

The Heart System #Chapter 41 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 41

Chapter 41: Chapter 41

I walked out, exhaling smoke as soon as the door closed behind me. Flicked the lighter, lit up a cigarette, and dialed Ivy. She lived just outside the city, in one of those so-called "gated communities." Always made me laugh, like she was part of some suburban cult.

She picked up on the second ring. "Yellow?"

"Hey, Ivy. What's up?"

"Feeling bad," she said without missing a beat. "Because you charged me double when I got gas for my car."

"Yeah, after you broke two beer bottles and our fire exit sign," I shot back. "Wonder why."

"Oh... right." She chuckled. "Totally forgot about that."

"Anyway, I need your help." I took a long drag, exhaling smoke through my nose. "You've gotta... make a friend. Then convince her to get a massage."

"Oookay," she said slowly. "Is that friend a woman, and the masseur is you?"

"Yes."

"Are you serious? Evan, am I about to become an accessory to date rape? You that desperate, huh?"

"Jesus on a stick," I groaned. "No. Nothing like that. I'll explain later. Just... trust me this one time, alright?"

She sighed dramatically. "Fine. Who's the girl, and where am I sending her?"

"Name's Kayla. She works at a coffee shop. I'll text you the address. Tell her you've got a discount at Velouria Retreat."

That caught her off guard. "Velouria Retreat? No way. Don't tell me you actually work for them now?"

"Yep," I lied without hesitation. I sure as hell wasn't about to admit I'd been fired for fucking a client. "I'm counting on you, Ivy."

"Fine, fine," she relented. "Send me fifty bucks for taxi money."

"You have a car, you stingy asswipe," I said. "And fifty bucks? What, you planning to rent a private jet? You Taylor Swift now?"

"Bite me. Send the fifty. Bye."

The line cut off with a chirp, leaving me shaking my head. "Guess Richard can cover that. His mess, his money."

I dropped the butt of my cigarette, crushed it under my heel, and blew out the last of the smoke. Now... all we had to do was wait.

It wouldn't be solved in a day. But with Ivy's silver tongue, hell, maybe tomorrow Kayla would be on a massage table. And when that happened? She'd beg me to make her cum, thanks to that oil of course, but I'd hold back. Not until she agreed to help with Mendy.

"Alright," I muttered, slipping my hands into my pockets. "Time to play the waiting game."

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Well, I used a bit of the oil to make Kim cum. And it was worth it. I guess with how many points I put into my stats, I didn't need to pour all the damn oil now. Huh... I was learning the ropes.

Kim's legs wrapped around me greedily, one hooked high over my shoulder so I could slam deeper, the other stretched back and pressing her bare foot down onto Tom's head. He was flat on the floor, blindfold tight, ball gag muffling every choked sound. Her heel ground into the back of his skull like she was pinning him there on purpose, reminding him where he belonged.

I leaned in, kissing her hard, swallowing her moans. She tasted desperate, her tongue slick with need, her body vibrating against me. The oil had her pussy clenching in wild pulses, every thrust sending spasms through her.

"Evan," she gasped, breaking the kiss, nails dragging down my chest. "Oh god—what the fuck is this? I can't stop—fuck—I can't stop shaking. You... keep... making me cum!"

I grinned, thrusting harder, making her tits bounce against my chest. "Special trick. You like it?"

She moaned, eyes half-rolled, then twisted her lips into a smirk. Her toes dug harder into Tom's head. "Like it? I'm losing my mind. And he—" she spat the word, glaring down at him "—he's listening. My boyfriend. Useless. Never once made me gush like this."

Her body stiffened, nails sinking into me. She threw her head back with a scream. "Ohhh fuck—I'm cumming!"

Her cunt clenched violently, rippling around me, soaking my cock as she shuddered. Hot liquid spilled down between her thighs, dripping onto Tom's hair. She convulsed against me, leg quivering on my shoulder, eyes glassy with bliss.

I growled, holding her hips steady, pounding her through it. "That's one."

Kim laughed breathlessly, voice cracked. "One. You actually counted. Oh god—you're not gonna stop, are you?"

I slammed into her harder, making her whimper. "Not until you're ruined."

Her whole body jerked with each thrust, her heel grinding Tom's head deeper into the floor. "Hear that, Tom?" she moaned down at him, voice dripping venom. "He's gonna ruin me—something you never had the balls to do. You were too scared to even try anal, remember? Evan doesn't ask. He takes. And I fucking love it."

She moaned louder, clinging to me, sweat rolling down her flushed skin. "You should've been a man, Tom. Instead, you let me waste years. And now... ohhh god... now I belong to Evan."

Her pussy fluttered again, building fast. I felt it—her whole body tightening like a bowstring, the oil amplifying every nerve ending. She thrashed, pulling me closer, biting my lip.

"I'm—ohhh shit, I'm cumming again!" she screamed. Her cunt clamped down like a vice, pulsing in waves. She drenched me, juices running down to Tom's chest, her body trembling violently as orgasm ripped through her.

I held her, fucking her through every spasm, refusing to let up. Her nails tore at my back, her moans breaking into sobs of pleasure.

"That's two," I growled against her ear.

Kim was gasping, almost crying, overwhelmed by the sensations. But her eyes still glimmered with cruel delight as she looked down at Tom. Her toes curled against his head, grinding harder. "Did you hear that, Tom? Two orgasms... back to back. Evan's cock, not yours. You never even gave me one. You're nothing. Nothing but a little toy under my foot."

I kissed her again, rough and messy, tasting her desperation. Her body writhed against mine, still trembling from the aftershocks.

"Evan..." she whispered between gasps, voice ragged, pleading. "Don't stop. Please. I don't care if I break—I want more. I want him to hear me cum until he hates himself."

I tightened my grip on her ass, still driving into her mercilessly. "Then you'll get more."

Her laugh was half-moan, half-sob, drunk on the ecstasy. "God... I'm yours. You hear me, Tom? I'm his now. His slut. His whore. The girlfriend you thought was yours is cumming her brains out on another man's cock—and I never want to stop."

Her voice cracked into another moan as I slammed deep again, her pussy milking me like it was desperate for every drop. And I still hadn't finished.

"I'm gonna fuck your ass," I growled, my voice low against her ear.

Kim's eyes widened, her body trembling against mine. She wasn't resisting—not even close. Instead, her lips curved into a filthy smile, her breath hot on my face. "Oh god... yes. Do it. Show him what a real man does."

I grabbed her by the waist, pushing her forward until she sprawled across Tom's back. He groaned through the ball gag, muffled and pathetic, as her body pressed down on him like he was nothing more than furniture. Kim laughed breathlessly, tilting her head back to look at me. Her back was against Tom's back, her huge fucking tits almost hypnotizing me.

"Look at him," she taunted, grinding her dripping cunt down against Tom's shirt. "Pinned under me... under us. He thought he was my man. But now he's just my mattress while I get fucked."

I shoved her skirt higher, spreading her legs wide, positioning myself behind her. Her ass was raised, smooth and tight, the perfect view. I spat in my hand, stroking my cock, then lined myself up with her ass. My tip pressed against her, firm but unyielding.

Kim gasped, biting her lip hard. "E-Evan... you're huge. There's no way you'll fit—oh god, Tom, can you feel this? He's gonna split me open while I'm lying on your back."

I pushed forward, slowly, grinding the head of my cock against her puckered ring. It resisted, clenching tight, refusing to give. She whimpered, fingers digging into Tom's shoulders as her body trembled.

"Fuck..." I muttered, trying to force it. "You're clamped shut like a damn vice. You can't even take me."

Kim moaned at the words, eyes wild. "Yes I can. I'll take you. I want it—ohhh god, Tom, hear that? I'm begging another man to fuck my ass. You never had the guts. You never even asked. Evan's cock is too big, and I still want it."

I leaned forward, slipping two fingers into her mouth. She moaned around them, tongue swirling, coating me with thick strands of saliva. When I pulled them out, her lips chased after my hand like she couldn't get enough. I smeared the wetness over my shaft, then spread more across the tight ring of her ass, glistening it with spit.

"Better," I muttered, positioning myself again.

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I pressed forward slowly, grinding the head into her. She gasped, shuddering violently, her nails scraping Tom's back. Still, her hole wouldn't give.

"Shit..." I hissed, rocking my hips, trying to ease in. "You're too tight. Should I stop?"

Kim whimpered, eyes rolling back. "N-no... don't stop."

Her ass clenched again, rejecting me, but her words poured out like gasoline on fire. "God... it's so big. Tom, he's stretching me with just the tip. You couldn't even handle me when I spread my legs, and now Evan's cock is battering at my ass and I'm dripping for it. What kind of man are you?"

I grunted, pulling back, then pressing forward harder. Still no luck. Her moans turned desperate, her body straining.

"Fuck," I growled. "You're fighting me."

"Don't stop," she pleaded, her voice breaking. "Please, Evan, don't you dare stop. Push harder. Make me open for you. I don't care if it hurts. I want to cum on your cock while Tom cries under me."

I slid my fingers back into her mouth, this time shoving them deeper. She gagged, drool spilling down her chin as she moaned around them. When I pulled out, strings of spit clung to her lips. I wiped the mess over my shaft again, making it slick, coating her tighter hole until it glistened.

"Alright," I said darkly. "Last try. You better pray you can take me."

I grabbed her hips hard, angled myself, and pushed with more force. Her body tensed, a sharp cry tearing from her throat as the ring stretched painfully slow. Then—suddenly—it gave. The tip of my cock popped past the tight entrance, buried just inside her ass.

Kim's scream was raw, high-pitched, almost delirious. "Ohhh my god—it's in! Tom, do you hear me?! Evan's cock is in my ass! You never had the balls, and now he's breaking me open while I'm lying on top of you!"

Her entire body shivered violently, sweat dripping down her skin, her nails clawing Tom's back like she was carving the truth into him.

I held still, savoring the feeling of her tightness gripping just my tip. "There we go," I muttered, voice low, dangerous. "You're mine now."

Her scream tore through the room, sharp and guttural, but her face told a different story—pure bliss, like she couldn't believe it was finally happening. My cockhead sat buried just past her ring, snug inside the tightest vice I'd ever felt.

