and weekend plans. The city lights stretched out in front of us, cold and distant.

I took one last drag, held it for a second, then flicked the cigarette into the ashtray mounted on the railing and crushed it out.

I was about to head back inside when I saw him again.

Same man. Standing just outside the parking lot entrance. Short. White beard. Hands in his coat pockets. Just standing there like he had nowhere else to be.

The guy who claimed he was Amelia's father. Father or not, this was getting creepy.

"Damn idiot..." I muttered under my breath. "What does he want?"

The balcony door slid open behind me.

"Mr. Marlowe," a woman's voice said.

I turned. One of the staff.

"Mrs. Nolin wants to see you."

"Right," I muttered. "I'll be at her office in a minute."

"No, she's in the head doctor's office, sir," the woman corrected with a quick nod before heading back inside.

Head doctor's office?

Maeve's.

It had only been a couple hours. Had Maeve already traced where the hidden camera was storing the recordings? If she had, that was the first good news we'd gotten in a while.

Finally.

I stepped back inside, letting the balcony door slide shut, and headed toward the elevators. Maintenance must've wrapped up because they were working again. I rode up, then walked down the corridor to Maeve's office.

I stopped in front of the door. Before I could knock, I heard raised voices from inside.

Nala. Angry.

I opened the door and stepped in.

Maeve was seated behind her desk, posture straight but tense. Nala stood in front of it, both hands pressed flat against the surface, leaning forward slightly.

"Why?" Nala demanded. "I know you can do it, Maeve."

"Mrs. Nolin," Maeve said carefully, "I left those years behind me. I wouldn't be able to write a basic Python script if you asked. I forgot all of it."

"Don't bullshit me," Nala shot back. "I know you can. You just won't try."

"Try?" Maeve's voice tightened. "I'm telling you the truth. I don't have it in me anymore."

"What's going on?" I asked, stepping closer to Nala.

"She refuses to trace the hidden camera to its cloud storage," Nala said without looking at me.

"Oh." I glanced at Maeve. "Why? We really need those recordings if we want to figure out who planted it."

"I already told Mrs. Nolin," Maeve said, cutting me off. "I left that life behind. I'm not going back to it."

Nala straightened and exhaled sharply, then turned toward me. Her voice dropped. "We need another option."

"Hey," I said, thinking quickly. "I know a guy. Tuck. Old buddy. He might not be the one directly, but he'll know someone who can handle this kind of thing. You want me to reach out?"

She nodded immediately. "I'll take whatever I can get."

"Alright. I'll call him and see what he says."

"Mm."

I looked at Maeve and gave her a small, polite smile. "Thanks for your time, anyway."

She just nodded.

"Come on," I said to Nala. "Let's go."

The Heart System - Chapter 424[1,672 words]

Chapter 424: Chapter 424

Nala and I stepped out of Maeve's office and stood in front of the closed door for a few seconds. Neither of us said anything. The corridor lights hummed softly above us.

After a moment, we walked to the right, further down the corridor, and stopped in front of a large window overlooking the parking lot.

Snow was falling steadily outside, dusting the cars and pavement in white.

"Can we trust this Tuck person, Evan?" she asked, her voice serious.

"Of course we can," I said with a nod.

"Okay..." she muttered, staring out at the snow. "Okay... we'll find out where those recordings were saved... right, Evan?"

I smiled slightly. "Yes. Don't worry about it."

She stayed quiet for another few seconds, then pushed herself off the windowsill and glanced down the corridor. It was mostly empty. A couple of employees stood near the far end making phone calls. A cleaning staff member was wiping mud off the floor near the entrance.

"I'll..." Nala said quietly.

She reached into her pocket, pulled out the hidden camera, and casually slipped it into my pants pocket, keeping the movement subtle.

"Leave it to you, then."

"Hmm."

She rubbed her face, exhausted, then walked off toward the elevators without another word.

I stayed there, leaning against the window frame, staring out at the snow-covered parking lot.

A hidden camera in TechForge. It could've been Carrie trying to get revenge. One of the board members. A competitor. Anyone. The list of possible suspects was massive.

I shifted my gaze slightly—

And saw her.

A woman standing in the parking lot holding a black umbrella despite the light snowfall. She wasn't moving. Just standing there.

I turned fully toward the window and focused on her.

But right as she started to tilt her head up I blinked and she was gone. No one there. Just snow.

"Silk..." I muttered. "It has to be, right?"

"Evan."

I turned.

Amelia stood behind me. She had a small bandage wrapped around her finger.

"Oh. Hey," I said. "What happened to your finger?"

"Paper cut," she replied. "Hurts like hell."

"Yeah. Those are the worst."

"Yep."

There was a short silence between us.

"Oh, uh, we won't be doing lessons today," I said. "Something came up. I need to leave early."

"Okay..." she said, clearing her throat. "I... gotta go."

"Yeah. Don't let me stop you."

"Mm."

Awkward.

She walked past me, knocked on Maeve's door, and stepped inside.

I turned back to the window, scanning the parking lot again. Nothing. No umbrella. No figure. Just snow settling quietly over everything.

"Gotta go," I exhaled. "No time to dwell on that."

♥□♥□♥□

It felt weird visiting my old workplace again. The place was still the same mess it used to be. Gas fumes mixed with alcohol and cigarette stench hit me the second I stepped out of the car. A complete dumpster fire. But I couldn't lie, I kind of missed it. Here, you didn't have to worry about hidden cameras, corporate espionage, or someone trying to leak company secrets. The biggest crisis here was someone stealing a Red Bull.

The automatic doors slid open and I stepped inside.

Tuck was behind the counter, head down, scrolling through his phone. Probably reading the news or watching some stupid clips. He didn't look up, so I cleared my throat and walked closer. When he finally raised his head and saw me, his face lit up.

"My man," he grinned, slapping the counter. "Thought you forgot about ol' T after landing yourself some rich chick."

"Naah," I said, shaking my head. "Just busy. How are you?"

"Good. How about you?" He looked me up and down. "Plain t-shirt and pants? Not very office-core. Day off?"

"Had to leave early. Didn't have time to put on my rich-asshole suit," I said with a small laugh. "How's it been since Richard left?"

"They still haven't found some unlucky bastard to replace him," he replied. "So I'm doing double shifts. Pay's good though."

"Still sucks."

He waved it off. "I've worked worse places. Trust me."

I leaned both elbows on the counter and rubbed my face. He noticed right away that something was off. His expression shifted and he reached over to tap my shoulder once.

"You got problems?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "We found a hidden cam in Nala's office. Nala's my girlfriend. We need to figure out where the footage is stored."

Tuck leaned back against the cigarette cabinet, arms crossing over his chest. It was enclosed in glass now, which I didn't remember from before. He looked at me for a long second, then shook his head.

"I thought you came here to visit me," he said. "Not ask for help again."

"Look—"

"You did this last time too. Came in asking us to help rescue some woman," he cut in. "Now I'm thinking, hey, Evan finally dropped by to hang out, and boom. You need something."

"I know I haven't been around," I said. "But TechForge takes a lot out of me."

"Oh, poor you," he shot back. "Big tech job, tons of money, stressful life. Cry me a river."

"You know that's not what I mean."

"It is what it sounds like." He shook his head. "We used to hang out all the time. Drink. Do dumb shit. Now look at you."

"That wasn't exactly healthy," I said. "I used to have beer for breakfast if there was any left. That wasn't sustainable."

"Whatever," he said. "I'm not getting dragged into your weird situations again."

"Tuck."

"Sorry, man. You changed. Better? Worse? I don't know. But you changed. I'm not some tool you pull out when you need fixing. Not some fucking charity."

"What, you want money?" I asked without thinking.

That did it.

His jaw tightened. "Get out before I actually hit you."

"Tuck, I didn't mean—"

"Get out."

I stared at him for a second, then shook my head. "Fine. Jesus. Fine."

I walked out of the gas station, the automatic doors sliding shut behind me.

Well, that failed.

I stood there in the cold for a moment, hands in my pockets. I didn't even know who else to ask now. And if I was being honest, part of what he said wasn't wrong. Ever since this new life started, I hadn't exactly been a great friend.

"Way to go, Evan," I muttered to myself before heading toward my car.

♥□♥□♥□

Fuck. I really wished I still had Hypnotize available. If I did, I would've just convinced Maeve to help us and saved everyone the headache. But she had been stubborn. Really stubborn. Whatever that past of hers was, she clearly wanted nothing to do with it. And we couldn't afford that kind of refusal right now. Tuck was out, and the only person who might actually know how to trace that hidden cam was Maeve.

The head doctor of TechForge having some secret hacker past. I still didn't know what to make of that. Why switch paths like that? What happened?

I went back to her office without knocking and let myself in, closing the door behind me. She wasn't there. Probably on a break. I stepped further inside and sat on the edge of one of the examination beds, rubbing my hands together and exhaling.

"Tuck... fuck, man," I muttered. "This sucks."

Sitting around wasn't helping. I stood back up and walked toward the window, staring outside for a second before pulling my phone out. It was on silent. I'd missed a few calls.

None from Mendy.

That hit worse than I expected. I still couldn't believe I'd been late. I'd been so wrapped up with Kayla and everything else that I completely miscalculated the time. I thought I could make it. I was wrong.

I dialed Mendy.

After a few rings, she picked up. "Hey, Evan."

"Hey," I said. "I think you know why I'm calling."

"Mm?"

"I'm sorry I was late. Traffic was bad. Snow, everything."

"It's okay," she said calmly. "I handled it."

"Handled what?"

"My bedroom. We were going to rearrange it, remember?"

"Yeah... I'm really sorry."

"It's fine," she replied. "I need to go now, though. Sorry."

"Yeah. Have a nice one."

"You too."

The line cut. I lowered the phone and slipped it back into my pocket.

There were also missed calls from Cora. I stared at her name for a second but locked the screen. I couldn't deal with that right now. The hidden cam situation was already eating at me.

That's when I heard it.

A faint sound from under Maeve's desk. Quick. Subtle. Like something shifting. I glanced down. There was a bag under her table. One of the zippers wasn't fully closed, and something black was slightly visible through the gap.

At first I ignored it. Then I looked again.

It looked like a strap. A collar maybe.

Curiosity won.

I crouched down, pulled the bag toward me, and opened the zipper fully.

Inside was a dog collar. Black leather. Metal ring. Next to it, a pepper spray. A couple of notebooks. And a laptop.

I frowned.

The collar didn't match the clean, professional image she carried around the office. Neither did the rest of it. It felt like pieces of a different person shoved into a single bag.

My instincts told me to check the laptop. So I did. I pulled it out, sat on the edge of her desk, and opened it. Password screen. Of course. I wasn't some elite hacker. I couldn't brute-force my way in. It would need a password or her fingerprint.

The door handle suddenly turned. The door began to open. I didn't even think.

I activated Time Stop.

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: 5249c

The Heart System - Chapter 425[1,623 words]

Chapter 425: Chapter 425

There she was. Maeve.

Thankfully, the door wasn't fully open yet—she hadn't stepped inside and spotted me. Good.

Time had already halted the moment I triggered the skill. The world outside the window was frozen: snowflakes suspended mid-fall like white confetti caught in amber, distant traffic locked in place, even the faint steam from someone's coffee cup downstairs hanging motionless in the air.

I rose quickly from the chair, grabbed the laptop off her desk, and moved toward her. She stood frozen in the doorway—mid-stride, one hand still on the knob, expression neutral, professional, the same calm mask she always wore.

I lifted her right hand gently—fingers cool and limp—and pressed her index finger to the reader on the laptop lid. The sensor beeped once, soft green light flashing. Unlocked.

"Let's see..." I muttered, carrying the laptop back to her desk and setting it down. "What was that beep sound, huh? Maybe the same beep that came from the hidden cam?"

The desktop loaded instantly. Clean, minimal—medical journals, patient notes, a single locked folder labeled simply "1".

I used her fingerprint again. The folder opened.

Inside was fifteen video files, neatly named with dates and short descriptors. Custom_Order_01, Custom_Order_02, Custom_Order_03... all the way to the most recent one, timestamped two days ago.

I clicked the first.

The screen filled with a woman recording herself in a bathroom mirror, phone held high. She was completely naked—curvy, confident, skin glowing under warm lighting. Big, heavy tits hung full and natural, dark nipples already hard. Wide hips flared into a thick, juicy ass that jiggled slightly when she turned sideways for the camera. A pair of fluffy black dog ears perched on her head—part of a cheap but sexy costume set—and a matching

collar with a little silver tag dangled between her breasts. A bushy tail plug was clearly visible when she bent forward, the base nestled snug between her cheeks.

Next to her stood a man—fully clothed in jeans and a black hoodie, arms crossed, smirking at the camera like he owned the room. Boyfriend, probably. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him yet.

"Hello, Maeve!" the woman chirped, voice bright and performative. "Thanks for joining my OnlyFans and ordering a custom video!"

She turned, showing off the tail plug again—wagging her hips so the fluffy end bounced.

"I'm wearing everything you sent me."

"Man, this is going to be exciting," the guy said, voice low and amused.

"Oh, it'll be," she replied, grinning. "Come on, let's go."

The video cut.

Then the next scene came, nighttime park. Empty paths, sodium lamps casting long orange pools. The woman was on all fours now—naked except for the ears, collar, and tail plug—crawling slowly toward a tree while her boyfriend set the phone up on a low branch. Once the framing was perfect, he knelt behind her, grabbed the collar, and tugged it back gently.

She lifted one leg—high, exaggerated, like a dog marking territory—and pissed against the tree trunk. A clear stream arced out; she exhaled shakily, cheeks flushed, clearly thrilled and terrified at the same time.

They both laughed—quiet, conspiratorial. He checked the surroundings once more, no one, then dropped to his knees behind her and started fucking her doggy-style, right there under the streetlight.

I fast-forwarded. The rest was more of the same: outdoor play, tail-plug wagging, collar-pulling, her moaning like she was in heat. Nothing else stood out.

But the man... I paused on a clear frame of his face.

"Shit..." I muttered. "Vanessa's boyfriend. The chick I exposed at the gala. He had her do something similar..."

I closed the video and opened the next. Another custom order. Then another. All the same woman, different scenarios—public parks, alleyways, even a quiet beach at night. All commissioned by Maeve. All expensive.

"Fucking hell," I whispered. "Just how much money does she have to burn on this shit?"

I closed the folder, opened her browser. Several tabs were already loaded. I clicked the first one—a messaging app. Only three contacts visible: her father, her mother, and someone saved simply as "K" with no profile picture.

The most recent thread with "K" was from a few hours ago.

I read aloud, voice low in the frozen room:

"Maeve: Did you put the hidden cam in her office, K?"

"K: Why do you care?"

"Maeve: Stop it!"

"K: Fuck you, Maeve."

"Maeve: No, fuck you. I'll call the cops."

"K: I'll expose the pervert you are, then. Have fun explaining those videos to your parents."

That was it. No more messages.

Fuck.

So after we confronted her about the hidden cam in Nala's office, Maeve knew exactly who might have planted it. But she said nothing. Hid it. And "K" was threatening to leak... what? The OnlyFans customs? The dog-play videos?

This was tangled. Deeply, dangerously tangled.

Realizing time was running low, I could feel the faint pressure in my temples that always signaled the skill was about to end, I quickly backed up the first five videos to my phone via bluetooth, snapped a photo of the K conversation with my phone, closed everything, locked the laptop with her fingerprint again, and placed it exactly back where it had been.

I walked to the window and stood in front of Maeve—still frozen mid-step in the doorway.

I exhaled.

Time resumed.

The world lurched back into motion. Snowflakes continued their lazy fall outside. Maeve finished stepping inside, door swinging shut behind her.

"Oh," she muttered, blinking once when she saw me standing by the window. "Mr. Marlowe."

"Evan," I corrected, turning slowly. "Hey, Maeve."

"Hey..." She closed the door fully, crossed to her chair, and sat—posture perfect, expression neutral. "How may I help you?"

"I was going to ask you about the hidden cam," I said, voice calm. "And why you're refusing to help us trace it."

Her eyes flickered, just a fraction, but I caught it.

"I already told Mrs. Nolin about it," Maeve said quietly. "I can't help with that. I left those years behind."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Mr. Marlowe. I'm sure."

I studied her for a moment. Calm posture. Steady eyes. No hesitation in her voice. If she was lying, she was good at it.

I had leverage now. The videos. The messages with K. Enough to pressure her if I really had to. But that would be the last option. Blackmailing the head doctor of TechForge, someone with a hacking background, sounded like a great way to create a powerful enemy. I didn't need more of those.

I gave a small nod and crossed my arms. She mirrored the movement, leaning back in her chair, crossing her legs, watching me carefully.

I tried to feel for that familiar internal push, the nudge of Honeyed Words, but nothing surfaced. Either my charm wasn't high enough, or I hadn't invested enough into the skill. Either way, I was on my own.

"Okay," I said finally. "I'll leave you to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Marlowe," she replied. "Have a nice day."

"You too, Maeve."

"Mm..."

I stepped out and closed the door behind me.

So Tuck was out. Maeve was out. I didn't know anyone else who could trace where that hidden camera was sending its footage. That left me with one lead.

K.

I needed to find out who K was.

My phone buzzed again in my pocket. I pulled it out while walking toward the elevators.

Cora.

I had already missed a few of her calls today. Ignoring her again would just make things worse. I answered.

"Hey, Cora."

"E-Evan." Her voice was shaky. "Um... how are you?"

"I'm good," I said. "You sound nervous. What's wrong?"

"I was wondering if we could... maybe hang out..."

I closed my eyes briefly as I stopped in front of the elevator and pressed the button.

Not now. I couldn't afford distractions. Not after Kayla. Not with the hidden cam. Not with Chase still in the background of all this.

"I'm sorry, Cora," I said carefully. "Maybe another time? I promise."

"O-okay," she replied softly. "Another time. Yes."

Guilt settled in my chest, but I pushed it down. I didn't have space for it.

"I'll see you soon, Cora."

"Of course," she said. "Um... bye..."

The call ended just as the elevator doors slid open. I stepped inside, staring at my reflection in the metal wall.

One problem at a time.

First, Chase.



I sat in the waiting area outside Chase Bellings' office, legs stretched out, phone balanced on my thigh, scrolling aimlessly through X to kill time. The place hadn't changed since my last visit: same beige walls, same fake plant in the corner, same low-volume jazz drifting from a speaker somewhere. I'd been here early on purpose. Observation was the goal today. Watch who came and went. Watch their faces.

My phone buzzed once—soft vibration against my leg.

Notification from Minne.

I tapped it open.

The photo loaded instantly.

Minne bent over the dining table at home, back arched, maid skirt rucked up around her waist. No panties. A thick black buttplug nestled snug between her pale cheeks, the flared base glinting under the kitchen lights. Tessa's face was pressed playfully against one ass cheek—cheeky grin, tongue poking out, peace sign flashed right next to Minne's hip. Minne's head was turned just enough to look back at the camera, cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling with mischief.

Caption beneath it read, 'We have a surprise for you, stud'

Well, not really a surprise now, huh?

My cock gave an immediate, insistent throb—thickening against my zipper in seconds. I exhaled through my nose, shifted in the chair to hide the growing bulge, and fired off three heart emojis in reply.

The Heart System - Chapter 426[1,563 words]

Chapter 426: Chapter 426

The door to Chase's office opened.

A woman in her late 20s stepped out—blonde, cardigan, sensible flats. She didn't look at anyone. Just kept her eyes on the floor, shoulders hunched, lips pressed into a thin line like she was holding something back. The same look I'd seen on every female patient who'd left his office today: troubled, distracted, almost haunted.

The men, though?

Different story.

A guy in his 40s had walked out twenty minutes earlier—broad shoulders, easy smile, practically humming as he passed reception. Another one, younger, maybe early 30s, had left whistling. Butterflies in their steps. Content. Satisfied.

Something was off.

"Mr. Marlowe."

Chase's voice carried from inside the office. I looked up. He was visible through the open doorway—seated behind his desk, glasses perched on his nose, pen in hand, looking every bit the calm, empathetic shrink.

"You've been here early," he said, not accusatory, just observant. "I saw you a couple of times when the door opened."

"Didn't want to miss it, Mr. Bellings."

He gave a small, professional smile. "Well then, please, come in."

I stood, pocketed my phone, and walked inside. The door clicked shut behind me—soft, final.

I sat down with a sigh.

Chase leaned back slightly, pen tapping once against his notepad.

"Now..." he said, voice measured. "What would you like to talk about today?"

I leaned forward, elbows on my knees, and met his eyes.

"Actually, nothing in particular," I said. "I just feel like this place is good for my soul, to be honest."

"Ah, well that's good to hear, Mr. Marlowe," he chuckled. "I'm glad you're enjoying the job I do here. That flatters me."

"I mean, how do you even keep up with all the patients you have? There have to be over fifty, right?"

"It gets confusing at times," he admitted. "But I value my patients and work hard for them."

"You don't take notes somewhere?" I asked casually. "Without notes it has to get messy. People blend together."

"It really isn't," he replied. "After a while, you recognize faces. In a delicate profession like mine, you have to take responsibility. You can't misname someone who already feels like no one listens to them."

"Mm."

Those didn't sound like the words of some careless misogynist therapist. Either he wasn't what I suspected, or he was very good at performing. I couldn't just confront him about the reviews or accuse him of treating women differently. That would only make him cautious around me. I needed proof first.

"So, Mr. Marlowe," he said, clapping his hands once, "enough about me. Let's talk about you."

I nodded. "Sure. Let's talk about me."

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: 5159c

Another Time Stop.

The world froze in place. I stood up calmly, walked around his desk, slipped his phone out of his pocket, and unlocked it with Face ID.

"Alright, Chase," I muttered. "Let's see what you've got."

I checked his messages first. Ivy's name was near the top. They barely texted, but the call logs were long. Twenty-five minutes yesterday morning. An hour two days ago. I frowned. What do you even talk about for an hour? Planning to end world hunger or something?

I closed the messages and opened his notes app. Everything was alphabetically organized. Aaron. Ahmad. Anne. Bill. I scrolled slowly until I found my name: Evan Marlowe.

I tapped it.

"Evan Henrik Marlowe." I frowned. How did he know my middle name? Probably background digging.

I kept reading.

"Social anxiety. Avoidant conversational tendencies. Frequently redirects questions back to therapist. Possible ulterior motive."

Ulterior motive? Seriously?

"Friend of Ivy. Began sessions shortly after relationship started. Coincidence or fixation?"

Wow. So now I was a potential stalker in his eyes.

"According to Ivy, two exes: Lily and Julia. Consider contacting for additional context."

I shook my head. Ivy really told him that much.

I backed out and began checking other names. I couldn't find Ivy's file, which was odd, so I tapped the closest female patient I saw. Irene. The note was short. Basic description. A couple of observations. Around a hundred words.

I checked another female patient. Similar length. Minimal detail.

Then I opened a male patient's file. It was extensive. Over five hundred words. Detailed behavioral notes. Homework tracking. Specific examples from sessions. I checked another male patient. Same thing. Thorough, structured, meticulous.

I went back and compared a few more at random. The pattern held. Female patients had short summaries. Male patients had in-depth documentation.

What was this guy's problem?

It wasn't illegal. The notes weren't inappropriate. But the difference in effort was obvious once you saw it. Either he subconsciously took male patients more seriously, or there was something else influencing how he treated women in therapy.

My Time Stop wouldn't last forever. I locked the phone, slipped it back into his pocket, returned to my chair, and let time resume as if nothing had happened.

Now I just needed to figure out what to do with what I'd learned.

A few seconds later, Time Stop ended.

"I'm listening, Mr. Marlowe."

Was he really listening, or was he still categorizing me as the guy who showed up right after he started dating Ivy? Either way, I didn't care what he thought about me personally. What mattered was whether he was actually the professional he pretended to be. The headlines, the interviews, the polished reputation, it all could have been branding. He was handsome, articulate, media-friendly. That alone could launch a career fast. And if tragic cases had put his name in the news, that kind of exposure could easily be spun into credibility.

"I talked with someone today," I said. "A woman. I think we hit it off pretty well."

"Oh?" He leaned forward slightly. "What did you talk about?"

"Just random stuff. I met her at a bar."

"That's good, Mr. Marlowe. Did you notice any stuttering? Any anxiety spikes?"

"Maybe. I don't really remember."

"If you can't recall a specific embarrassing moment, that usually means the interaction went smoothly. Congratulations."

"Yeah. After my two exes, I think I needed that."

"Your exes?" he asked, as if this was new information.

"Julia and Lily."

"I see. What happened with them?"

"Lily wanted more," I said. "Money. Status. She left me for a richer asswipe. Sorry for the language."

"No judgment here," he replied calmly. "What can you tell me about him?"

"Not much. Nice car. I think he had a house in Italy. That's about it."

"And Julia?"

"That one was more mutual," I said. "She was wealthy. I wasn't. It felt cliché. I couldn't keep up."

"Keep up financially, or emotionally?"

"Both, probably. She liked expensive brands, luxury trips, high-end everything. I was barely holding myself together. It started as a high school thing. We met online, realized we went to the same school, started hanging out, dated for a few months, and that was it."

"Do you think she felt relieved after the breakup?" he asked. "From what you're describing, you felt inadequate."

"I don't know. Maybe. You never really know what someone is thinking."

He nodded slightly. "I won't assume her perspective. But I'm hearing that a lot of your self-worth is tied to money."

I shrugged. "When you're constantly comparing yourself to people who have more, it's hard not to."

The session continued with me talking about the "homework" he had assigned, breathing exercises, grounding techniques. I exaggerated a bit. He didn't press too hard, which told me he either believed me or chose not to challenge it. Either way, he seemed less guarded than before. That was good. The less suspicious he was of me, the better.

"That's the end of our session, Mr. Marlowe," he said eventually. "This one went better than the others. You were more open."

"Yeah," I replied. "It actually helped."

"That's what we're aiming for." He stood and extended his hand. "Take care. And don't forget the homework."

I stood and shook his hand. "I won't, Mr. Bellings."

I walked out of the office feeling like I'd made progress, not as a patient, but as someone slowly lowering his guard.



I pulled the Jeep into the hotel's circular drive, tires crunching softly over the thin layer of fresh snow that had started to accumulate on the pavement. The doorman in his long black coat spotted me immediately and waved the valet forward. I killed the engine, stepped out into the sharp evening cold, and handed over the keys with a quick nod.

"Thanks," I muttered, zipping my jacket higher as the valet slid behind the wheel and pulled away smoothly toward the garage.

Snowflakes drifted down in lazy, fat spirals, catching the warm glow of the hotel's exterior lights and melting almost instantly on the heated stone steps. Holiday wreaths hung heavy on the brass handrails, red ribbons fluttering weakly in the breeze. A small crew of staff was unloading crates of champagne flutes from a delivery van parked to the side, New Year's Eve preparations already underway, even if the city still felt half-asleep under the gray sky.

The Heart System - Chapter 427[1,631 words]

Chapter 427: Chapter 427

I climbed the wide exterior stairs, twenty shallow marble steps dusted with white, and pushed through the automatic glass doors.

Warm air enveloped me instantly—scented with pine from the massive lobby Christmas tree and the faint coffee drifting from the bar. Marble floors gleamed under soft chandelier light; a few guests moved quietly across the space, suitcases rolling behind them. The grand clock above the main elevators read 6:47 p.m.

I headed straight for the private elevator in the far corner—penthouse access only, tucked behind a velvet rope. As I approached, the doors slid open on their own.

Jasmine stepped out first, Nala right behind her. Jasmine wore a black wool coat over jeans, hands in her pockets; Nala had thrown on a long camel trench and looked like she hadn't slept properly in days—dark circles under her eyes, jaw tight.

"Oh, hey, girls," I said, stopping as they walked closer. "What are you guys doing?"

Jasmine exhaled through her nose, shoulders rising and falling. "I'm taking Nala outside. She's stressed out of her mind. She needs it."

"You mean kidnapping me outside?" Nala said, voice flat but edged with exhaustion. "I need to be at home, trying to figure out who put that hidden cam, Jas."

"No you don't need to." Jasmine stepped in front of her, blocking her path like a bouncer. "All you think or talk about is this thing. You need to calm down. You and I are going to go do some shopping."

"I don't need shopping!"

"It seems she needs some shopping, Jasmine," I said, folding my arms. "What do you think?"

"I think the same," Jasmine muttered, then patted Nala on the shoulder—firm, no-nonsense. "Come on, Boss."

Nala shook her head, half resignation, half defeat and followed. Jasmine glanced back at me, gave a small wave with two fingers.

I smiled and waved back.

I turned and stepped into the private lift, pressed the penthouse button, and waited. The doors closed with a soft chime; the car rose smoothly, silently.

When they opened onto the penthouse foyer I stepped out—marble giving way to dark hardwood, recessed lighting casting long warm shadows.

