

## The Heart System - Chapter 451[ 1,674 words ]

*Chapter 451: Chapter 451*

I moved behind Jasmine. I reached down, sliding her silk pajama bottoms and her lace panties down her legs before tossing them aside. I wrapped the harness around her hips, tightening the straps until the toy was anchored firmly against her. She looked like a warrior queen, standing there naked and armed.

Jasmine let Tessa go for just a second, only to grab her by the waist and lift her off the bed. In one powerful motion, she flipped Tessa around so her back was pressed against Jasmine's chest, her legs spread wide in the air.

Jasmine looked down, noticing the red, irritated state of Tessa's backside. "Oh, so you've been playing in the dirt, have you?"

I didn't wait for an invitation. I grabbed the strap-on and positioned it at the entrance of Tessa's ass, while I moved myself toward her front.

Nala bolted upright, rubbing her eyes. "What the... what is going on?"

She didn't have to wait long for an answer. Jasmine drove the strap-on deep into Tessa's ass, making Tessa let out a scream of pure shock that could have woken the neighbors. At the same time, I slid into Tessa's wet, desperate cunt, sandwiching her between the two of us.

Tessa was caught in a pincer movement of pure sensation, her voice cracking as she was worked from both ends. Jasmine began to move with a fierce, rhythmic intensity, her hips driving the toy home while I hammered into her from the front.

The air in the master bedroom was thick, smelling of sweat, latex, and the heavy musk of my previous release. Jasmine didn't hold back; she was driving that thick silicone strap-on into Tessa's ass with a rhythmic, vengeful force that had the bed frame groaning against the floor. I was locked into Tessa's front, my cock sliding into her soaking wet cunt, sandwiching her between the two of us.

Tessa was caught in a pincer move of pure sensation. Her head was thrown back against Jasmine's shoulder, her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she was stretched from both ends. Every time Jasmine thrust forward, I met her, our rhythm perfectly synchronized.

"Oh, fuck! Evan! Jasmine!" Tessa screamed, her fingers digging into my shoulders so hard she drew blood. "It's too much... I can't... ah!"

Nala sat up fully now, her eyes wide as she took in the chaotic scene at the edge of the bed. She didn't say a word; she just reached down, sliding her hand into her own panties. I watched her out of the corner of my eye, her breath hitching as she began to masturbate furiously, her gaze locked on the way Tessa was being worked.

"Look at her," Jasmine growled into Tessa's ear, her voice low and predatory. "Look at Nala watching you get ruined. You wanted a show, didn't you, you little bitch?"

Jasmine increased the pace, her hips slamming into Tessa's backside with a heavy, wet thud. The friction was incredible. I felt my own pulse hammering in my throat as I drove deeper into Tessa's pussy. The sensation of being that close to Jasmine's toy—separated only by a thin wall of flesh—was unlike anything I'd ever felt.

Tessa hit her first peak within minutes. Her entire body went rigid, her pussy clamping down on my cock in violent, rhythmic waves. She let out a high-pitched, warbling cry that echoed through the penthouse. "I'm coming! I'm coming! Fuck!" She shook uncontrollably, her climax so intense it left her gasping for air, her internal muscles milking me for everything I was worth.

But Jasmine wasn't done. "Oh no, we're just getting started," she whispered. She didn't slow down, her hips continuing that brutal, driving motion.

Tessa was sobbing now, a mix of overstimulation and pure ecstasy. "Please... Jas... Evan... I can't take more..."

"Liar," I barked, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her even harder onto my dick. "You're loving every fucking second of this."

Nala was moaning now, her hand a blur between her legs. She moved closer to the edge of the bed, her eyes fixed on the mess of limbs and the slick, glistening sight of us working Tessa. The sight of Nala's desperation only fueled the fire.

Jasmine shifted her grip, reaching around to grab Tessa's tits, kneading them roughly as she continued to pump the strap-on. The friction in Tessa's ass was clearly driving her over the edge again. Her breath turned into a series of short, sharp yelps.

"Again? You're coming again?" Jasmine laughed, a dark, triumphant sound.

Tessa shattered for the second time. This one was even more violent than the first. Her back arched, her legs kicking out as she lost all control. Her cunt gushed, the fluid lubricating my shaft even further as she screamed into the ceiling. She was a complete mess—sweat dripping off her nose, her hair plastered to her forehead, and her face still smeared with the drying remnants of my cum from earlier.