I gritted my teeth, both hands gripping her hips, holding her steady as I made slow, grinding circles, testing the fit, letting her ass adjust inch by inch. Her walls fluttered helplessly, squeezing down around me like she was trying to push me out even as her body begged me to stay.

"Fuck," I hissed, sweat dripping down my temple. "You're killing me in there. My cock's gonna snap in half with how tight you are."

Kim's nails dug into Tom's waist so hard her boyfriend flinched. She gasped, back arched, her whole body trembling like a live wire. "It's so big... oh god, Tom, he's splitting me in half. You couldn't even stretch me with two fingers back there, and now Evan's just—" her voice cracked into a desperate moan, "—he just forced his cock inside like I was nothing."

Tom groaned into the gag, his muffled voice pitiful. His blindfold hid his eyes, but the way his shoulders tensed under Kim's hands gave him away—rage, jealousy, and shame all fighting inside him. Kim laughed breathlessly, cruel and vicious, grinding herself against my cock as if to rub the betrayal in deeper.

"Hear that?" she taunted, looking down at his helpless body. "He can't even speak. My ass is being wrecked by another man while he just lies there. Pathetic little boyfriend, can't do a thing about it."

I pulled back an inch, feeling the suction of her hole clinging desperately to my shaft, then pushed back in with slow, steady force. Her ass stretched around me more, her ring fighting and giving in at the same time. She shivered violently, head tilting back, sweat running down her throat in rivulets.

"G-go slow," she whimpered, voice ragged. "I'll... I'll break otherwise."

"Break for me," I growled, slapping her ass with a sharp crack that echoed in the small room. The impact left a red handprint blooming across her pale skin, and she cried out, the sound caught between pain and lust.

I withdrew halfway, then shoved back in deeper, gritting my teeth as her ass swallowed more of me. Every inch felt like a struggle, like plowing through the tightest, hottest

glove in the world. Her pussy was dripping freely, wetness running down her thighs and onto Tom's back, soaking his shirt as if marking him with her infidelity.

"Ohhh fuck," Kim sobbed, her nails leaving scratches down her boyfriend's shoulders. "I'm being used like a toy. Tom—your girlfriend's ass belongs to another man now. He's bigger, meaner, and I love it."

Her words lit me up, stoking the savage fire burning inside my gut. I drove in harder, testing the limits of her body, making her stretch open fully around me. The oil and spit made it possible, but it was still a brutal fight every thrust, her walls gripping me like a vice that didn't want to let go.

"You're... in all the way," she cried suddenly, her eyes rolling back as her mouth dropped open. "My ass is full of you—oh fuck, I'm gonna cum already—"

Her entire body convulsed, a violent shudder that made her tits bounce, her back bow, her hole clamping down so tight I almost blew right there. She shrieked into her own palm, trying to stifle the sound but failing, cumming hard on my cock while still impaled.

Beneath her, Tom squirmed and groaned. His body betrayed him—his cock straining against his jeans, hard and small, tenting the fabric in a pathetic bulge. He bucked helplessly as his girlfriend came on another man's cock, and Kim noticed.

"Look at you," she moaned breathlessly, grinding against me as her orgasm shook through her. "Even gagged, you're leaking pre-cum like a bitch. My boyfriend's cock is tiny and throbbing, while Evan's splitting my ass wide open and making me cum."

Her hole kept clenching and releasing, rippling around me with aftershocks of her climax, and the sensation nearly ripped a groan from my chest.

"That's two?" I snarled into her ear, grabbing a fistful of her hair and yanking her head back. "Was it two? Or three already? You just came from anal on my cock. Tell your boyfriend how fucking good it feels."

Her scream rang in my ears, sharp as hell, but her face was nothing but rapture. Eyes wide, lips trembling, sweat dripping down her flushed cheeks. She was gone—blissed out, wrecked, high on me. My cock sat buried to the hilt in her ass, her hole stretched wide, trembling around me like it was trying to keep me inside forever.

Oh, thank you oil!

Kim's voice cracked as she cried out, loud enough for the neighbors to hear. "It's—ahhh—it's unreal! Tom, do you hear me? His cock's destroying my ass, and I can't stop shaking."

Tom's muffled groans filled the room, desperate and pathetic through the gag. His body shifted on the carpet, ropes biting into his wrists. He couldn't even move—just squirm, humiliated, while his girlfriend's ass got split open by someone else.

I chuckled darkly, tightening my grip in Kim's hair, bending her head back until her throat arched. "That's right. Let him know. Let him hear every filthy word while he drools behind that gag."

Her voice shook, but she didn't hold back. "You'll never match him, Tom. Never. He's splitting me in half and I love it. My body doesn't even remember your little dick—it only wants his now!"

Her hole fluttered around me, spasming with every word. It felt like her body was trying to suck me deeper, drag me into her guts, claim me the same way she was claiming me out loud.

I slammed into her harder, the 'bedframe' moaning under us, the sound of flesh on flesh filling the air. Every thrust made her yelp. Sweat rolled off both of us, dripping onto Tom's back below.

I leaned close to her ear, my voice low and cruel. "He can't even touch you. Can't see. Can't kiss. Can't fuck. You're right here—screaming, dripping, shaking—and he's just a tied-up piece of furniture under us."

She sobbed and laughed at once, delirious. "Yes! Yes, god! He's worthless. Just a warm body under me while you—ohhh fuck—while you make me cum over and over!"

I reached around, shoving three fingers between her soaked lips and mashing them against her swollen clit. She jolted like she'd been electrocuted, her whole body locking up. Her pussy gushed instantly, spraying her juices down her thighs, some of it splattering onto Tom's shirt beneath her.

"Number three, or four?" I hissed in her ear as she screamed through another orgasm. "You're cumming on my cock while your boyfriend gets soaked in your mess. You're his girlfriend—but you're my whore now."

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Her body shook uncontrollably, her ass clamping and releasing around me like it couldn't decide whether to reject me or worship me. The way she milked my cock made me throb painfully, but I gritted my teeth, holding it back. Not yet. Not fucking yet.

Kim's voice broke as she gasped for air, her head falling back onto my shoulder. "Oh my god—I can't stop—I'm addicted already. Evan, what are you doing to me? I can't even feel my legs—"

I slammed into her harder, cutting her off with a scream. "What I'm doing," I growled, "is giving you what he never could. What he never will. Real cock. Real power. Real fucking ownership."

Her nails raked down my arms, her body jerking helplessly. "Yes—yes! He's nothing! He's nothing compared to you!"

I smirked down at Tom, my thrusts shaking the floor under him. "Hear that, boy? She's choosing me. Right in front of you. You'll never make her scream like this. The only thing you'll get from her now is pity—or maybe spit, if she feels generous."

The fuck? Was that me talking? Evan, the guy who couldn't talk up when he got the wrong order... this system thing was changing me.

Tom groaned louder, his hips shifting against the carpet as if he wanted to rut against it, to feel something, anything. Pathetic.

Kim noticed, her laugh high and broken. "He's squirming, Evan. Oh my god—he's rubbing himself on the floor while you fuck me. That's all he has left."

I grabbed her chin and forced her to look down at him. "Look at him. Blindfolded. Gagged. His girl riding another man's cock. And he's so desperate, he's grinding the carpet like a bitch in heat."

Her eyes rolled back as another orgasm tore through her, her scream muffled by my palm clamping over her mouth. Her whole body jerked violently, pussy squirting down her thighs again, dripping onto Tom's shoulder blades.

"I actually stopped counting," I said, panting hard. "You came so much. He hasn't even touched you. Haven't given you a single orgasm in months, has he?"

Her muffled cry came against my hand, her words jumbled but clear enough: "Never... never once..."

I ripped my hand away, yanking her hair again. "Say it louder."

Her voice cracked as she screamed, "He's never made me cum! Not once! Evan, only you—only you make me cum like this!"

Tom's whole body stiffened, a muffled groan ripping from his throat. He writhed against the ropes, his cock straining inside his jeans, the bulge twitching. His hips bucked once, twice, smearing a dark spot against the carpet beneath him.

I barked a laugh, slamming into Kim harder. "Look at that. He's leaking in his pants like a kid just from hearing you admit the truth. Pathetic little stain while you're squirting all over my cock."

Kim's laugh was cruel, delirious with lust. "Oh baby, are you leaking again? Evan makes me gush rivers, and you leave tiny marks on the floor. That's your big finish now. That's what you are—nothing but a stain."

Her ass clamped down around me, another orgasm ripping her apart, her body spasming violently. I bit her shoulder, leaving marks, holding back my own release with sheer force.

"Came again?" I growled. "I'm not done until you can't even remember his name."

She sobbed and screamed, her voice hoarse, her body trembling with every thrust. Tom lay broken beneath us, blindfold wet with sweat, gag muffled with spit, jeans sticky with pathetic little spurts he couldn't control.

And me? I was still buried deep, cock swelling, balls aching—but I wasn't going to give in yet. Not until she begged. Not until he cried. Not until they both knew exactly who owned her.

I sank into the couch, completely naked, letting out a long exhale. My body still thrummed from the relentless sex, sweat beading along my chest and dripping down my torso. The ache in my balls was deliciously torturous.

"Suck my cock clean," I ordered, voice low and rough, trying to keep control. "Man... so sweaty."

Kim glanced at Tom, smirking cruelly. "He just ordered me, Tom," she said, her voice laced with venom. "Won't you step up? Defend me?"

Tom could only groan, helpless, the gag muffling most of it. His wrists strained against the ropes. His eyes were wide, desperate, but he made no move to stop her.

"Figures," Kim muttered, rolling her eyes. "Fucking pathetic little cunt."

She spat on her hands, the slick gleaming in the light, then crawled toward me with a slow grace. She stopped between my legs, her eyes glinting with mischief and lust.

I hissed at the sight of her kneeling there, lips parting, tongue flicking over her own spit before touching the tip of my cock. She leaned forward, taking me into her mouth with teasing slowness at first, just barely letting me feel her heat.

"Mm," She moaned. "I can taste myself on your cock. Delicious."

Her hands gripped the base, stroking lightly, while her mouth slid over me, warm and wet. She hummed around me, the vibrations sending shocks through my shaft. Her tongue swirled around the tip, tasting the remnants of her own cum and my sweat, savoring it.