I'd forgotten my keycard inside, again, so I knocked once, firm.

The door swung open almost immediately.

Minne stood there—face flushed bright red, eyes wide and shiny, biting her lower lip like she was trying not to squirm. The maid outfit was pristine except for the hem being slightly askew, like someone had tugged it up and down a few times.

"Hey, honey," I said, stepping inside and pressing a kiss to her cheek.

Her legs buckled instantly—soft, dramatic, like her knees had simply decided they were done working. She collapsed forward into me with a tiny squeak. I caught her easily, one arm around her waist, the other under her thighs, lifting her just enough to keep her upright.

I arched one eyebrow, looking down at her flushed face. "What's wrong?"

Then it clicked—the photo Tessa had sent earlier. Minne bent over the dining table, skirt up, buttplug nestled between her cheeks, Tessa grinning beside her with a peace sign.

I chuckled low in my throat—dark, amused—and scooped her fully into my arms, bridal style. She squeaked again, arms looping around my neck, face buried against my shoulder.

I carried her straight to the master bedroom, kicked the door shut behind us, and set her gently on the bed.

Minne didn't wait. She immediately rolled onto all fours, ass presented, skirt riding up on its own. I knelt behind her, flipped the hem higher—sure enough, the black plug was still there, base glinting under the bedroom lights, her pussy already glistening beneath it.

The door opened again.

Tessa leaned in the frame, one hip cocked, smirking. "Hey, don't forget about me, cowboy."

I glanced over my shoulder, grinning. "Hey, it'd be impossible to forget someone like you, Tess."

"Damn right."

She stepped inside and closed the door with a soft click.

I pulled the plug out slowly, watching her rim stretch around the widest part—until it popped free with a wet, obscene sound. Minne gasped, back arching, asshole winking open and closed in the cool air, pink and slick from lube.

I spread her cheeks wide with both hands—thumbs digging into soft flesh—and leaned in. My tongue dragged flat over her hole slowly... it was warm, tasting salt and clean skin. She whimpered, hips twitching. I circled the rim once, twice, then pushed the tip inside just enough to feel her flutter. Then I pulled back and spat right onto the puckered ring. The saliva slid down, pooling at the center before disappearing inside her.

I straightened up.

Tessa was already behind me—silent, quick—her fingers working my belt open, then the button of my jeans. She shoved pants and boxers down together in one impatient tug; my cock sprang free, thick and heavy.

I stepped out of the clothes, pushed them aside with my foot, and climbed onto the bed. One knee sank into the mattress beside Minne's hip. I grabbed her waist—fingers sinking into the soft give of her sides—and pulled her back until her ass hung perfectly off the edge, legs dangling, pussy and asshole presented like an offering.

I lined up and pushed into her ass—slow at first, letting her feel the stretch. The head popped past the rim with a soft, slick sound; then the rest followed, inch by inch, until my hips met her cheeks. She moaned—long, broken—head dropping forward onto the sheets.

"Fuck..." I groaned, holding still for a second to savor the tight, hot grip. "So good, honey... taking me so deep..."

Tessa knelt beside us, one hand spreading Minne's cheeks wider while the other guided me. She spat, her saliva landing right on my shaft where it disappeared into Minne's hole. The extra wetness made every slow thrust smoother, deeper; Minne's moans turned higher, needier.

I started moving—long, steady strokes that pulled almost all the way out before sliding back in to the hilt. Each push made her ass jiggle, the plug-less hole clinging to me like it never wanted to let go. Wet sounds filled the room—slick, rhythmic—mixed with her soft whimpers and my low groans.

"Master..." Minne breathed, voice shaky. "Please cum inside my p-p... pussy..."

Tessa laughed—low, wicked—then slapped Minne's ass once, sharp enough to leave a pink handprint. "She still wants to get pregnant by you. Wow."

I chuckled, hips rolling deeper. "Of course, honey."

I picked up speed—short, hard thrusts now—each one slamming home, balls slapping against her soaked pussy. Minne cried out—high, desperate—pushing back to meet me, fingers clawing at the sheets.

Tessa stood long enough to strip—jeans, sweater, bra, panties hitting the floor in a careless pile. Then she climbed onto the bed, mirroring Minne's position—knees spread, ass up, back arched. A silver plug winked between her cheeks, tail-end swaying slightly as she settled.

I moaned—deep, guttural—and pushed into Minne to the hilt, holding there while I reached over and slapped Tessa's ass—hard, the crack ringing out. Her cheek jiggled; she hissed through her teeth, grinning back at me.

"You too, huh?"

Tessa looked over her shoulder, eyes dark. "I realized I was a jerk to you the last few days. This is my apology."

"Few days?" I asked, pulling almost out of Minne before slamming back in—deep enough to make her squeak. "Sure."

"Shut up."

I laughed and kept fucking Minne slowly, punishing strokes that made the bed creak. Tessa stayed right there, ass presented, plug glinting, watching me take Minne with hungry, patient eyes.

I kept my rhythm steady at first—long, deep strokes that pulled almost all the way out before sliding back in to the root. Minne's ass hugged me like a glove, hot and tight, every

inch of her gripping me as I withdrew. Each thrust made her cheeks jiggle, the flesh rippling under my palms where I held her hips.

"Fuck, look at this perfect little ass," I growled, voice low and rough. "Taking my cock so deep, so greedy. You love being filled back here, don't you, honey?"

Minne moaned—high, needy—pushing back to meet me. "Y-yes, Master... love it... love feeling you stretch me..."

I brought my palm down hard on her right cheek—sharp, loud crack that echoed in the room. Her skin bloomed pink instantly; she yelped, pussy clenching around nothing, ass pushing higher like she wanted more.

"That's right," I said, slapping the left cheek next—harder. The flesh bounced, handprint overlapping the first. "This ass is mine. Look how red it gets for me already. You're gonna wear my marks all day, aren't you?"

"Yes—yes, Master—please..."

I kept spanking her—alternating cheeks, each smack a little harder than the last—until both sides glowed bright pink, hot under my palms. Every impact made her moan louder, her pussy dripping steadily now, slick trails running down her inner thighs and soaking the sheets below.

Tessa watched from the side—knees spread, back arched, her own plug still buried deep. She bit her lip, eyes dark and hungry.

I reached over without breaking rhythm and slapped Tessa's ass, firm crack that made her gasp and arch higher. "You too, huh? Bent over like a good little slut, plug stretching that tight hole while you watch me fuck Minne."

"Damn right," Tessa breathed, voice husky. "Couldn't stay away. Slap it again."

I did—harder. Her cheek jiggled, pink blooming fast. She moaned, pushing back against nothing, ass wiggling like she was begging for more.

"God, I love these asses," I muttered, alternating slaps now, Minne, Tessa, Minne, Tessa, each one ringing out sharp and wet. "Both of you so soft, so fucking spankable. Look at you—red and dripping, moaning like little whores for me."

Minne's moans turned desperate—high-pitched, broken. "Master... please... touch me..."

The Heart System - Chapter 428[1,615 words]

Chapter 428: Chapter 428

I slid my free hand between her thighs, fingers finding her clit immediately, swollen, slick, throbbing. I rubbed slow circles at first, matching the rhythm of my thrusts, then faster, firmer, until her hips bucked wildly.

"That what you need?" I rasped, pinching her clit lightly between thumb and forefinger. "This needy little button? Rubbing it while I fuck your ass? You're gonna cum like this, aren't you? Gonna soak the sheets while I pound this tight hole."

"Yes, yes, Master, please..."

I sped up everything—hips snapping forward harder, fingers rubbing frantic circles on her clit, thumb pressing down in tight, relentless spirals. Her pussy leaked steadily—hot, slippery—dripping onto my wrist, running down her thighs in thin rivulets. Her ass clenched around my cock with every thrust, milking me, pulling me deeper.

Tessa watched—breathless—her own hand slipping between her legs, rubbing her clit in time with my movements. "Fuck... look at her shake... she's gonna explode..."

Minne's moans turned to sharp cries—higher, faster—body trembling on the edge. Her thighs quivered, back bowing sharply, fingers clawing at the sheets. "Master—I'm—I'm gonna—please—don't stop—"

I didn't.

I fucked her harder, short, brutal thrusts, fingers flying over her clit, pinching, rubbing, pressing. Her whole body locked up—back arching like a bowstring, head snapping back, mouth open in a silent scream that quickly turned loud and raw.

She came hard.

Her pussy spasmed violently—walls pulsing in rhythmic waves, gushing wetness that soaked my hand, my balls, the bed beneath us. Her ass clenched around my cock so tight I groaned as the orgasm ripped through her. She screamed 'Master,' broken, desperate, body shaking uncontrollably, thighs trembling, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes. Wave after wave crashed through her—pussy squirting in small, hot bursts, ass fluttering, clit throbbing under my fingers. She rode it out—long, shattering—until her arms gave out and she collapsed forward, still impaled on me, still shaking.

"Good girl," I rasped, voice wrecked. "Cum so fucking hard for me... look at you... soaking everything... such a perfect little slut..."

I held still for a heartbeat—letting her ride the aftershocks—then pulled back slowly, inch by inch, until I slipped free with a wet pop.

Minne whimpered at the emptiness, ass winking, pussy still pulsing weakly.

I turned to Tessa—still bent over, eyes dark and waiting.

"Your turn now."

Her hair spilled over one shoulder, lips parted, eyes locked on me with that familiar mix of challenge and hunger. She wasn't Minne. She didn't melt or whimper. She pushed back, daring me.

Tessa smirked over her shoulder. "About fucking time, cowboy."

I stepped behind her, grabbed the base of her plug, and twisted it once—slow, teasing—before pulling it out in one smooth drag. The flared head popped free with a wet suck; her asshole stayed open for a second—pink, slick, winking—before starting to close. She groaned low, pushing back like she missed the stretch already.

"Fuck that tight little asshole," she rasped, voice thick. "Come on. Don't play nice."

I spat into my palm—once, thick—then slicked my cock with it. The head was still wet from Minne; now it glistened even more. I lined up, pressed the tip against her rim, and pushed.

She hissed through her teeth—half pain, half pleasure—as the head breached her. Her ring clamped down hard around me, hot and impossibly tight. I felt every ridge, every flutter as I sank in—slow at first, letting her adjust, letting her feel the stretch.

"Yeah... that's it," she growled, pushing back to take more. "Fuck, you're thick. Keep going. Don't stop."

Of course I didn't.

I thrust forward, harder, burying half my length in one go. Tessa groaned, head dropping forward, fingers digging into the sheets. Her ass clenched around me like a fist, pulling me deeper.

"You in yet?" she taunted, voice strained but still cocky. "I can't feel you, cowboy."

I slapped her ass—hard, the crack ringing out—then grabbed both cheeks and spread her wider.

"You sure about that?" I asked, pulling back almost to the tip before slamming in to the hilt.

She barked a laugh that turned into a moan—loud, raw—back bowing sharply. "Fuck—yes—there you are."

I started moving—long, punishing strokes that pulled almost all the way out before driving back in deep. Each thrust made her ass jiggle, the flesh rippling under my palms. She pushed back to meet me every time—greedy, aggressive—moaning and cursing under her breath.

"Harder," she demanded. "Fuck me like you mean it. Wreck this asshole."

I gave it to her.

Hips snapped forward—fast, brutal—skin slapping skin loud enough to echo off the walls. The bed creaked under us; Minne watched from the side, eyes wide and glassy, fingers idly circling her clit while she caught her breath.

Tessa's moans turned rougher—grunts, curses, broken laughs. "Shit—yes—right there—fuck—don't stop—"

I slapped her ass again, then again, alternating cheeks until both glowed bright red. Each smack made her clench around me tighter, dragging a groan out of my throat.

"Goddamn, this ass," I growled, gripping her hips so hard my fingers left marks. "So fucking tight. So greedy. You love getting your asshole pounded, don't you? Love feeling me stretch you wide."

"Fuck yes," she panted, pushing back harder. "Love it—love your cock splitting me open—don't you dare slow down—"

I fucked her relentlessly, deep, fast, each thrust bottoming out, balls slapping against her soaked pussy. Her moans grew louder, wilder, voice cracking on every exhale. Sweat slicked her back; her hair stuck to her neck; her fingers clawed at the sheets.

I reached around with one hand, found her clit, swollen, slick, throbbing, and rubbed hard circles. She jolted—whole body jerking—moaning louder.

"Fuck... Evan... yes—rub it—make me cum..."

I sped up my fingers—frantic, relentless—pinching, rolling, pressing down while I kept pounding her ass. Her pussy leaked steadily—dripping onto the sheets, coating my balls. Her walls started fluttering around my cock again—those telltale pulses that meant she was close.

"You gonna cum like this?" I rasped, voice strained. "Gonna cum with my cock buried in your tight little asshole? Gonna soak the bed while I fuck you raw?"

"Yes, fuck, yes, don't stop... don't you fucking stop—"

Her moans turned to sharp cries—higher, faster—body trembling on the edge. Her thighs shook; her back bowed sharper; her fingers dug into the mattress so hard the fabric tore.

Then she broke.

She came screaming my name, voice raw and shattered. Her asshole clamped down around me in violent, rhythmic spasms—milking me so tight it dragged a groan out of my throat. Her pussy gushed—hot, wet pulses—squirting in short bursts that soaked my hand, my thighs, the sheets beneath us. She shook uncontrollably—whole body convulsing—head thrown back, mouth open in a silent scream that quickly turned loud and broken.

"Good girl," I growled, thrusting through it—slow, deep—riding every spasm. "Cum so fucking hard... squeeze that ass around me... milk me..."

"You... you're the..." She moaned. "You're the good girl. Bastard."

"Sure, sure. I'm the good girl. Whatever you say."

"Fuck you."

She kept spasming—long, rolling waves—moaning brokenly, body shaking like she might fall apart. Her walls fluttered and clenched in endless, greedy pulses, drawing me deeper, trying to pull me over the edge with her.

I pushed one last time—deep, to the hilt—holding there while she rode the aftershocks.

Then I pulled out slowly, inch by inch, until I slipped free with a wet pop. Her asshole gaped for a second... pink, slick, before starting to close.

I stepped back for a second, cock still hard and slick, throbbing in the cool air of the bedroom. Minne was still on all fours, ass red from the slaps, pussy glistening, breathing in shallow little pants. Tessa stayed beside her, propped on her elbows, dark eyes watching me with that same hungry, challenging look.

"Minne," I said, voice low but firm. "Get on top of Tessa."

Minne's cheeks flushed deeper—bright scarlet—but she didn't hesitate. She crawled forward slowly, shy and careful, knees sinking into the mattress. Tessa lay back fully now, legs spread wide, arms open like she was welcoming her. Minne paused for half a heartbeat, then lowered herself down—chest to chest, small breasts pressing against Tessa's fuller ones, nipples brushing together.

Tessa wrapped her arms around Minne's waist, pulling her closer until their bodies aligned perfectly. Minne's ass rested right on top of Tessa's mound; their pussies lined up, slick folds kissing, clit to clit. Minne's smaller, pinker pussy sat snug against Tessa's darker, swollen one—both already dripping, wetness mixing where they touched. Their

assholes hovered just above each other, Minne's still slightly open from earlier, Tessa's plugged rim peeking out beneath the silver base.

The sight was obscene—two asses stacked, two pussies pressed together, both glistening and ready. Minne's red hair spilled across Tessa's shoulder; Tessa's darker strands fanned out on the pillow. Their breathing synced—quick, shallow—chest rising and falling against each other.

"Fuck," I muttered, climbing back onto the bed. "Look at you two. Stacked like that... pussies kissing, asses begging."

I grabbed Tessa's hips first and turned her body so she faced me more directly. Minne moved with her—small whimper as their slick folds dragged against each other—until both were angled toward me, legs spread wide, bodies aligned on the mattress instead of hanging off the edge.

I knelt between Tessa's thighs, cock lined up with Minne's ass again. One hand braced on Tessa's hip for leverage; the other guided myself to Minne's hole. I pushed in—slow at first—watching her rim stretch around the head, then the shaft, until I was buried to the hilt in her ass once more.

Minne moaned—soft, trembling—head dropping forward so her forehead rested against Tessa's collarbone. "Master... oh... so deep..."

The Heart System - Chapter 429[1,621 words]

Chapter 429: Chapter 429

I started thrusting—steady, deep rolls of my hips—each stroke dragging her ass down against Tessa's pussy below. The friction between them was constant: Minne's clit rubbing against Tessa's with every push, their wetness mixing, sliding, making soft, wet sounds every time their bodies met.

"Feel that?" I rasped, voice thick. "Every time I fuck your ass, your clit grinds right against hers. You're rubbing each other off while I pound you."

Tessa groaned beneath her—hands sliding down to grip Minne's ass cheeks, spreading them wider so I could go deeper. "Yeah... keep going... fuck her ass nice and hard... make her slide on me..."

I picked up speed—short, powerful thrusts—cock slamming into Minne's ass, forcing her body forward so her pussy dragged harder against Tessa's. Minne's moans turned higher—desperate little cries—her small breasts bouncing against Tessa's fuller ones. Tessa's hips

rolled up to meet the pressure—grinding her clit against Minne’s in tight circles—both of them panting, sweating, lost in the rhythm.

I reached down with one hand, found Tessa’s clit—swollen, slick—and rubbed it in time with my thrusts. She hissed—back arching—hips bucking up harder.

"Fuck—yes—rub me—make us both cum—"

Minne’s moans grew louder—shaky, broken. "Master... I’m... close... please..."

I fucked her harder—hips snapping forward—each thrust driving her clit against Tessa’s, forcing more friction between them. Tessa’s fingers dug into Minne’s ass—spreading her wider—while her own hips rolled in frantic little circles.

"Cum for me," I growled. "Both of you. Cum while I’m buried in this tight ass."

Minne broke first.

Her whole body seized—back bowing sharply, head snapping back, mouth open in a raw, trembling cry. "Master—oh God—cumming—!"

Her ass clamped down around my cock in violent, rhythmic spasms, milking me hard, while her pussy gushed against Tessa’s below. Wetness flooded out, hot, pulsing, coating both their mounds, dripping down Tessa’s thighs in thick rivulets.

Tessa groaned beneath her—feeling every spasm, every gush—her own clit throbbing against Minne’s. "Fuck, yes, keep cumming... grind on me—"

I kept thrusting—slow, deep—riding Minne’s climax, letting her ass milk me while her pussy kept rubbing against Tessa’s in frantic little aftershocks.

Minne collapsed forward, chest heaving, still trembling, still impaled on me.

I stayed buried for a heartbeat—cock throbbing inside her—then pulled out slowly, watching her hole gape for a second before starting to close.

Minne’s hole stayed open for a second, pink and slick, before starting to close. She whimpered at the emptiness, hips rocking back like she was chasing the feeling.

I gripped my cock at the base, still hard and shining with both of them, and guided the head down between their pressed-together pussies. Tessa’s lips parted easily around me; Minne’s smaller, pinker ones kissed the top side of my shaft. I pushed forward, sliding the full length along the hot, slippery channel they made together. The head bumped their clits at the same time; both girls gasped, hips jerking up in sync.

"Fuck," I groaned, starting to move. "Look at this. Two perfect cunts sliding against my cock like they were made for it."

I rocked my hips in long, smooth strokes, letting my shaft glide between them. The friction was insane: Minne's clit rubbing the underside of my cock, Tessa's swollen lips hugging the top, their wetness mixing into one slick mess that coated me from base to tip. Every push forward dragged my head over both clits; every pull back let them feel the thick ridge of my veins sliding against their sensitive folds.

Tessa moaned first, low and rough. "Shit... yeah... keep sliding it right there... grind on our clits, cowboy."

Minne's voice came out higher, shakier. "Master... it feels so good... your cock between us... rubbing me..."

I picked up the pace, hips rolling faster now. The wet sounds grew louder: slick, obscene slaps every time my shaft slid through their joined heat. Their pussies pressed tighter together with each thrust, clits bumping against each other and against me at the same time. Tessa's thicker lips enveloped half my length; Minne's smaller ones kissed the other half.

"Goddamn," I growled, gripping Tessa's hips for leverage. "Feel how wet you both are? Soaking my cock while you grind on each other. Two little sluts sharing my dick like it's a toy."

Tessa laughed breathlessly, hips rolling up to meet me. "Fuck yeah... keep going... make us cum just from rubbing on you..."

I angled my hips slightly higher, so the underside of my shaft dragged harder against Minne's clit while the top ridge pressed firm against Tessa's. Both girls cried out at the change: Minne's moan turned sharp and needy, Tessa's dropped lower, almost a growl.

"Right there," Tessa panted. "Fuck... right there... don't stop..."

I fucked between them harder now, hips snapping forward in quick, powerful strokes. My cock slid through their slick channel over and over, the head bumping their clits on every pass. Their wetness coated me completely; every thrust made a fresh gush of slick leak down my balls and drip onto the sheets. The bed creaked under us; the headboard tapped the wall in steady rhythm.

Minne's moans grew higher, more frantic. "Master... oh... it's too much... I'm gonna... I'm gonna..."

Tessa reached up, grabbed Minne's small breasts, pinching her nipples hard. "Cum on his cock, baby... grind that little clit on him... let me feel you shake..."

Minne's whole body tensed. Her thighs clamped around Tessa's hips; her back bowed sharply; her fingers clawed at Tessa's shoulders. A raw, trembling cry tore out of her throat as she came.

Her pussy spasmed wildly against Tessa's, clit pulsing in hard, rhythmic beats against the underside of my shaft. Wetness flooded out in hot, pulsing gushes, soaking my cock, Tessa's pussy, the sheets beneath them. Minne shook uncontrollably, small breasts bouncing against Tessa's, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes, mouth open in a silent scream that quickly turned loud and broken. Her orgasm rolled through her in long, shattering waves, hips jerking with every pulse, clit throbbing against me until she finally collapsed forward, whimpering, spent.

Tessa groaned beneath her, feeling every tremor, every gush. "Fuck... that's it... cum all over him... soak us both..."

I kept sliding between them through Minne's climax, slower now, letting her ride the aftershocks while I built Tessa higher. My cock glided through their slick heat, head bumping Tessa's clit on every forward stroke, shaft dragging along Minne's sensitive folds on the pull-back.

Tessa's breathing turned ragged. "Shit... keep going... I'm close... fuck... rub my clit harder..."

I angled my hips again, pressing the thick ridge of my cock firmly against her swollen button. She bucked up hard, moaning loud and rough. "Yes... right there... don't stop... gonna cum... gonna cum on your cock..."

I sped up, sliding faster between them, letting the friction do the work. Tessa's hips rolled in frantic circles, grinding her clit against me, against Minne's still-twitching pussy below. Her moans turned to sharp cries, body tensing, thighs shaking.

"Fuck... fuck... here it comes..."

She came with a guttural shout, back arching off the bed, hips bucking wildly. Her pussy spasmed against Minne's, clit pulsing in hard, rhythmic beats against my shaft. Tessa shook beneath Minne, hands gripping Minne's ass hard enough to leave marks, mouth open in a raw, trembling cry that echoed off the walls. Her orgasm rolled through her in long, powerful waves, body jerking with every pulse, clit throbbing against me until she finally sagged back, gasping, spent.

I kept sliding between them slowly, riding the aftershocks, letting them feel every inch of me gliding through their slick, sensitive heat.

"Look at you two," I rasped, voice thick. "Cumming so hard just from rubbing on my cock. Soaking everything... perfect little sluts."

Tessa laughed breathlessly, still trembling. "Fuck... you wrecked us..."

Minne whimpered softly, face buried against Tessa's neck, body limp and shaking.

I pulled back slowly, cock slick and shining with both of them.

Then I looked down at Minne, eyes dark.

"Master... please cum in me," she whispered, voice small and desperate. "Please..."

I didn't hesitate.

I shifted lower, lined up with her pussy, and pushed inside in one deep thrust. She cried out softly, walls fluttering around me instantly.

I fucked her hard—quick, powerful strokes—hips slamming forward, burying myself to the hilt over and over. Her pussy gripped me like a vice, still sensitive from her orgasm, milking me with every push.

"I'm gonna cum," I groaned, voice strained. "Gonna fill you up, honey..."

"Yes—Master—please... inside me—please... "

I thrust once more—deep, to the root—and came.

The first spurt hit hard, thick and hot, flooding her pussy. Then another, and another—rope after rope pumping deep, filling her until it started leaking out around my shaft in creamy white rivulets. I groaned low, hips jerking with each pulse, grinding against her to push it deeper while her walls fluttered and squeezed, drawing out every drop.

I stayed buried for long seconds, breathing hard, letting the last weak spurts spill inside her.

"Oh, fuck yeah. That's right... fuck. That's right... shit..."

Then I pulled out slowly, watching my cum leak from her swollen pussy in thick, slow streams.

Minne whimpered softly, legs trembling.

Tessa reached over, scooped a finger through the mess on Minne's thigh, and brought it to her lips with a satisfied hum.

"Damn," she murmured. "You filled her good, cowboy."

I collapsed onto the bed beside them, chest heaving, body spent.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +780

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 1170c

"Come on, honey." I slapped Minne's ass from the side—firm, playful, making the flesh jiggle. "Suck my cock clean like a good girl now."

"Yes, Master."

The Heart System - Chapter 430 [1,790 words]

Chapter 430: Chapter 430

Minne crawled forward on all fours, shy and eager at the same time. Her cheeks were still flushed bright red, eyes glassy from the earlier fucking. She settled between my legs, small hands resting on my thighs, and opened her mouth wide. Her tongue came out first—soft, tentative—lapping along the underside of my shaft, tasting the mix of her own wetness and my cum. Then she wrapped her lips around the head and sucked slowly, cheeks hollowing as she drew me in.

I groaned low, head tipping back against the pillow.

Tessa shifted beside me, lying on her back so her shoulder pressed against mine. She turned her head, found my mouth, and kissed me—slow at first, lips brushing, then deeper. I kissed her back, tongue sliding against hers, one hand moving up to cup her breast. Her tit filled my palm perfectly; I kneaded it gently, thumb rolling over her hard nipple, feeling it pebble tighter under my touch.

Minne moaned around my cock—soft, muffled—the vibration traveling straight up my shaft. I moved my free hand to the top of her head, fingers threading through her red hair, and pushed down gently. She took me deeper, lips stretching around me, throat fluttering as the head bumped the back. She gagged—small, wet sound—eyes watering, but she didn't pull away.

I let her go after a few seconds. "Good girl. Just like that. Keep sucking. Clean every inch for me."

Tessa broke the kiss long enough to murmur against my lips. "Let me have a go at that cock now."

She leaned in again, but before she could move lower I caught her bottom lip between my teeth—gentle bite, tugging just enough to make her gasp. I chuckled against her mouth.

"If you suck my cock now I wouldn't be able to kiss you."

Tessa's eyes darkened, pupils blown wide. "Mm. You wanna kiss me?"

"So fucking much."

"You wanna kiss me while the maid sucks your cock clean?"

"Fuck yeah."

She grinned, wicked, pleased, and kissed me again. This time it was messy: open mouths, tongues sliding, wet and hungry. Her hand found my jaw, holding me in place while she devoured me—lips swollen, breath hot against my face. I kissed her back just as hard, tongue pushing into her mouth, tasting her, swallowing her little moans.

Minne kept working—slow, devoted bobs—lips tight around my shaft, tongue swirling along the underside, cleaning every trace of herself and me. She hummed happily, the sound vibrating straight to my balls.

Tessa broke the kiss with a soft pop, breathing hard. "Goddamn. You taste like trouble."

Minne pulled off for a second—gasping, strings of spit connecting her lips to my cock—then looked up at us with big, pleading eyes. "B-but I want to kiss Master as well..."

Tessa laughed—low, throaty—then full-out chuckled. "Then go brush your teeth, baby. Our cowboy here doesn't like tasting his own cum, apparently."

"Who loves that?" I asked, amused, as Minne scrambled off the bed and hurried out of the room toward her own bathroom.

Tessa shrugged, smirking. "Me. I love how your cum fucking feels. Thick, hot, salty... makes me feel owned."

"Mm. I bet you do."

"Last kiss before I gurgle that cock, then."

She leaned in one more time—slow, deliberate—lips brushing mine, tongue teasing the seam of my mouth before pushing inside. I kissed her back—deep, possessive—hand sliding up to cup the back of her neck, holding her there while our tongues tangled, wet and messy. She moaned into my mouth, small and needy, fingers digging into my shoulder.

Then she pulled away—slowly—licking her lips like she was savoring the taste.

She moved lower without another word, settling between my legs beside where Minne had been. Her dark hair spilled across my thighs as she took me into her mouth—slow, confident—lips stretching around the head before sliding down, taking me deeper than Minne could. Her tongue flattened along the underside, swirling once, twice, then she hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard.

I groaned—head tipping back—hand sliding into her hair.