I felt my own climax building again. The heat in my gut was turning into a molten core. I increased my speed, my thrusts becoming shorter and more frantic. I was aiming for the back of her throat with every slide.

"She's so tight, Jas," I groaned, my vision blurring. "She's fucking crushing me."

"Then fill her up, Evan!" Jasmine urged, her own breathing heavy and labored. "Show her who the master of this room really is!"

Nala let out a sharp cry of her own, her body collapsing onto the pillows as she finally hit her own peak, her fingers still buried in her pussy. The sight of her coming was the final straw for Tessa.

Tessa's third orgasm hit like a tidal wave. It was a total system collapse. She didn't even scream this time; she just let out a long, low moan that sounded like all the air was leaving her lungs. Her body went limp in our arms, her muscles twitching in a desperate, final attempt to process the pleasure.

I was right there with her. I felt the pressure explode at the base of my spine. I leaned forward, burying my face in the crook of Tessa's neck, and let out a guttural roar as I came deep inside her cunt. I poured every last drop of my energy into her, my cock pulsing in heavy, thick throbs as I filled her to the brim.

I kept pushing, my hips twitching for a few more seconds as the last of the tremors left my body. I was completely spent. My legs felt like jelly, and my heart was thundering so hard I thought it might burst.

Slowly, Jasmine let go of Tessa's waist. She reached down, unbuckling the harness and letting the strap-on slide out of Tessa's ass with a wet, sticky sound. I pulled out of her pussy, watching the overflow of my cum start to drip onto the silk sheets.

I collapsed onto the bed, staring up at the ceiling as the world slowly stopped spinning. "Oh, fuck..." I breathed. "I'm pooped. Officially."

Tessa lay between us, her chest heaving, her eyes half-closed. She let out a weak, shaky chuckle, her voice barely a whisper. "Well... that was some experience, huh?"

Jasmine rolled onto her back next to her, wiping a stray lock of hair from her face. She looked exhausted but completely satisfied. She looked over at the mess we'd made of the bed—the towels, the silk, the fluids—and a small, tired smile touched her lips.

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- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +3700

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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- Bliss Multiplier: 5550c

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"Payback is a bitch, isn't it, Tessa?" Jasmine asked softly.

Tessa just groaned, a small smile of her own forming. "Totally worth it."

"I don't know what the fuck just happened," Nala said, her side of the mattress wet. "But I loved it."

I chuckled. "Yeah... that was... unexpected."

Nala crawled over to us, looking dazed and beautiful in the dim light. She rested her head on my chest, her skin cool against mine. The four of us lay there in a tangle of limbs, the silence of the penthouse finally returning, save for the sound of our synchronized, heavy breathing.

♥□♥□♥□

I woke up to the jarring blare of Nala's phone alarm. My back felt like it had been put through a meat grinder; I'd spent the night in a ridiculous position, my upper half sprawled across the edge of the mattress while my legs dead-weighted onto the floor. Tessa was a warm, tangled mess of limbs next to me, with Jasmine and Nala taking up the far side of the bed.

I groaned, pushing myself up and bracing my hands against my lower back. The room reeked—a heavy, cloying scent of sex and spent cum that seemed to hang in the air. The sheets were a disaster zone, soaked and stained. As I took my first tentative step, my foot nearly slipped on the wet strap-on discarded on the hardwood, right next to a patch where cum had dripped from Tessa's pussy and pooled on the floor.

"Shit... oh... man..."

I rubbed my eyes, and the familiar blue glow of the system interface shimmered into my vision.

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: 9049c

At least the payoff was worth the physical toll. The sheer amount of EXP I'd banked from the chaos of Jasmine, Tessa, and Minne was staggering. It was the best kind of distraction—the kind that kept my mind from spiraling about Chase and that mysterious 'K'.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 17)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

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EXP: [ ██████████ ] 8335/9922

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"Man... I need a shower..."

## The Heart System - Chapter 452[ 1,385 words ]

*Chapter 452: Chapter 452*

I padded out of the room, the door creaking on its hinges, and stepped into the main area of the penthouse. To my left, the dining table was already partially set. Minne was in the kitchen, her back to me, carefully slicing into a loaf of freshly baked olive bread.