"Ohh, you're so hard," she murmured, her lips tightening slightly, then releasing. "So... big... sloppy... mine to clean, just like I'm yours. Pathetic little boyfriend down there, huh? Can't even do this."

I shivered, the sensation making me grunt softly. The combination of her mouth, her teasing hands, the weight of the day's heat—it was torturous. I leaned back into the couch cushions, trying to maintain focus, trying not to give in too soon.

Then my phone buzzed sharply on the armrest. I reached over, looking to the side. Ivy. Fuck.

"Shit, I gotta take this," I muttered, holding myself as best I could. "Kim, be quiet. Tell your boyfriend to stop squirming too."

I swiped and saw Ivy's name flash across the screen. "Hey," I said, voice strained, trying to balance the call with the pressure of her mouth on me. "W—what's up?*

"Evan?" Ivy's tone was upbeat, but concerned. "You okay? You sound... strained."

I groaned softly, keeping my hips as steady as possible. "Yeah... yeah, fine. Just... uh, a little busy right now." My voice cracked slightly; I tried to clear it. "Gotta... take care of something here. What's up?"

"I... I befriended Kayla," Ivy said. "She seemed friendly. I tried to steer the conversation toward the massage thing, but... didn't get the chance. She's cautious, Evan. But, uh... she trusts me a little."

I exhaled, a mix of relief and frustration, holding the phone between my shoulder and ear while Kim sucked harder, taking more of me into her mouth. I could feel her saliva pooling, slick and warm, her tongue teasing every ridge, swirling around me, drawing tiny moans from me despite the call.

I struggled to respond. "Good... good job, Ivy. Just... keep talking to her... yeah... yeah... uh-huh." My words came out broken, strained as Kim licked and sucked, her tongue pressing against my frenulum, lips sliding up and down the shaft, hot and wet.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Ivy asked, her voice soft, concerned. "You sound... weird, Evan. Your voice...*

I pressed my free hand to my forehead, glancing down at Kim's face, flushed and mischievous. "Yeah... yeah, I'm fine," I managed to say. "I... I gotta go. Talk later. Bye."

I hung up, finally able to focus solely on Kim. She leaned back slightly, just enough for me to groan, hips flexing against her warm, wet mouth. Her hands continued stroking my base, slick with spit, while her tongue pressed insistently against the underside, swirling and flicking.

"Mm, you taste so... sweaty, so fucking mine," she murmured between deep sucks. "I could do this all day... all over your cock, while he watches. That little whimpering boy down there... can't even touch me, can't stop me, can't even look. You're all mine, Evan. All mine, and he can just... sit there."

Her words hit me like fire, her mouth working expertly, her hands teasing, the wet friction along my shaft torturing me. I groaned, hips twitching involuntarily, feeling every nerve ending screaming as she deepened the suction, lips forming a perfect seal.

Her tongue circled my tip again, then she bobbed her head up and down, taking as much as she could, gagging lightly at the thickest part. I gritted my teeth, holding back, refusing to let my body betray me too early. My balls ached, the aftershocks of the earlier anal pounding still humming through me.

Tom twitched below, a weak groan slipping through his gag as she continued, her hands holding my hips for leverage now, pulling me in deeper.

I exhaled sharply, trying to keep my rhythm steady. "Yeah... yeah... just like that," I managed to grunt, voice low, strained. "Keep... keep going..."

I leaned back, letting her take control of the pace, feeling the slick heat of her mouth and hands, the slight tremble in my thighs as my body begged for release—but I held it. Not yet.

She turned her head back. "Go ahead and clean my asshole, Tom. Stick that pathetic dick of yours in my asshole and get your master's cum from my ass."

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Tom, his mouth still covered by a leather ball gag, didn't move. His body was tense, but his eyes, wide and filled with a desperate submission, were fixed on Kim. He had already been humiliated, but this... this was a new level of degradation.

"He did good back there," I said, my voice hoarse. "You should reward him sometime."

She laughed, a sharp, cold sound that grated on my ears. "This is his reward. The chance to taste what he'll never have." She leaned down, her lips closing around the head of my cock.

Her mouth was hot and slick, her tongue a flame of pure sensation. She took me deep into her throat, the friction a perfect blend of pain and pleasure that sent a jolt through my core. I gasped, my hips bucking forward instinctively, burying myself in her mouth. She didn't let up.

"Look at him, Evan," she breathed, her mouth still wrapped around my cock, her voice a low murmur against my skin. "Look at him drooling, begging for the taste of what's mine now. He'll never satisfy me like you do."

The words, the sight of Tom's desperate stare, made my dick throb even harder.

Tom, his body trembling, began to pull himself up from the floor. He fumbled with the ropes on his hands, a low moan escaping his lips as he struggled to free himself. He finally managed to get to his knees, then slowly, with a pained grunt, stood up. He walked toward us, his pants already at his ankles, his tiny dick hard and ready. He positioned himself behind Kim and, without a word, pushed his way into her ass.

Kim's head shot up. "Are you even inside me, Tom? Evan stretched my asshole so much I can't even feel your pathetic dick anymore."

Tom's muffled moans became louder, a low plea for something more. He pushed harder, his face contorted in a mix of frustration and desperate desire. I watched, my cock throbbing with every thrust he made, a low sound of pleasure escaping my lips.

"He's trying so hard, isn't he, Evan?" Kim whispered, her tongue teasing my cock. "He wants to be like you so badly, but he can't. He's not good enough."

I didn't respond. I just closed my eyes, my hips bucking up to meet her mouth. Her tongue was a flame, her lips a vice, and I was a mess of moans and shudders.

"I'm getting closer," I managed to pant out.

She didn't say anything. She just took my cock deeper into her throat, her head bobbing up and down. I reached out, my hands finding her head, and I held her down, my hips bucking. I couldn't stop myself. My moans escaped my lips as I held her head, forcing her to take all of my cum.

I came, my body a blur of spasms and tremors. I felt my cum fill her throat, and I could feel her gagging on it, the taste of my cum filling her mouth. She didn't let go though. She kept taking me, her tongue still moving, until my spasms ended and my body went limp.

She lifted her head, a long strand of my come hanging from her chin. She looked at me, her eyes filled with a mix of disgust and pleasure. I just stared back at her, a strange, silent understanding passing between us.

"You really are something else," she said, her voice still a little raspy from the cum. "Phew... boy, oh, boy."

She got up, not even waiting for Tom to cum. She covered her ass with her hand so the cum wouldn't drop to the ground. She then walked away, leaving Tom alone, his body still twitching with the unfulfilled need to cum.

I laid there for a long time, my body still trembling. I, Evan, a vanilla guy, who had no idea how to talk to women, had just got a blowjob from a beautiful woman, while her man was fucking her ass and I came all over her face. I had no idea how I got into this mess, but I didn't care. The only thing I cared about was how I could do it again.

Kim stood in the corridor, holding two towels—one neatly folded for herself, the other for me. Her expression was calm, almost casual, a little smirk tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Here," she said, holding out the towel for me. "One for you, one for me. We need a bath ASAP. Like, real ASAP."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +9

Star Rating: 1.0 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

I walked toward her, taking the towel, raising an eyebrow. "Nice of you to think of me."

She just chuckled softly, sliding her own towel under her arm. "Don't make me regret it."

Behind me, Tom shuffled nervously, his ropes still slightly restrictive as he moved closer. "Can I come too?" he asked, hopeful but careful.

Kim's gaze snapped toward him, sharp and unflinching. "No. You? You're staying here. And I want you cleaning up the living room. Every last bit of mess we made. Now, move."

Tom's shoulders slumped, but he didn't argue. He glanced at me with a half-smile, a mix of amusement and embarrassment. I smirked back. The guy clearly liked being humiliated, though he'd never admit it out loud.

Kim didn't wait for any more protest—she led the way down the hall, the towel in her hand swinging lightly. "Come on, Evan. Don't just stand there like a statue."

I followed, letting her guide me toward the bathroom. Mid-step, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone. "Here," I said, turning back toward Tom, who was still lingering by the corridor. "You can watch porn and rub one out while I fuck Kim's brains out."

Tom's eyes widened, a mix of disbelief and excitement crossing his face. He hesitated for a second, then managed a strained but eager smile. "Uh... thanks," he said quietly, taking the phone.

Kim just shot him a quick glance, smirking slightly but not saying a word. Her attention was fully on me now.

I tucked the towel under my arm and followed Kim into the bathroom, the warm scent of soap hitting me as she gestured toward the tub. "The water's ready," she said casually, no hint of harshness, just that easy confidence she always carried.

We stepped into the bathtub, the warm water rising around us, curling around our legs and splashing lightly against the sides. The scent of soap mingled with our sweat, and I let out a low hum as Kim sank back, letting the water envelop her.

I pressed closer, my hands sliding over her sides, cupping her tits, and leaning down to kiss her. She tasted faintly of the bath and herself, a mix that made me groan quietly. Her fingers were already moving over my cock under the water, stroking lightly, teasing.

"You feel so good," I murmured, my lips brushing hers as I started teasing her clit with my thumb. She shivered, arching into my hand.

"Mmm... fuck, Evan, your hands... don't stop."

Then I noticed it—a shadow moving on the other side of the door. A small outline seeping under the keyhole.

I froze, glancing at Kim, who tilted her head with a mischievous grin. "See that?" she whispered, eyes sparkling. "Tom's peeking. Poor thing... probably thinks he's sneaky."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "That little bastard's more into this than I thought."

Kim leaned back against me, still toying with my cock. "Let him watch," she said. "Maybe it'll teach him what he can never have."

"Jesus... you're insane. I love it."

She laughed, dripping water and arousal everywhere. "You love it, don't you? You love knowing he's out there, watching. But this... this is ours."

I moved closer, kissing her neck, nibbling lightly. "Yours and mine. All mine."

The water lapped around us as she leaned forward suddenly, straddling me in the tub. Her soaked thighs pressed against my chest as she guided my cock inside her pussy. The water sloshed around, making the movement slick and fluid.

"Oh... fuck," I groaned, feeling her wet heat around me, her hands pressing on my shoulders as she started moving.

"You feel so good inside me," she whispered, leaning down, her lips brushing my ear. "Even with him watching... you're the only one who can make me feel like this."

I held her hips, letting her ride me slowly at first, then picking up the pace. The water bubbled around us, our hands tangled, bodies slick.