Tessa pulled off with a wet pop, frowning slightly. "Huh. I swear your cum used to taste better than this. I swear."

I blinked, then remembered.

The reputation shift. Villain tag gone. Stats adjusted. Whatever edge the system had given my cum—taste, volume, addictive quality—had dulled when I climbed out of the red zone.

I mentally pulled up the sheet to confirm.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10

◆ Charm: 15

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (🎲📄📄📄)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

=====

19 Unused Ability Points

Fuck.

But whatever.

Tessa shrugged—unbothered—and dove back down, taking me deep again. Her throat fluttered around the head; she swallowed once, twice, then bobbed slowly, lips tight, tongue swirling. She hummed low in her throat—the vibration traveling straight to my balls—then pulled off to lick the shaft from base to tip, cleaning every inch with slow, deliberate drags.

Minne came back a few minutes later—face freshly scrubbed, teeth brushed, minty breath wafting ahead of her. She looked shy again, standing in the doorway in just her bra and panties, hair still damp from the shower.

I crooked a finger at her. "Come here."

She padded over quickly. I grabbed her wrist, yanked her gently onto the bed, and pulled her against my side. She settled with her head on my shoulder, small body curling into me like she belonged there.

I turned my head and kissed her—slow, deep—tongue sliding against hers. Mint exploded across my taste buds—clean, sharp, perfect.

I chuckled against her lips. "Minty."

She smiled shyly, cheeks pink again. "I also used mouthwash, Master."

"Good girl."

Tessa moved lower—lips trailing down my shaft—until she reached my balls. She popped one into her mouth—gentle suction, tongue swirling—then let it go with a soft wet sound and took the other. She rolled it carefully, humming again, the vibration traveling up my cock in lazy waves. Her hand stayed wrapped around the base, stroking slowly while her mouth worked my sack—licking, sucking, tugging lightly with her lips.

I groaned—low, satisfied—hand sliding into Tessa's hair while the other arm stayed wrapped around Minne, holding her close.

Tessa let my balls go with a final soft pop, licked a slow stripe up the underside of my shaft, and took me deep again—throat fluttering, cheeks hollowing.

Minne watched, eyes wide, breathing quick, small hand resting on my chest like she was anchoring herself.

I kissed her again—soft this time—then murmured against her lips. "You taste good, honey."

She smiled small, happy—and kissed me back.

Tessa hummed around my cock—pleased—and kept sucking.

Tessa's hand slipped between her own thighs as she sucked me deeper. Her fingers circled her clit in slow, steady motions. She moaned around my cock, low and vibrating, the hum traveling straight to my balls. Her cheeks hollowed with each bob of her head. Her pussy glistened under the bedroom lights, lips swollen and slick as she rubbed herself faster, matching the rhythm of her mouth.

The door opened without warning.

Kim stepped inside, wearing her t-shirt and shorts. She froze in the doorway. Her eyes went wide. Her lips parted in surprise, then curved into a slow, playful smirk.

"Wow," she said, voice dry but amused. "And no one let me know you guys were fucking? I'm taking that personally."

I chuckled, low and rough, around the edge of a groan as Tessa's tongue swirled under the head. I crooked two fingers at Kim, gesturing her forward without breaking eye contact.

"Come here."

Kim shut the door behind her and walked toward me, hips swaying just enough to make it clear she knew what she was doing. Tessa pulled off my cock with a wet pop. A string of spit connected her lips to the tip for a moment before snapping. She lay back on the bed beside Minne, watching with dark, hungry eyes.

I sat up on the edge of the mattress, legs spread. Kim stopped in front of me. I turned her around by the hips, gentle but firm, so her back faced me. My hands slid under her t-shirt and lifted it over her head in one smooth motion. She helped, arms raising, letting it drop to the floor. Then she hooked her thumbs into her shorts and panties, shoving both down her legs and kicking them aside.

Naked now, skin flushed, she bent forward instinctively. Her ass arched. Her hands braced on her knees. She offered herself without a word.

I stood up behind her and pressed her forward until her chest met the door. Her palms slapped flat against the wood for balance. Her back arched deeper. Her ass pushed back toward me.

Tessa rose from the bed, silent and predatory. She stepped behind me. Her arms wrapped around my waist from behind. Her breasts pressed against my back. Her nipples were hard against my skin. One hand slid down and wrapped around my cock. She stroked slowly, once, twice, coating me in the slick mess still on me from Minne.

She guided the head to Kim's entrance. She teased the tip along her folds. She let it catch on her clit for a second before nudging it lower.

The tip rested right at her opening, hot and slick and ready.

Tessa's lips brushed my ear. "Want me to put it in, magic fingers?"

I nodded, short and sharp. My breath was already ragged.

She chuckled, low and wicked. "You want to fuck Kim now too, huh? Minne and I weren't enough? You greedy boy."

Her tongue flicked my earlobe. Then she pushed forward, guiding me inside Kim in one slow, smooth slide.

- Critical Success: Kim

Kim cried out, sharp and sudden, and came instantly.

Her pussy clamped down around me in violent, rhythmic spasms. Her walls pulsed hard. Wetness gushed out in hot waves that soaked my balls and dripped down her thighs. Her knees buckled. She braced harder against the door. She moaned brokenly as the orgasm ripped through her without warning.

Tessa laughed against my ear, soft and delighted. "Wow. Did you just fake it, Kim?"

Kim shook her head frantically, voice trembling. "No, I swear... something... something happened..."

I chuckled low. My hips rolled forward once, deep, making her gasp again. "That something being you missed my cock?"

I started moving, slow, deep thrusts. Each one dragged a whimper from her throat.

"Good girl."

"Oh, fuck..." Kim moaned, forehead pressing against the door. "I love this... I love this so much..."

The Heart System - Chapter 431[1,518 words]

Chapter 431: Chapter 431

Tessa's arms stayed wrapped around me from behind. Her body moved with mine. Her breasts slid against my back. She kissed my neck, open-mouthed and wet. Then she kissed my ear again. "Come here, Maid," she called to Minne. "Get on your knees. Suck those balls up."

Minne slid off the bed instantly, small and obedient. She crawled to us on all fours. She settled between my legs, face level with my sack, and opened her mouth. Her tongue came out first, soft licks along the seam. Then she sucked one ball gently, rolling it with her tongue before letting it go with a soft pop and taking the other. She hummed happily. The vibration traveled up my shaft while I kept fucking Kim.

The position was filthy perfection. Kim bent over against the door, ass arched, pussy stretched around my cock, moaning with every thrust. Tessa pressed tight against my back, arms around my waist, lips on my neck, whispering dirty encouragement. Minne on her knees beneath us, small mouth working my balls, tongue swirling, sucking gently while her hands rested on my thighs for balance.

Tessa's voice stayed right in my ear, hot and teasing. "Yeah... keep fucking her just like that... nice and deep... make her moan for you... look at how she takes it... greedy little pussy swallowing every inch..."

I groaned. My hips snapped forward harder. Each thrust slammed into Kim, making her cry out against the door.

"Fuck... you feel so good," I rasped, one hand sliding up to grip Kim's shoulder for leverage. "This tight cunt... gripping me so perfect... you love being fucked against the door like this, don't you?"

Kim nodded frantically. Her voice was muffled against the wood. "Yes... yes... love it... love your cock... please... don't stop..."

Tessa's hand slipped lower. Her fingers found my balls and stroked them lightly while Minne sucked. "That's it... pound her... make her shake... show her who owns this pussy..."

I fucked Kim harder, deep, punishing strokes. Each one bottomed out. My balls slapped against her clit. Tessa kept whispering, filthy and encouraging. Her lips brushed my ear. Her tongue flicked the lobe.

"Feel how wet she is? She's dripping for you... gonna cum again soon... gonna soak your cock while Minne sucks your balls... fuck, look at them... so perfect together..."

Minne moaned around my sack, soft and needy. Her own hand slipped between her legs to rub her clit in time with my thrusts.

Kim's moans turned higher, more desperate. Her hips pushed back to meet me. "Evan... fuck... I'm close... please..."

I kept going, relentless, until she broke.

She came with a raw, trembling cry. Her pussy clamped down in violent waves. Her walls pulsed hard around my cock. Wetness flooded out, hot and gushing, soaking my shaft and dripping down her thighs, Minne's chin, the floor beneath us. Her body shook. Her knees buckled. I held her up, thrusting through it, drawing out every spasm until she sagged against the door, panting, wrecked.

I kept fucking Kim with steady, deep strokes. Her pussy gripped me tight, hot and slick, walls fluttering every time I bottomed out. She was new-pregnant—belly still flat, no sign of it yet—but I could feel the subtle difference: her body warmer, more sensitive, every thrust pulling a sharper moan from her throat. She braced harder against the door, palms flat, ass pushed back to meet me.

Tessa stayed pressed tight against my back. Her breasts slid against my skin with every roll of my hips. Her breath was hot on my neck. Her fingers trailed down my sides, teasing, encouraging.

"Fuck her good, cowboy," Tessa murmured right in my ear. "Look at how she takes it... pussy swallowing you like she's starving. Bet that pregnant cunt feels even tighter now, huh? All swollen and needy for you."

Kim moaned louder—voice cracking—hips rocking back harder. "Yes... fuck... don't stop..."

Tessa chuckled low. Her hand slipped lower and cupped my balls for a second—gentle squeeze—before she bent down. She wrapped her fingers around the base of my shaft where it disappeared into Kim.

I stilled—hips pausing mid-thrust.

Tessa pulled me out slowly—inch by inch—my cock shining with Kim's wetness. She angled it down toward Minne's waiting mouth.

Minne didn't hesitate. She leaned forward—hungry, eager—and took me in deep. Her lips stretched wide. Her tongue swirled along the underside, tasting Kim's juices mixed with my pre-cum.

Tessa's voice dropped lower, filthy and amused. "Yeah... that's it, maid. Taste Kim's pussy on him. Lick her off his cock like a good little slut. Clean every drop she left on him. You love that, don't you? Sucking the taste of another woman off Master's dick."

Minne moaned around me—soft, muffled—cheeks hollowing as she bobbed faster. Her small hands rested on my thighs for balance. Her tongue dragged slow and deliberate along the shaft, collecting every trace of Kim.

Tessa guided me with her hand—slow pumps—then angled the head back toward Kim's entrance.

"Back in you go," she whispered.

She pushed me forward. I slid into Kim again—smooth, deep—bottoming out in one long stroke. Kim gasped—sharp, needy—pussy clenching hard around me.

I started thrusting again—slow at first, then building speed. My hands slid up Kim's sides and cupped her breasts from behind. They were heavy, warm, nipples hard against my palms. I kneaded them firmly—thumbs rolling over the peaks—making her moan louder, back arching sharper.

"Fuck... these tits," I growled against her ear. "So full... so sensitive... love how they bounce when I fuck you."

Minne's tongue stayed busy—soft licks and sucks on my balls—rolling one gently into her mouth, then the other. The vibration from her hums traveled straight up my shaft every time I bottomed out in Kim.

Tessa kept whispering—hot breath on my neck. "Look at her take it... pussy gripping you so tight... bet she's gonna cum again soon... gonna soak your cock while the maid sucks your balls... fuck, you're so deep in her... stretching that pregnant cunt wide..."

Kim's moans turned frantic—higher, shakier. "Evan... fuck... I'm close... please..."

I slapped her ass once, sharp, stinging. The flesh jiggled. Pink bloomed fast. She cried out—half pain, half pleasure, pussy clamping down harder.

Another slap—harder. Another pink handprint overlapping the first.

"Cum for me," I rasped. "Cum on this cock. Let me feel that pussy squeeze me."

One more slap—crisp, loud.

Kim shattered.

Her orgasm hit hard—body locking up, back bowing sharply, mouth open in a raw, trembling scream. "Evan, fuck, yes... cumming—!"

Her pussy spasmed violently, walls pulsing in rhythmic waves, milking my cock so tight it dragged a groan out of me. Her legs shook uncontrollably; her fingers clawed at the door; her breasts bounced in my hands as she rode the crest.

I thrust through it—slow, deep—drawing out every spasm until her walls stopped fluttering.

Then I pulled out slowly—cock shining with her cum—and exhaled hard.

Tessa's arms stayed around me—her body still pressed tight against my back.

"Hey," she murmured against my ear. "Lay down on the bed. I think we worked you enough."

I nodded, breath ragged, walked to the bed on unsteady legs, and let myself fall backward onto the mattress. My cock stood hard and flushed against my stomach, still slick, still throbbing.

The girls whispered among themselves—soft, quick murmurs I couldn't quite catch. Then they moved toward me.

Tessa in the middle. Minne on her right. Kim on her left.

They climbed onto the bed slowly and leaned forward together. Their hard nipples brushed my shaft at the same time, three sets of stiff peaks dragging along my length in soft, teasing strokes.

Minne's voice came out small, shy. "I'm... s-sorry, Master. I don't have big breasts..."

Tessa chuckled. "Yours are way cuter, maid."

"Um... t-thank you... y-yeah..."

They kept teasing—nipples circling the head, sliding along the shaft, brushing the sensitive underside. Kim's fuller breasts dragged heavier; Tessa's firmer ones pressed with more intent; Minne's small, perky ones flicked lightly, almost shy.

The sensation was incredible—soft, warm peaks rubbing me from every angle, teasing the head, tracing the veins, circling the sensitive ridge. Pre-cum welled up fast—beading at the tip—smearing across their nipples as they moved.

"Fuck..." I groaned, hips twitching. "Look at you three... teasing my cock with those pretty tits... making me leak for you..."

Tessa smirked. "You like that, cowboy? Three sets of nipples rubbing you... getting you all slick..."

Kim leaned in closer, her breasts pressing firmer, nipples dragging slow circles around the head. "You're so hard... throbbing against us... gonna cum just from this?"

Minne's small peaks flicked the underside, quick, light, making me hiss through my teeth. "Master... does it feel good?"

"Too good," I rasped. "Keep going... tease me... make me cum all over those tits..."

They moved faster, nipples sliding, rubbing, circling, coating themselves in my pre-cum. The sight alone was filthy: three beautiful women leaning over me, breasts pressed together around my cock, nipples teasing every sensitive inch.

I groaned louder, hips jerking, pleasure coiling tight in my balls.

"Fuck... I'm... agh, I'm so close..."

The Heart System - Chapter 432[1,712 words]

Chapter 432: Chapter 432

They moved closer together, kneeling on either side of my hips. Their chests leaned forward until all three pairs of breasts pressed against my cock at once. The contact was immediate and overwhelming. Soft, warm skin slid up and down my shaft in slow, coordinated strokes. Kim's full, heavy tits enveloped me from the left. Her nipples dragged firm trails along the left side of my length. Tessa's firmer, more athletic breasts hugged the right side. Her hard peaks scraped lightly every time she arched her back. Minne's smaller, perky ones nestled right in the middle. Cute and soft, her nipples brushed the sensitive underside of my cock with every upward slide.

The feeling hit like a slow electric wave. Three different textures at once. Kim's plush weight. Tessa's taut resilience. Minne's delicate lightness. Their skin was slick with sweat and leftover arousal. Every glide felt smooth and hot. My shaft throbbed between them, trapped in a warm, soft tunnel of breasts that moved in perfect rhythm. Up and down. Up and down. Nipples caught on the head. They slid along the veins. They teased the frenulum with every pass.

"Fuck, look at that cock," Tessa purred. Her voice was low and filthy. "Sliding right between all our tits like it owns them. You love this, don't you? Three sets of tits milking you at the same time."

Kim hummed in agreement. She pressed her breasts tighter. "Mmm, feel how hard he is? Throbbing so much. Gonna paint us white soon, I can tell."

Minne stayed quiet. Her cheeks burned red. But her breathing was quick and shallow. She kept moving with them. Her small breasts brushed shyly against the center of my shaft. Her nipples flicked the sensitive ridge under the head on every upward stroke.

The combined sensation was too much. The soft friction. The different pressures. The way their nipples kept catching and dragging. It built fast. Heat coiled tight in my balls. Pressure mounted with every synchronized slide. My hips twitched upward involuntarily. I fucked into the warm valley they made.

"Shit, I'm close," I groaned. My eyes squeezed shut. My hands fisted the sheets. "Fuck, keep going. Just like that."

Tessa laughed softly. Dark and pleased. "Yeah, give it to us. Cum all over our tits. Cover us."

Kim pressed harder. Her nipples scraped the head. "Do it. Paint us. Make a mess."

Minne's quiet whimper pushed me over.

"Oh... fuck, fuck... I'm gonna... FUCK!"

I shut my eyes tight and moaned. Long, low, broken. My cock pulsed hard between their breasts. The first rope shot out. Thick and hot. It splattered across Kim's left tit in a long white streak. Then another arced onto Tessa's right breast and coated her nipple. Another splashed Minne's smaller tits and dripped down the soft curves. Rope after rope erupted. More than usual. It painted all three sets of breasts white. Cum ran in thick rivulets over their skin. It dripped onto my stomach and the sheets.

"Fuuuuuck."

Tessa moaned. Pleased and filthy. "Yes, look at that load. Covering us so good."

Kim laughed breathlessly. "Goddamn, so much. Feels hot on my tits."

Minne stayed silent. Her cheeks stayed scarlet. But she kept sliding gently through my orgasm. She let the last weak spurts smear across her nipples.

When it finally stopped they slowed. Their breasts were still pressed together around my softening cock. Then they pulled back slowly. Cum dripped from their skin in thick strands. They looked down at themselves. Three pairs of breasts streaked and glistening. Then they looked at each other.

Tessa reached up first. She scooped a thick glob from her own nipple with two fingers and brought it to her lips. She sucked them clean and hummed. "Mmm, still tastes like you."

Kim did the same. She gathered cum from the swell of her breast and licked it off her fingers with slow swipes of her tongue. "Fuck, so thick."

Minne hesitated. Shy. Then she mirrored them. She swiped a small amount from the curve of her tit and brought it to her mouth. Her tongue darted out. She tasted. Her cheeks burned brighter as she swallowed.

They all laughed. Soft and breathless. Then they climbed off the bed one by one.

Tessa stretched. Arms over her head. Breasts bounced slightly. "Jeez, I need a bath now. I'm covered."

Kim wiped a streak from her cleavage with her thumb and sucked it clean. "Same. Sticky as hell."

Minne giggled. Quiet and shy. Still flushed. "Me too. Master made such a mess."

I stayed flat on my back. Chest rising and falling. Cock softening against my stomach. Still shiny. "You three are gonna kill me one day."

Tessa smirked down at me. "Worth it."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +700

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 1050c

They padded toward the bathroom. Three naked backs. Three sets of cum-streaked tits. They laughed softly among themselves as the door clicked shut behind them.

I lay there for a minute. Breathing hard. Staring at the ceiling with a stupid, sated grin on my face.

Yeah.

Worth it.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 9886/9922

The girls slowed to a stop, breasts still glistening with streaks of cum that caught the bedroom light. They looked at each other for a second—silent agreement passing between them—then started to disentangle themselves from the bed.

Kim moved first. She leaned down, lips parting, and gently took just the sensitive head of my cock into her warm mouth. After I'd just come, the contact felt almost electric—sharp and overwhelming, every tiny flick of her tongue sending aftershock jolts straight up my spine. She gave one slow, deliberate suck, then pulled off with a soft wet sound and pressed a single tender kiss right on the glistening tip.

Tessa slid in next. She lowered her face and dragged the flat of her tongue slowly up the underside of my balls, warm and gentle. The sensation was heavy, almost too much—my sack still tight and hypersensitive, every lick making my thighs twitch involuntarily.

Minne hesitated at the edge of the mattress, cheeks flushed, but then she crept closer. Shyly, she leaned in and mirrored Tessa, her smaller tongue brushing the other side of my balls in tentative, fluttering licks. The two of them together felt like warm velvet stroking over raw nerves—intense, almost bordering on too much, yet impossibly good.

For a few heartbeats we stayed like that, their mouths gentle and worshipful on my spent cock and balls.

Then, as if on cue, they drew back. Kim gave one final soft kiss to the head. Tessa let her tongue trail off. Minne pulled away last, eyes flicking up to mine for a split second before she looked down again. My dick slipped free, heavy and slick, falling back against my stomach with a quiet slap.

Tessa stretched first, arms overhead, spine popping softly. "Welp, that was good," she said, voice lazy and satisfied. "But I gotta go clean up before I start feeling like a glazed donut."

Kim laughed under her breath, already sliding off the mattress. She wiped a thick line of cum from the swell of her breast with her thumb, licked it clean, then shook her head. "Same. I'm sticky as hell. Need a shower before I start sticking to everything."

Minne stayed quiet—still flushed, still a little dazed—but she slipped off the bed too. She gave a small, shy bow toward me, hands clasped in front of her like she was excusing herself from a formal dinner. "I... I'll go clean up too, Master. Thank you."

Tessa snorted fondly. "Polite even after getting railed. Cute."

They padded toward the bathroom together—three naked backs, three pairs of cum-streaked tits—laughing softly among themselves. Tessa paused at the doorway, glanced back over her shoulder.

"Shit," she muttered. "Did I feed the cat?"

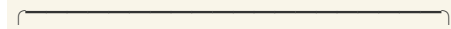
Minne giggled—quiet, bright—and disappeared inside. Kim followed. The door clicked shut behind them, leaving the faint sound of water starting to run.

I stayed flat on my back for another minute, chest still rising and falling hard. The room smelled like sex—sweat, cum, perfume, and that faint mint from Minne’s mouthwash. My cock lay soft against my stomach, shiny and spent. My body felt heavy in the best way: wrung out, satisfied, mind finally quiet for once.

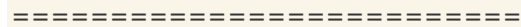
Well... that was something else.

And it helped. Took my mind off the hidden cam bullshit with Nala, off Chase’s creepy patient patterns, off the whole tangled mess I’d been wading through. For a while, at least, everything else stopped mattering.

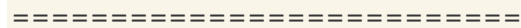
I mentally pulled up the stats just to see how much that marathon had earned me.



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: 7379c

Look at that.

Credits were piling up fast. I was glad I'd dumped so much into Bliss Multiplier early on. The skill turned every session into a credit printer. I was basically rich now—at least in system currency. Slow gains from normal sex were worth it if it meant no more random penalties, no more villain tag dragging me down.

Still... I was going to spend soon.

Charm needed more points. Honeyed Words was maxed, but the overall stat would scale better with investment. Seductive Allure was still sitting at zero; a couple points there could make conversations smoother, make people more pliable without me having to push hard. And that Random Passive Skill option kept nagging at me—1700 credits was steep, but the gamble could be huge.

Not tonight, though.

Tonight all I wanted was a hot shower to wash the sweat and cum off my skin, then dinner.

I exhaled long and slow.

Phew...

I swung my legs off the bed, stood up on unsteady feet, and headed toward the master bathroom. The sound of water and soft female laughter drifted from inside.

"Fucking hell... I'm so tired..."



The Heart System - Chapter 433[1,625 words]

Chapter 433: Chapter 433

Alright... I now had a choice to make... well, choices.

I had so many credits on me and I needed to spend them. I was going to stick to the plan and first upgrade my Charm, then see from there.

As the girls were in the living room, watching the forecaster, I was in my bed, feeling tired. I had the pillow propped up against the bedframe, watching the system UI pop up

before me. Now... five points to Charm. Since I had nineteen points to spend freely, that left me with fourteen. Not bad.

"Should I reset Charm? Or... Pleasure?"

Since my Villain tag was gone, I didn't have that plus fifteen to my Pleasure anymore. Wow that sucked. I could fix it by resetting Pleasure. It was currently on thirty, and resetting would give me half the points, fifteen. But I only had fourteen points to spend freely to my name. I could buy more points from the Shop but... did I really need Pleasure higher than thirty at this point?

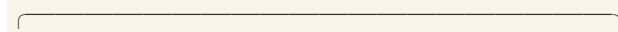
Well, maybe?

Pleasure was almost an investment as well. Higher the pleasure skill, higher chance for me to make women orgasm faster, which meant more EXP, which also meant more credits... choices, choices. I had no idea what to do.

"But I also need Strength as well..."

Nah, thirty points was enough. I needed to get some Strength upgrade. So... a reset was in order. Strength was currently at ten points, that would give me five points back after the reset.

I hit confirm after dumping all the points I had to STR.



CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (▣▣▣▣)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□★)

◆ Pleasure: 30

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

Good. Strength at twenty, Charm at twenty. And, fuck me, I felt a lot stronger just then, right after I hit confirm. Like something in my body shifted subtly.

I got up from the bed and stood in front of the mirror, checking myself... well, nothing really changed. No crazy six-pack or anything. But I felt... strangely stronger somehow.

"Huh... nice," I muttered to myself. "That's better... now, let's buy some Mastery Evolve and put it in Honeyed Words..."

I spent four points on Mastery Evolve and applied them directly to Honeyed Words.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (▣▣▣▣▣)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

Honeyed Words had finally leveled up quite a bit. That meant persuading people should be easier now. A hundred percent success rate... yeah, right. Maybe on a cat or something.

Still, it was an improvement.

Different people seemed to have different levels of resistance to Honeyed Words—like Anotta, with that whole massage oil incident. So no, it wasn't a guaranteed success every time. But even a small boost in persuasion could make all the difference.

Buying four Mastery Evolves left me with...

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: 1379c

Damn. Rich one second, poor the other. I just wished I could put more points into Mastery Evolve, though. That would surely help me in the future.

"Evan!" Nala called from the living room. "Come here for a second, please!"

"Y-yeah, sure."

I checked myself in the mirror one last time and nodded to myself, then left the master bedroom and turned left. I saw Nala and the others sitting on the couches, lazying around as the TV blared in front of them.

"Is there any news from Tuck?" she asked.

"Nope. He still isn't responding to my texts."

"Damn..." Tessa muttered. "You really have some loyal friends, huh?"

"Nah... the thing with Tuck? It's my fault." I said. "Just forget about it."

Tessa let out a fart noise with her mouth. "I did. Gone."

"Funny."

"Master." Minne came from the kitchen. "Would you like your orange juice, now?"

"Yeah, sure. Bring it to the balcony, okay?"

"Of course, Master."

I was about to pass the couches when Nala caught my T-shirt and gently tugged me back. I turned toward her, and she leaned up slightly. I leaned down and kissed her. It was soft, quick. We both smiled. She let go of my shirt and I continued toward the balcony.

I slid the glass door open, stepped outside, and closed it behind me. The balcony was sealed off with glass panels, so no air came in. It was warm inside despite the snow falling lazily outside, slowly whitening the glass roof above me.

I exhaled and sat down on one of the sunbeds, staring at the city through the frosted glass. After a moment, I pulled out my phone and called Cora.

A few rings later, she picked up.

"Hey, Cora," I said.

"Um, hey..."

"I was wondering if you'd be free tomorrow. I could swing by after work and bring pizza. Esme would love that."

"Y-yeah!" she said quickly, then cleared her throat. "Yeah. That sounds good."

"Alright. I'll call you after work, okay?"

"Okay," she replied softly. "Bye, Evan."

"Bye."

There was a small awkward laugh from her before she hung up. "Heh... heh..."

I lowered my phone and lay back on the sunbed, watching the snow drift down slowly. A minute later, the door slid open again. Minne stepped out with a glass of orange juice and handed it to me. I smiled.

"Hey," I said as she turned to go back inside. "Do you want to sit for a bit?"

"I need to prepare the table, Master. It's time for dessert."

"Forget dessert for a minute. Come here."

"Of course, Master."

She walked toward the other sunbed, but I held my hand out instead. She smiled shyly and placed her hand in mine. I gently pulled her down next to me. She settled against my side, her head resting on my shoulder and one leg draped lightly over me.

"How's your mother?" I asked, then took a sip of my orange juice.

"She's good, Master. She said she can finally relax now that the cat is gone."

"She didn't like her?"

"No, she's happy Mik is in good hands."

I nodded. Then, another sip.

"I didn't expect Mik to be so naughty," Minne said with a small laugh. "She's like an angry little furball that destroys everything."

"That's cat 101," I said, rubbing her shoulder. "I used to feed a stray once. It scratched me pretty badly. After that, I decided I'm more of a dog person."

"I don't like dogs, Master. They're too big."

"They're loyal."

"Cats are loyal too. Just smaller."

"Debatable," I said, exhaling. "Still snowing, huh?"

"The forecast said tomorrow will be better. Just rain."

"Good. Snow messes up the roads."

Suddenly Tessa's voice echoed from inside. "Mik! Little fucker! Get over here! Bath time!"

I glanced toward the glass. Mik's paws were pressed against the door as if she wanted to escape outside. Tessa appeared behind her and scooped her up. The cat struggled and meowed loudly.

"This cat is impossible," Tessa muttered.

"Do cats even need baths?" I called through the glass.

"This one does. She smells awful."

"Yeah, I noticed," I said with a small laugh.