I walked up behind her, the soft fabric of her maid outfit rustling as I wrapped my arms around her waist. I rested my chin on her shoulder, watching her cut the bread with the knife. She glanced back, a soft, genuine smile lighting up her face.

"Morning," I whispered.

"Morning, Master," she chirped. "I didn't want to wake you because..."

"I know," I interrupted, pressing a kiss to the sensitive skin of her neck.

Even though I felt like a zombie moments ago, my cock was already heavy and pulsing against the fabric of my pants, pressing right into the curve of Minne's ass. My Libido stat was doing God's work, accelerating my recovery. I definitely needed to dump more points into that.

I reached down, pulling my pants just low enough, and slid my dick between her thighs from behind. The friction against her stockings was immediate, and I felt the fabric go damp almost instantly. Minne let out a sharp gasp, her hands abandoning the bread to reach down and cup the tip of my cock, her small palms warm and soft.

I started to move, a slow, grinding slide back and forth between her thighs. I leaned in, licking the shell of her ear before gently turning her head to capture her lips in a deep, hungry kiss. I was already rock hard again, the blood pumping fiercely. I slid my hand up under her maid top, finding her tits. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her small, perky breasts were already firm, the nipples hard as pebbles. I pinched one between my fingers, eliciting a whimper from her.

Minne leaned forward, her palms flat on the counter as she arched her back, offering her thighs to me more fully. She was so shy, her face heating up, but her body was telling a different story. I could feel the wetness building between her legs, her pussy soaking through her underwear and onto my shaft.

"M-Master..." she breathed, her voice trembling.

"Good girl," I murmured, nipping at her earlobe. "You're so soft, Minne. I fucking love your thighs."

I picked up the pace, my hips slamming into her backside as I thigh-fucked her right there against the kitchen counter. The sound of skin hitting skin filled the quiet kitchen. I went harder, my fingers twisting her nipples, driving her into a frantic state of arousal. She was slick, her juices lubricating the friction until it was a loud, wet mess.

Kim walked down the hallway just then, her hair a bird's nest as she slumped into a chair at the table with a lazy plop. She looked over at us, rolled her eyes, and let out a massive yawn.

"Stop humping our maid so she can get the breakfast ready, Evan," Kim groaned, her voice thick with sleep. "Ugh... so sleepy."

"Right, right," I grunted, my breath hitching as I felt the pressure in my balls reaching the breaking point. "Just a few more minutes."

I didn't stop. I drove into her thighs one last time, the sensation overwhelming. I pulled back, my cock twitching and leaking pre-cum.

"Get on the ground, Minne," I commanded.

Minne didn't hesitate. She sank to her knees on the kitchen tile, looking up at me with wide, submissive eyes. She swallowed hard, her chest heaving.

"Look at me while I cum on your face, honey," I said, my voice dropping an octave.

I began to jerk myself off right in front of her, my hand a blur as I worked the shaft.

"Good girl... good girl... I'm gonna... fucking cum..."

The orgasm hit me like a lightning strike, a violent, pulsing release. Thick, white ropes of cum splattered across her face, catching in her red hair, coating her eyelashes, and dripping down her cheeks. I moaned as the last of it left me, then I leaned down and rubbed the head of my dick over her skin, smearing the cum around until her face was a slick, shining mess.

"Clean me up," I whispered.

Minne leaned in, her tongue darting out to lick the base of my cock. She was meticulous, swirling her tongue around the head and cleaning every bit of spent seed until the skin was glistening and bare. The warmth of her mouth was the perfect comedown.

I pulled my pants back up and reached down, taking her hand to help her off the floor. I gave her ass a firm, stinging smack that made her squeak.

"I'll take the plates. You go wash your face and brush your teeth, okay?"

"Yes, Master," she smiled shyly, her face still flushed as she hurried off toward the bathroom.

I grabbed a few plates of the fresh bread and some sides, carrying them over to the table and sliding into the chair next to Kim. I shoulder-bumped her gently, then placed my hand on her belly, rubbing in slow circles before leaning in to kiss her on the lips.

"How's the pregnancy going?" I asked.

"Good, I'd say," she answered with a smile. "A little excited, not gonna lie."

"Why?"

"Well, gee, I wonder why, Evan? I'd never given birth before, do you think that's why?"