"God... you're taking it so well," I murmured, watching her eyes roll back. "Feels like you were made for this."

"Mmm...?" she purred, leaning closer to kiss me. "Tom's probably shaking out there... knowing he can't touch me. Isn't that the sweetest thought?"

I grinned against her lips. "Yeah... the look on his face if he could see this would be priceless."

Kim laughed, rolling her hips over mine. "Good thing he's obedient. Otherwise, he'd ruin it all."

I pressed my fingers into her clit, rubbing, while holding her steady. She moaned, leaning down, our mouths meeting again in messy, water-slicked kisses.

"You like that? Me touching you while he watches?" I whispered.

"Oh yes... yes, it's so... naughty," she hissed. "Keep moving, Evan. Don't stop. Let him see what he'll never get to touch properly."

Chapter 45: Chapter 45

I groaned, starting to thrust slowly under her, letting her guide the pace. Her hands slid down my chest to my cock again, helping me move in rhythm with her.

She leaned forward slightly, resting her hands on the edge of the tub for balance. The water sloshed over the sides as I started moving my hips harder, pressing into her, feeling her squirm and press back with each stroke.

"All yours," she breathed, grinding down on me, hair falling across her face, wet and shiny. "Even with him outside... I'm yours."

I held her tightly, watching the water ripple around us, the heat, the slickness, the way she moved. "Keep going... don't stop now. I want every inch of you."

She chuckled against me. "I'm not stopping. Never."

Her body was a tight, slick vice around me, squeezing and releasing with every bounce. My hands were on her hips, guiding her, pulling her down, making sure every inch of me filled her.

The look in her eyes, a wild, untamed hunger, drove me to the brink. I leaned up and captured her lips with my own, a deep, open-mouthed kiss that tasted of bathwater and lust. Our tongues danced together, a frantic, desperate rhythm that mirrored our bodies. She broke the kiss, a low moan escaping her lips as she leaned back, her hands finding the edge of the tub.

"You like that, Evan?" she whispered, her voice a low murmur. "You like being in control?"

I groaned in response, my body a tight coil of pure tension. I was so close, so fucking close. I wanted to lose myself in her, to feel her body convulse around me as I came.

"Ugh... this fucking—just get here you moron!" she suddenly yelled, her voice a whip cracking through the air.

My eyes shot open, a jolt of surprise going through me. I didn't need to ask who she was talking about. We both knew. The door to the bathroom creaked open, and Tom, his face a mask of shame and desperate desire, stepped inside. He stood there, a pathetic figure, his eyes fixed on us, his body trembling with the need to be a part of what we were doing. His tiny cock was throbbing.

"Clean the bathroom," she commanded, her voice cold and flat.

"But... I cleaned it today, Kim," he pleaded, his voice a pathetic whisper.

She didn't say anything. She just looked at him, her eyes filled with that cold, cruel disdain that I was starting to know so well. Then, with a smirk, she splashed a handful of water out of the tub, sending it cascading onto the clean floor.

"Now it's a mess," she said, her voice a low purr. "Clean it up, Tom. Now."

He didn't say anything. He just grabbed a towel from the rack and began to wipe the floor, his head bowed, his body shaking with shame.

I watched, my cock still buried deep inside her, as he cleaned the floor. It was a surreal moment, a mix of power, lust, and utter degradation. Kim, on the other hand, was loving it. She bounced on me, her eyes fixed on Tom, a smile on her face. She was in her element, the queen of her own little world, and I was her king.

The feeling of her body, the sight of Tom cleaning the floor, the knowledge that I was the reason for his pain, it was all too much. My body trembled, my hips started to buck uncontrollably, my moans becoming louder, more desperate. I was so close, I couldn't hold back anymore.

"I'm going to cum," I gasped, my voice a broken sound.

She didn't say anything. She just looked at me, a wild, hungry look in her eyes. I pulled out of her, the sound of my cock leaving her body a loud, wet slosh. I got up, my body a tight coil of tension, and I looked down at her, a beautiful, powerful woman on her knees in the bathtub and a slave cleaning the floor at her feet.

"Oh... fuck..." I moaned as I stroke my cock. "I'm..."

"Cum!" She groaned. "Cum, Evan! NOW!"

I came, a thick, hot wave of pleasure that seemed to last for an eternity. My cum shot out of my cock, a thick, white stream that landed on her face, her chest, her stomach. She closed her eyes, a soft sigh of pure satisfaction escaping her lips as my cum covered her.

When my spasms ended, I looked at her, a beautiful, messy woman, her face covered in my cum, a small smile playing on her lips. She opened her eyes, looked at me, and then slowly, her eyes still on me, she looked up at Tom, her smile widening. The message was clear. She belonged to me now.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +10

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

—

I sat on my couch and exhaled.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 1 / 311

I had leveled up. Sitting at 221 EXP, yesterday's little adventure with Kim had pushed me up by nineteen more. Not bad at all.

Now came the real question: where to put my points?

"One point to Charm. Definitely," I muttered.

That left two points. Libido or Pleasure? Libido made sense—I'd need the stamina. Pleasure sounded nice, but what good was it if I collapsed mid-fuck? Choices, choices.

Before I could decide, a notification blinked in front of me.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)

- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)

Credits: 0 c

Select item to purchase.

"Time Stop?" I whispered, leaning closer. That was... dangerously tempting. Expensively wonderful, too. Maybe I could rob a bank. Then again... nah, I'd get myself locked up.

I shook my head. "Focus. Points first."

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 10

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

I hit confirm: one into Charm, two into Libido. No regrets.

Without that damn massage oil, making Kim cum had nearly drained me dry. I needed Libido. Pleasure could wait.

A new notification popped up.

NOTIFICATION

Charm: Mastery Points Unlocked

"Huh? Mastery points?"

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 10

- Manipulative Charm
- Emotional Charisma
- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

"What the hell...?"

Another wall of text. I read it out loud just to make sense of it.

"Your Charisma has reached 10. You may reset Charisma to 1, reclaiming 5 stat points. This will raise the Charisma limit from 10 to 20, enabling further advancement. Confirm reset or maintain current level."

Too much at once. One thing at a time.

First stop: new Charm branches. I'd known maxing that stat early would pay off. Looks like I was right.

"Manipulative Charm," I murmured, tapping it open. "What do you got for me?"

Honeyed Words

Your flattery and lies are
nearly irresistible,
boosting deception in romantic
or social interactions.

+10% to persuasion or bluff
checks in social settings.

A grin tugged at my mouth. "Now that's handy."
Next.

Night Owl: Passive

If your partner lacks
sleep, they open up to
you easier.

"Open up to me more, huh? Not bad. Free passive's always nice."

Then came the third.

Gaslighting

Change your partner's
sexual fantasies. You can
turn a sub into a merciless dom,
or the opposite.

10% chance to alter fantasies.

Cooldown: 2h

Duration: 10m

"Okay... that's a little twisted. But it could be useful."

I tried to tap Emotional Charisma next, but it was grayed out. Locked. Only Manipulative Charm was active, and it seemed I'd need mastery points to invest further.

And how was I supposed to get those? The system answered immediately.

Mastery Points

Can be earned from:

- Quests
- Resetting a stat

I rubbed my chin. "So... reset, huh? Guess that's the price of progress."

Still, I wasn't about to drop Charm down to 1 yet. Better to wait until I had a fat stack of points to pump it back up. For now, I'd sit on it.

The ringtone cut through the stillness of the apartment. I dug my phone out of my pocket, screen lighting up: Ivy.

"Yeah?" I answered.

Her voice was quick, eager. "I convinced Kayla to come tomorrow. That massage parlor. But—" she lowered her tone, "she wouldn't agree unless you were there too. So... guess you're stuck with us."

A smile tugged at me. "Alright. Thank you."

We lingered a little, small talk running back and forth until the call wound down. When I slipped the phone back, I grabbed my jacket from the chair. "Time to go see my old boss and talk her into letting me massage someone in one of their rooms..." I muttered under my breath.

The door clicked shut behind me. The hallway smelled faintly of detergent and dust—thin walls, thin lives. My boots hit the stairwell, one step at a time, until I pushed out onto the street. Evening air was crisp, washing over me as I zipped the jacket up.

As I headed down toward the bus stop, my mind slipped right back to Kim. Hard not to. The way her voice had cracked, low and filthy, when she told Tom to get on his knees. The way her pussy clenched around me in the bathtub, water splashing everywhere, while her smile was meant for me and only me. She had cum dripping down her thighs, still grinding like she wanted more. My cock twitched just thinking about it.

She loved to tease, but she gave herself over completely when I had her—looked me dead in the eye with cum all over her face, smiling, daring me to keep going. That image burned itself into me.

The bus stop came into view, a lonely post with peeling paint and a bench that had seen better decades. I jammed my hands into my pockets, waiting. Headlights crept up the road a few seconds later—bus groaning toward me. Time to move.

I stepped on as the doors hissed open.

Chapter 46: Chapter 46

I slouched into the very back seat, the kind that rattled with every bump on the road, and stared out the darkened window. The city slid by in streaks of light and shadow. My mind wasn't on the streets though—it went right back to that damned mastery point thing.

Resetting a stat, reclaiming points, raising the limit. It sounded simple on paper, but the idea of knocking my Charm back to one? Christ. That meant I'd be some awkward idiot again until I could grind the points back. But the reward... unlocking higher branches,

maybe stronger skills. Manipulative Charm, Honeyed Words, Gaslighting... the possibilities stuck to me like glue.

The bus hissed, brakes squealing as the doors folded open.

And then—fuck me—her.

That woman stepped on like she owned the world. Sharp glasses perched on her nose, hair pinned neatly, her tits and ass practically announcing themselves before she even moved down the aisle. Same one I'd tried making small talk with before. Same one who iced me out when I asked what perfume she was wearing.

My stomach dropped, then clenched.

"Fucking hell," I muttered under my breath, ducking my head. "There she is again... ugh. God."

She didn't glance back. Why would she? She was already moving toward the middle seats, ignoring the rest of us like we weren't even there.

And that's when it blinked into view—

Quest Available

Title: Work, work, work

Task: Learn her name

Reward: 15 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I let out a low chuckle, shaking my head. "Of course, again," I whispered. "It wants me to go chase a goddamn ice queen."