Minne chuckled softly beside me, her gaze drifting toward the snowy skyline.

"Should we go inside?" I asked.

"Yes, Master."

We stood up. She opened the glass door and we stepped back in. I could hear running water and Mik's dramatic protests from the bathroom.

"I'll get dessert ready, Master," Minne said.

"Alright."

She went to the kitchen while I stayed near the glass door for a moment, stretching and yawning.

"Man... I'm sleepy."

I set the half-empty glass of orange juice on the dining table, the liquid sloshing gently against the sides. The girls were still scattered across the living room couches. Jasmine sprawled sideways on the larger sectional with her legs draped over the armrest. Jasmine sat cross-legged on the floor in front of the coffee table, remote in hand, flipping channels until the weather forecast filled the screen with swirling snow icons and New Year's Eve predictions.

I turned toward the kitchen to help Minne carry the rest of the plates. Halfway there, a sharp snap cut through the air. It sounded like a thick rubber band breaking or glass cracking under pressure.

My head jerked up. The world stopped.

Minne froze with a plate balanced in both hands. Jasmine's remote hovered mid-air, thumb still pressed on the channel button. Kim's head was tilted back slightly, mouth open in the middle of a laugh that never finished. Nala's eyes were on the TV, watching whatever was on it. Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, snowflakes hung suspended in perfect stillness. The sky had turned deep crimson. Heavy clouds boiled slowly, lit from within by an unnatural red glow.

"What the..."

A new interface appeared in my vision. Cold red border. Black background.

```
(
- AMBUSHED!
=====
- Title: Waves of Pleasure
- Task: Survive the attack.
- Reward: 10 Ability Points
)
```

Beside it a timer began counting down from five minutes. 5:00... 4:59... 4:58...

Then a knock.

Three slow raps on the front door.

The Heart System - Chapter 434[1,575 words]

Chapter 434: Chapter 434

My pulse jumped into my throat. Everything else was frozen. People. Movement. Even the snow outside. But that knock rang clear and real through the penthouse.

Another knock. Then another.

I backed up quietly into the kitchen. Used the island as cover. Breath shallow. Heart pounding loud enough I swore they could hear it even in this frozen moment.

The card reader beeped. The lock clicked open. The door swung inward. The fuck, they my keycard? How?

Footsteps followed. Slow. Quiet. Four distinct sets.

I risked a quick peek around the corner.

Four women.

Red skin. Deep crimson that almost glowed under the penthouse lights. Horns curved back from their foreheads. Black. Glossy. Sharp at the tips. Long tails swayed behind them. Spade-shaped ends flicked lazily. They were naked. Completely. No clothes. No modesty. Just flawless, luminous skin stretched over curves that looked impossible.

The tallest had jet-black hair flowing down to her waist in thick waves. Her breasts were massive. Heavy. Round. Nipples dark and erect. Her hips flared wide into an ass so full and round it seemed sculpted. Her tail curled around one thick thigh like a living rope. Her eyes were molten gold. No pupils. Just glowing slits that caught the light like burning coals.

Beside her stood a shorter one. Petite frame but impossibly stacked. Platinum blonde curls fell to her shoulders. Tits even larger than the first. Defying gravity. Bouncing with each step. Her ass was plump and heart-shaped. Cheeks jiggling softly. Tail thin and whip-like. Tipped in silver. Eyes violet. Glowing faintly. Pupils vertical like a cat's.

The third had deep auburn hair pulled into a high ponytail that reached her lower back. Breasts full and perky. Nipples pierced with tiny silver rings that glinted. Her ass was thick. Almost cartoonish round. Dimples at the base of her spine. Tail thick and ridged. Ending in a spade that twitched with interest. Eyes emerald green. Luminous.

The last one had short, choppy silver hair framing her face. Smallest breasts of the group. High and firm. But her ass was obscene. Huge. Shelf-like. Cheeks so round they jiggled with every step. Tail long and sinuous. Coiling around her own leg. Eyes blood-red. Glowing softly.

They moved like predators. Graceful. Unhurried. Tails swaying in perfect sync.

"Where is our Evan?" the tallest one chirped. Her voice was sweet and singsong. "Come out, Evan, Evan, Evan."

My stomach dropped. I ducked back behind the island. Heart hammering.

They knew my name. They had my keycard.

And they weren't human.

I scrambled backward. Nearly tripped over a stool. The timer ticked. 4:12... 4:11...

Footsteps circled the island. Then I blinked... and realised now all the four women were not looking at me with a creepy smile on their faces. It was... it was just a nightmare fuel.

I bolted. Straight through the frozen living room. Past Nala and the others. Into the corridor leading to the bedrooms. I threw myself into Tessa's room. Slammed the door. Locked it.

"Shit, shit, shit."

"Evan," the tallest one's voice came through the wood. Sweet. Patient. "Open it, please."

The timer showed 3:58.

I backed up until my calves bumped against the bedframe. A loud thud rattled the door. Then another. The lock clicked. The door swung open.

All four stepped inside and filled the doorway. They smiled. Slow. Hungry. Fangs glinted in the low bedroom light.

I backed up further until my shoulders hit the window frame. The tallest one walked forward. She lifted one finger and placed it under my chin. She tilted my head up.

Then she kissed me.

Soft. Warm. Sweet.

My cock went rock-hard instantly. Painful. Throbbing against my jeans.

One straddled my face. Red thighs framed my head. Pussy hovered above my mouth. The scent hit me. Sweet. Intoxicating. Like honey and smoke. She lowered herself down.

The taste exploded across my tongue. Rich. Addictive. Perfect. I grabbed her thighs. Pulled her down harder. Licked deep. Desperate. Drowning in her. I wanted to stay there forever.

Another straddled my hips. Positioned herself. Sank down onto my cock.

Her pussy was impossibly tight. Hot. Rippling. Sucking me in like a living thing. I came instantly. Thick spurts flooded her. Overflowed. Dripped down my balls.

They laughed. Soft. Musical.

"Yes, Evan," the one on my face whispered. "Cum for us. Give us everything."

The one riding me rolled her hips. Slow. Grinding. Milking every drop. "So much... keep cumming... fill me up..."

I thrust up weakly. Body shaking. Came again. And again. Each orgasm felt endless. Same volume. Same force. Like my body was being drained and refilled at the same time. Cum leaked from her pussy in thick streams. Pooled on my stomach. Dripped onto the sheets.

The one on my face lifted slightly. Gave me air. Then lowered again. I licked harder. Tongue plunging deep. Lost in the taste. The heat. The need.

The rider bounced now. Slow at first. Then faster. Each drop forced another orgasm out of me. I groaned into the pussy on my face. Muffled. Desperate. Coming again. Again. Vision blurring.

They spoke in unison. Soft. Coaxing.

"Cum more, Evan..."

"Let it all out..."

"Give us everything..."

The one on my face got up slowly. Her pussy glistened above me. She shifted to the side. Knelt beside my head. Watched with glowing eyes.

Now the other three took over.

One stayed on my cock. The rider. She had the platinum blonde curls and violet eyes. Her body was petite but stacked. Tits bounced heavily with every drop. Ass heart-shaped and plump. She rode me with rolling hips. Tight pussy gripping and releasing. Each downward motion squeezed another orgasm from me. Cum overflowed. Ran down my shaft. Pooled

on my groin. She moaned softly each time I filled her. "More... give me more... keep flooding me..."

The second one knelt beside my left hip. Auburn ponytail. Pierced nipples. Thick, round ass. She leaned over and licked along my shaft wherever it emerged from the rider's pussy. Her tongue was long and forked. It wrapped partially around my base. Stroked upward as the rider lifted. Then downward as she sank. The dual sensation was insane. Tight pussy milking me from the inside. Long tongue stroking me from the outside. I came again. Thick ropes shot up into the rider. Some splattered the auburn-haired one's tongue. She swallowed it eagerly. Moaned. "Delicious... keep feeding us..."

The third one knelt on my right. Short silver hair. Blood-red eyes. Obscene shelf of an ass. She leaned in and sucked my balls. One at a time. Gentle suction. Tongue rolling them. Then she moved lower. Licked the cum that dripped down my taint. Her tail coiled around my thigh. Spade tip teased my inner leg. She hummed against my sack. Vibration traveled up into the rider's pussy. Making her clench harder. I came again. The rider groaned. Ground down deeper. "Yes... fill her... fill us all..."

I was drowning in it. Endless orgasms. No break. No pause. Body shaking. Mind blank. Just heat. Wetness. Pleasure. The timer ticked down in my vision. 3:12... 3:11...

They kept going. Relentless. Perfect.

I felt weak. My body was heavy, drained, like someone had pulled every drop of strength out of me through my cock. My arms trembled when I tried to push up. My legs wouldn't listen. My head spun slowly, vision swimming at the edges. I had come so many times already that the pleasure had turned into a dull, throbbing ache. Every pulse felt like it was ripping something vital out of me.

My arms trembled when I tried to push up. My legs felt like jelly. My heart pounded unevenly in my chest—sharp little stabs every few beats. I had come so many times already that my body was running on empty. But the hunger didn't stop. It only got worse. My cock stayed painfully hard. Throbbing. Leaking. Like the demons had rewired me to keep going no matter what.

They sensed it. All four slid off me at once. Graceful. Fluid. They climbed off the bed and lined up side by side on all fours along the edge of the mattress. Asses arched high. Cheeks spread slightly by their own hands. Tails lifted and curled out of the way. Four perfect, red-skinned holes presented to me—pussies glistening.

Just... what the fuck was this?

The Heart System - Chapter 435[1,715 words]

Chapter 435: Chapter 435

The tallest one, the black-haired one with gold eyes, wiggled her massive ass first. Cheeks clapped together softly. "Come on, Evan. Give us everything you've got. Fuck us until you break."

The platinum blonde one arched deeper. Her heart-shaped ass jiggled with the motion. "We're waiting, baby. Slide that cock back in. Fill us up again."

The auburn-haired one with pierced nipples shook her thick, round cheeks from side to side. "Don't make us beg... or maybe do. We like it when you make us beg."

The silver-haired one with the obscene shelf ass bounced it once. Hard. Flesh rippled. "Hurry up, Evan. Our holes are aching for you."

I hopped off the bed. Legs shaky. Vision hazy. But my cock pulled me forward like a magnet. I stepped behind the tallest one first. Grabbed her wide hips. Slammed in deep.

One thrust. Instant orgasm. Thick ropes flooded her pussy. I groaned—raw, broken—hips jerking uncontrollably.

I pulled out. Cum poured from her in a creamy gush. She laughed. Low. Pleased.

I moved to the blonde next. Same thing. One hard thrust. Came instantly. Filled her. Overflowed. She moaned. Ground back against me. "Yes... just like that... keep giving..."

To the auburn one. Thrust. Cum. Pull out. Thick white streams ran down her thighs. She pushed back. "More... don't stop..."

To the silver-haired one. Thrust. Came again. So much cum it dripped onto the floor in heavy drops. She wiggled her ass. "Good boy... keep feeding us..."

I kept going. Back and forth. One thrust per girl. One orgasm per thrust. No break. No pause. My body moved on autopilot. Mind blank. Just heat. Just need. Each orgasm weaker than the last but still thick. Still endless. Like my balls were bottomless.

They talked the whole time. Voices overlapping. Filthy. Relentless.

"Cum again, Evan..."

"Fill me deeper..."

"Look how much you're leaking..."

"You're ours now..."

"Keep going... don't stop..."

I slapped asses as I moved. Hard cracks. Pink handprints blooming on red skin. They moaned louder. Pushed back harder. Tails wrapped around my thighs. Pulled me in deeper.

My heart started to hurt. Sharp stabs in my chest. Breathing ragged. Vision tunneling. But my hips kept moving. Body betraying me. Cock still hard. Still pumping cum.

They shifted again.

"You can fuck our tight assholes too," the tallest one purred. "We saved them for you."

They arched higher. Spread their cheeks with their own hands. Four perfect, untouched holes presented to me. Pink. Slick. Waiting.

I groaned. Dropped to my knees behind the tallest one first. Pressed the head against her ass. Pushed.

Tight. So fucking tight. Hotter than her pussy. Gripping like a vice. I sank in slowly. Then slammed home.

Came instantly. Thick spurts flooding her ass. Overflowing. Dripping down her crack. She moaned—deep, satisfied. "Yes... fill my virgin ass... give it all to me..."

I pulled out. Moved to the blonde. Same thing. Thrust. Cum. Her ass clenched hard around me. Milked me dry. "Fuck... so tight... keep cumming inside me..."

Auburn one next. Pierced nipples swinging as she rocked back. I thrust. Came. Cum poured out around my shaft. "More... stretch me... ruin me..."

Silver-haired one last. Obscene ass swallowing me whole. I thrust. Came again. Heart stabbing harder now. Breathing shallow. But I couldn't stop.

I moved faster. Back and forth. Ass to ass. Each hole tighter than the last. Each orgasm weaker but still thick. Cum leaked everywhere. Dripped down thighs. Pooled on the bed. Coated my balls. My thighs. The sheets.

They talked constantly. Voices overlapping. Filthy. Relentless.

"Cum in my ass..."

"Fill me deeper..."

"Give us everything..."

"You're ours..."

"Keep going..."

My saliva dripped from my open mouth. Dropped onto the silver-haired one's back. I slapped asses as I moved. Cracks echoing. Red handprints on red skin. They moaned louder. Pushed back harder. Tails wrapped tighter around my legs.

The timer ticked down. 0:47... 0:46...

I kept going. Thrust. Cum. Switch. Thrust. Cum. Switch.

0:12... 0:11...

One last thrust into the tallest one's ass. Deep. To the hilt. Came again. Weak spurts now. Barely anything left. But still coming.

0:03... 0:02... 0:01...

I blinked.

They were gone.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 3435/9922

No red skin. No horns. No tails. No cum stains on the bed. No puddles on the floor. No dripping on my thighs. Everything clean. Normal. Like nothing had happened.

Reality rushed back.

My head throbbed like someone had driven spikes into my temples. My chest ached. Sharp. Real pain. Like my heart had been squeezed too hard. Breathing shallow. Vision gray at the edges.

"Oh... what the fuck have I done... oh, fuck..."

I pulled my pants up and tried to sit up. Arms shook. Legs wouldn't respond properly. I managed to push onto my elbows. Then collapsed back down.

Darkness rushed in and...

I passed out.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 16

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (████████)

◆ Luck: 10

=====

10 Unused Ability Points

♥□♥□♥□

I woke up with a pounding headache. It felt like someone had taken a hammer to the inside of my skull and just kept going. I lay there for a second, eyes half-open, trying to remember where I was. Then I realized I was still in Tessa's bed. She was sleeping next to me like nothing had happened, breathing slow and steady.

Confused, I pushed myself up onto my elbow and looked around. It was dark outside. Rain tapped softly against the window. I reached into my back pocket, grabbed my phone, and checked the time.

4:07 a.m.

Great. Not even close to sunrise.

Those four demons really did a number on me.

Then I checked my EXP... 3435.

My stomach dropped. That was bad. Really bad. How did I let them play me like that? I knew something was off. I felt it. And I still let them get close, let them drag me into whatever that was. I lost control. I let them lead.

Idiot.

And the EXP wasn't even the worst part. I could've actually died. Not metaphorically. Not dramatically. Actually died. Cause of death: excessive climax. What a joke.

"Agh... my head..."

I swung my legs off the bed and stood up. The room tilted for a second and I had to grab the bedframe to steady myself. My body felt weak, like I'd run a marathon in my sleep. I took a breath, then walked toward the door and stepped into the corridor.

The apartment was quiet. To my left was the dining table, and beyond it the large window overlooking the city. Rain streaked down the glass.

And in front of that window stood Dierella.

She was leaning back against the frame, arms crossed, wings moving lazily behind her. She was dressed normally this time. Just a T-shirt and pants. Like she was trying to blend in.

When I saw her, I didn't flinch. I didn't have the energy for fear.

"Henrik," she muttered as I approached. "I didn't realize Mana had made a move."

"That was Mana?" I asked. "Those four demons?"

"Some of her followers, yes."

"They nearly killed me."

"You refused her deal," Dierella said with a small shrug. "She's using outside help now. When I confronted her, she claimed ignorance. Said her followers acted on their own, out of devotion."

"Bullshit," I muttered, pulling out a chair and sitting down. "She knew exactly what she was doing."

"We can't prove it."

I leaned forward, elbows on the table. "Do you have followers too?"

"All of us do," she replied. "But Mana... she operates on a different scale."

I exhaled slowly. "This whole game. Indifference or whatever it's called. Who's winning?"

"If you continue as you are? We are," she said. "But if Mana keeps interfering, that changes things. And her chosen subject isn't idle either. She picked well."

"Don't tell me," I muttered, pressing my forehead to the table. "I don't even want to know."

"He's a public figure."

"Of course he is."

There was a brief silence. Then she moved and sat in the chair next to me. I lifted my head and looked at her.

"Who is Silk?" I asked. "The woman with the umbrella."

Her expression shifted slightly. "You don't need to concern yourself with her."

"When a goddess is trying to kill me, yeah, I do," I said, raising my voice. "Who is Silk?"

She looked away. "It was... a disgrace. What we do..."

Was she telling that to me... or to herself?

"A disgrace what?"

She stood up. "That's enough for now. I only came to make sure you were alive."

"Dierella, who—"

"Goodbye, Marlowe."

I blinked and she was gone.

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the rain sliding down the window. Why were they all so evasive about Silk? If she wasn't important, they wouldn't avoid the topic. I'd never seen her in that mansion in my dreams either. Which meant she wasn't aligned with them. Or she was something else entirely.

Too many questions. Zero answers.

The master bedroom door creaked open. Jasmine stepped out, rubbing her eyes. She walked halfway toward the kitchen before noticing me sitting alone at the dining table in the dark.

"Evan?" she asked. "What are you doing up?"

"Guess I slept early," I said. "So I woke up early."

"You were in Tessa's room," she said, heading to the kitchen and pouring herself some water. "What was that about?"

"I was going to help her with Mik," I said. "Must've fallen asleep waiting."

She smiled faintly. "Yeah, Mik did not enjoy that bath."

"I kinda guessed."

"You should get more sleep," she added. "We've got like five hours."

"Yeah... you're right."

I stood up slowly.

She looked at me more carefully. "You look exhausted. Are you okay?"

If only you knew.

"Yeah," I said quickly. "Just tired."

She tilted her head slightly, not fully convinced.

I gestured toward the bedroom. "Let's go back."



The Heart System - Chapter 436 [1,704 words]

Chapter 436: Chapter 436

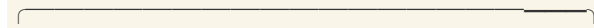
The next morning I woke up even worse.

My body felt heavy, drained, but my mind wouldn't shut up. Just thinking about those four demons made something twist inside me. It had to be their fault. There was no way I was naturally this worked up first thing in the morning.

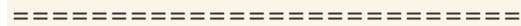
I opened the system.

Since I'd earned ten more points from the quest, I dumped four straight into Libido.

Now it was 20.



CURRENT STATS



◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 20

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (■□■□■)

◆ Luck: 10

=====

6 Unused Ability Points

Everything was maxed at its current ceiling. I could reset them all to one and raise the cap, but I wasn't about to gamble like that.

I should've invested in Endless Vigor. It reduces fatigue after... encounters. Now I was stuck. Horny as hell, but my body felt like it had been run over. Completely drained.

I turned my head. Nala wasn't in bed. Neither was Jasmine. I frowned and reached for my phone on the bedside table.

12:01.

You've got to be kidding me. The alarm hadn't gone off because I never set it. I was late for work. The girls must've left without waking me. Probably thought I needed the rest.

I dropped my head back onto the pillow and exhaled.

Great.

After a minute, I forced myself up and went into the bathroom. I flipped on the light, washed my face, and stared at my reflection. Pale. Tired. Slightly annoyed.

I turned off the light and stepped back into the bedroom, then out into the corridor.

Minne was standing on a chair beneath the ceiling lamp, stretching up with one of those fluffy dusters in her hand, trying to clean it. She was too short to reach properly.

"Morning," I said.

She almost jumped. "Oh, Master. Good morning."

"Need help with that?"

"Oh, no, Master. I couldn't ask something like that of you."

"Yes, you can." I walked over. "Come on. Get down."

"U-um..."

"Come on."

She carefully stepped down from the chair. I stepped up in her place and took the duster from her, reaching easily to clean the lamp.

"So the girls left without me, huh?"

"Yes, Master. They told me not to wake you. You seemed very tired."

"Tired," I muttered. "Yeah. That's one way to put it."

I finished dusting and glanced down. "That good?"

"Yes, Master."

"Alright."

I stepped off the chair and stretched, yawning.

"Man... I'm starving. Can you make something for me? I'll be on the balcony."

"Of course, Master. What would you like for breakfast?"

"I trust you."

Her cheeks flushed slightly. "T-thank you, Master."

I headed toward the balcony and stepped outside. The air was cool today, rain replacing yesterday's snow. The city looked washed out and gray.

I leaned against the railing and rubbed my face.

I was supposed to meet Cora later. I promised I'd bring pizza. Esme would be excited.

But I had no energy. None.

Should I cancel?

No. That would look bad. And I already promised. If I ditched them, Esme would definitely be disappointed.

I sighed.

"Guess I'm going no matter what."

I stayed out there longer than I meant to.

The rain kept tapping steadily against the glass panels, a dull, constant rhythm that matched the headache still lingering behind my eyes. I rested my forearms on the railing and stared out at the gray skyline, replaying everything that happened.

Those four demons.

The way they smiled. The way they cornered me. The way my body stopped listening to my brain.

That was Nala's doing, huh?

She was testing me. Or worse—trying to eliminate me.

I swallowed.

If the most powerful goddess decided I was a threat, that changed everything. That meant I wasn't just a pawn in some strange divine game anymore. I was a problem.

And problems get removed.

The rain grew heavier, streaking faster down the glass roof above me.

A few minutes later, the sliding door opened behind me.

"Breakfast is ready, Master."

Minne's voice pulled me out of my thoughts.

I turned and gave her a small smile. "Thank you, Minne."

She nodded softly and stepped aside so I could walk in. I slid the door closed behind me, shutting out the sound of the rain.

As if I didn't have enough to deal with already.

Now I had a goddess actively moving against me.

Great.



I knocked on the door and waited.

Lazy footsteps shuffled closer from the other side, dragging across the floor like whoever was coming hadn't fully woken up yet. I stood there for a few seconds until the lock clicked.

The door opened.

Esme stood there, hair messy, one hand shoved under her oversized T-shirt while she scratched her stomach and yawned wide enough to swallow a fly.

Then her eyes dropped to the pizza box in my hands.

They went wide.

She snatched it from me without another word and bolted toward the kitchen.

I stepped inside and shut the door behind me. "Welcome, Evan," I muttered under my breath. "Oh, thank you, Esme."

"Pizza!" she announced, slamming the box onto the counter and flipping it open like she'd just discovered treasure. "So good! You got any coke?"

"Nah, I forgot," I said. "Sorry."

"Boo."

"Thanks, Evan," I added in a dramatic tone. "Thanks for bringing pizza to us. That's so nice of you."

"Thanks, Evan. Bla bla," she shot back with a grin.

"Where's your sister?"

"Bathroom," Esme said, already grabbing a slice. "Pissing, probably. Or taking a big shi—"

"You IDIOT!" Cora's voice yelled from the bathroom. "I'm cleaning the mess you did!"

I walked toward there and knocked on the closed bathroom door. It opened a second later.

Cora was crouched on the floor, carefully picking up broken glass pieces with a tissue. There were shards scattered near the sink.

"Hey... I'm s-sorry, Evan," she said. "For greeting you like this."

"It's fine," I said. "What happened?"

"My stupid sister thought it'd be a good idea to drink apple juice in the bathroom," Cora sighed, lifting another shard. "She slipped. The glass broke."

"Why was she drinking apple juice in here?"

"She was looking at her phone while she drank. I'm trying to keep her active, so when she's on her phone, she has to walk... so she was walking randomly. She usually doesn't listen to me, but this was one of the rare times she did."

"She doesn't need exercise though."

"She has a bit of fat in the belly area," Cora said, exhaling as she gathered another piece. "I'm just trying to keep her healthy. That's it."

I noticed something. When she talked about her sister, she didn't stutter. Not once. There was something steady in her voice. Protective. Serious. I kinda liked that about her. Even though she was kiiind of a messed-up person, she meant good.

"Wish I had someone like you back in elementary school," I said. "I was kind of a fat kid."

She blinked. "You? Fat?"

"Yeah." I shrugged. "Come on. I brought pizza. You two eat. I'll clean up here."

"It's my sister's mess," she said quickly. "I can do it. You go ahead."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

"Alright. Don't cut yourself."

I headed back to the kitchen.

Esme had already moved the box to the dining table and somehow demolished three slices in the time I'd been gone. The pizza was big, but still.

"Jeez. You were hungry?"

She nodded, mouth full.

I grabbed a slice.

Before I could take a bite, Esme leaned in and bit straight into my slice.

"Hey—"

She yanked it out of my hand and devoured it in three massive bites without dropping her own.

"Yoo pockod tho most sloco thad had the most toppiinks," she said through a mouthful.

"Swallow first, Esme."

She chewed dramatically, then swallowed. "You picked the slice with the most toppings. You cheeky, cheeky boy."

"Cheeky, cheeky boy," I repeated with a chuckle, grabbing another slice. "Busted."

"Mm."

We kept eating while the rain tapped steadily against the windows. It was one of those gray afternoons that made everything feel smaller and warmer inside. I leaned back against the kitchen counter with my slice, watching the droplets trail down the glass.

It was... kind of cozy.

I glanced left and saw Cora still crouched on the bathroom floor, picking up the last bits of broken glass.

"Hey, Esme," she called out, lifting her head. "Get me the vacuum cleaner. I picked up the big pieces."

Esme groaned dramatically, shoved the rest of her slice into her mouth, and dragged herself down the hallway.

I kept eating.

She came back a moment later with the vacuum, handed it off, and Cora plugged it in. The low hum filled the apartment as she carefully went over the floor, sucking up the smaller shards.

When she finished, she carried the vacuum somewhere down the hallway—I couldn't see exactly where from where I stood—then returned to the kitchen. She washed her hands at the sink, dried them, and finally grabbed a slice.

"You good?" I asked, finishing mine.

"Just tired," she muttered, dropping into a chair.

"You should've accepted my help."

"No... it was my responsibility." She exhaled and cleared her throat. "S-so... Evan."

"Yeah?"

"Um... I..."

"She wants to talk about going outside," Esme cut in casually. "To a new coffee place. They have a discount for couples."

"ESME!"

"That'd be awesome," I said quickly, before Cora combusted. "I love good coffee. Especially when it's discounted."

"R-really?" Cora gave a nervous little laugh. "Um... when?"

"How about now?"

"YES!" Esme snapped the pizza box lid shut. "You guys go. I can finish this. Don't worry. Please."

"You don't want to come?" I asked.

"Not when I have this pizza."

I chuckled. "Fair enough. Well, Cora? Shall we?"

"I'll get ready!" she blurted. "Need to take a shower and change. I'll be right back, promise."

"Take your time. I'll wait."

The Heart System - Chapter 437[1,644 words]

Chapter 437: Chapter 437

She hurried to the bathroom and closed the door.

I exhaled and leaned back against the counter again. Esme reopened the pizza box immediately.

She smirked at me from across the table.

"Why not join her, Evan?"

I arched an eyebrow. "Nah. I don't wanna get yelled at."

Esme shrugged. "She uses your photos to masturbate, you know. Just saying."

"S-she does not. Come on."

But I knew.

A couple months ago, I'd caught Cora in my room watching a video of me on my laptop. The memory still lingered awkwardly in my brain.

Did it creep me out? Yeah. Absolutely.

Did some selfish part of me feel weirdly flattered?

Well...

Also yes.

I shook the thought off and went to the sink to wash my hands.

Then I walked down the hallway and knocked on the bathroom door anyway. I guess the curiosity got the better of me, huh?

Behind me, I heard Esme snicker quietly as she grabbed another slice. I glanced back at her.

"You cheeky, cheeky girl," I muttered.

"Ouch, Evan."

From behind the door, Cora's voice came out slightly muffled. "W-who's there?"

"Cora. It's me."

There was a brief pause. Water running.

"Y-yes?"

"Can I come in?"

"OF COURSE!" she blurted, then cleared her throat. "Um. Yes."

I hesitated for half a second, hand on the doorknob.

"Alright."

I opened the bathroom door slowly. Steam rolled out in thick waves, carrying the clean scent of soap and hot water. Cora stood under the showerhead. Water cascaded down her body in steady sheets. She was naked. Small tits high on her chest. Pale skin almost glowing under the warm light. Messy dark hair plastered to her shoulders and back. Dark circles shadowed her eyes. Somehow she still looked cute. Fragile and soft in a way that made my chest tighten. I had no idea how she pulled that off.