"Yeah," I nodded. "Bad question, I know."

"Are you excited?" she asked, giving me a side look as she grabbed her plate.

I leaned in and kissed her belly again. "You have no idea."

"Woah!" Tessa said behind us. "Evan is going down on Kim at the fucking dinner table!"

I glanced over and realized how it must have looked—me leaning down to kiss her belly. I just shook my head and leaned back, watching Tessa give Mik her food. She then stretched and rubbed her ass, groaning as she did.

"Fucking Jasmine really worked me last night..." she muttered. "I can't believe I fell asleep with cum oozing from my damn pussy. Why did no one wake me up?"

"We all fell asleep," I replied.

"Wait, did you guys fuck yesterday?" Kim asked. "Without telling me?"

"It was late," I said. "Didn't want to wake you up." I smiled. "Sorry."

"I'm off to shower..." Tessa muttered, walking down the hallway. "God, I'm so sore."

"Wow. Didn't know I was the unwanted one." She sighed dramatically, then took a bite from the olive bread.

"You figured out the big picture," I laughed.

She smiled and took another bite from the olive bread, chewing lazily. As she swallowed, Jasmine came out of the master bedroom, fresh from the shower. Her hair was still damp, a towel wrapped around it, loose strands dripping onto her shoulders. She wore a simple robe that clung slightly to her wet skin.

She sat beside Kim and leaned back, letting out a long groan. I leaned toward her and watched her rub her eyes, then exhale slowly. She looked exhausted—we really had gone hard last night.

"Morning," Jasmine said. "And goodnight. I think I'll sleep here."

"Yeah... it was a weird night," I agreed.

"Just what happened yesterday?" Kim asked.

"You really don't wanna know," Jasmine exhaled again, then looked at the table. "Where's Minne?"

"Washing her face," I said. "Is Nala up?"

"Yep. She waited for me to finish my shower. She's in the bathroom now."

"Hmm."

Jasmine's phone rang on the table—sharp, insistent.

I glanced at the screen.

Delilah.

Shit.

Should I tell her what I found about Chase? But I didn't have any evidence now that my phone had exploded. The videos, the proof—gone. Mana had made sure of that.

Before Jasmine could reach for it, I snatched the phone.

"Huh?" she asked.

"She's probably calling about Chase," I explained. "I broke my phone yesterday."

"About Chase?" Kim asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Chase... is a sick person. He drives his patients, only women, to suicide. And then jerks off to their suicide videos. Fucking disgusting."

"Holy shit," Jasmine muttered. "You got evidence?"

"I don't... but I will find some." I stood up. "Excuse me. Gotta talk to her."

## The Heart System - Chapter 453[ 1,524 words ]

### *Chapter 453: Chapter 453*

I walked to the balcony and slid the glass door open, stepping outside. The cold air hit me immediately—sharp, bracing. I closed the panel behind me so the warmth wouldn't escape the apartment, then answered the call.

I answered the call. "Jasmine? Good morning, is Evan there with you?"

"Hey," I said, keeping my voice low so it wouldn't carry back into the apartment. "Delilah."

"Oh, Evan." She sounded relieved but tired. "I've been calling you like forever. Why don't you check your phone?"

"It got broken," I replied, rubbing the back of my neck. The cold air out here on the balcony was biting at my wet hair, making me shiver slightly.

"Broken? Well, forget about that." She paused, and I could hear her shifting—maybe sitting down on a bed. "Did you find anything about Chase? Ivy was so furious last night. We had a fight... and I'm now staying in a hotel. Didn't want to be there."

"Hotel?" I asked. "Just come here. Why didn't you even let me know, Delilah? Jesus!"

"I tried, but you didn't answer your phone." Her voice cracked just a little—frustration mixed with exhaustion.

"You didn't even have to call me," I said, softer now, trying to keep the edge out of my tone. "Just come here." I exhaled through my nose. "You're pregnant with my baby, for fuck's sake."

There was a long silence on her end. I could picture her—probably sitting on the edge of the bed, one hand on her belly, eyes closed like she always did when she was trying not to cry.

"I just didn't want to come uninvited," she finally said, quiet. "That's all."