But no way. Not now. Not when she'd shut me down so hard the first time I tried.

Still... fifteen EXP sat there, dangling like bait.

The bus rattled along, and I kept my eyes pinned to the window, pretending she didn't exist. But fate—or whatever sick dev dev runs this system—had other plans.

Her heels clicked down the aisle, sharp and deliberate, until they stopped right by me.

I looked up, caught off guard.

Her face was as unreadable as the last time. Cold, sharp. But her voice, when she finally spoke, carried a clipped softness I hadn't expected.

"I owe you an apology," she said flatly. "For the other day. I... snapped. Work stress."

I blinked. "Oh," I said, raising a brow. "No problem."

She nodded once, already turning to walk back to her seat, as if that was the end of it. But something in me buzzed—the damn UI still hovering at the edge of my vision.

"Wait," I said, stopping her.

She turned her head slightly, eyes narrowing.

"At least tell me your name," I asked. "You know, so I don't keep calling you 'perfume lady' in my head."

Her lips tightened into something between a grimace and a smirk. She exhaled through her nose like I was pulling teeth.

"Amelia," she said finally.

And then she was gone, striding down the aisle without a second glance.

I leaned back, half a grin tugging at me. "Well, that was awkward," I muttered. "But at least I got her name."

The UI chimed in.

Quest Completed

Title: Work, work, work

Reward: 15 EXP

"Nice..." I whispered under my breath.

Another panel unfolded immediately after.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 16 / 311

I tapped my knee, smirking at nothing. Sixteen out of three-eleven. Still a long climb, but a climb nonetheless.

—

"Please, please!"

"YOU FUCKED A CLIENT HERE!" Susan's voice cracked like a whip. She sat on the edge of her desk, arms crossed, glaring down at me. "Get out."

"Look," I muttered, raising my hands. "I'm sorry, okay? It was just... she wanted it. I had her consent."

Susan exhaled hard and rubbed her forehead. Her arms dropped to her sides as she walked back to her chair. Dropping into it, she leaned back with a sigh, staring up at the ceiling as if I were the last thing she wanted to see.

I stood my ground, eyes fixed on her. I had to get her permission—or this quest, making Mendy forgive Richard, was going to be toast.

That's when Kelin, her right hand, walked in with a ledger tucked under her arm. She froze when she spotted me, then set the book on the desk. Her eyes ran over me slowly, like she was trying to place a half-forgotten face.

"Are you... Evan?" she asked finally. "You look... good. Started a skincare routine or something?"

"Something like that," I lied smoothly.

"Why are you here? You were fired."

"Yes," I replied. "I'm just trying to convince your boss to rent me a room. Twenty minutes, that's all."

"You can book a—"

"I'm not going to be the client," I cut in. "I'll be the one giving the massage. To a... special client. And I want to do it here, because this is the best high-end massage parlor in the city."

"Is that right?" Kelin arched a brow. "Mm. What do you think, Susan?"

"I think it's a big fat no," Susan snapped. "Get this man out of my sight."

"Wait," Kelin said, holding up a hand. "Anotta is coming in tomorrow, right?"

"Ms. Anotov, you mean?" Susan corrected sharply. "The damn CEO of Nuppia."

"And," Kelin continued, pointing at me with a faint smile, "we know he's one hell of a masseur. A pervert, sure. But one hell of a masseur."

"Wow, thanks," I muttered.

Susan narrowed her eyes. "You're suggesting we let him massage her? What if he tries something perverted? Then Ms. Anotov blasts us all over social media, and—"

"No perverted stuff," Kelin interrupted, giving me a pointed look. "Right?"

"Definitely. Absolutely. No perverted stuff," I said quickly, hands raised. "I swear. Now, please—rent me a damn room."

Susan sat there for a long moment, drumming her fingers on the desk. Finally, she exhaled. "I'll think on it. You'll get my decision later today. For now? Get out of my office."

"That's fine." I nodded. "Thank you. Both of you."

With that done and gone, I had a promise to keep. Jasmine and Tessa were waiting for me, and apparently, they had a little surprise lined up. Our "date" was set to start in two

hours. Plenty of time for me to head home, take a long bath, breathe a little, and show up not looking like I'd just crawled out of hell.

"That woman you... had an intimate moment with," Kelin said as I was about to leave. "She asked for you again. She looked pretty sad when we told her we fired you."

I smirked. "I mean, I can always come back and work here. Just—"

"No," Susan cut me off flatly. "Get out of here."

"Fine. Tried my chance," I muttered.

I gave them a nod and shut the door behind me. My phone buzzed just as I reached the elevator—Richard's name flashing across the screen.

"Hey," I answered.

"Evan," he said immediately, tension in his voice. "Please tell me you're done with that bitch."

"Still working on it," I replied, stepping inside the elevator. "Don't worry, it'll be done. I promise."

"I hope, man. I told Mendy the video was fake and all, but... she's not buying it."

"She needs to hear it from Kayla," I said. "I'll handle that."

"Fingers crossed," he sighed. "Finger fucking crossed."

—

I stood at Jasmine's door and knocked, running a hand through my wet hair.

"One minute!" she called out from inside, playful. "Coming right up!"

I leaned on the frame, smirking, trying to picture what kind of "surprise" these two had in mind.

The lock clicked. The door opened.

And my jaw damn near hit the floor.

Jasmine stood there dressed in a maid outfit straight out of the dirtiest daydream. Black and white lace clung to her curves, a frilled skirt barely covering her thighs, stockings held up by delicate garters. A little choker hugged her throat, and her chest spilled against the low cut of the corset every time she breathed.

Beside her, Tessa was no less dangerous—done up in a glossy black bunny outfit that hugged her body tightly. Fishnets wrapped her legs, a fluffy white tail perched at her lower back, and tall ears twitched above her head. The outfit barely contained her chest, pushing it up in a way that made it impossible to look anywhere else.

"Ho-ly... shit," I muttered, eyes darting between the maid and the bunny. "Damn."

"Yeah," Tessa muttered, tugging at the glossy strap of the bunny outfit like it was an itchy leash. She didn't quite meet my eye. "When you were in the bath... Jasmine kinda checked your phone. Internet history."

I froze. "...You what?"

Jasmine smirked, absolutely unapologetic as she tugged at the frilly hem of her maid skirt. "Don't give me that look. We were curious. And let's just say... you've got a type."

"Lots of porn," Tessa added, cheeks a little red. "Outfits. Maid, bunny, secretary, nurse... you like women dressing up, huh?"

I coughed, heat rushing into my face. "Guilty."

Chapter 47: Chapter 47

"Thought so." Jasmine's hand shot out, grabbing me by the wrist and pulling me across the threshold. "Now come inside before someone sees us standing around like this."

The door slammed shut behind me, and suddenly the air was thicker, hotter. Jasmine's perfume was everywhere—sweet and dark. Tessa shifted, ears flicking as she stood with her hands on her hips, the curves of her chest threatening to spill from that too-tight corset.

I dragged my gaze from one to the other and back again. "You two are going to fucking kill me."

Tessa grabbed my other, her smirk downright wicked. "Bedroom. Now."

They pulled me down the short hall, laughter bubbling up between them, and I let myself be dragged like a man heading to execution... only it was the sweetest execution I could've dreamed of.

The second we were inside, Jasmine hopped onto the bed without hesitation. She hiked her skirt up, panties already pushed aside, and dropped to her knees, arching her back until her ass pointed straight at me. She looked back over her shoulder, eyes daring me. "Well? You gonna stand there staring, or are you going to fuck me?"

Before I could move, Tessa slid behind me, her arms snaking around my torso. She pressed her body to my back, soft breasts flattening against me as her lips traced a line along my spine. "Mmh," she purred, her hand wandering lower, rubbing circles over my stomach. "He's shaking already."

I hissed through my teeth, and she giggled against my ear. Her fingers made quick work of my belt and button, tugging my jeans open. She slipped her hand inside, wrapping around my cock with a firm, slow squeeze.

"Fuck," she whispered, stroking me, her thumb dragging across the tip. "You're so fucking hard. Jasmine, feel this—he's about to burst."

Jasmine wiggled her ass in response, impatient. "Stop hogging him, Tess. Get him inside me before I lose my mind."

Tessa chuckled, giving me one last pump before she pulled me closer to the bed. She crouched down, spit pooling in her mouth, then let it fall onto her hand. She rubbed it along my length, slick and messy, her eyes glinting. "Now you're ready."

I groaned, grabbing my shaft and pressing the tip against Jasmine's pussy, her heat immediately slick around me.

"Ohhh, yes," Jasmine moaned, pushing back against me. "Right there. Give it to me, Evan. Don't hold back."

Behind me, Tessa kept her arms locked around my waist, her lips dragging across my shoulder. "Go on. Fuck her. I want to feel you move while you're inside her."

I pushed forward slowly, stretching Jasmine open inch by inch. She dropped her head onto the sheets, gasping, her ass grinding back.

"God—finally," she moaned. "Harder. Deeper."

Tessa's hands pressed lower, resting over my hips, feeling every thrust. She kissed the back of my neck, her breath hot. "Mmh, look at her. She's dripping for you, Evan. Fuck her like she deserves it."

I growled, hips snapping forward, filling Jasmine with each thrust as Tessa's body molded to my back, her nails grazing my skin lightly.

Jasmine let out a loud moan, hair falling around her face as she rocked back against me. "Yesss... fuck, that's it. Just like that."

Tessa chuckled, lips at my ear. "Good boy. Don't you dare fucking stop now."

I thrust harder into Jasmine, feeling her heat clench around me with each movement, and Tessa wasn't wasting any time. She crawled closer to the bed, pressing herself underneath me, lips hovering just below, and ran her tongue along the underside of my cock. Her tongue traced slow, teasing circles along my shaft as I drove into Jasmine, slick and hot, every movement sending sparks of pleasure through me.

"Fuck... Tess..." I groaned, gripping both of Jasmine's ass cheeks, squeezing and pushing her down, slamming in harder. Her tight walls clamped me with every thrust, and Tessa's teasing tongue underneath made it impossible to think of anything else.

Jasmine moaned loudly, rocking back into me. "Yes, yes! Harder, Evan! Don't stop!"