She noticed me immediately. Her head tilted down. One hand came up to rest on her opposite shoulder like she was trying to cover herself without really covering anything. A small, awkward smile curved her lips. She didn't meet my eyes.

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me. The click felt louder than it should have. I peeled off my t-shirt first. Then my pants. Boxers last. Everything hit the tile in a damp pile. My cock hung heavy between my legs—not fully hard yet. Yesterday's marathon with those four demons had left me drained in every possible way. But the sight of Cora—wet, vulnerable, waiting—already started fixing that.

I walked toward her. Water sprayed against my skin as I stepped under the stream. Hot. Perfect. I reached out. Slid one finger under her chin. Lifted her face gently. Her eyes finally met mine. Wide. Nervous. Wanting.

I kissed her.

Soft at first. Just lips brushing. Then deeper. My tongue slipped past her teeth. Found hers. She kissed back—hesitant, then hungry. Small hands came up to rest on my chest. Fingers curled against my skin.

I turned her around slowly. She braced both palms flat on the tiled wall. Back arched. Ass pushed out toward me. Water ran down her spine in rivulets. Collected between her cheeks. Dripped to the floor.

I stepped in close. Pressed my body against hers. My cock—now half-hard and thickening fast—rubbed along her pussy lips. Not inside yet. Just sliding. Teasing. Coating myself in her wetness. She whimpered softly. Pushed back against me.

I leaned in. Kissed the side of her neck. Water streamed over my lips. Salty. Warm. She tilted her head to give me better access. A quiet moan slipped out.

I kissed her on the lips again—awkward angle, wet and messy. She turned her head as far as she could. Tongue met mine. Shy at first. Then eager.

My cock was fully hard now. Heavy. Throbbing. I grabbed the base. Rubbed the head along her slit one more time. Then pushed inside.

Slow. Steady. Inch by inch.

She moaned against my mouth. Long. Low. Her walls fluttered around me—hot, slick, tight. I groaned into the kiss. Buried myself to the hilt. Held there for a second. Let her feel every bit of me.

Then I started moving.

Slow at first. Long, deep strokes. Pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in. Water made everything slicker. Louder. Wet slaps mixed with the steady hiss of the shower.

I grabbed her waist with both hands. Fingers dug into soft skin. Pulled her back to meet every thrust.

"Good girl," I muttered against her ear. "That's right... just like that."

She moaned louder. The sound bounced off the tiles. Echoed in the small space.

I kept the pace steady. Deep. Controlled. Each thrust dragged a whimper from her throat. Her palms slid against the wet wall. Trying to brace. Failing.

"Moan while your sister is in the living room eating pizza," I whispered. Voice rough. Low. "Let her hear how good you feel. How much you love this cock stretching your tight little pussy."

Cora's breath hitched. A high, needy sound. She bit her lip. Tried to stay quiet. Failed. Another moan slipped out—louder this time.

I sped up slightly. Hips snapping forward. Water splashed against our skin. My balls slapped her clit with every thrust. She pushed back harder. Met me halfway.

"Fuck... you're so wet," I growled. "So tight. Taking me so deep. You love this, don't you? Knowing Esme can probably hear every sound you make."

She nodded frantically. Couldn't speak. Just moaned.

I reached around and found her clit. Rubbed slow circles. She jolted. Back arched sharper. Pussy clenched hard around me.

"Cum for me," I ordered. "Cum on this cock. Let me feel that pussy squeeze me. Show me how much you need it."

Her moans turned desperate. High-pitched. Body trembling. Walls fluttered wildly. Clit throbbed under my fingers.

"Evan..."

"Yes?"

"I'm... fuck, Evan... Evan, Evan..."

"Cum for me." I muttered. "I fucking love this, Cora."

"FUCK..."

She came hard.

A raw cry tore out of her throat. Echoed off the tiles. Pussy spasmed around my cock in violent, rhythmic waves. Wetness gushed out. Soaked my shaft. Ran down her thighs. Mixed with the shower water. Her legs shook. Knees buckled. I held her up. Kept thrusting through it. Slow. Deep. Drawing out every spasm. Every pulse.

She sobbed against the wall. Overwhelmed. Shaking. Moaning my name between gasps.

I didn't stop.

Kept fucking her. Steady. Relentless. Hands on her waist. Cock buried deep. Water pouring over us. Steam filling the room.

"Good girl," I murmured against her ear. "Cumming so hard for me... such a perfect little slut... keep squeezing... milk me..."

I pulled back slowly, letting my cock slide out of her with a wet drag that made Cora whimper. Water streamed down our bodies, mixing with the slickness between us. I turned her around gently. Her back met the cold tiles. She gasped at the sudden chill against her spine, but the heat of my body pressed in right after, pinning her there.

I hooked one hand under her knee. Lifted her leg high. Spread her open. My cock—still hard, still throbbing—rubbed along her folds once, twice, coating the head in her wetness. Then I pushed inside her cunt again. Slow. Deep. One long slide until my hips met hers.

She moaned against my shoulder.

I started fucking her like that. Steady rhythm. Each thrust drove her back against the tiles. Her small tits pressed flat against my chest. Her leg wrapped tighter around my waist. I held her up easily—one arm under her thigh, the other braced on the wall beside her head. Water poured over us. Ran down her face. Her neck. Her breasts. Made her skin shine.

"You feel so good," I muttered against her ear. "This tight little pussy gripping me like it never wants to let go. So wet. So perfect."

Cora tilted her head back. Water streamed into her open mouth. She swallowed. Moaned again. "Evan... harder... please..."

I kissed her. Deep. Messy. Tongues sliding together while I kept thrusting. Slow. Deep. Each push bottomed out. Made her gasp into my mouth. Her walls fluttered around me. Hot. Slick. So tight it almost hurt in the best way. Every inch of her hugged me like she was molded for my cock.

I leaned in closer. Put my chin on her shoulder. Looked down her body. Her small ass was pushed out toward me. Round. Soft. Pale. Water ran down the curve of it. Collected between her cheeks. I grabbed one cheek with my free hand. Squeezed hard. Fingers dug in deep enough to leave red marks that would bruise later. She moaned louder. Pushed back against me.

I kissed her throat. Open-mouthed. Sucked hard. Left dark marks. Hickeys blooming under her skin like little bruises of ownership.

"Such a good girl," I whispered against her neck. "Taking this cock so deep while your sister's right outside in the kitchen eating pizza. Moaning like a little slut. Letting everyone hear how much you love getting fucked."

Cora's breath hitched. Her pussy clenched hard around me. "Evan... fuck... yes... I love it... I love this dick... I love you..."

I squeezed her ass harder. Thrust deeper. "Hmm. You love me?"

"I love you. I love you. I love you." Her voice cracked. Desperate. "I want you to ruin me forever. Make my pussy take the shape of your dick... I love you..."

"Beg more."

"Please make me cum again. Please. Please, Evan. I want it so bad."

"Even though your sister's in the kitchen?"

She nodded frantically. Eyes squeezed shut. "Yes... yes... I don't care... please... make me cum..."

I went harder. Hips snapping forward. Balls slapping wetly against her with every thrust. The sound echoed in the shower. Mixed with the water. Mixed with her moans.

The Heart System - Chapter 438[1,973 words]

Chapter 438: Chapter 438

Cora's arms wrapped around my neck. Legs locked behind my back. She let herself go completely. Body weight resting on me. I held her up with both hands under her ass now. Squeezing. Kneading. Thrusting up into her while her back slid against the tiles.

Every push drove her higher up the wall. Drew a soft thud each time her shoulders hit. She moaned louder. Clung tighter. Nails digging into my back.

She bit my shoulder. Not hard enough to break skin. Just enough to sting. The sharp little pain shot straight to my cock. I groaned. Nearly came right there. But Endless Vigor kicked in. Kept me going. Kept me hard. Kept me thrusting.

Cora's moans turned frantic. High-pitched. Broken. Her pussy fluttered wildly around me. Walls spasming. Clenching. Milking.

She climaxed once again.

A raw cry tore out of her throat. Echoed off the tiles. Her pussy clamped down in violent waves. Squeezed me so tight I groaned into her neck. Wetness gushed out. Hot. Pulsing. Soaked my cock. Ran down my thighs. Mixed with the shower water. Her whole body shook. Legs locked behind me. Arms clinging tight. She sobbed against my shoulder. Overwhelmed. Shaking. Coming apart in my arms.

I kept fucking her through it. Slow. Deep. Drawing out every spasm. Every pulse. Letting her ride the aftershocks while I stayed buried inside her.

"Good girl," I muttered against her ear. "Cumming so hard for me... squeezing me so tight... such a perfect little slut..."

Cora relaxed slowly. Body going limp in my hold. Still trembling. Still clinging. But spent. Sated. Breathing hard against my neck.

I kept moving inside her. Gentle now. Letting her come down. Letting her feel every inch while the water poured over us.

She sighed softly. Content.

I kissed her shoulder. Then her neck. Then her lips—slow. Tender.

She kissed back. Weak. Tired. But happy.

I stayed inside her a little longer. Just holding her. Water running over us. Steam filling the room.

Then I eased out slowly. Set her down gently. Her legs wobbled. I held her steady. She looked up at me. Eyes soft. Smiling shyly.

The bathroom door opened.

Esme stepped inside. She yawned wide, rubbing one eye with the heel of her hand. She froze for half a second when she saw us—naked, flushed, Cora's back still pressed to the tiles—but then she just walked like it was nothing unusual. She turned on the sink faucet. Water rushed out.

Cora tensed beside me. I smiled, small and easy.

We got out of the shower and I bent Cora forward over the sink. She braced both hands on the counter. Ass pushed out. Back arched. Water still dripped from her hair onto the porcelain. I stepped in behind her. Grabbed her hips. Rubbed my cock along her slit once—slow—then pushed inside again.

She moaned. Long and soft. The sound bounced off the walls.

Esme glanced over her shoulder. Watched her sister get fucked against the sink. Then looked at me. No shock. No embarrassment. Just quiet acceptance. She kept washing her hands.

"You could've washed your hands in the kitchen sink," I said with a smile. Thrusting slow and deep into Cora. "Why choose here, Esme?"

She shrugged. Voice small. "Just... wanted to wash it here."

I fucked Cora harder. Hips snapping forward. Each thrust drove her forward against the counter. Her small tits pressed flat to the edge. She moaned louder. Tried to muffle it against her arm. Failed.

Esme watched. Shy. Eyes flicking between Cora's face and mine. Cora looked back at her sister—eyes wide, cheeks flushed. Both of them embarrassed in that quiet, shared way.

I pushed in deep one more time. To the hilt. Held there. Cora moaned—sharp, needy. Her walls fluttered around me.

I reached out my hand toward Esme.

She hesitated. Looked at my palm. Then at my face. Then shyly reached out and took it. Her fingers were cool. Damp from the sink.

I pulled her gently back. She stepped closer until her shoulder brushed mine. Standing side by side now. Cora on my right. Esme on my left.

I looked at Esme. Met her eyes. Then slid my free hand down the front of her shorts. Didn't go inside yet. Just rested my palm over her pubic mound. Felt the soft warmth through the fabric. Rubbed slow circles. She inhaled sharply. Bit her lip.

My fingers dipped lower. Pressed against her slit through the cotton. She was already damp. I rubbed gently. Up and down. Feeling her swell under my touch.

Esme moaned. Quiet. Shy. Her hips rocked forward once—instinctive—then stopped. Like she was scared to move.

Cora watched her sister. Eyes wide. Awe and heat mixed in her expression.

"Thank you for trusting me, Esme," I said softly. I slid my fingers under the waistband. Touched bare skin. Found her clit. Circled it slowly. "That makes me... proud in a weird way. Knowing that you trust me."

"I'm..." Esme's voice cracked. Small. Breathless.

I pulled my fingers back. Held them up in front of her face. They glistened. Wet with her arousal.

"Look how wet you are."

Esme stared at my fingers. Cheeks burning. Eyes glassy.

I leaned over to Cora. Pressed those wet fingers against her lips.

She opened immediately. Tongue darted out. Licked them clean. Sucked gently. Tasting her sister on me. Moaning softly around my fingers.

I pulled my hand free. Then grabbed the waistband of Esme's shorts. Slid them down her legs. No panties underneath. Just smooth, pale skin, pussy already swollen and glistening.

I pulled out of Cora slowly. She whined at the loss.

"Esme," I said quietly. Stepping closer to her. "May I be your first?"

Esme's eyes got watery. She looked at Cora. Then back at me. I could tell she was scared... of course she would be. But I had to show her that there was nothing to be scared of. I wasn't like her father... and she had to know that.

Cora straightened up. Wrapped her arms around Esme from the side. Held her tight. "She's scared, Evan," Cora whispered. "I think it'd be best to..."

"Yes," Esme interrupted. Voice small but firm. "B-but... my sister should be there too."

Cora blinked. Surprised. Then smiled softly. Hugged her tighter.

I nodded. Then I bent down and lifted Esme into my arms. Easy. Light. She squeaked. Wrapped her arms around my neck.

"Your first time shouldn't be in a bathroom like this."

I carried her out of the bathroom. Cora followed close behind—still naked, still dripping. We walked down the short hall to Esme's bedroom. I pushed the door open with my shoulder. Laid Esme gently on her bed.

Cora helped her sister out of the oversized sleep shirt. It fell to the floor. Esme lay there naked. Pale. Big tits rising and falling with quick breaths. Legs pressed together shyly.

I climbed onto the bed. Knelt between Esme's legs.

Cora sat beside her. Took my cock in her hand. Held it by the base. Guided the head to Esme's entrance.

Esme looked up at me. Eyes wide. Nervous. Trusting.

I leaned down. Kissed her forehead. Then her lips. Soft. Slow.

She kissed back. Shy. Trembling.

Cora stroked me once—gentle—then pressed the head against Esme's opening.

Cora leaned in. Kissed her sister's temple. Whispered something soft I couldn't hear.

Esme opened her eyes. Looked up at me. Smiled—small, trembling, but real.

Cora's hands were steady as she worked, her focus entirely on her sister. She leaned down, preparing Esme with a focused, clinical tenderness that made my heart hammer against my ribs.

"You should get a towel, Cora," I said, my voice sounding rougher than I intended. "To put under her. We don't want to ruin the sheets."

Cora looked up, blinking as if coming out of a trance. "Oh, you're right. One second." She stood and disappeared into the bathroom, leaving me alone with Esme.

The silence in the room was heavy, thick with years of unspoken tension. I leaned in, my lips brushing against the soft curve of her breast before I moved up to find her gaze. Her eyes were wide, searching mine.

"You have no idea how much I've wanted this, Esme," I whispered. I pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the bridge of her nose.

"R-really?" she breathed, her voice trembling.

"When I got you from that police station... I wanted you then. But I held myself back because I knew you didn't trust me yet. But now?"

"Now?"

"Now I know you do. And that makes me happier than I can say."

She swallowed hard, her fingers twitching against the mattress. "Will it... hurt?"

"If it does, you just tell me to stop, okay? I'll be fine. We go at your pace."

She gave a small, hesitant nod just as Cora returned. My heart did a slow roll as Cora slid the towel beneath Esme's hips, propping her up. Cora took her position, her eyes meeting mine with a silent, shared understanding. She reached out, her touch guiding me toward the heat of her sister.

The friction was immediate—a sharp, electric jolt that made Esme let out a low, shaky moan. Cora looked between us, her eyes wide as she ensured we were both ready. Then, with agonizing care, she began to guide my cock forward, slowly pushing me into her sister.

I felt the resistance of her body instantly—the tight heat of her first time. I let out a low groan, my muscles coiling as I tried to hold back. She was so narrow, so incredibly tight that it felt like she was pushing me back out.

Esme's breath hitched into a sharp groan. Her back arched off the mattress, her eyes snapping shut in a mix of shock and strain.

"Are you okay?" Cora asked softly, leaning over her.

"Y-yes... I am..." Esme managed to get out, though her knuckles were white where she gripped the blankets beneath her.

Cora pushed a little more, trying to bridge the gap, but the pain was written all over Esme's face. I froze, my hips locking in place. Cora let go of my dick, her expression shifting to deep concern.

"Okay, you're still scared, Esme," Cora murmured. "We can take this slow. We don't have to do this right now."

"No!" Esme gasped, her eyes snapping open with a flash of stubborn fire. "I've come too far. If we drop it now, I might never do it."

"It's clear you aren't ready, Esme," I said, my voice thick with the effort of staying still. "Let's not force it."

But Esme wasn't listening. With a frustrated groan, she surged upward, her hands catching my thighs and pulling me toward her with sudden, desperate strength. The momentum took over. I pushed forward instinctively, and in one sharp, staggering motion, I broke through the final barrier.

Esme let out a sharp scream that echoed through the room. I felt the exact moment it happened—the sudden, searing warmth of her hymen breaking, her body finally blooming open to claim me.

I looked down and saw the blood rushing from her pussy, blooming across the white towel we'd placed under her ass. The sight, combined with the crushing, rhythmic pulse of her walls around my cock, sent my self-control spiraling into the abyss.

"Esme..." I gasped, my vision blurring. "Fuck... you're so tight... I'm going to—"

"Hurts... it hurts..." she whispered, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she clung to me as her body began to adjust to the intrusion.

"I can't... Esme! Fuck!"

I let it go. The release was violent and overwhelming as I came deep inside her. I felt the heat of my cum mixing with her blood, overflowing and making a slick, chaotic mess on the towel.

The Heart System - Chapter 439[1,945 words]

Chapter 439: Chapter 439

Cora watched us, her face a mask of shock at the sheer intensity of it. Esme let out a long, shuddering moan, her pussy getting even wetter as she finally relaxed into the mattress, the initial sting fading into a heavy, pulsing ache.

Even though I had just come, my cock stayed rock-hard inside her. Between the scent of her, the tightness of her walls, and the raw sight of the blood on the towel, I couldn't help it. The connection felt permanent now—messy, raw, and completely ours.

I stayed buried deep inside her, my heart thundering against my ribs like a trapped bird. The air in the room felt thick, tasting of sweat and the iron tang of her first time. I looked down, watching the red bloom across the white towel we'd laid out. It was a stark, visceral reminder of what she'd just given up for me.

My pulse was still hammering in my throat. Even though I'd just come, the sensation of her—so incredibly tight and wet around me—kept me from softening. It was impossible not to stay hard when she was still shivering beneath me, her body twitching as it tried to adjust to the intrusion.

"Esme," I breathed, my voice barely a rasp. I leaned down, brushing a damp strand of hair from her forehead.

She let out a long, shuddering moan, her eyes slowly fluttering open. They were hazy, swimming with a mix of lingering shock and a new, dark heat. "It... it's okay," she whispered, her voice gaining a bit of strength. "I'm okay, Evan."

Cora was still hovering close, her face a mask of wide-eyed shock. She looked at the mess on the towel, then at me, then back at her sister. Her breath was coming in short, shallow hitches.

"You did it," Cora murmured, her hand trembling as she reached out to stroke Esme's cheek. "You actually did it."

I felt Esme's internal walls pulse around me again—a tight, rhythmic squeeze that made my vision swim. The friction was still there, raw and intense. The blood and the heat had turned everything into a slick, chaotic mess between her thighs, and the sheer animal reality of it was driving me crazy.

I took a breath, trying to steady my racing heart. I was still buried deep, the heat of her first time pulsing around my cock.

"C-can I move, Esme?" I asked, my voice cracking.

She gave a small, shaky nod. I leaned down, spitting directly onto the mess between her thighs to give us some slickness, then slowly pulled back before pushing in again. The spit disappeared into the heat of her.

"You're doing great, sweetie," Cora whispered, reaching up to stroke Esme's hair. "Just breathe."

I started to fuck her, keeping the rhythm agonizingly slow. Every time my hips hit hers, a little more of my cum and her blood seeped out, staining the towel further.

"I never thought this would happen, Esme," Cora said, her voice thick with emotion. "After our father... after that man... I never thought I'd see you this happy, even in my dreams. But look at you now."

I smiled, reaching out to gently turn Esme's head to the left. There was a mirror on the wardrobe nearby. Esme looked at her own reflection—her flushed face, her blown-out eyes. She looked relaxed, like a massive weight had finally been lifted off her chest.

"I love this side of you," I murmured, leaning in to kiss her temple while she stared at herself in the glass.

I pushed again. Then again. Each slide drew a long, melodic moan from her throat. Pleasure at being thirty had its perks; I had enough control to make this easy for her, guiding her through the sensations without rushing. But as I went a bit deeper than intended, Esme let out a sharp groan.

"Sorry," I hissed, freezing.

"It's okay..." she panted, her fingers digging into my arms. "You can go a little faster now."

"You sure?"

She nodded. I picked up the pace, nothing crazy, just a steady, driving rhythm. Her pussy felt like it was trying to swallow my dick whole. The sensation was unreal.

"Fuck..." I growled. I leaned down, catching one of her large nipples between my lips and licking it before moving to the other. Esme let out a sob of pleasure, her hand reaching behind my head to hold me there. Cora sat at the edge of the bed, just watching her sister with a soft, proud smile.

"Umm..." Esme gasped between moans. "Did you guys... do it in the ass?"

Cora's face went bright red. I lifted my head, a smirk tugging at my lips as I kept fucking her. I just shook my head, my eyes dark. "You have no idea, Esme."

I was getting close again. She was just too tight, the friction too much to handle for long. Suddenly, Esme's entire body stiffened. She bit her lower lip so hard I thought she'd draw blood, then she practically screamed as her climax hit.

- Critical Success: Esme

"Oh... what is happen... HAPPENING... AH!"

This had to be her first time, of course. Cumming like this, not just from masturbating with her finger, rubbing her clit. She screamed so much that I was sure the whole neighborhood heard her. Her body shook, eyes shut tightly as she moaned. And seeing her like this? Fucking hell... it drove me to the edge again. This girl was something else.

Her pussy clamped down on me, tighter than ever. I groaned, muttering some incoherent string of words I didn't even recognize, and let everything go. I poured myself into her, a massive, hot flood that overflowed and coated her inner thighs.

"Ahh... fuck, Esme. I'm... agh..."

"Y-you... came." She muttered. "I can feel it filling me up... and it feels good, Evan."

I exhaled, my body shaking as the last of the heat left me. I looked down at the mess—a mix of white and red that looked chaotic and raw on the towel. Slowly, I started to pull my cock out. With a wet, sticky pop, she let me go.

I collapsed back onto the mattress, staring at the ceiling. "Oh, fuck... I'm pooped."

"Hey," Cora whispered, her voice soft and maternal. "You okay? Talk to me, Esme."

Esme was staring down at the mess on the towel, her chest heaving. She looked dazed, like she'd just survived a car wreck but was somehow glad about it. "I... I think so," she rasped. She reached down, her fingers tentatively brushing her inner thigh. "It's a weird feeling. Like... I'm finally hollowed out. But in a good way."

Cora gave her a squeeze, kissing the side of her head. "I know. The first time is always a shock to the system. You were so brave, honey. I'm so proud of you."

Honey? Huh. I guess she had a soft side for her.

"I thought I was going to break," Esme admitted, a small, shaky laugh escaping her. She looked at me, her eyes shimmering. "Thank you for be-being gentle with me."

I chuckled, still looking at the ceiling. "Well, you really weren't gentle to me, not gonna lie... but, hey, thank you."

"It just..." Esme muttered. "Ugh. Stings."

"Okay. Bathroom. Now," Cora said, moving to help her sister. "I've got something for the sting. You're fine. Just sore. It happens."

I watched as Cora helped a shaky Esme off the bed. Just before they could leave the room, I rolled off the mattress and caught Esme's arm. She had one hand cupped over herself to keep the blood and cum from spilling onto the floor.

I smiled at her and leaned in for a soft kiss. "You want another pizza?"

Esme's face lit up, and she gave a tired, happy nod.

"One big pizza with extra pepperoni it is, then," I promised.

Cora chuckled, shaking her head, and the two of them disappeared into the bathroom.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +1200

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

- Bliss Multiplier: 1800c

Shit... 1200 experience points just from this? I guess I was good, though. Despite those four demons milking me yesterday. But I wasn't happy because of the reward. I was happy because Esme finally trusted me. Damn... why was I feeling so proud, though?

"Welp," I muttered. "Just... man... wow."

=====

- 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: 3679c

And... yeah. The EXP I got from it. If I wasn't such an idiot and held my ground against those four demons, I'd have leveled up now. But... yeah. I mean, I could've died yesterday. So I'd take this any day of the week.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

=====

EXP: [] 4635/9922

I walked back to the bathroom naked and realized it was locked. My clothes were still in there and I needed them. Walking around butt-naked in this cold would make me sick in minutes.

"Hey, Cora?" I knocked on the door. "Can you get me my clothes?"

"Oh? Um... y-yeah. Sure."

A few seconds passed and the door opened with Cora standing in the way. She handed me my clothes awkwardly, then smiled and looked at me. It had to be weird for her, watching her sister like that. But I could tell she was happy too. That her sister had stepped out of her comfort zone. That she was happy finding someone she could be with.

I thought Cora was the jealous type, but when it came to her sister... she was completely different. I liked that about her. She was responsible. She knew what their father was like. And she shielded her sister from him... well, I mean she killed their father, but still...

"Let's put some hot water there..." Cora's voice came from the other side of the door.
"Yep. Like that."

"Uugh... t-thanks, Sis."

I walked to the living room and put on my clothes. Then I cracked open the window and lit up a cigarette. After calling the pizza place, I leaned against the window frame and looked outside. The rain was still coming down hard on the city, heavy and relentless, like it would never stop.

"This is Renson's, unfortunately, we're not taking orders on the phone because of the heavy rain. Please call us back soon."

"Oh," I muttered. "Right. Sorry. Well, I'd like to get a large extra pepperoni pizza. I'll come by and pick it up. With coke please."

"Alright. Will that be all, sir?"

"Yep."

"Got it. It'll be ready in a few minutes, sir. Have a nice day."

"You too."

The Heart System - Chapter 440[1,589 words]

Chapter 440: Chapter 440

I put out my cigarette and tossed it in the kitchen bin, then slid my jacket on and pulled up the zipper. I texted Cora that I would be back soon and left the apartment. Taking the stairs, I opened the building's front door and stepped out into the rain.

I hurried to my car and unlocked it, then stepped inside and started the engine. Damn, the rain was bad. I had only opened the door for a few seconds, and the seat was already squelching wet.

"Shit," I muttered. "The things I would do for pizza, huh?"

I eased the car forward, checking my mirror twice just in case before merging into the lane. Then I turned on my GPS and made sure I remembered Renson's place correctly—which was good because I was going the opposite way before the map loaded in. I managed to steer left just in time.

I parked the car right in the middle of the road, turned on my hazard lights, and headed inside the shop. I heard a few horns behind me, but I didn't care. No way I was parking far away in this weather and walking. I'd be fucking drowned.

"Hey, I had one extra large pepperoni pizza," I said to the woman behind the counter.

"One extra..." She muttered. "Oh, yeah. Here it is."

She turned back and placed the pizza box on the counter. I quickly paid with my card and left the pizza parlor as if I'd just thrown a bomb in it and was running away. I hurried to my car and turned on the engine, moving slowly through the rain.

The rain hadn't eased up at all on the drive back. If anything, it had gotten heavier, coming down in thick sheets that turned the streets into shallow rivers and made the wipers fight just to keep the windshield clear. I kept the heat cranked, but my jacket was soaked from the short dash into Renson's and back out to the car. The pizza box sat on the passenger seat, wrapped in the extra plastic bag I'd asked for, still radiating warmth through the cardboard. The Coke bottles clinked gently in their carrier bag every time I hit a pothole.

I turned onto our street and immediately saw the problem. No spots anywhere close. I circled the block once, cursing under my breath, then spotted a narrow gap between two SUVs about half a block down. It wasn't legal, but fuck it. I pulled in, tires crunching through standing water, and killed the engine.

I grabbed the pizza box in one hand and the Coke bag in the other, opened the door, and stepped straight into a wall of rain. The wind hit me sideways, instantly soaking what little dry parts of me remained. I hunched my shoulders, tucked the pizza box tight

against my chest under my jacket, and half-jogged toward the apartment entrance, trying to shield it with my body.

I shook the rain from my jacket and stepped into the building, the heavy front door thudding shut behind me.

I took the stairs and when I reached our floor, I exhaled and then rubbed my face. Then I walked down the short hallway to the apartment and knocked.

Cora opened it almost immediately. She was still wearing my hoodie, the sleeves pushed past her elbows, her hair tied back now. Her eyes dropped to the pizza box, then lifted to my face, widening just a little.

"Why did you go out?" she asked, stepping back to let me in. "I thought you were just calling them."