Yeah. That sounded exactly like Delilah. Her stupid pride. All her life she'd stood on her own—after the fire, after everything with her husband, after the world kept kicking her down. Now her house was gone, and she was crashing with her daughter, and the last thing she wanted was to feel like a burden. I got it. I really did. But it still pissed me off.

"So tell me," she said, voice steadier now. "What did you find about him?"

I rubbed my face again, feeling the stubble scrape my palm. "Best if we talk face to face. Let's meet. I'll come pick you up—send me your location."

"Alright..." She muttered something under her breath, then added, "Evan, is there... something going on with Chase?"

"Like I said, best if we talk face to face." I tried to keep my tone even, but my jaw was tight. "I'll be there shortly, okay?"

"Fine... I'm sending you my location. It's not that far from your penthouse."

"Hmm. Bye, Delilah."

"God..." She exhaled—a long, shaky breath—then hung up.

I lowered the phone slowly and stared at it for a second. My thumb hovered over the screen even after it went dark. I pocketed it and rubbed my face with both hands, letting out a long, frustrated breath that fogged in the cold air. This was going to be a complicated mess. I had no idea how Delilah would react to the news. She already hated Chase on principle—thought he was too smooth, too perfect, too much like the guys who'd hurt her before. But hearing he was literally driving women to suicide and jerking off to their last words... fuck. That was going to break something in her.

And Ivy? Goddamn it, Ivy. She was an idiot. I showed her the proof, literally held the phone in front of her face, and she still chose to believe Chase. Defended him. Called me a stalker. Said I had problems. I even showed her the part where he came on the tablet while Mary swallowed the pills, and she still picked him. Her track record with boyfriends was a disaster—always the worst guys, always the ones who hurt her the most—and she still wanted this one to be "it." The soulmate. The one who finally got it right... this fucking idiot, I swear...

Just... why was she so bad at relationships? Or unlucky? Or both?

The glass door slid open behind me.

Minne stepped out. "Eleanor came, Master."

"Eleanor?" I turned, surprised. "She's here?"

"Yes." Minne nodded, hugging her arms around herself against the cold. "Waiting for you in the hallway."

"Thank you."

I walked back inside. Minne closed the door behind us. I headed straight for the front door—it was already slightly ajar. I pushed it open a little more.

Eleanor stood there in the hallway. Her short blue hair was a little messy, like she'd run her hands through it too many times. She wore a long-sleeved t-shirt that hung loose on her frame and tight black pants that hugged her legs. Her eyes were red-rimmed, like she'd been crying or hadn't slept.

"Hey, Evan," she said, voice small. "Hope you weren't sleeping."

"I wasn't." I stepped out into the hallway and pulled the door mostly closed behind me. "Something wrong?"

She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, arms wrapped tight around her middle. "I'm... so ashamed even to ask," she began, eyes dropping to the floor. "But... you... can you lend me 2350 dollars?"

"2350 dollars?" I repeated, surprised by the exact number. "That's specific. Why?"

"You... remember my brother, right? You saw him while I was in the shower."

"Yep, I remember him."

"He's... he's into gambling, right?" She swallowed hard, eyes flicking up to mine then away again. "Then... I... well, when he last visited me, he borrowed money from me. And honestly, I don't earn much at Stingy Ladies. And he's asking for money again and... I don't know, Evan. I just don't have it."

I rubbed the back of my neck, feeling the tension there. "Damn. Alright, I'll... yeah, yeah, sure. Should I send it to you or..."

"Cash," she said quickly. "He lost a big bet on an underground casino. And, well, some not-so-nice people are kind of after him."

"Huh... Alright, just wait here for a second."

"Mm."

I closed the door gently and walked into the master bedroom. I didn't have that much cash lying around—the glass panel installation had pretty much drained what I kept on hand. But the system shop had the "500 Dollars" option. I pulled up the interface mentally, bought five of them. The money appeared in my hand with a soft golden glow—five crisp bills levitating above my palm for a second before dropping into my grip. I weighed them, fanned them out to check they were real, then tucked them into my pocket and headed back to the door.

I also... for some reason had a small candy bar in my pocket. I didn't know where it came from, but a candy was a candy, eh?

I opened it again. Eleanor was still there, shifting nervously.

"Here." I held out the cash. "2500. You can keep the rest."

Her eyes went wide. She took the bills with shaking hands. "My god... thank you so much, Evan." She exhaled hard, shoulders dropping like a weight had lifted. "Phew... I'll pay you back. I promise."