Tessa hummed against me, running a hand along my stomach and chest while she continued teasing the underside of my cock. "Mmm... you feel so good buried in her," she murmured, her voice low and wet. "God, your cock's perfect, Evan."

I could feel the slick heat from both of them—the friction of Jasmine's pussy clenching around me, Tessa's wet tongue and hands sliding along my skin—and it was driving me crazy. Every thrust pushed me deeper, faster, and I could hear Jasmine gasping and squealing in time with the rhythm.

"Damn, these outfits," I muttered, my voice rough. "You two... ridiculous. Sexy as hell."

Jasmine arched her back further, exposing her ass, eyes dark with lust. "Ridiculous? You're the one buried in me, Evan. Don't act like you're judging me."

Tessa let out a low chuckle, tracing a finger along the curve of my hip while keeping her tongue on me. "I like it. Seeing you lost in her... makes me want you even more."

I groaned again, slapping Jasmine's ass lightly with one hand while the other held her tight. She squealed at the sting, grinding down on me in response, her hands gripping the sheets.

"Don't stop... harder!" she gasped. "Keep going, Evan!"

Tessa leaned forward, licking me in long strokes, letting her tongue explore every inch she could reach. One hand slid along my side while the other teased her own folds, her hips rocking slightly on the floor.

"You're insane," Jasmine laughed breathlessly, eyes glinting. "Tess, seriously, you're going to kill him."

Tessa smirked up at her. "Nah, just making sure he's fully enjoying it. Can't let him forget which girl's beneath him."

I grabbed both of Jasmine's hips, pulling her down onto me and slamming in deeper. "Fuck... yes! Both of you... unbelievable."

Tessa's tongue traced over me in quick, slick flicks, tasting every bit of me that slipped past her lips, while Jasmine rode me like a wild, desperate rhythm. The combination of her pussy's tight grip and Tessa's wet teasing had me spiraling, every nerve screaming for release, but I held back, riding the wave, letting them take control of the pace.

"You feel that, Evan?" Jasmine gasped, pressing down on me. "Every inch of me wrapped around you. Mmm... don't stop."

"I won't... not yet," I growled, thrusting deeper. "Tess, keep teasing me... don't let up."

Tessa hummed, dragging her tongue along the underside of my cock, occasionally flicking it with the tip of her teeth. "God... you taste so good. Want to feel every part of you... and watch her love it."

Jasmine leaned forward, hands on my shoulders, moaning and biting her lip. "Yeah... fuck me, Evan. Harder. Show me you want both of us."

I obeyed, hands smacking her ass in rhythm with my thrusts, and Tessa continued her teasing from below, her tongue and hands moving in perfect timing with my cock sliding in and out of Jasmine.

"You two... insane," I muttered again, voice rough. "Every move... every touch... fuck, I'm losing it."

Jasmine laughed breathlessly. "Good. You should be. We're not going to make this easy for you."

Tessa smirked up at me, licking once more before letting her hand slide along my balls. "Mmm... don't forget me while you fuck her. I'm right here."

I groaned, pulling both of them close. Hands on Jasmine's hips, thrusting in deep, feeling her slick heat, while Tessa teased relentlessly below. The combination of their moans, their slick bodies, and the erotic sight of it all had me fully absorbed, riding the wave of pleasure without giving in just yet.

Jasmine's body jolted forward with every thrust, her gasps breaking into needy cries as I slammed into her. My hands stayed firm on her hips, dragging her back each time so I could bury myself as deep as possible. The wet slap of skin meeting skin echoed through the room, Jasmine's skirt still bunched up around her waist, her ass bouncing back against me.

"God, Evan—yes! Right there—don't stop," she moaned, nails clawing at the sheets.

Under me, Tessa shifted, sliding up against the bedframe. She leaned back on her elbows, legs spread slightly, her eyes locked on me. Her lips curled into a hungry grin.

"Stick it in," she said, her voice low but commanding.

I groaned, the thought of sliding into her mouth making me twitch even harder inside Jasmine. With one final thrust, I pulled free from Jasmine's dripping cunt, my cock slick and throbbing. Jasmine whimpered at the sudden emptiness but didn't protest, just collapsing forward against the bed with her ass still arched.

I bent my knees slightly, lining myself up with Tessa's lips. She smirked, then opened wide, taking me in with no hesitation.

"Fuck..." I hissed, grabbing the back of her head as her mouth closed around me.

She didn't waste time. Tessa bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue swirling against my cock as she swallowed me deeper and deeper. Wet sounds filled the room, each motion slicker than the last. I thrust into her, slowly at first, then faster, until I was fucking her throat raw.

Her mascara began to run in dark streaks down her cheeks, tears welling in the corners of her eyes, but she didn't stop. Her throat flexed around me with every push, tight and hot, milking me as I drove myself down her throat.

"Goddamn, Tess," I groaned, holding her by the hair, guiding her up and down my shaft. "Taking me so fucking deep—yeah, just like that—don't stop."

She gagged faintly, spit dripping down her chin, but her nails dug into my thighs as if daring me to go harder. Jasmine turned her head, panting from the bed, watching with a delirious smile.

The pressure built fast—too fast. My balls tightened, and my breath came out ragged. "Shit—fuck—I'm gonna—god. Take it, take it, take it. TAKE IT!"

Chapter 48: Chapter 48

I shoved myself deep into Tessa's throat and held her there as I erupted. Hot cum shot straight down her throat, pumping again and again until I felt her swallowing frantically around me. The sensation of her throat working, clenching as she gulped me down, nearly broke me apart.

"Fuck, yes—take it. Swallow it all," I growled through clenched teeth, hips jerking with every spurt.

She gagged again, but her eyes stayed locked on mine, ruined and perfect, mascara smeared, spit hanging from her lips as she took every drop.

I finally pulled back, my cock sliding wetly out of her mouth. She coughed softly, licking her lips, cum glistening at the corner of her mouth.

I looked down at her—her makeup wrecked, cheeks flushed, eyes glassy, chest heaving—and smirked.

"Well... that was... rough."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +19

Star Rating: 1.4 ★

Reason: Your Partner

Didn't Climax.

I wasn't still good at sex. So that was to be expected. But whatever, it felt good, at least.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 35 / 311

"Jesus, calm down, you idiot," Tessa coughed, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. "Fucking hell."

I raised my palms a little. "Sorry. Got carried away."

From the bed, Jasmine turned, cheeks flushed, her skirt still hiked up around her waist. She wiggled her ass at me, looking over her shoulder with a grin. "Then carry that over here. Stick it in, come on."

I wanted to—God, I wanted to—but when I grabbed my cock and gave it a tug, it barely twitched in my hand. The high from yesterday with Kim came rushing back... my body just wasn't ready for another sprint yet.

I let out a breath and flopped down on the bed beside Jasmine, staring at the ceiling. "I... need a minute. I'm drained."

Jasmine sighed dramatically, giving her ass a little shake. "You used to go at least three rounds, easy."

I covered my face with my arm. "Sorry. My mind's busy—work, stress, all that crap." No way I was telling her Kim had wrung me dry.

Jasmine rolled onto her side, pressing her cheek against my stomach. She trailed a finger along my abs, then turned her head and kissed my cock lazily. Her lips wrapped around the soft flesh, suckling slow and teasing, coaxing it back to life.

Tessa crawled onto the bed from the other side, lying half on my arm. Her breasts brushed against me as she toyed with my nipple, her hair falling across my chest. "You're pathetic," she whispered, smiling, voice sweet with mockery. "One little blowjob and you're out of commission?"

I groaned softly as Jasmine sucked, her tongue swirling even though my cock was still half-dead. "Give me two minutes," I muttered.

"You've got one," Tessa teased, pinching my nipple.

I couldn't help but laugh, even with my cock in Jasmine's mouth. The sensation built slowly, pressure rising, blood pumping. Jasmine hummed around me, sending vibrations through my shaft. Two minutes was all it took—my cock stirred, thickened, swelled against her lips.

She pulled back, kissed the head once, and smirked. "There we go. He's ready... Should we do the 'thing?'"

"Ugh." Tessa said. "Fine."

"Wait," I cocked an eyebrow. "What thing?"

Tessa released my nipple, and the two of them slid off the bed. Without a word, they both turned around, facing away from me. They bent at the waist, pushed their cheeks apart, and presented themselves—two perfect assholes, pink, clean, and gaping just enough to tease.

"Holy fuck," I whispered, sitting up straight.

"We're clean, if you're wondering," Tessa said, glancing back at me with a sly grin. "You can fuck our asses to your heart's content, you fucking perverted bastard."

"Ready for you," Jasmine added, echoing the gesture by spreading herself wider.

My cock throbbed violently at the sight. "You're doing this... because you saw my search history, aren't you?"

"Yes," Jasmine replied simply.

"You filthy animal," Tessa said with a smirk, biting her lip. "You love anal, huh? Typical."

I stood up, hands shaking as I reached for them. My palms landed firmly on their asses, squeezing, spreading, kneading the flesh. My cock brushed against Jasmine's thigh, dripping pre-cum already.

"Choices, choices," I muttered, gripping them both, their assholes still open for me. "Which one should I fuck now?"

Jasmine glanced over her shoulder, her ass still spread wide. "He came inside your mouth, Tessa. So, it's my turn."

I grinned. "Fair enough."

Tessa snapped her head toward her, eyes narrowing. "Oh, fuck you. I bent over and gave him the most embarrassing show of my life, and you get the reward?"

I chuckled, stepping behind Jasmine, cock throbbing and slick with pre-cum. "Guess that's how the math works out."

"Unbelievable," Tessa muttered, folding her arms but not moving away, watching closely.

Jasmine bent a little deeper, arching her back until her ass was perfectly level with my waist. She pointed at the nightstand. "There's oil there. Use that."

I leaned across, grabbed the small bottle, and popped the cap. My cock twitched as I poured a generous amount over it, warm liquid dripping down my shaft, rolling onto my balls. I spread it with my hand, stroking slowly, coating myself.

With a steady breath, I lined up with Jasmine's asshole, pressing the tip against her tight entrance. The first push met nothing but resistance—her body clenched, not letting me in.

"Relax," I muttered, nudging harder. "Come on..."

But still, no give.

"Let me help you," Tessa said, stepping closer with a sigh, like she couldn't stand watching me fumble. She took hold of my cock, slick and shiny with oil, stroking me slowly, spreading the lube more evenly.