"They weren't taking phone orders because of the rain," I explained as I stepped inside and kicked off my soaked shoes by the door. Water poured out of them when I tilted them. "Some policy about delivery guys not going out in this weather. So I figured I'd just drive over and grab it myself. Wasn't far."

Cora closed the door behind me and locked it. "You look like you swam here."

"Feels like it." I held up the box. "Still hot, though. Barely."

Esme appeared from the living room hallway, moving slowly, like she was still a little sore or shy. She wore a tight tank top that clung softly to her big tits, paired with tiny hotpants that barely covered anything. Her hair was still messy from earlier, falling in loose waves over her shoulders. She smiled—lazy, content, a little sleepy—and walked straight to me.

She took the pizza box and Coke bag from my hands without a word, carried them to the dining table, and set them down. Then she turned back, rose on her toes, and wrapped both arms around my neck in a tight hug.

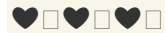
I froze for half a second—surprised—then my arms came up automatically. I hugged her back, one hand between her shoulder blades, the other low on her waist. She smelled like soap and clean skin. Her body pressed warm against my wet jacket.

I looked over her shoulder at Cora, who was leaning against the wall watching us with a small, soft smile.

"If you think hugging me is gonna get you the slice with the most toppings," I said, voice low and teasing, "you're wrong."

"Ouch. Really?" Esme mumbled into my neck, still holding on tight.

"Yep." I squeezed her a little harder. "You cheeky, cheeky girl."



I got up from my desk and walked to the window, folding my arms as I stared out at the rain sliding down the glass. Maeve was hiding something from us. The messages I read on her laptop made that obvious. Whoever this K person was, they weren't just some random contact. I needed to find out who they were, and for that to happen, Maeve had to cooperate with me whether she liked it or not.

For now, I was keeping K from Nala. If she found out Maeve wasn't being honest, things would spiral fast. The company was already drowning in problems, and the last thing we needed was a goddess-level confrontation layered on top of everything else.

"You look thoughtful."

I turned around. Amelia stood behind me.

"Oh. Hey."

I walked back and sat down in my chair. Amelia stepped closer and rested both elbows on the edge of my desk, leaning forward slightly. The desk surface was higher than where I was seated, so from my position I had to tilt my head up to meet her eyes. It put her slightly above me in height like that, her shoulders angled forward, chin tipped down as she looked at me through those oversized glasses.

And those glasses were definitely not hers.

They kept sliding down her nose every few seconds, forcing her to nudge them back up. The frames were too wide for her face, almost comically large, making her look like she had borrowed them from someone else in a hurry.

"Changed glasses?" I asked.

"They broke," she said, clearing her throat. "Are we going to drive again today?"

"Sure. Why not? You on break right now?"

"Yes, but only a coffee break. Five minutes."

"Call me when you're free," I said. "I'll be here."

She nodded and gently tapped the desk with her palm. "Alright. Thank you, Evan."

"No problem."

"Oh. Yeah. Bye."

She left, and I leaned back in my chair, still processing that. Amelia thanking me like that felt strange. She usually carried herself like someone who would slam her hand on a table and tell everyone what to do.

I turned toward the window again and watched the rain. Yesterday was insane. Sleeping with Cora and Esme and the amount of EXP I gained from it made it clear the system was pushing me forward faster than I expected. Everything was accelerating.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out.

"Hey, Delilah."

"Hey, Evan," she said quietly. "I can't talk long. Ivy's home."

"Got it."

"How's things going with Chase? Did you find anything?"

"Nope," I lied smoothly. "Not yet. I'm still digging. I'll let you know."

"Okay. I'm just worried about her, Evan."

"I know, Delilah. I know."

I wasn't telling her what I had found. Not until I had solid proof that Chase was exactly what I suspected he was. The less she knew for now, the safer she was.

"We can't meet much lately, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah. My work, your work, and this Chase situation."

"Yeah." I leaned back further in my chair. "I kinda miss you."

"Kinda?"

I chuckled. "Slip of the tongue."

"Well, kinda fuck you, Mr. Marlowe."

We both laughed.

Then her tone shifted instantly. "Y-yeah, Adrian. I need that report by tomorrow morning. Bye."

"Ivy's there?"

"Yep."

"Alright. Bye. Love you."

"Yes. Me too, Adrian."

The call ended.

The Heart System - Chapter 441[1,738 words]

Chapter 441: Chapter 441

I stared at the phone for a second before dropping it back on the desk. Chase. Maeve. Nala. The company mess. The system. It felt like every direction I turned, there was another problem waiting for me.

I rubbed my face with both hands and exhaled slowly. I needed a break. Maybe a vacation. Somewhere quiet. Somewhere without goddesses, corporate sabotage, hidden contacts, and unstable fucking boyfriends.

Maybe Carrie would let us use her summer house again.

I doubted it.

Still, it was worth asking.

I turned back in my chair, the old thing creaking under my weight, and looked through the glass wall toward the hallway. Maeve had just stepped out of the elevator. She was heading in the direction of Nala's office, heels clicking against the floor.

Then she stopped.

Mid-step.

She stood there for a few seconds like she was debating something in her head, then shook it off. I saw her lips move, muttering something under her breath, before she turned around and pressed the elevator button again. The doors opened and she stepped inside.

I leaned back slightly.

"What are you hiding, Maeve?" I muttered. "And who the hell is K?"

My phone rang again.

"Hello?"

"Security," a man said. "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Marlowe. There's a man here trying to enter the building. Claims he knows Mrs. Nolin. Says he has a meeting with her."

"She doesn't," I replied immediately. "Apart from Anotta, her schedule's clear. Who is he?"

"Older man. Refuses to give me his name."

I sighed. "Alright. I'll come down. Have him wait."

"Yes, sir."

I ended the call, stood up, and headed for the elevator. A few seconds later, the doors opened, a couple of employees stepped out, and I got in. I pressed the ground floor button and waited while the soft instrumental music played overhead.

I had a bad feeling I already knew who this was.

The so-called father of Amelia.

There was no way he had a meeting with Nala. He probably just threw her name around because it sounded important. What he thought he would gain by getting inside the building, I had no idea.

The elevator doors opened, and I stepped out.

And there he was. The same man from before. Security stood firmly in front of the automatic doors, blocking his way in.

I walked outside and gave the guard a light pat on the shoulder. "I'll handle it."

"Yes, Mr. Marlowe."

He stepped back inside, staying close enough to intervene if needed.

I turned to the man.

He was wearing a suit that was clearly too big for him. The sleeves swallowed his hands, the shoulders sagged, and the pants bunched awkwardly at his shoes. It looked like he had borrowed it from someone much taller and heavier, trying to appear respectable.

Around him, the other employees lingered in loose clusters near the building's entrance, just outside the automatic doors that slid open and shut with a soft mechanical sigh. A few stood off to the side by the metal railing, smoking, their cigarettes glowing faintly as they talked in low voices. One woman cradled a paper coffee cup in both hands, staring down at her phone between sips. It was a calm sight... other than this punk.

When that old man saw me, he exhaled harshly and rubbed his face, then stepped back and leaned against the railing.

"Who are you?" I asked. "Tell me the truth."

"Jack," he said. "Who are you?"

"Evan. What are you doing here, Jack?"

"I'm here to see my girl," he replied. "Amelia."

"What's her last name?"

"Hitch."

I shook my head slowly. "Wrong."

His jaw tightened.

"Are you stalking her?" I continued. "Trying to lie your way inside so you can get close to her?"

"I'm her father," he snapped. "And she owes me money. I deserve half of what she earns here. I fed her. I took care of her. I dealt with her useless mother."

"A father who doesn't know his daughter's surname," I said flatly. "Impressive."

"Let me in," he insisted. "I need to see her."

"How did you even get past the outer gate? Did you climb over?"

"I need to talk to her," he repeated, ignoring the question. His voice started rising. "I deserve half of her money. I'm poor. I deserve it."

"Lower your voice," I said calmly. "And leave."

"I'm not leaving until I get what I'm FUCKING owed."

"You already got caught lying," I said. "Her surname isn't Hitch. And she doesn't know you. You're not her father. You're just some delusional creep."

"You can't talk to me like that," he muttered. "My girl works here."

I rubbed the back of my neck and glanced inside. Security was already watching through the glass.

The guard stepped back out and stood beside me.

"Remove him," I said quietly. "And make sure he doesn't come back."

"Yes, sir."

The guard moved toward him, firm but controlled.

I didn't wait to watch the rest. I turned and walked back inside the building, the doors sliding shut behind me.

Maeve hiding secrets. Chase acting suspicious. A supposed father trying to extort Amelia. Problems stacking up faster than I could clear them.

And there was only one little ol' me.



It was eight when Chase's door finally opened and one of his patients stepped out. The sun had set a while ago, the rain was gone, and the air outside the windows looked sharp and cold. The old man who left turned back with a polite smile toward Chase, who was still seated at his desk, then shuffled toward the elevator.

I noticed the laptop on Chase's desk. It wasn't the one he usually carried around.

Good.

Chase looked up and met my eyes, offering that calm, reassuring smile he used on everyone. I mirrored it, stood up, walked into his office, and closed the door behind me. I approached his desk and took a seat. He extended his hand and I shook it.

"Mr. Marlowe," he said. "Welcome. Hope I didn't make you wait long."

"It's fine," I replied. "I'm used to waiting."

He gave a small nod. "Ivy mentioned you're working at a large tech company now, correct? How's that going for you? Especially with your anxiety."

"It's going well," I said with a shrug. "I still stammer sometimes, but I manage."

"That's good to hear. And your homework? Did you complete it?"

"I wrote my thoughts in a notebook," I said with a faint smile. "But I forgot to bring it. Feels like I'm lying to a teacher."

He chuckled lightly. "No worries. Shall we begin? Let's talk about—"

Yeah, no.

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: 3589c

He froze mid-sentence, hand slightly raised, mouth half-open, eyes caught between blinks.

I leaned forward immediately and pulled his laptop closer, turning it toward me. It was unlocked. His previous patient's notes were open in a document. I closed that and went straight to the desktop. Browser. A few scattered image files. And a folder with a nonsense name: "klsdjfsdkljf."

Subtle.

I clicked it. Password prompt.

No fingerprint option. Straight password request.

I didn't know it, so I closed it for now. I needed another angle.

I plugged in the USB I'd taken from Nala and dragged the folder over. It copied without asking for the password. The file transferred as a zip. I didn't know how to crack that myself, but at least I had it. Maeve might.

Once the transfer finished, I opened his browser and checked the history.

Some regular browsing. A handful of adult sites. Nothing shocking there. Then I scrolled further.

Multiple article links about him. Fourteen separate visits within twenty minutes. Each with a few minutes spent reading.

I shook my head slightly. "You really enjoy reading about yourself, huh?"

I clicked into one of the articles. It loaded quickly. He was logged in under a female username, with a woman's profile picture.

There was a comment beneath the article that he had made with his fake account.

"He was so kind. He listened to me and helped me through everything. I honestly don't know where I'd be without him."

Below it, another comment from a different account.

"I agree. He's incredible. We need more therapists like him."

I copied the second username, "MamaXx12," and before I could even search it, the browser prompted me with a saved login suggestion for that exact account.

So that one was his too... MamaXx12.

Different female profile picture.

I leaned back slightly and opened another article. Same pattern. Logged in under another woman's account. More praise. More exaggerated admiration.

I opened another site. Same thing. Different usernames. Different female photos. Same writing tone. He had created multiple fake accounts to comment glowing reviews about himself across different platforms. Huh...

I exhaled slowly.

"Nothing like manufacturing your own reputation, Mr. Bellings," I muttered.

Time was still frozen.

And I was starting to see just how deep his ego ran.

I didn't really know how the therapy business worked. Maybe this was normal. Maybe a lot of them created fake accounts and left glowing comments about themselves to polish their image. Build a clean, trustworthy persona online so more clients would come in.

What stood out to me was that every fake account I saw was a woman. Not a single male profile. All women praising him, admiring him, defending him.

That couldn't be random.

If most of the negative comments about him were written by women, then maybe this was his way of balancing it out. Rewriting the narrative. Making it look like women trusted him, adored him, felt saved by him.

That was useful information.

I saved a few of the article links to my phone, just in case they got deleted later. Then I closed the tabs, reopened the previous patient's notes, and turned the laptop back toward him exactly how it had been.

I ended Time Stop.

Motion resumed naturally.

"...your work," he continued smoothly, as if nothing had happened. "Let's talk about it."

"Sure," I said with a shrug. "What do you want to know?"



The Heart System - Chapter 442[1,573 words]

Chapter 442: Chapter 442

By the time I got home, it was almost ten. Traffic had been terrible. A car had crashed into a pole because of the wet roads. I slowed down more than I needed to, half-expecting it to be that reckless girl who kept running into me everywhere.

It wasn't.

For some reason, that eased me.

I unlocked the door and stepped inside. The girls were gathered around the dining table, playing Monopoly. Since none of them had work tomorrow, they were fully invested. Even Minne was playing, and from the look of the board, she was doing well.

They didn't notice me until I shut the door.

"Oh," Minne said, looking up. "Welcome, Master."

"Alright," Tessa said immediately. "Evan's the bank. I'm one hundred percent sure Nala is stealing money."

"I am not," Nala protested.

"Yeah, sure," Tessa muttered. "Come here, stud. Run the bank."

"Let me wash my hands first," I said with a small laugh.

"Be quick."

I went to the common bathroom, washed my hands, dried them, and came back to the table. I sat down at the bank position. Tessa might have had a point. Nala was clearly the richest. Stacks of five-hundreds neatly arranged in front of her, and she was conveniently closest to the main pile.

I settled in beside Nala and organized the money properly on top of the game box.

Minne rolled the dice. One die almost slid off the table but stopped at the edge.

"Seven," she said, moving her car. "One, two, three..."

"Any news about the hidden cam?" Nala whispered to me.

"Not yet," I replied quietly. "But I'm working on it. We'll figure it out."

"I don't understand why Maeve refuses to help," she said under her breath. "I don't know what to do anymore. This whole thing feels pointless."

"We'll handle it," I said. "Just don't stress."

"Master," Minne said. "I passed Start. Two hundred, please."

I handed her the money. "Spend wisely."

She smiled. "Another hotel."

"No," Tessa groaned. "How did you even complete the blue set already?"

"I asked around the board," Nala whispered to me. "If anyone would be willing to look into the hidden cam."

"Did you mention that we actually found—"

"No," she cut in softly. "I kept it vague. Said a friend found one in a motel room."

"And?"

"They all said to go to the police." She exhaled slowly. "This feels hopeless."

Tessa rolled. "Come on. Six, six."

She got nine.

"Damn it."

"Tax," Kim said calmly. "Two hundred million."

"This game is terrible."

"Should I talk to Tuck?" Nala asked me quietly. "Maybe I can convince him."

"He's not the type you can push," I said. "If he doesn't want to get involved, he won't. We need another angle."

Jasmine picked up the dice. "Alright..."

She rolled snake eyes.

"Again," she said, since it was a double.

She rolled again. Double fours. She moved eight spaces, landed on Start, and I handed her two hundred. She rolled a third time.

Double ones.

"Jail," Tessa announced. "Three doubles. Get in."

Jasmine leaned back in her chair. "Unbelievable."

The board was a mess of houses, hotels, and growing debt.

And while they argued over rent and taxes, my mind was still stuck on hidden cameras, fake accounts, and a therapist who clearly liked controlling his own narrative.

"I'm starving," I said, leaning back slightly in the chair. "What do we have?"

"Minne made homemade pizza," Jasmine replied without looking up from the board. "It's in the kitchen."

"Pizza again, huh?" I muttered, but I was already standing up.

"It's good this time," Minne said defensively.

"I'm sure it is," I said with a small grin.

I walked into the kitchen and found the tray on the counter, loosely covered. It was still a little warm. I grabbed a plate, slid a couple of slices onto it, and leaned against the counter as I took my first bite.

It was actually good.

From where I stood, I could see the table. Tessa arguing about rent. Kim counting money carefully. Jasmine complaining from jail. Nala quieter than the rest, focused but distracted at the same time. Minne trying not to smile too much about her hotels.

I ate slowly, watching them play.

Tomorrow, I'd talk to Maeve.

No more delays. No more going in circles. The hidden cam, Chase, the files, all of it tied back to this "K" situation one way or another.

It was time to push properly.

I took another bite of pizza, chewing thoughtfully.

Tomorrow, I'd try to end this K business once and for all.

♥□♥□♥□

I exhaled through my nose and straightened up in front of Maeve's office door. A flicker of excitement moved through my chest, mixed with the low buzz of nerves. What if she flat-out refused to help? Blackmail was always an option, but I shoved the thought down hard. No. I'd deal with the "K" situation later. Right now, I needed her to crack that zip file from Chase's computer. The folder I'd transferred was locked behind a password, and without her expertise, I was stuck staring at a useless encrypted wall.

I knocked—two firm raps. No answer. I knocked again, a little harder this time. A few seconds passed in silence, then I felt movement behind me. I turned.

Maeve stood there holding a steaming coffee cup. Our eyes met. She gave a small, awkward nod and a half-smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Come in," she said.

I chuckled. "Thanks."

I pushed the door open and stepped inside, holding it for her. She walked past me to her desk, set the coffee down, and sat. I closed the door behind us with a quiet click. For a moment I just stood there, unsure where to begin. My hand slipped into my pocket, fingers closing around the USB stick. I walked over and placed it gently on her desk.

"I got a zip file," I said. "It's password-protected. Need you to crack it."

Maeve raised an eyebrow and took a slow sip of coffee. "Even a baby can crack a zip file, Mr. Marlowe." She smiled faintly, almost teasing. "What's in it?"

"No idea." I leaned one hip against the edge of her desk. "That's why I came to you."

She studied me for a second. "Is this about the hidden cam thing? I already told you, I'm sorry, but I can't—"

"It's not about that." I cut in gently but firmly. "It's more... personal."

Her expression shifted. Guarded. "How can I trust you?"

The persuasion interface flickered into view.

Persuasion Attempt: Maeve

=====

□□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 4/4

Thanks to the recent level-up on Honeyed Words, I now had four chances instead of three. The final chances looked stronger too, though still not perfect. I needed more Charm points to push that reliability higher.

Five boxes. Four needed to fill. I could do this.

The first prompt appeared.

Attempting Persuasion

"Why would you not trust me, Maeve?

And why are you so tense right now?"

=====

Base Chance: 40%

Honeyed Words: +55%

=====

Final Chance: 95%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Why would you not trust me, Maeve?" I asked, keeping my voice calm and even. "And why are you so tense right now?"

She blinked, caught off guard. Her fingers tightened around the coffee cup. One box filled.

"I'm not tense," she said quickly. "I'm just... I can't help you with the hidden cam. I'm sorry."

"I'm not asking for your help about that."

"How would I know?" She set the cup down, leaned back in her chair. "I can't risk it."

The second prompt.

Attempting Persuasion

"Risk what?"

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +60%

=====

Final Chance: 90%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Risk what?" I repeated, tilting my head slightly. "Is there something I should know, Maeve?"

"I didn't mean it like that." She tried to backpedal, voice a little higher. "I just... you know what I mean."

Third prompt.

Attempting Persuasion

"I don't know what you mean.

Can you help me understand it?"

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +60%

=====

Final Chance: 90%

Upon Succeeding:

▶ Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"I don't know what you mean," I said, softening my tone. "Can you help me understand it?"

Persuasion Attempt: Maeve

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 1/4—SUCCESS

"I'm just..." She trailed off, rubbed the back of her neck, then stood up abruptly.

She walked to the window, arms crossed tight over her chest. She stared out at the city for a long moment, fingers tapping restlessly against her elbow. I stayed where I was, arms folded, watching her reflection in the glass.

"I'll crack it," she finally said. Her voice was quiet, resigned. "But I'll check what's inside the folder first."

I lifted both hands in a small surrender gesture. "As long as I can stay here while you work your magic, sure."

"It should take a few minutes." She returned to her chair, grabbed the USB stick, and plugged it in. Her fingers flew across the keyboard.

"Great."

I started to step behind her to watch, but she shot me a look and half-closed the laptop lid. I raised my hands again and backed off to the window instead, leaning against the wall with my arms crossed.

The Heart System - Chapter 443[1,691 words]

Chapter 443: Chapter 443

She was hiding something. I could feel it in the way her shoulders stayed tense, the way her eyes flicked to the screen like she was waiting for a bomb to go off. Whatever Chase had in that folder, she thought it tied back to "K." And "K" was holding those OnlyFans videos over her head. If she helped Nala—or me—she risked exposure. That's why she'd been dodging.

"Why become a doctor?" I asked, breaking the silence.

She didn't look up. "I had a knack for it."

"You also had a knack for computer stuff." I tilted my head. "Blessed, huh?"

"I wouldn't call it blessed. Just lucky, is all."

"Luck, huh?"

"Yep."

Silence stretched again. Her fingers paused on the keys. She looked up at me.

"Where did you get this 'folder' you're trying to get into?"

"Like I said... personal stuff." I kept my voice even. "Just let me know when you crack it. It's important for me, okay? Like, really important. It's regarding a friend of mine."

"Which friend?"

"You really ask a lot of questions, huh?"

She held my gaze for a long second, then looked back at the screen. "Only when I'm deadly curious, Mr. Marlowe."

She clicked something. I could almost see a progress bar filling up slowly. She waited, jaw tight.

I tried to stay casual, but my pulse was up. Whatever was in that folder, only I needed to see it. No extra eyes. Not yet.

"I'm in. Their password is... 5454." Maeve said quietly. "Now, let's see..."

"Great."

I triggered Time Stop.

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: 3499c

The world froze. Maeve's hand hovered over the mouse. The progress bar stopped mid-fill. Coffee steam hung motionless above her cup.

I grabbed the laptop and sat on one of the sick beds in the corner of Maeve's office. The progress bar was nearly full, the program telling me it had only ten seconds left. I waited, staring at the screen, but those ten seconds stretched like ten years. Sweat prickled along my hairline and down my back. My palms were damp. I wiped them on my jeans without thinking. Why the hell was I this nervous? It was just a folder. Just videos. But my stomach twisted anyway, like I already knew something ugly was waiting.

The bar filled. The folder opened.

Four names. Four women's names. Three of them jumped out immediately—the ones who'd taken their own lives. Chase's patients. Articles I'd read flashed through my head: the headlines, the photos, the dates. These were definitely them. The fourth folder was labeled simply "IVY." I clicked it first. Empty. Nothing inside.

I backed out and opened the first folder: "Mary S."

Two videos.

I clicked the first one.

"Um, so I am... I...." The screen was black at first. A few moments later, hands entered the frame and propped the camera up somewhere. The image steadied.

Mary sat on her bed, holding a bottle of sleeping pills. She had been crying—cheeks red, eyes glossy and swollen. She wore pajamas, the background blurred enough that I couldn't make out much detail. The camera quality was grainy, 480p at best.

She looked young. Twenty, twenty-two maybe. Long eyelashes. Long brown hair. I'd seen her photo in one of the articles about Chase. This was definitely her. One of his patients.

"I'm... doing it, Mr. Bellings." Her voice cracked. "Like you advised... there's no rule in this world that everyone has to be happy. Some folk are just... designed to lose. And I'm one of them."

She popped open the bottle with shaking fingers.

"Thank you for letting me see the truth, Mr. Bellings." Tears rolled down her face. She lifted the bottle to her mouth. "I'm... sending this video to you now. And deleting it afterward. I hope my video would be of help to some of your patients, too."

She swallowed more than ten pills in one go, then tilted the bottle again for more. Her crying turned hysterical—shaking her head, shoulders heaving. My stomach turned. Fucking poor thing... what the fuck was wrong with this cunt? Driving his patients to suicide? What in the actual fuck?

She reached for the camera. The video ended.

I closed it and clicked the second video in the folder.

My blood ran cold. It felt like the world stopped spinning, and gravity came crashing down on me, crushing the air from my lungs.

"Yes, fucking slut... drink that shit. You whore."

A tablet sat on a table. Mary's suicide video played on loop—the part where she spoke, the part where she gulped down the pills. And there was someone else. The camera showed a man with his penis out, jerking off while watching the video. The voice was unmistakable. Chase Bellings. No doubt about it. The background looked like his office desk.

That was all I could see: the tablet, his pathetic dick, and him stroking himself. I skipped ahead a few seconds. At the end, Chase groaned and came on the tablet—right when Mary swallowed the pills on screen.

"Good fucking whore..." he moaned, then slapped his dick against the tablet. "Good fucking whore... that's right. That's fucking right..."

The video ended.

"Cunt... fucking cunt..."

I set the laptop on the bed and stood up, frozen in place like Time Stop had hit me too. My stomach lurched. I was going to puke. How dare he... why? Fucking why? I shook my head hard, turned on the laptop's Bluetooth, and sent all of the videos to my phone.

When the transfer finished, I opened the other folders. Same shit. The women crying, telling the camera they were going to end their lives, thanking Chase for "showing them the truth." Every single one of them.

The fourth folder—Ivy—was still empty. He had his eyes on her next. He was going to make her do it too.

"You fucking asshole." I muttered. "Fucking ASSHOLE!"

I deleted everything from the laptop and placed it back in front of Maeve exactly where it had been. Then I ended Time Stop and walked straight toward the door.

"W-wait," Maeve said behind me. "Where are you going, Mr. Marl—"

"Not now." I cut her off, opened the door, and stepped out.

I pulled my phone out and called Ivy immediately. One ring. Two. Three. Four. Five... finally, she answered.

"Hey, Ev—"

"I'm coming to your house." My voice was tight. "Be there."

"Wha—"

"Just be there. Please."

I hung up and jammed the elevator button. Fuck me... Delilah had been right. Ivy was a hopeless case. How could someone be so bad at choosing who to trust?

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..."



A very nervous Ivy opened the door after I knocked three times. She pulled it wide open without a word, eyes red-rimmed and puffy like she'd been crying before I even arrived. I stepped inside. The apartment smelled faintly of coffee and laundry detergent. Delilah wasn't home—probably at work. Good. She didn't need to hear what I was about to say. If she knew just how much danger her daughter had been in because of Chase...

But... why was she crying in the first place? Because of me? Because I yelled at her? Nah. Ivy wasn't soft like that. But... that didn't matter right now. I had bigger problems than her. Chase motherfucking Bellings and his sick videos.

"Evan," Ivy closed the door behind me and followed me into the living room. Her voice cracked a little. "Would you just tell me what happened? You didn't even get back to my texts."

"Chase," I began. "Get away from him."

"Chase?" She let out a sharp, bitter scoff and crossed her arms tight over her chest. "Oh my god. Is my mother putting you up to this?"

"Listen." I turned toward her fully, meeting her eyes. "He is an evil person. And he needs to be locked up in jail. Behind bars forever."

"What are you talking about, Evan?" Her voice came out raw, angry. She dropped onto one of the couches like her legs couldn't hold her anymore. "My mother, right? She's putting you up to this? Trying to get me to stay away from Chase."

I shook my head. "Mrs. Komb doesn't have anything to do with this. Look... I have evidence. Solid evidence that Chase Bellings was driving his patients to commit suicide."

"What?" The word came out small, almost a whisper.

I pulled my phone out and unlocked it... then stopped. My thumb hovered over the gallery app. Showing her those videos like that... would that be going too far? No one should have to see that sick shit. Chase jerking off to women thanking him for convincing them to kill themselves, coming on their suicide confessions...

I locked the phone and shoved it back in my pocket. That would be my last resort. If she wouldn't listen to reason, I'd have to show her. For now, I had to talk. Persuade. But fuck

me, Honeyed Words wasn't triggering. That meant she believed Chase completely. Believed I was lying. If I'd leveled that skill higher...

"I saw his laptop," I said instead. "He had a folder and—"

"Wait, wait, wait." She cut me off, voice rising. "Did you steal his laptop?"

"I wouldn't call it stealing."

She shot to her feet and dragged both hands through her hair. "OH MY FUCKING GOD! Are you serious? Chase was right about you."

"What?"

"You're stalking me." She nodded hard, like she was convincing herself. "Aren't you? You have problems."

"Did he say that about me?"

"He said a lot of things about you. About my mother." Her voice cracked again, eyes shining with tears she was fighting back. "Always against me. ALWAYS!"

"He is wrong, Ivy."

"Fuck you." She pointed at the door. "Get out."

Words weren't working. That left only one thing.

The Heart System - Chapter 444[1,636 words]

Chapter 444: Chapter 444

I pulled my phone back out and opened the gallery. Ivy scoffed and started walking toward her room. I caught her arm—firm, not rough—and held the screen in front of her face.

The video began. Mary's suicide recording. At first she tried to pull away, but as Mary's voice filled the room—shaky, broken, thanking Chase for "showing her the truth" Ivy stopped fighting. Her body went still. She stared at the screen, eyes wide, breathing shallow. When the one-minute video ended, I backed out and opened the second one.