Then she shifted, her fingers moving lower. Jasmine gasped as Tessa teased her rim, circling it with a slick fingertip before easing one finger inside.

"Ahh, fuck—" Jasmine's voice cracked. She grabbed the sheets, burying her face.

"One finger..." Tessa whispered, then slid a second inside, scissoring gently, stretching her open. "There. Now..."

She grabbed my cock again, angled it at the newly loosened hole, and gave a firm push forward.

The head popped through, and Jasmine let out a loud moan, her whole body tensing.

"Yes," I groaned, inching deeper into her asshole, the grip impossibly tight. "Oh, fuck... yes..."

Tessa smacked Jasmine's ass lightly, watching my cock sink into her. "That's my girl."

"Fuck! Slow—slow, please," Jasmine gasped, her voice desperate. "Not too fast."

"Got it," I said, steadying my hands on her hips. I moved carefully, easing in bit by bit, letting her body adjust to the stretch.

From behind, the view was insane. Jasmine's ass was huge, round, and perfect, swallowing me inch by inch. Her tits swayed beneath her with every tiny shift, heavy and mesmerizing even from behind.

Tessa crouched beside her, gripping Jasmine's ass cheeks and spreading them wider, giving herself a better view. "God, look at that," she whispered. "He's splitting you open."

I thrust shallowly, watching my cock glide in and out, her rim clinging tight around me, shining with oil. Jasmine's moans filled the room, muffled as her face pressed into the sheets, her body trembling as she tried to handle my dick.

Tessa kept her eyes glued to it, her hand still spreading Jasmine's ass open, almost reverent in how she watched me slide into her friend's ass, over and over.

Her ass clenched around me like a vice, every inch of my cock strangled in heat. I pushed deeper, steady, savoring every second. Jasmine's voice broke into whimpers, her hands clawing the sheets.

Tessa crouched low, face right between Jasmine's thighs, and without hesitation, she dragged her tongue up her slit. Jasmine jolted, muffled cries spilling out of her throat.

"Fuck," I hissed, smacking Jasmine's ass hard. The sound cracked through the room, followed by her moan. I grinned and did it again, watching her cheeks jiggle while Tessa's tongue buried itself in her pussy, lapping like she owned it.

The sight was obscene—my cock pumping her asshole while her best friend's mouth devoured her cunt. Jasmine's whole body was trembling between us, tits swinging heavy beneath her, her moans louder and wetter.

I pulled out slow, and Tessa immediately spread her open wider, her thumbs parting Jasmine's asshole until it was a gaping, twitching ring. I bent down, licking the sweat off her ass first, then dragging my tongue right across her hole. Jasmine screamed into the sheets, her voice cracking.

"Goddamn," I groaned, spit shining her rim before lining myself up again. I shoved back in, harder this time, the stretch brutal but perfect.

Her ass swallowed me all over again, tighter than anything, hotter than I deserved. I gritted my teeth and grabbed Tessa by the hair, forcing her cheek down against Jasmine's ass. "Stay there," I growled, holding her in place while I drove into Jasmine.

Tessa chuckled low, muffled by Jasmine's skin. "You're a sick bastard," she teased, her free hand sliding down to my balls, cupping them, rolling them in her palm.

I groaned, thrusting harder, every slap of my hips echoing in the room. Jasmine's pussy was dripping from Tessa's tongue, her body spasming under me.

"I—oh my God—Evan!" Jasmine's voice broke into a cry as she came, her whole body clenching, ass squeezing me so tight I almost lost it. She shook beneath us, juices spilling over Tessa's chin as she gasped and writhed.

I laughed breathlessly, still pounding into her ass. "Take it. Fucking take it!"

"I—I can't—" Jasmine whimpered, collapsing forward onto the bed, spent but still taking me deep.

"Good girl," I muttered, grabbing her hips and slamming into her again. I felt the edge rising, my balls heavy, the pressure sharp in my gut. "Fuck—I'm close."

"Do it," Tessa whispered, her tongue suddenly flicking out against my balls as she crawled beneath me, sucking them wet, her lips sealing around me while I drove forward.

I lost it. I slammed Jasmine's ass again, again, again—every thrust deeper, harder, until I roared, cock twitching violently. Hot cum poured into her asshole, flooding her insides while she moaned helplessly under me.

I held her tight, shoving in one last time, grinding deep as the last of it drained out of me. Tessa watched from below, licking at the mess on my balls as my cock pumped the last drops into Jasmine.

Finally, I pulled back, cock wet and glistening, Jasmine ruined beneath me, her asshole gaping, leaking.

"Jesus Christ," Tessa whispered, wiping her mouth, grinning at the wreck in front of her.

Jasmine just collapsed onto the mattress, breathless. "I can't... feel my legs."

I leaned back, chest heaving, staring at both of them. "That... was insane."

But as the sweat cooled on my skin and their giggles filled the room, my head spun somewhere else entirely. Kayla. Fuck. Tomorrow was going to be... interesting.

—

Chapter 49: Chapter 49

I'd always been a loner in my high school years. Quiet, the kind of kid who sat in the back and blended in. Sometimes I went so long without talking to anyone that I'd start speaking to myself, just to remember what my own voice sounded like.

Ivy changed that. She was my only friend back then, stubbornly loyal in a way I never deserved. She pulled me out of the silence, kept me sane. But sometimes, I curse her for it. Because it was Ivy who introduced me to Lily. My ex.

I'd always had feelings for Lily, carried them like a weight through high school and even into university. It took me years to finally confess. When I did, she said yes. For a while, it was good. Simple. But then came the requests—the dresses, the shoes, the vacations I couldn't afford. I never had the kind of money she wanted me to spend.

"Sorry," I muttered as I squeezed through the crowded bus aisle. "Can I just—yeah, sorry." I slid into a narrow seat near the back, the kind where your knees brush the one

in front if you breathe too deep. The bus smelled like old fabric and diesel, the kind of scent that clings to you long after you get off.

I exhaled, staring out the window at the blur of the city. My chest tightened with the thought of what was waiting ahead. Velouria Retreat.

"Massaging Kayla," I whispered under my breath. The words tasted strange out loud, like a secret slipping free. "Can't say I haven't imagined that... countless times."

The image bloomed in my mind before I could stop it—Kayla stretched out on the massage table, her skin gleaming with oil, that ass of hers impossibly round and heavy beneath my hands. Just thinking about it sent a jolt through me, my pants suddenly too tight. I imagined pressing my palms into her curves, feeling her melt, hearing the little gasps she wouldn't mean to let slip.

"Shit," I muttered, shaking my head and running a hand through my hair. "Focus, man. Focus. You can't screw this up."

The rest of the ride crawled by. The bus rocked gently, and my knee bounced restlessly in time with the engine's hum. I kept telling myself the same thing over and over: this wasn't just about getting my hands on Kayla. This was about leverage. About making her weak enough to lie about that video.

And if it worked, the payoff would be more than just pleasure. I thought about the EXP that would flood in. The idea made my pulse quicken all over again.

Fifteen more minutes dragged past before the bus finally hissed to a stop. I stood, adjusted my bag, and stepped down onto the pavement.

"Okay," I said under my breath as I looked up at the building ahead, its sleek windows reflecting the pale sky. "That's where I go... and that's where you get on your knees and beg for me, Kayla."

I puffed my chest out and stepped through the doors.

The front desk barely gave me a glance as I walked past, my bag slung over my shoulder. The air smelled faintly of lavender, soft music playing somewhere in the background. Not exactly my kind of place, but tonight it would be.

I found the elevator tucked into the corner and hit the button. Just like Kelin had told me—third floor. The doors slid open with a tired sigh, and I stepped inside. My reflection in the brushed steel looked tense, jaw tight, eyes sharp. I exhaled slowly, rolling my shoulders as the numbers blinked upward.

Ivy said they wouldn't be here for another half hour. Enough time to get ready. To settle in. To imagine how this was going to go down.

The elevator dinged, and I stepped out into a quiet hallway. The carpet muted my footsteps, the walls lined with abstract art no one really looked at. I found the door number, slid the keycard, and pushed my way inside.

The room was simple—too simple. Just a massage table sitting dead center, a few token decorations on the walls, and a handful of candles burning low on the dresser. Sweet vanilla and something fruity clung to the air, mixing with the faint musk of oil.

I set my bag down, pulled out the bottle of Sensual Massage Oil I'd brought, and placed it on the edge of the table. The glass caught the glow of the candles, gleaming like a damn promise.

Just as I did, my phone buzzed in my pocket. A message. My first thought was Ivy—checking in, maybe telling me they were on their way. I pulled it out, thumb already swiping the screen.

But it wasn't Ivy.

Kim.

Of course.

She'd sent me a video. I tapped it, and the screen lit up with her voice, casual and cruel all at once. The camera panned down—her boyfriend Tom, flat on his back on the floor. His face was red, his breath ragged. Kim stood over him, one bare foot planted next to his head, the other pressing down lazily on his crotch.

She laughed as his little dick twitched under her toes, mocking him like it was the most natural thing in the world. "Look at you," she cooed off-camera, tone dripping with fake sweetness. "Pathetic little thing can't even handle my foot. This is all you're good for."

Tom moaned, desperate, humiliated. He jerked once, a tiny spasm, and a weak little spurt stained the top of her foot.

Kim snorted, then burst out laughing. A sharp, cruel sound that filled the whole video. She kept the camera angled down at him, making sure every second of his shame was caught.

I couldn't help it—I laughed too. Shaking my head, grinning like an idiot in the empty room. "This girl, I swear..." I muttered, closing the video and slipping the phone back into my pocket.

—

Just when I was about to doze off on the massage table, the buzz of my phone jolted me awake. Ivy's name lit up the screen. I sighed and answered.

"Ivy?"

"We're here," she said. "Reception... wait, did you really pay for our massage?"

"I... didn't," I lied. "Doesn't matter. Just tell the guy at the desk you're here for Mr. Amed."

"Who the hell is that?"

"Made-up name."

"Amed?" she repeated, deadpan. "Very creative."

"Thanks."

"That was sarcasm."

"I know."

She hung up, and I pushed myself upright, rolling my shoulders. My chest tightened. This was it—the test. Either I was going to walk out of here humiliated, or I was going to come out on top, collect the EXP, and finally have Kayla on her knees.

I slipped a surgical mask from my bag and looped it over my ears. Professional. Anonymous. Safer this way. I stood beside the massage table, arms crossed, trying to look like I did this every damn day.

Footsteps outside. Then the faint click of the doorknob.

Kayla stepped in.

I swallowed hard but forced myself still, my face hidden, my breathing steady.

She glanced around the room—the lone massage table, the soft glow of candles, the faint sweet scent in the air. "So... Ivy really had a discount here?" she asked, suspicion in her tone.

I gave a small nod. "She's... a regular client," I lied smoothly.

Kayla arched a brow. "Huh. First time for me. What do I even do?"

"You can remove your clothes and lie face down on the table," I said, steady, like it was routine.

She hesitated, then: "Could you... turn around while I undress?"

"Of course."

I turned, eyes fixed on the wall, but my ears caught everything—the soft shuffle of fabric sliding down, the faint tug of elastic, the whisper of denim peeling off skin. My mind betrayed me instantly, filling in the blanks: her pants sliding over that massive ass, the weight of it bare, the curve that haunted my imagination.

"All right," she said behind me. "Done."

"Please lie down," I instructed.

The mattress gave a soft sigh as she settled onto it. I draped a towel across her ass, my pulse hammering louder than the quiet hum of the candles.

She broke the silence first. "First time doing this."

I forced a chuckle. "Nothing to be worried about."

I uncapped the small bottle of oil, tipped it over my palm, and exhaled as the warm slickness coated my skin.

It began.

The moment my hands touched her bare shoulders, she gasped softly. The oil did its magic right away, skin turning slick and warm under my palms.

"You're... good at this," she murmured, her voice muffled by the towel and the table.

I didn't answer. Just pressed deeper into the muscles along her shoulder blades, slow circles, my thumbs kneading knots I wasn't even sure were there. I worked in silence, letting the rhythm and the weight of my touch carry the moment.

Her breathing steadied, then hitched again when I started sliding lower. From her shoulders to her mid-back, from her mid-back to the curve of her waist. Each inch I claimed seemed to earn me another sharp inhale, another tiny, unguarded sound.

Lower.

My thumbs pressed into the small of her back, and I felt her tense, then melt beneath me.

Lower.

Now my hands hovered just above the swell of her ass, the towel in the way, my fingertips grazing the fabric's edge.

I leaned down close, letting my voice drop against her ear. "It'd be better if I remove the towel... if that's okay."

Her answer came without hesitation. "Go for it. You're the professional, right?"

Professional. Sure.

Chapter 50: Chapter 50

I slid the towel away slowly until her massive ass filled my vision. Black lace panties clung tight to her, hugging every curve. My throat dried. I poured more oil into my hands and pressed into her flesh, kneading, spreading, sliding over those heavy mounds.

She gasped louder this time, hips shifting ever so slightly. "God... that feels..." She trailed off, her voice almost a whimper.

I kept going, working my palms deep into her ass, pushing and rolling the flesh under slick skin, the oil glistening as I moved. My fingers crept lower, trailing the lace, brushing dangerously close to where her thighs parted.

Each stroke drew out another sound, higher, needier, her body betraying her as the oil warmed and my hands explored. Her legs twitched, spreading just a fraction.

My fingertips skimmed the very edge of her pussy, just a teasing brush through the lace. She gasped sharp, her whole back arching in reflex.

I leaned in again, close enough for my mask to almost graze her ear. "Would you... like the special treatment we offer?"

She gulped, the sound thick, heavy with nerves—or anticipation. Then she nodded.

Her body twitched when I slipped my fingers under the waistband of her panties. I dragged the lace aside, slowly, until her pussy folds and tight little asshole were bared to the candlelight. Oil glistened across her skin, catching every flicker of the flame.

Pink and cute. Fuuuuck.

She sucked in a sharp breath. "Wait... you're really—"

"Relax," I murmured, my voice steady even though my cock was straining hard beneath my pants. "This is part of the treatment. Just breathe."

I let my fingers hover, dragging the back of my knuckle just above her slit, not dipping in—just tracing, drawing out the anticipation. Her folds were slick with oil, the delicate skin twitching under my lightest touch.

"God, that's... ticklish," she gasped, a nervous laugh breaking through before it melted into a low moan.

"Not ticklish," I corrected softly, brushing the edge of her pussy again. "Sensitive. That's different."

She shifted her hips on the table, pressing back against my hand without meaning to. I smirked behind the mask, letting my index finger trace down slowly, right between her cheeks, grazing her asshole with the faintest pressure before sliding back up.

Her breath hitched, sharp and needy. "You're... you're not supposed to..."

"Do you want me to stop?" I whispered, finger circling just around her rim but never pressing in.

She didn't answer right away. The silence stretched, filled only with the sound of her breathing, heavy and uneven. Then, a small shake of her head. "No... don't stop. You're the... professional, right?"

"That I am," I said, and watched her body shiver at the words.

I teased her again, running two slick fingers along her folds, never entering, just tracing, circling, testing every reaction. Her thighs trembled, her ass clenched tight, and every tiny sound spilling from her lips told me she wanted more—needed more—but I kept her right at the edge.

I leaned in close, my breath brushing her ear as I hooked a finger deeper into her slick heat. With the other hand, I kept circling her asshole gently, feeling her whole body tense and twitch beneath me.

"Time for a surprise, Kayla."

"Huh?"

She turned her head just enough to see me—and froze when the mask slipped off.

"E... Evan?" Her voice cracked, half-shock, half-moan. "What the fuck are you... here—"

Her protest broke into a gasp when I curled my finger just right, pressing against her inner walls. She clutched the table, knuckles white, trying to hold herself together.

"Looks like I didn't give up," I smirked, eyes locked on hers. "So, about that Mendy situation..."

She bit her lip, sweat sliding down her temple. "God—how are you so... what the fuck—"

"Do as I say," I murmured, pumping my finger slow and steady, letting the wet squelch of her pussy fill the silence. My thumb brushed her clit just once, making her jolt. "And you'll get to experience something you never will again in your life."

Her hips bucked against me, her body betraying her. "No—cheaters should be..." Her words trailed into a whimper as I pushed deeper, stroking that spot that made her shiver.

"You will listen to me," I growled, tightening the circles around her asshole until she clenched hard against my touch. "I own you now."

Her walls fluttered around my finger, wetter than before, juices slicking down my knuckles. "You... so good. How the hell—"

"Do we have a deal?" I asked, curling again, dragging another moan out of her throat.

"No," she gasped, shaking her head weakly. "No woman should be with Richard. He's a manwhore, you know it."

"I know," I said, leaning closer, lips brushing her ear. "But that's not your concern now, is it? Tell Mendy the video's fake—and we're done."

"I won't," she spat, even as her hips rolled into my hand.

I thrust my finger harder, making her gasp. "You're soaking wet," I whispered. "You're saying no, but your body's begging me to keep going."

She groaned, trembling, sweat dripping down her back. "F-fuck you... I'm not... oh god—"

I slowed, teasing, circling her clit without touching it. Her thighs shook. She was on the edge, panting like crazy, her pussy clenching around me like it wanted to drag my finger deeper.

"Say it," I demanded. "Do we have a deal?"

Her mouth opened, closed—her eyes glassy, unfocused. "I—no—I won't—I will not..."

Her moans rose higher, her body spasming. She was right there—seconds away from breaking.

And that's when I pulled my fingers out, slick and glistening.

Her scream of frustration nearly made me laugh. "You fucker!" she cried, slamming her hand on the table.

I smirked, holding her gaze as I slid a single finger back inside, just enough to make her shiver all over again. "Careful, Kayla," I whispered. "I decide when you break... not you."

Her pussy clenched tight around my finger, hot, wet, fluttering like it couldn't decide whether to fight me or pull me in deeper. Her whole body shook on the table, legs trembling, arms straining to keep her steady.

I curled inside her once, hard, just enough to make her cry out—and then I slipped my finger free.

Her head snapped up, hair sticking to her sweaty cheek. "No! No, don't—Evan, you fucker!"

I grinned behind her, dragging my slick finger along the crease of her ass. "What did I tell you?" I whispered. "I decide when you cum. Is that too hard to understand? You got so horny that your brain shut down or what?"

Her thighs clamped together, her ass clenched around nothing, trying to grind against the table for friction. She was lost, fighting her own body.

I leaned in, brushing my lips just above her ear. "Begging already?"

"Fuck off," she hissed, but the tremor in her voice betrayed her.

I slipped my fingers back inside her, slow, deep. She gasped, her back arching beautifully, pushing her ass higher in the air. I worked her pussy with steady thrusts, knuckles pressing against her swollen lips, every pump pulling another strangled moan from her throat.

Her body built fast, too fast—she was already on the edge again, juices dripping down to the towel beneath her. Her voice cracked as she gasped, "Evan—I'm—don't stop—please—"

And I pulled out.

The sound she made wasn't human. A choked cry, a sob, her fist hammering the table in rage. "You motherfucker! Why?!"

I smeared her wetness across her ass cheek, spreading it like oil, then circled her rim until she squirmed. "Because I own you now," I said, calm and low. "And you're going to give me what I want."

Her reply was muffled against the crook of her arm. "You... you can't just—god—"

But her hips lifted again when I slid two fingers back into her.

This time, I gave her more. Pumping harder, thumb flicking her clit in slow, teasing strokes. She was gone, panting, moaning loud enough that anyone passing the door could've heard. Her walls clamped tight, rippling around me, her whole body winding tighter and tighter like a spring about to snap.

I felt her peak cresting—and I stopped.

Pulled my hand away completely.

She screamed into the towel beneath her, muffling it, biting down hard to keep from losing her mind. "You—fucking—bastard!"

I laughed softly, rubbing her slick folds but refusing to enter. "Not yet. You'll cum when I say you can. Not a second before."

Her thighs shook, her ass lifted high as if begging. She turned her head enough to glare at me, eyes glassy with frustration and need. "You're... fucking evil," she muttered.

"And you're soaking wet for it," I shot back, dragging two fingers through her folds. The wet sound was obscene, a squelch that made her whimper in humiliation. "Say it isn't true. Say you don't want me to keep going."

Her lips parted, but nothing came. Just a broken moan.