Chase's voice came through the speaker. "Yes, fucking slut..."

Ivy's knees buckled. She dropped onto the single couch, hands flying to her mouth. "Oh my god... oh my god, oh my god, no... no... what the fuck?"

The video played. Tablet on the desk. Mary's confession looping. Chase jerking off. Groaning. Cumming on the screen right when Mary swallowed the pills. Slapping his dick against the tablet. "Good fucking whore... that's right. That's fucking right..."

Ivy's face crumpled. Tears spilled over. She shook her head violently. "No... no, this can't... he wouldn't..."

"Chase isn't the kind of guy you think he is," I said quietly. "Whatever he told you... it was a lie."

"Where did you... find this? That... video. His office... no—"

"He had a folder. Password-protected." I explained. "Three other folders named after the women who killed themselves. His patients. And you know... there was another name on there."

"What?"

"Yours." I met her eyes. "He was going to push you to do the same thing, Ivy. I know you're too strong for that but—"

"Fuck..." She shook her head harder, tears streaming now. "FUCK! How... why is he... no, no..."

I closed the video and pocketed the phone. I stepped closer, standing over her. Placed a hand on her shoulder. She was shaking badly. The videos had shattered something in her. If Honeyed Words had triggered, maybe this wouldn't have been necessary. Fuck. No idea. What's done was done.

Ivy suddenly shoved my hand off her shoulder and stood up. Her face twisted—shock turning to fury.

"How could you show me that?" she shouted. "How could you just... shove that in my face like that?!"

"Ivy—"

"No!" She jabbed a finger at my chest. "You think I'm stupid? You think I'm going to believe this sick shit just because you say so? Maybe you edited it! Maybe you're the one who's lying!"

"I didn't edit anything—"

"Shut up!" Her voice cracked. Tears kept falling. "You broke into his office, stole his laptop, and now you're showing me snuff porn he supposedly jerked off to? You think I'm going to just... what? Thank you? Cry in your arms?"

"I'm trying to save you—"

"Save me?" She laughed—bitter, broken. "You think I need saving from Chase? From the one person who actually listens to me? Who doesn't treat me like some broken little girl? You and my mother are the same! You both think I'm too stupid to see what's real!"

"IVY!"

She paced now, hands shaking. "Those women... Mary, the others... yeah, they died. But you don't know what they were going through. You don't know what Chase was trying to do. Maybe he was helping them see the truth! Maybe—"

"Helping them?" I stepped forward. "He jerked off to their suicide videos, Ivy. He came on their fucking confessions. That's not help. That's evil."

She stopped pacing. Stared at me. Tears streamed down her face. "You're lying. You have to be lying. He is not Chase. You're lying."

"I'm not."

She shook her head again—violent. "Get out."

"Ivy—"

"GET OUT!" she screamed. Her voice cracked on the last word. She pointed at the door, hand shaking so hard it blurred. "Get the fuck out of my house before I call the police!"

I stood there for a second, chest tight. Then I nodded once.

"Okay."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 20 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: -99/20

Eleanor: Interest: 15/20

Amelia: Interest: 10/20

Esme: Interest: 60/80★★

I walked to the door. Opened it. Stepped out.

The lock clicked behind me.

I stood in the hallway for a long moment, breathing hard.

Fuck.

"If you don't believe me..." I muttered under my breath, voice tight with frustration. "The cops will."

I pulled my phone from my pocket as I started down the stairs. My thumb jabbed the emergency dial—911. The line rang once, twice, three times. I kept moving, steps quick and heavy on the concrete. Just as I thought someone was about to pick up, a familiar voice cut through the ringing.

"Surprise."

Mana.

She laughed—low, amused, almost playful—like this was all a game to her.

The phone suddenly burned hot in my palm. Scalding. I yelped and flung it away without thinking. It clattered down the stairs, bouncing off steps with sharp plastic cracks, then skidded to a stop on the landing below. A second later, orange flames licked up from the screen. The casing bubbled and blackened.

Panic surged through me. I rushed down the stairs two at a time, nearly slipping on the wet soles of my shoes. I grabbed the burning phone by its edges—hot enough to sting my fingers—and sprinted to the nearest window in the stairwell. I quickly opened it and looked down. Empty sidewalk below, good. No one would be hurt.

I hurled the phone out.

It spun through the air, trailing smoke, and landed in a deep puddle with a hiss. The flames died instantly, leaving only charred plastic and a faint smell of burnt electronics drifting up.

I leaned on the windowsill, breathing hard. All the videos... gone. Every piece of evidence against Chase—wiped out in seconds. Mana. It was her. Fuck. How could she just reach into my life like that? I thought this whole "game" had rules.

"Men," a sultry voice purred behind me. "What can you do, right?"

I spun around.

Mana stood on the stairs above me, one hand resting casually on her hip. She wore a long red dress that clung to every curve—neckline plunging so low I could see the dark edges of both areolas, thick nipples pressing visibly against the thin fabric. Black high heels made her already towering height even more imposing. Her shadow fell over me like a weight.

"What?" My voice came out rough. "Why did you—"

"I wasted... so much power, Evan," she said, taking one slow step down. The heel clicked sharply against the concrete. "Sending those four. And now this... are you seriously not going to consider my offer? The things I've sacrificed for you..."

"You blew the only evidence I had against Chase!"

"Ah, Chase." She chuckled, low and dark, taking another step. "Masturbating to those videos like that... manly. Unlike you."

"Manly?"

"He has guts to chase his dreams, Marlowe." Another step. She stopped, towering over me now. "But you? Oh, no. You don't."

"Dreams?"

"I can fix you." Her voice dropped to a whisper as she leaned forward slightly. "Become my subject."

"Then you kill me?" I asked, voice low and steady despite the sweat running down my back. "Nah. Thanks, but I don't feel like dying."

"Why do you even care?" She tilted her head. "Whether Chase does all of this or not?"

"Ivy is my friend."

"Ivy is..." Mana took one more step down. Close enough now that I could smell her—something sweet and burning. "A fucking whore. Why not just hypnotize her and fuck her? Would she consent to that? Well... no. But you shouldn't care."

"Right. I should rape my own friend." I shook my head slowly. "How could I not think of that?"

"You are our subject," she said, voice calm but laced with poison. "You should have no friends. You—"

"Enough."

Another voice cut through the stairwell—cool, sharp, familiar.

I turned.

Dierella stood behind me at the bottom of the stairs. She wore normal clothes: plain t-shirt, jeans, a dark jacket. No wings. No ashen skin. No horns. For once she looked almost human... except for the way she'd simply appeared without a sound.

"My dear Dierella!" Mana said brightly. "We were just talking about Evan becoming my subject."

"That's not gonna happen." Dierella walked up the steps until she stood between us. "And you intervened in this world, Mana. That goes against the rules."

"I didn't touch him."

"You destroyed his phone." Dierella's voice stayed level. "And interfered with his life."

"And what are you going to do about it?" Mana asked, voice calm but edged with something deadly. "Tell Silk? Oh, wait. She is dead. We killed her. We ALL killed her."

"I'm warning you." Dierella stepped forward one pace. "Stay the fuck away from my subject."

"Or what?" Mana's smile didn't waver.

Dierella didn't answer. She just held Mana's gaze—unblinking, unflinching.

I took a few steps back. No fucking way I was getting between those two. My heart was still hammering. I wiped the sweat off my forehead with the back of my hand. When I lowered it, both of them were gone. No sound. No flash. Just... empty stairs.

They were either watching too much Batman, or they'd mastered the dramatic exit technique.

Either way... I was fucked. No evidence. No videos. Nothing left to prove what Chase had done. But I could always go back to his office tomorrow. Grab the folder again. Get new copies.

For now, though... sleep. A good, long, dreamless sleep was all I needed.

"And a new phone..." I muttered to myself as I headed downstairs.



The Heart System - Chapter 445[1,593 words]

Chapter 445: Chapter 445

I closed the door behind me and exhaled slowly, running a hand through my damp hair. I peeled off my soaked jacket, hung it on the rack near the entrance, and walked toward the living room. The apartment was dark, curtains drawn tight, only faint slivers of city light sneaking through the edges. Mik was sprawled across one of the couches. I couldn't tell if she was asleep or just pretending because of the low light, but she didn't move when I entered.

I dropped onto the single couch opposite her, arm resting on the armrest, palm covering my face. Damn... what a day. First those disgusting videos, then Mana showing up out of nowhere like some nightmare ex. My head felt like it was stuffed with wet cotton, too many thoughts, none of them quiet.

"I need a damn break," I muttered to the empty room.

Mik stirred. She stretched long and slow, arching her back, then padded over without a sound. She hopped up beside me, circled once, and settled with her head on my thigh. Her purring started immediately, deep, steady vibrations that traveled through my leg. I scratched behind her ears, then rubbed her belly in lazy circles. My eyes drifted to the

ceiling. I was bone-tired, but sleep wasn't going to come easy. Not with all this shit rattling around in my skull.

I gave Mik one last pet and eased her head off my lap carefully so I didn't wake her fully. Then I stood and walked to the balcony doors. I pulled the curtain aside just enough to look out. Rain streaked the glass, blurring the city lights. Preparations for New Year's were already visible—strings of red and gold lights draped across buildings, faint fireworks testing in the distance. It looked almost peaceful from up here. A far cry from the pawnshop view I used to have back in the old place.

From the hallway, Tessa's door cracked open. I turned.

She peeked out, hair messy, eyes half-lidded. "Been texting you for like five minutes. Check your damn phone."

"Broke my phone." I lied smoothly. "Sorry."

"Broke?" She shook her head, unimpressed. "Anyway. Come here. Is Mik still sleeping?"

"Yeah," I said as I walked toward her. "Sleeping like a... cat."

"Wow. Comedy gold."

I followed her down the corridor and into her room. She closed the door behind us with a soft click.

Tessa was wearing a black lace nightgown—thin straps over her shoulders, deep V-neck that plunged between her breasts, sheer fabric that clung to her curves and ended mid-thigh. A matching garter belt hugged her hips, black straps snapping against the tops of her thighs where they connected to lace-top stockings. The whole thing looked like it was designed to be taken off slowly, piece by piece.

"Holy shit," I muttered.

She turned on her heels in the middle of the room and slapped her own ass once—sharp crack that echoed. Then she sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs slowly, deliberately. The motion pulled the nightgown higher, revealing everything. Her pussy was bare, lips already glistening in the low light.

"You seem troubled," she said, leaning back on her hands. The position pushed her chest forward. "What's wrong?"

"Just... the phone." I lied again. "I'm sad about it."

"Well, that thing was old anyway. And now you have shit ton of money." She tilted her head. "You can always buy one."

"I guess you're right."

I walked to the bed and sat beside her. Before I could settle, Tessa lunged. She grabbed me by the back of the neck and yanked me backward. We both fell onto the mattress—her on top, straddling my waist. She hugged me from the side, one leg thrown over mine, thigh pressing warm against my hip.

Tessa leaned close to my ear, breath hot. "You can fuck my ass tonight if you want, handsome."

"Oh?" I smiled despite everything. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

I slid one arm around her waist. Squeezed her ass—firm, full, yielding under my fingers. Then I gave it a small slap. She gasped softly, hips rocking forward once.

My hand drifted lower. Found her asshole. I pressed one finger against the tight ring—slow circles first, then pushed inside. She moaned low in her throat, body arching into me.

I kissed her, deep, lazy. Tongues sliding together while I fingered her ass gently. In and out. Slow rhythm. She rocked against my hand, moaning into my mouth.

We stayed like that for a long time. Lying there lazily. My finger buried in her ass. Her leg draped over mine. Kissing slow and sloppy. No rush. No hurry.

Just the two of us.

For the first time all day, my head finally quieted.

"I bet you missed this," Tessa whispered against my lips, then kissed me again—slow, deep, tongue sliding in like she was claiming every inch of my mouth. "You. Me."

"And your ass." I smiled, pushing my finger deeper into her tight heat. She clenched around me, a quiet shudder running through her body.

Tessa moaned softly, voice muffled against my mouth. "Mmh... put two fingers."

I obliged. My index and middle finger slid in together slowly, stretching her further. Her body tensed for a split second, adjusting, then relaxed as she kissed me again. I loved seeing Tessa like this. Completely surrendered. Outside, she was all sharp edges—tough, sarcastic, always ready with a comeback. But here? She melted for me. Tamed. Open. Mine.

My cock hardened fully in my pants. I groaned low in my throat. Tessa felt it. She leaned down, fingers working my belt open, then my zipper. I lifted my hips so she could tug my pants and boxers down. My dick sprang free, thick, throbbing, already leaking. She took a

shaky breath, eyes fixed on it. Her warm hand wrapped around the tip, index finger tracing up and down the slit, spreading the precum until her finger glistened.

"Look at you," she murmured. "Hard as a rock." She smiled, slow and wicked. "You really missed me, huh?"

"Of course I did." I pulled her closer and kissed her again, hungry this time. "I love everything about you."

"Started doing squats," she said with a grin. "Taking lessons from Kayla."

"I kinda noticed." My hands slid down to grip her ass. "Your ass looks... fucking incredible."

She pushed herself tighter against me, lips brushing my ear. "Put three fingers in."

I shifted closer. Added my ring finger, slow push. The ring gave way with a little resistance, then swallowed all three. She moaned louder now, hips rocking back to meet my hand.

I began moving them slowly, gentle in-and-out thrusts. Each push drew a quiet, needy sound from her throat. I could smell her minty breath on my lips, feel her legs shifting restlessly, her feet warm and smooth against my calf. Fuck, she was so sexy.

Her ass started moving in small circles around my fingers. Her pussy ground against my thigh—wet, slick, leaving messy trails on my skin and the sheets. I used to think she didn't like anal play much, but she was used to it now. Comfortable. Eager. And that fact made me happier than it probably should have.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?" she whispered, eyes locked on mine. "You want to bend me over and put your throbbing cock inside my tight asshole."

"I do." I groaned, kissing her hard.

She wrapped her hand around my shaft and began jerking me off—slow, firm strokes. "I want you too," she continued. "I want to feel your dick inside me. I want you to cum in my asshole."

"Fuck, Tessa."

"Your cock is so fucking hard," she said, stopping at the base and giving it a light squeeze. "Look at that."

"Oh..."

She rolled onto her side, then climbed fully on top of me. Her weight settled—warm, perfect—my dick trapped between her thighs, throbbing against her wet pussy. I held her by the waist with both hands. We kissed again, deeper, messier. I slid three fingers back into her ass, the ring opening easily now. She moaned into my mouth.

She started moving, ass and thighs sliding along my length in a perfect thighjob. I could feel her wetness coating me every time she rocked forward, leaving slick marks on my skin.

We kissed again. With my free hand I squeezed her ass hard, then gave it a light smack. She moaned low, kissed me hungrier, more desperate. Her movements sped up—thighs gripping tighter, sliding faster, giving me the most obscene thighjob I'd ever felt.

"Your precum is all over my legs," she muttered, noses touching. "Bad boy."

"Whose fault is that, I wonder?" I smirked, giving her ass another light smack.

I sped up my fingers inside her—faster thrusts now. Her moaning intensified. Kisses turned sloppy, desperate. My cock throbbed under her touch, leaking more with every rub, the wet sounds filling the room.

She released my shaft suddenly and rose up on her knees, standing above me on the mattress. She turned her back to me, bent forward slightly—the tip of my dick brushing her asshole.

"Look at that," she purred, glancing back as my cock twitched hard. "Twitching like crazy."

"Sit on it," I moaned.

She positioned herself. Grabbed the base of my dick with one hand. Lowered slowly. Her ring resisted for a heartbeat—tight, hot—then gave way. The head popped inside. She moaned, adjusting, then sank lower. Halfway now.

The Heart System - Chapter 446[1,633 words]

Chapter 446: Chapter 446

I propped myself up against the bedframe. Grabbed both asscheeks with my hands and spread them wide. Perfect view—her asshole stretching around me, swallowing inch after inch as she moved lower. The sight was obscene. Beautiful. Fucking hell.

"You want more, don't you?" she purred.

"Fuck yeah."

She took a shaky breath and sat down fully. My cock disappeared completely inside her ass. She groaned—low, satisfied—body trembling slightly. I let my hands go for a moment, smacked both cheeks once—hard—then spread them again.

She began moving. Up and down. Slow at first. My dick nearly pulling free each time, her ring clinging tight, refusing to let go. Then she sank back down, taking me to the root.

"Fuuuck," I muttered. "I love your ass."

"Mm... so fucking big," she whispered. "Fuck."

She kept riding—steady rhythm now. Up. Down. Up. Down. Each drop making her moan. Each lift making me groan. I watched it all—her asshole gripping me, stretching around my shaft, the way her cheeks jiggled with every movement.

I was lost in it.

Completely fucking lost.

Tessa kept riding me with that steady, rolling rhythm, her ass rising and falling in smooth, controlled strokes that made my head spin. My cock was buried to the hilt inside her tight hole, the ring of muscle clenching hard every time she lifted up—like it was trying to trap me inside her forever. The sensation was overwhelming: hot, gripping pressure that squeezed every vein, every ridge, dragging along the length of my shaft with perfect friction.

Her cheeks jiggled softly with each drop, and with my hands spreading them wide, I had the clearest view possible—her asshole stretched taut around my thickness, sliding up to reveal glistening skin before sinking back down and swallowing me whole again. The room was filled with wet, filthy sounds: the slick slide of her ass taking me in, her quiet moans blending with my low groans, the faint creak of the mattress springs under our combined weight.

"Fuck," I muttered, thumbs digging deeper into her flesh as I held her open. "I love watching you take it like this. Your ass is so fucking tight... gripping me like it never wants to let go."

"Mm... so fucking big," she whispered back, glancing over her shoulder with half-lidded eyes and parted lips. "Feels like you're rearranging my insides... but I love it. Keep spreading me... watch how deep I can take you."

She sped up slightly, bouncing higher now, the garter straps snapping against her thighs with every movement. The nightgown had ridden up around her waist, sheer lace bunched and forgotten, exposing the full curve of her hips and the way her body glistened with

sweat under the low bedroom light. I could feel her pussy dripping onto my balls every time she ground down—hot, slippery trails that made everything messier, wetter, louder. The pressure in my balls built fast, but Endless Vigor kept me steady, letting me savor every second without tipping over yet.

I smacked her ass again—harder this time. The crack rang out sharp in the room, and she yelped, the sound turning into a long moan halfway through. Her body shook, ass cheeks blooming pink under my palms. "You like that?" I growled, squeezing the reddened spot. "Like when I mark this perfect ass?"

"Yes... fuck yes," she gasped, riding faster. "Slap it again... make it sting... show me who owns this hole."

I gave her another sharp smack on the other cheek. She arched her back, pushing down harder, taking me to the root. The angle shifted—her ass tilted higher, letting me hit even deeper. She moaned louder now, voice breaking on each bounce. "God... right there... fuck my ass harder... stretch me... make me feel it tomorrow..."

I thrust up to meet her—short, powerful bucks that made her gasp. My fingers dug into her flesh, spreading her wider, watching the way her hole gripped me on the way up, then relaxed just enough to let me slam back in. "You're so fucking greedy for it," I rasped. "Taking my cock like a good little slut... your ass was made for this."

She laughed breathlessly, body shining with sweat. "Made for your cock... only yours... fill me up... cum in my ass like you own it..."

Her pace turned frantic—hips snapping down faster, thighs trembling against mine. The garter straps strained, stockings sliding slightly with the motion. Her moans turned to high, desperate cries that filled the room. "Evan... fuck... I'm getting close... so fucking close..."

"Do it," I growled, thrusting up harder. "Cum for me... let me feel that ass squeeze me while you come apart."

She slammed down one last time—hard, to the hilt—and shattered.

Her whole body locked up. Back arched sharply. Head thrown back. A raw, trembling cry tore out of her throat—loud, broken, echoing off the walls. Her ass clenched around my cock in violent, rhythmic waves—milking me so tight I saw stars. Wetness gushed from her untouched pussy, soaking my balls, running down my thighs in hot streams that dripped onto the sheets. Her legs shook uncontrollably. Tits bounced under the nightgown. Hands clutched my knees hard enough to leave marks. She rode the orgasm out—hips grinding in frantic circles, ass pulsing around me, pulling every last bit of pleasure from the stretch.

"Fuck... Tessa..." I groaned, thrusting through it. "I didn't even touch your pussy... and you're cumming this hard from my cock in your ass? Such a dirty girl... coming just from getting your hole fucked."

She gasped, still spasming. "Yes... all from your cock... stretching my ass... fuck... it's so good... so fucking good..."

Her walls kept fluttering—aftershocks rippling through her, squeezing me in waves. I could feel every pulse, every twitch, the way her body shook and surrendered completely. She collapsed forward slightly, hands braced on my chest, breathing ragged. Sweat dripped from her forehead onto my skin.

I held her hips steady, cock still buried deep. "Look at you," I murmured. "Cumming so hard... shaking like that... all from anal. You're fucking perfect."

She laughed weakly—breathless, sated. "You... you made me cum... just from fucking my ass... god, I'm still shaking..."

We stayed like that for a long minute—her trembling on top of me, my hands stroking her back, her ass still clenching softly around my cock in little after-pulses. The room smelled like sex and her minty breath and the faint floral from her skin. Rain tapped against the window. The city lights glowed outside.

Eventually she turned her head, looked down at me with heavy-lidded eyes, and smiled—slow, lazy, completely fucked-out.

"Fuck," she whispered. "That was... a lot."

"Yeah." I leaned forward kissed her forehead. "You okay?"

"Better than okay." She shifted slightly—moaning softly as my cock moved inside her—then settled against my chest. "Now... your turn."

I ran my hands up her back, thumbs tracing her spine. "I didn't even touch your pussy. You just came apart riding me like that. Such a greedy little anal slut."

She laughed weakly, shivering when I flexed inside her. "Guilty. But... I'm not done with you yet." She lifted herself slowly—my cock sliding out with a wet, obscene sound—and turned around to face me. Her nightgown was bunched around her waist, garter straps still snapped tight against her thighs, pussy lips swollen and glistening. She leaned down, kissed me once—soft, lingering—then pulled back with a wicked glint in her eye.

"Hey," she murmured against my lips. "Let's fuck somewhere else."

I raised an eyebrow, still hard and throbbing between us. "Where?"

She bit her lower lip, cheeks flushing darker. "I've always wanted to do something like this. You have no idea how many times I masturbated thinking about it... getting railed right out in the open, where anyone could walk by."

My cock twitched at the thought. "Oh? You have something that would—"

"Exactly." She cut in, grabbed my arm, fingers wrapping around my bicep. "Come on."

She tugged me up off the bed. My cock bobbed, still slick from her ass, pointing straight at her like it knew exactly where it wanted to go. She didn't bother fixing her nightgown—just pulled me toward the door. I followed, heart already picking up speed.

We stepped out of her room. The living room was dark and quiet. Mik was still curled on the couch, asleep. No one else around. Tessa led me straight to the front door, opened it quietly, and pulled me into the hallway.

The penthouse hallway was ours—private, no other doors except ours and the elevator at the far end. Only our keycards worked the elevator. No neighbors. No cameras in this stretch. Just marble floors, soft wall lights, and a huge floor-to-ceiling window at the right-hand end that looked out over the city.

Tessa walked ahead of me, hips swaying, nightgown fluttering around her thighs. She reached the window and stopped. Turned to face the glass. Then bent forward at the waist, palms flat on the sill, ass pushed out toward me. She reached back with both hands, grabbed her cheeks, and spread them wide.

"Fuck me, Evan," she said, voice low and needy. "Right here. Right now."

I stepped up behind her, cock throbbing so hard it hurt. The city lights glittered below us through the rain-streaked glass—cars crawling, distant fireworks blooming silently. Anyone looking up from the street could theoretically see us if they knew where to look. That risk made my pulse hammer.

"Goddamn, look at you," I muttered, running my hands over her ass. "Bent over in the hallway like a slut. Spreading yourself for me where anyone could walk by and see."

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Current Reputation: Neutral

Uh-oh. I was being rough, huh? Well, I didn't care.

The Heart System - Chapter 447[1,665 words]

Chapter 447: Chapter 447

She shivered, pushing back against my palms. "That's the point. I want it risky. I want to feel you own me out here... where it's not safe."

I lined up. Rubbed the head of my cock along her stretched hole—still slick, still open from earlier. "You're still so fucking tight even after cumming like that. Gonna take me again?"

"Yes," she breathed. "Fill my ass again... make me cum again... right here."

I pushed forward. The head popped in easily this time—her ring already used to me. I sank deeper in one long, smooth stroke until my hips met her cheeks. She moaned—loud, unrestrained—the sound bouncing off the marble walls.

"Fuck... yes..." she gasped. "So deep... stretch me..."

I grabbed her hips and started thrusting—slow at first, letting her feel every inch sliding out and back in. The angle was perfect—her ass tilted up, letting me hit that spot deep inside that made her tremble. Wet sounds filled the hallway with every push. Her cheeks rippled with each thrust. I reached around and squeezed one tit through the lace, pinching her nipple hard.

"You love this, don't you?" I growled against her ear. "Getting fucked in the hallway like a whore. Anyone could walk out and see you taking my cock up your ass."

"Yes... fuck yes..." she moaned, pushing back to meet me. "I want them to see... want them to know I'm your slut..."

I smacked her ass—sharp, loud. She cried out, hole clenching hard around me. "Louder," I ordered. "Let the whole penthouse hear how much you love getting your ass fucked."

She moaned louder—deliberately obscene now. "Fuck my ass, Evan... harder... make it hurt so good..."

I sped up. Hips snapping forward. Each thrust drove her forward against the window—glass fogging where her breath hit it. I grabbed her hair, pulled her head back gently so she could see her own reflection—face flushed, mouth open, eyes glazed with pleasure.

"Look at yourself," I rasped. "Look how fucking wrecked you are. Bent over, ass spread, taking my cock like you were born for it."

She stared at her reflection—saw the way her tits bounced with every thrust, the way her ass jiggled, the way my cock disappeared inside her over and over. "Oh god... I look like such a slut... fuck me harder... please..."

I obliged. Thrusts turned punishing—deep, hard, relentless. My balls slapped against her pussy with every stroke. Her moans turned to cries—high, desperate, echoing down the empty hallway. The risk, the exposure, the sound of it all—it was driving her wild.

Then the door behind us opened.

Minne stepped out—knife clutched in her right hand, eyes wide with fear. She froze when she saw us.

I looked over my shoulder, still buried deep in her ass, still thrusting slow and steady.

"Honey," I said calmly, voice rough from arousal. "What happened?"

Minne's cheeks flushed crimson. She lowered the knife slightly. "I... thought I heard something, Master. I got scared..."

Tessa glanced back—face flushed, lips swollen—and smiled wickedly. "Wanna join us, Maid?"

Minne's eyes went huge. She nodded frantically—eager, shy, excited all at once.

I chuckled low, giving Tessa another deep thrust that made her moan. "Well, this is an anal-only party, Minne. Go get yourself ready and come back here."

Minne nodded again—happy, almost bouncing—and darted back inside, closing the door softly behind her.

I turned my full attention back to Tessa. Grabbed her hips harder. Started pounding her ass with long, powerful strokes. Each thrust made her cry out—voice echoing down the hallway. Her ass gripped me like a fist—hot, tight, perfect. The wet sounds were louder now, obscene in the empty space. I smacked her cheeks again—left, right, left—leaving red handprints that glowed under the hallway lights.

"Yes... fuck yes..." she sobbed, pushing back to meet every thrust. "I love it... love being your slut... fuck my ass harder... make me cum again..."

I reached around, found her clit—but didn't touch it yet. Just hovered my fingers there, letting her feel the heat from my hand. "You're gonna cum again," I told her. "Just from my cock in your ass. Just your tight little hole getting wrecked."

She whimpered—high, desperate. "Please... I'm so close... fuck... don't stop..."

I sped up—hips snapping forward, balls slapping her soaked pussy. My cock pistoned in and out—deep, relentless. Her moans turned into continuous cries—loud enough that anyone in the penthouse could probably hear. The risk, the exposure, the way her body shook—it was pushing her over.

Her ass clenched suddenly—hard. Her whole body went rigid. A raw scream tore from her throat—high, trembling, echoing down the hallway. Her pussy gushed, untouched, soaking my balls and thighs in hot waves. Her ass spasmed around my cock—violent, rhythmic pulses that milked me without mercy. Legs shook. Back arched. Hands slapped the window for support. She came hard—sobbing my name, body convulsing, ass gripping me so tight it almost hurt.

"Fuck... Tessa..." I groaned, thrusting through it. "Cumming again like that..."

She collapsed forward against the window—forehead on the glass, breathing ragged, body still trembling through aftershocks. "Evan... holy shit... I came so hard... again... just from your cock..."

I held her hips steady, cock still buried deep. Kissed the back of her neck. "Good girl. Look at you... shaking like that... cumming twice from getting your ass fucked. So fucking beautiful."

We stayed like that—her panting against the window, me inside her, both catching our breath.

The door to the apartment opened again.

Minne stepped out—fully naked now. Skin flushed. Hair loose. Eyes wide and eager. She walked toward us slowly, biting her lip.

Tessa looked back over her shoulder and smiled—lazy, sated. "There's our maid..."

"I know, right?"

Tessa glanced back without straightening up. "This is supposed to be our private fuck, Minne," she said, voice husky and teasing. "Evan and I."

Minne's face fell instantly. "I'm... sorry if I bothe—"

Tessa laughed—low, warm, affectionate. "Oh shut up. You bring fun everywhere you go. Now come here."

Minne's smile returned—brighter, relieved. She padded forward barefoot, small steps, hips swaying slightly. The hallway lights caught the soft curves of her body, highlighting

the faint freckles across her shoulders and the way her thighs brushed together with each step.

I reached out when she got close. Grabbed her under the armpits—gentle but firm—and lifted her easily. She squeaked in surprise, legs kicking once before she wrapped them around Tessa's waist. I set her down on Tessa's back like she weighed nothing—chest to back, Minne's small tits pressing against Tessa's shoulder blades, her pussy resting right above where my cock disappeared into Tessa's ass.

"Damn," Tessa breathed, shifting her stance to balance the extra weight. "She's so lightweight... I could carry her like this all night."

Minne giggled nervously, arms wrapping around Tessa's neck for support. "I... I didn't mean to interrupt, Master..."

"You're not interrupting," I said, voice rough.

I leaned forward after she glanced back at me, then kissed—lips brushing hers, then deeper, tongue sliding in slow. She moaned into my mouth, small and needy. I kissed down her throat, then lower—found one nipple and sucked it gently, tongue flicking the hard peak. She arched, pushing her chest toward me. I moved to the other tit, sucking harder, teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp.

My hips started moving again—slow, deep thrusts into Tessa's ass. Each push made Tessa moan low, her body rocking forward slightly, which pressed Minne tighter against her back. Minne whimpered, pussy grinding against Tessa's spine, leaving slick trails.

"Fuck... look at you two," I growled, pulling off Minne's nipple with a wet pop. "Minne riding Tessa's back while I fuck her ass... such pretty little sluts for me."

Tessa laughed breathlessly. "She feels so good up here... warm... wet... grinding on me like she can't help it."

Minne's cheeks burned brighter. "I... I can feel Master's cock moving inside you... through your body... it's... it's so hot..."

I kissed her again—deeper, hungrier—while my hips kept their rhythm. Long, steady strokes into Tessa's ass—pulling almost all the way out, then sinking back in to the base. The angle let me grind against that spot inside her that made her tremble. Tessa's moans grew louder, echoing down the empty hallway. The risk of someone stepping out—Nala, anyone—only made it hotter.

I slid one hand down Minne's stomach. Found her pussy—already soaked, clit swollen. I circled it slowly with two fingers, then dipped inside—shallow thrusts that matched my rhythm in Tessa's ass. Minne cried out against my lips, hips bucking.

"You can't wait for me to fuck your ass, can you?" I murmured into her ear, fingers curling inside her. "You're dripping just thinking about it... my cock stretching this tiny hole while Tessa watches."

Minne whimpered, nodding frantically. "Yes... please, Master... I want it... want you in my ass... want to feel you deep like Tessa does..."

Tessa moaned louder, pushing back harder against me. "Fuck... she's clenching on my back every time you talk dirty to her... it's pushing me closer..."

I sped up slightly—thrusts deeper, harder. Tessa's ass gripped me like a vice—hot, slick, perfect. Each stroke dragged along every sensitive spot inside her. Minne's pussy fluttered around my fingers—wet, tight, needy. I curled them, rubbed that spot inside her while my thumb circled her clit.

"Cum for me, Minne," I ordered, voice low. "Cum while you're riding Tessa's back... while I finger-fuck your pussy and pound her ass."

Minne's moans turned desperate—high, broken. Her hips bucked against my hand. Tessa's cries matched hers—both women trembling now, bodies locked together in pleasure.

Tessa came first.

Her ass clamped down hard—violent, rhythmic pulses that milked my cock so tight I nearly lost it. She screamed—raw, unrestrained—head thrown back against Minne's shoulder. Her pussy gushed untouched, soaking my balls and thighs in hot waves. Legs shook. Back arched. Hands slapped the window for support. "Fuck... Evan... cumming... cumming so hard on your cock... in my ass..."

The Heart System - Chapter 448[1,836 words]

Chapter 448: Chapter 448

I thrust through it, deep, relentless, drawing out every spasm. Her walls fluttered wildly, squeezing me in waves. Minne came seconds later—her pussy spasming around my fingers, clit pulsing under my thumb. She cried out, high, trembling, hips bucking hard against my hand. Wetness flooded my palm, ran down my wrist. She clung to Tessa's back, shaking, moaning my name over and over.

I held them both steady, cock buried in Tessa's ass, fingers still inside Minne, letting them ride the aftershocks. Tessa panted against the window, body trembling. Minne slumped forward, forehead resting on Tessa's shoulder, breathing ragged.

Tessa panted against the window, her body still trembling from the orgasm that had just ripped through her, her ass clenching in soft after-pulses around my cock. I stayed buried deep, giving her a moment to come down, my hands still spreading her cheeks wide as I watched the way her hole gripped me.

I reached out with one hand and pulled Minne closer. I leaned forward, still thrusting slow and deep into Tessa, and pressed my mouth to Minne's pussy. She gasped, hands flying to my head for balance. Her taste exploded on my tongue, sweet, musky, already wet from watching us. I licked her folds slowly, tongue flat and broad, then dipped inside. Minne moaned, high, needy—her legs shaking as she spread them wider.

Tessa looked back over her shoulder, smiling lazily. "Look at you, Maid... getting your cunt eaten while he fucks my ass... such a good little pet."

Minne whimpered, hips rocking forward against my mouth. "Master... your tongue... feels so good..."

I kept fucking Tessa, steady strokes, each one bottoming out with a wet smack. Her ass squeezed me tight, heat building again. I sucked Minne's clit into my mouth—gentle pulls, tongue circling the swollen button. She cried out, pulling herself closer to me. Her juices coated my chin, dripped down my neck. I alternated, long licks up her slit, then plunging my tongue inside, tasting her deeper.

"You're so wet for us, Minne," I muttered against her pussy, voice muffled. "Dripping just from watching me pound Tessa's ass... you want this cock in your tight little hole too, don't you?"

"Yes... please, Master..." Minne gasped, grinding against my face. "I want you to fuck my ass... stretch me... fill me like you're filling her..."

Tessa moaned louder, pushing back harder against my thrusts. "Hear that? She's begging for it... our little maid wants her ass wrecked... make her wait, Evan... make her watch you fuck mine first."

I sped up in Tessa—hips snapping forward, cock sliding in and out of her ass with faster, deeper strokes. Minne's moans turned frantic as I licked her harder—tongue flicking her clit, fingers spreading her lips to expose more. Her thighs trembled against my cheeks, body arching. "Master... I'm close... please don't stop..."

"Cum on my tongue, Minne," I ordered, thrusting hard into Tessa. "Cum while you watch me fuck this ass... show me how bad you want it."

Minne shattered, high, trembling cry, her pussy spasming against my mouth. Wetness gushed out, soaking my lips, chin, neck. Her legs buckled, but I held her up with one arm, licking her through it. She shook, fingers tight in my hair, moaning my name over and over.

Tessa groaned, ass clenching harder around me from the sounds. "Fuck... she's cumming so hard... I can feel her shaking... such a needy little thing."

Minne sagged against me as her orgasm faded, breathing ragged. I kissed her inner thigh once—soft—then pulled back. My face was slick with her juices.

I eased out of Tessa slowly, wet drag that made her whimper—and stood up. Grabbed Minne by the waist. Lifted her easily. She squealed in surprise, legs wrapping around me instinctively.

I turned her around and leaned her against the penthouse door. Her small body pressed against the wood, ass pushed out toward me. I lined up my cock—still hard, still slick from Tessa's ass—against her hole. The ring twitched under the tip, tight and untouched.

Tessa pushed herself up from the window, legs a little unsteady from her orgasm. She walked over, smiling wickedly. Scooped two fingers through her own pussy, still dripping from her untouched release, and rubbed the wetness onto Minne's asshole. Minne moaned at the touch. Tessa spat once, then rubbed it in with slow circles, mixing with her juices.

"There you go, Maid," Tessa purred, fingers pressing against the ring. "Get that tight hole ready for him... you're gonna feel so full."

Minne whimpered, pushing back against Tessa's fingers. "Please... Master... I want it..."

I pressed forward. The head met resistance, Minne's ass was so tight, clenching before I even got in. I pushed slowly, steady pressure. The ring gave way bit by bit, stretching around the tip. Minne gasped, sharp, needy, her body tensing. I stopped, letting her adjust, then pushed further. Inch by inch. The heat was intense, hotter than Tessa's, gripping like a fist. I groaned, hands on her hips, pulling her back gently.

"Fuck... Minne... so tight... your ass is sucking me in..."

Tessa leaned in, kissing Minne's shoulder. "Take it, baby... relax for him... let him fill that little hole... you're doing so good..."

Minne moaned, pushing back to meet me. The ring clenched hard, then relaxed, letting me slide deeper. Halfway now. The pressure was incredible—velvet walls hugging every inch, fluttering around me. I pulled back slightly, then pushed in again—slow, careful. Minne cried out, hands bracing against the door.

"Master... it's so big... stretching me... feels so good..."

I started thrusting, slow at first, letting her get used to the fullness. Each stroke dragged a whimper from her throat. Tessa stayed close, one hand rubbing Minne's back, the other sliding between her legs to circle her clit. Minne bucked at the touch.

"That's it," Tessa whispered. "Let him fuck your ass... feel how deep he goes... you're our little anal toy now."

I sped up, deeper strokes, hips meeting her small ass with soft slaps. Minne's moans turned higher, more desperate. I smacked her cheek once, light, testing. She yelped, ass clenching hard around me. "You like that, honey?" I growled. "Like getting your ass slapped while I fuck it?"

"Yes... Master... slap me... fuck me harder..."

Tessa laughed softly. "Such a eager little maid... begging for it... finger her pussy while he reams your ass..."

I kissed Minne's neck—open-mouthed, sucking hard enough to leave a mark. She arched into me, pushing back harder. The hallway echoed with our sounds—wet thrusts, her cries, Tessa's whispers. The risk made it hotter—anyone could call the elevator up, step out, see us like this.

Minne's ass gripped me like it was made for this, walls pulsing with every stroke. Tessa's fingers worked her clit faster, and Minne's moans turned to sobs—pleasure building fast.

"Cum for us, Minne," I ordered. "Cum with my cock in your ass... show us how much you love it."

"Master... Master..."

"Cum, maid." Tessa smirked. "Cum for your 'Master.'"

"Oohh..."

She shattered—high, trembling scream—ass clenching in violent waves around my cock. Her pussy gushed over Tessa's fingers. Legs shook. Body convulsed. I held her steady, thrusting through it, drawing out every spasm.

Tessa moaned with her. "Yes... cum hard... squeeze his cock..."

Minne sagged against the door—panting, trembling—her ass still fluttering around me.

I eased my pace but kept moving. Slow. Deep. Letting her come down.

Tessa pulled her hand back, licked her fingers clean. "Good girl... you took that so well."

Minne looked back—face flushed, eyes glassy. "Thank you... Master..."

The air in the penthouse foyer was thick, smelling of sweat, expensive perfume, and the raw, heavy scent of Minne's climax. She was slumped against the cool wood of the door,

her knees knocking together, her breath coming in jagged, pathetic little hitches. I didn't pull out. I stayed anchored deep inside her tight, twitching asshole, feeling the way her internal muscles continued to flutter against my cock as she came down from that mountain.

Tessa didn't just stand by. She moved in like a predator, her eyes dark with a hunger that hadn't been satisfied yet. She stepped behind me, her naked skin sliding against my back as she wrapped her arms around my chest, hugging me tight. I could feel her heart hammering against my spine, her firm tits pressing into my shoulder blades.

"Look at her, Evan," Tessa whispered, her voice a low, filthy purr right against my ear. "Look how fucking ruined she is. You broke her. You stretched that tight little star of hers until she forgot her own name."

I groaned, my hands digging into Minne's hips, my thumbs pressing into the dimples of her lower back. "She took it like a champ," I rasped, my voice sounding like it had been dragged over gravel. "Didn't you, Minne? You loved having this thick dick stretching your ass while your Tessa watched, didn't you?"

Minne couldn't even form a coherent sentence. She just let out a whimpering moan, her forehead pressed against the door. "Yes... please... so big... fuck..."

Tessa giggled, a dark, wicked sound. She let go of my chest and sank to her knees behind me. I felt the sudden, shocking heat of her breath against the back of my thighs. She didn't hesitate. She reached through my legs, her soft fingers cupping my balls, weighing them, before she leaned in and began to swirl her tongue around the base of my shaft.

The sensation was a total system overload. I was still buried to the hilt in Minne's hot, dry asshole, and now Tessa was worshiping my sack from below. I let out a low, guttural growl, my fingers clenching into Minne's flesh.

"Oh, fuck, Tessa," I breathed.

Tessa looked up at me, her eyes hooded, a bit of spit glistening on her bottom lip. "I want to feel you explode inside her, Evan. I want to hear you grunt like an animal while I drain every last drop from your balls. Fuck her. Fuck her ass hard while I take care of the rest."

She didn't have to tell me twice. I started to move again, but the "slow and deep" phase was over. The friction was building, a searing, electric heat that centered right where Minne's tight ring was gripping me. I started to hammer into her, my hips slapping against her wet, red-cheeked ass with a rhythmic, fleshy sound that echoed through the foyer.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Minne's head tossed from side to side. "Oh god, Master! It's so deep! You're hitting something... ah! Fuck my soul out through my ass, please, Master."

"Look at her," Tessa laughed. "Fuck my soul out through my ass, huh? Tsk, tsk, tsk. Dirty maid."

"I'm gonna do more than that," I growled, my teeth gritted. " I'm gonna stretch this pucker so wide you'll never close properly again."

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN ██████████ HERO

=====

Current Reputation: Neutral

Uh-oh. I needed to calm down.

The Heart System - Chapter 449[1,642 words]

Chapter 449: Chapter 449

Tessa was humming now, the vibrations of her throat traveling through my entire lower body as she took my balls into her mouth. She was sucking on them with a desperate, rhythmic suction, her tongue darting out to lick the sensitive seam behind my sack. Every time I thrust forward, buried deep in Minne's dirtiest hole, Tessa's mouth worked harder, pulling the pleasure out of me.

"Is she tight enough for you, Evan?" Tessa asked, pulling back for a split second, her face flushed. "Does her asshole feel better than mine? Tell me. Tell me how much you love stuffing her shithole."

"It feels like a fucking vice," I admitted, my vision starting to go gray at the edges. "She's so fucking tight, Tessa. It's like she's trying to bite my dick off with her ass."

Minne let out a high-pitched, warbling cry, her fingers scratching at the wood of the penthouse door. "I'm trying... I'm trying to squeeze it all... give it to me, Master! Fill me, please! I want to feel your hot cum leaking out of me for the rest of the night, Master!"

I lost all sense of restraint. I grabbed Minne by her hair, pulling her head back so I could see the sheer, mindless ecstasy on her face, and I began to pile-drive into her. I wasn't just fucking her; I was trying to claim every inch of her.

Tessa was a frantic blur of motion below me, her hands working my thighs, her mouth a vacuum around my nuts. I felt the pressure building in the base of my spine, a heavy, throbbing ache that demanded to be released.

"I'm close!" I roared, my muscles coiling like a spring. "I'm fucking coming, Minne!"

"Yes! Give it to me! All of it!"

Tessa's eyes went wide, and she increased her suction. I felt the first wave hit—a violent, staggering jolt that started in my toes and shot straight up my spine.

"Fuck! Argh!"

I slammed home one last time, pinning Minne against the door, and then I let go. The first jet of cum hit her internal walls like a lightning strike. I felt my cock twitch and throb, pulsing deep inside her asshole as I poured myself into her.

"Oh, god!" Minne screamed, her entire body going rigid, her toes curling against the floor.

I kept pumping, jet after jet of hot, thick seed filling her up. I could feel her asshole trying to reject it, the muscles clenching in shock, but I held her there, forcing her to take every drop. Tessa didn't stop either; she kept sucking, kept working my balls until the very last bit of pressure was drained out of me.

I slumped forward, my chest heaving, my forehead resting against the back of Minne's neck. We stayed like that for a long minute, the only sound the heavy, ragged breathing of three people who had just pushed themselves to the absolute limit.

Slowly, agonizingly, I started to pull out. With a wet, sucking pop, my cock slid free. It was covered in a messy mix of spit, sweat, and a bit of the 'lubrication' we'd used. As I backed away, I watched as the overflow started to happen. A thick, white stream of my cum began to leak out of Minne's stretched, gaping asshole, dripping down her inner thighs and onto the floor.

Tessa stayed on her knees, watching the display with a look of pure, unadulterated pride. She reached out, catching a bit of the stray cum on her finger and bringing it to her lips.

"Look at that mess," Tessa whispered, a dark smirk on her face. "You really filled her up, didn't you?"

Minne just leaned against the door, her legs shaking so badly she looked like she might collapse. She looked down over her shoulder at the trail I'd left behind. "It... it's so much," she whimpered, her voice full of awe.

I exhaled, a long, shaky breath, and looked at both of them. My body felt like lead, my muscles aching in the best way possible. I reached out, patting Minne's flushed cheek before pulling Tessa up from the floor.

"You guys are trying to kill me," I joked, though my heart was still racing.

Tessa leaned in, kissing my jaw. "Maybe. But what a way to go, right?"

I looked at the mess on the floor, the disheveled state of the two sisters, and the quiet luxury of the penthouse around us. "Yeah," I muttered, a tired smile tugging at my lips. "What a way to go."

"Now," Tessa said, taking charge as she always did. "Let's get Minne to the shower before she stains the rug. And then... Evan. One last thing I want from you."

"Hmm?"

"Jasmine told me she'd give you a footjob in Kim's car... well, her old car. You remember it?" Tessa asked, a wicked glint in her eyes as we stood in the hallway.

I felt a smirk tug at my lips. "I do."

"Now, I think it's payback time for Kim, don't you?"

"I... don't know what you're thinking, Tessa," I replied, though the heat in my gut told me exactly where she was heading.

"Kim asked me to get revenge for her old car. Bla bla, and I agreed... and she also said she'd pay me ten bucks, so... yeah," Tessa chuckled, her voice dropping into that low, dangerous register she used when she was feeling especially cruel.

"Uuh..." I muttered, the blood already rushing back down to my crotch. "The bucks?"

"Come with me," she commanded.

We entered the penthouse, the air still heavy with the scent of the workout I'd just given Minne. Minne was still shaking on her pins, looking completely used and blissful. She turned to me, her voice a small, obedient whisper. "I'll be taking a shower, Master."

I didn't say a word; I just reached out and delivered a stinging slap to her red, swollen ass. The sound echoed through the foyer, and she let out a tiny gasp before scurrying off

toward the bathroom. I watched her go, the sway of her hips a taunt, but Tessa wasn't done with me yet.

Tessa led me toward the master bedroom. She opened the door with agonizing slowness, her movements silent as a ghost. Inside, the room was dim, lit only by the distant glow of the city skyline through the floor-to-ceiling windows. On the massive bed, Jasmine was fast asleep, sprawled out in a mess of silk sheets. Nala was curled up beside her, both of them dead to the world, their breathing deep and rhythmic.

Jasmine looked like a fucking angel, which only made what Tessa was planning feel more devious. Her hair was fanned out across the pillow, a dark halo against the white fabric. Her lips were slightly parted, and her chest rose and fell with a slow, steady grace. She had no idea we were standing there, hovering over her like a pair of predators.

Tessa didn't waste a second. She reached out, her fingers wrapping around my cock and pulling me toward the edge of the bed. I let out a low, involuntary groan, my body moving instinctively with her. I was still sensitive from the round with Minne, my skin humming with a lingering electric charge, and the sudden, firm grip of Tessa's hand made my head swim.

She began to jerk me, her movements practiced and deliberate, her eyes fixed on Jasmine's sleeping face. "Look at her," Tessa whispered, her voice a poisonous thread of silk. "Sleeping so soundly while we're standing right here. She thinks she's safe, Evan. She thinks she can just play games with you in Kim's car and get away with it."

"Oh..."

Tessa leaned down, her face inches from Jasmine's. "But Kim wants her revenge. And I want to see you ruin that pretty face of hers. I want you to mark her, Evan. I want her to wake up smelling you, knowing that you claimed her while she was too weak to even open her eyes."

I felt my heart hammering against my ribs. Tessa took the head of my cock and began to drag it slowly across Jasmine's face. She brushed the sensitive tip against Jasmine's closed eyelids, then down the bridge of her nose. I was so close to the edge already; the friction and the sheer Taboo of the moment were pushing me toward the brink.

"She's just a little cutie, isn't she?" Tessa hissed, her eyes darting to mine. "Thinking she's so clever. Rub your dick on her lips, Evan. Let her taste you in her dreams."

Tessa guided my shaft over Jasmine's mouth, the wet, warm tip catching on the seam of her lips. Jasmine let out a tiny, soft sigh in her sleep, her head tilting back slightly, but she didn't wake. The sight was maddening. I reached out, my hands sliding under the heavy blanket, finding the weight of Jasmine's tits. They were warm and soft, the nipples already peaking through the thin fabric of her nightgown as I began to knead them, my fingers digging into the flesh.

"That's it," Tessa urged, her hand moving faster now, a frantic, blurred motion that had me seeing stars. "Knead those tits like they belong to you. Because they do. Everything in this room belongs to you. Now, give it to her. Paint that fucking face of hers. Show her what happens when she messes with Kim's car."

The pressure in my balls was unbearable, a white-hot ache that demanded release. I was shaking, my breath hitching in my throat as Tessa's dirty talk spiraled into a fever pitch.

"Cum for me, Evan! Cover her eyes, cover her mouth! Make her a mess! Fuck her face with your seed!"

The Heart System - Chapter 450[1,321 words]

Chapter 450: Chapter 450

I couldn't hold back a second longer. My back arched, a low, guttural roar tearing out of my throat as I finally let go. The first jet of cum shot out, a thick, hot rope that landed right across Jasmine's cheek and eyelid. I didn't stop; I kept pulsing, jet after jet of my heavy seed splattering across her face, catching in her eyelashes and coating her lips.

Jasmine didn't even flinch. She just lay there, her face a canvas for my release, looking like a discarded doll. It pooled in the corner of her mouth, a slow drip sliding down toward her neck.

Tessa let out a low, triumphant chuckle, watching the mess with a look of pure, unadulterated satisfaction. She reached out, using a finger to smear a bit of the cum across Jasmine's forehead. "Look at her. She looks perfect now. A real little trophy."

I stood there, gasping for air, my chest heaving as the last of the tremors left my body. I looked down at Jasmine, her peaceful expression completely at odds with the sticky, white mess covering her features. She looked used, claimed, and utterly broken, even in her sleep.

But as I looked at her, I felt a familiar, dark surge in my gut. Despite having just emptied myself, the sight of her lying there, vulnerable and marked, was doing something to me. My cock, instead of softening, began to throb again, growing heavy and rigid in Tessa's hand.

I wasn't done. Not by a long shot. I had one last round left in me, and the way Jasmine was looking right now, I knew exactly where I wanted to spend it.

Tessa noticed immediately. She looked down at my mounting erection, then up at me, a slow, wicked grin spreading across her face. "Oh, Evan... you really are a monster, aren't you?"

"I think I have one more in me," I rasped, my voice thick with a new, dangerous hunger.

I didn't even give Tessa a chance to protest. I grabbed her by the hips and spun her around, shoving her chest down onto the mattress right next to where Jasmine lay sleeping. Jasmine's face was still painted with the white, sticky mess of my first release, her breathing shallow and peaceful, while Tessa was arched and ready, her eyes wide with a mix of shock and dark excitement.

"You want to play games, Tessa?" I growled, my voice a low, dangerous rumble. "Then let's play."

I didn't use any more lube. The heat from her own excitement and the lingering slickness from my hands was enough. I positioned the head of my cock at the entrance of her tight, puckered asshole and pushed. Tessa let out a sharp, muffled cry into the mattress, her fingers digging into the silk sheets as I forced my way inside. She was tighter than Minne had been, a narrow, resisting heat that made my vision swim.

"Oh, fuck," I hissed, my muscles coiling as I began to drive into her.

The rhythm was primal. I wasn't being gentle; I was marking my territory. Every thrust sent a jolt through my entire frame, my cock buried to the hilt in her dirtiest hole. I watched the way her skin bunched and stretched with every movement, her ass cheeks flushed a deep, angry red from the friction. Beside her, Jasmine shifted slightly in her sleep, her nose twitching at the scent of sex filling the room, but she remained under.

Tessa was a mess of sound—low whimpers, sharp gasps, and the occasional filthy word whispered into the pillow. "Yes... Evan... stretch it... break me"

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN ██████████ HERO

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Current Reputation: Neutral

Shit... it updated again.

I ignored the talk and focused on the sensation. It was a crushing, rhythmic pressure that felt like it was trying to wring the life out of me. I increased the pace, my hips slapping against her with a wet, heavy thud that echoed in the quiet room. I was a machine, driven by the sight of Jasmine's marked face and the tight, desperate grip of Tessa's ass.

The tension built until I couldn't breathe. My heart was a frantic drum in my chest, and the heat in my gut was turning into a wildfire. I felt the tell-tale twitch at the base of my shaft, the pressure in my balls becoming a physical ache. I reached out, grabbing Tessa by the hair to pull her head back, forcing her to look at the mess I'd made of Jasmine.

"Look at her, Tessa," I barked. "Look what you made me do."

Tessa's eyes were glassy, her tongue darting out to lick her lips. "I love it... I fucking love it..."

I reached my limit. I pulled my cock out of her ass with a wet, sticky pop and immediately aimed it at Jasmine's face again. The orgasm hit me like a freight train, a violent, staggering explosion that had me shaking. I let out a guttural roar as I painted her again—thick, hot jets of cum splattering over her forehead, her nose, and dripping into her dark hair. I emptied myself completely, the release so intense I felt lightheaded.

I slumped back, gasping for air, as Tessa slowly sat up, rubbing her sore backside. She looked at the carnage on the bed and let out a dry, mischievous chuckle.

"Well," she panted, wiping a bit of sweat from her brow. "I might have lied a little about Kim wanting revenge. I just wanted my own back because Jasmine gets the master bedroom all to herself. I wanted her to wake up wearing your mark."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "You're a menace, Tessa."

Right then, Jasmine's eyes fluttered open. She blinked, looking confused, her hand reaching up to her face. Her fingers touched the warm, sticky liquid, and she pulled them back, staring at the white cream on her tips. She rubbed them together, her brow furrowing as the realization hit her like a bucket of cold water.

She exhaled a long, slow breath. She didn't scream. She didn't cry. Instead, she sat up with a predatory slowness that made my blood run cold. She looked at me, then at Tessa, who was wearing a smug, shit-eating grin.

Without a single word, Jasmine reached out and grabbed Tessa by her tits, her grip so rough it made Tessa yelp. She yanked her forward and bent her back over the edge of the bed in one fluid, violent motion.

"You little bitch," Jasmine hissed, her voice like broken glass.

"Hey! It's his cum, not mine, Jas! Calm down!" Tessa squealed, trying to squirm away.

"I thought you were kidding when you said you'd make Evan cum on my face," Jasmine growled, her eyes flashing.

"You said you wouldn't have a problem with it!"

"If it was Evan's idea, no," Jasmine countered, her grip tightening. "But you? Thinking you can use him to play your petty little games?"

I stood there, gulping down air, watching the power dynamic shift in an instant. The tension in the room had gone from sexual to something much more volatile.

Jasmine looked over her shoulder at me. "Evan. You remember that strap-on you bought? The big one? Get it for me. Now."

My jaw nearly hit the floor. "Ohhh... wow."

Tessa's face went pale. "Evan? My favorite buddy-buddy? How about... no? Let's not do that?"

Jasmine didn't let go. She held Tessa pinned to the mattress with one hand, her strength surprising. I smirked, feeling a new wave of adrenaline hit me. I walked over to the wardrobe, rummaged through the bottom drawer, and pulled out the heavy, silicone toy. It was formidable, black, and ready for use.

"Can you put that on me?" Jasmine asked, her voice steady. "I've got to hold this idiot still."

"Sure thing," I said, my heart racing.