I shrugged, leaning against the doorframe. "Well... I wouldn't mind seeing you in that blue dress you wanted to get." I paused, then winced. "Wait... that sounded like the beginning of a bad porno video, huh?"

"Yeah." She chuckled—small, relieved—and clutched the money tighter. "You don't have enough money to pay me? Let's fuck—type of story."

"Yeah, I guess it was creepy. Sorry," I said, rubbing the back of my neck again. "You don't have to pay me back, though."

"I will pay you back... somehow." She smiled, real this time, eyes softening. "Thank you again, Evan. You have no idea how much you helped me."

The system UI flickered up.

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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: 25/40★

Amelia: Interest: 10/20

Esme: Interest: 60/80★★

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Holy shit. Her interest had jumped from fifteen to twenty-five. Damn, she really needed that money that much, huh? Her stupid fucking brother... eating through it like that on gambling. Maybe I could talk to him later. No, no, no. Not while I had my own pile of problems. Maybe down the line.

The reward was... funny enough, 250 credits. I basically lost nothing. My balance stayed the same as before I gave her the cash.

"I'll catch you later, Evan," she said, tucking the money into her pocket. "Oh, and visit Stingy Ladies sometime."

"I'll be sure to do that." I smiled. "Take care, Eleanor."

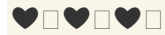
"You too."

She gave a small wave, then turned and walked toward the elevator. I watched her step inside, press the button, and give me one last wave as the doors closed.

I stepped back inside and shut the door.

Now... I had to meet Delilah and break her the bad news.

Fuck.



## The Heart System - Chapter 454[ 1,068 words ]

*Chapter 454: Chapter 454*

I stopped in front of the hotel and called Delilah. A few minutes later, she appeared from the automatic doors, looking around with quick, anxious glances. She was carrying a small backpack on her back, a white t-shirt slightly hanging out from the zipper like she'd packed in a hurry. Ivy and her must have had a heated argument if she just grabbed her stuff and left without looking back.

Seeing me, she walked across the street. She reached the car, opened the back door first, and dumped her backpack on the seat with a soft thud. Then she hopped into the passenger seat and shut the door firmly.

"Evan. What's going on? Just tell me."

"I, uh..." I cleared my throat, fingers tightening on the wheel. "We should sit down first."

"We are sitting down," she said as I eased the car to the left, merging into traffic. Her voice was sharp, impatient. "Just tell me what's happening?"

I waited for the car behind me to pass, then joined the red light line. Damn, lots of traffic. A coffee shop next to us was blasting Jingle Bells so loud it felt like they were personally responsible for the song. The cheerful tune clashed hard with the knot in my stomach, making it impossible to think straight. The words I needed wouldn't come.

I didn't say anything at first. I just cracked my window open, letting in the cold, wet air, lit up a cigarette with shaking fingers, and took a long drag. Delilah was nervous—that was obvious. Her hands were clasped tight in her lap, knuckles white, leg bouncing slightly.

"I found something," I finally explained, exhaling smoke toward the open window. "The kind of stuff that would... make anyone retch."

"About... Chase?" she asked, voice quieter now, almost afraid.

"Yes. The kind of stuff that... if I had evidence, he'd be in jail."

"Drugs?" She turned toward me slightly. "Chase is using drugs?"

"Worse."

"Worse..." She repeated the word slowly, turning her body fully toward me now, seatbelt pulling tight across her chest. "What, Evan? Just tell me."

I took another drag, buying time. The smoke burned my throat. "Just... don't freak out, yeah?"

"Just fucking tell me, Evan!" Her voice cracked on my name—anger, fear, desperation all mixed together.

I looked at her for a second, then back at the road. "I found that Chase was... driving his female patients to commit suicide. Manipulating them." I paused, letting the words settle. "Then... I found proof of it. And that's not all. He was jerking off to their suicide videos."

Delilah's eyes opened wide. Her mouth parted like she was going to speak, but nothing came out. For a few long seconds she just stared at me, frozen. Then she leaned back into her seat hard, like someone had pushed her, and fixed her eyes on the car ahead of us. Her hands flew to her face, covering her mouth. As the light turned green, I eased forward, but we couldn't make it through the intersection in time and I stopped again.

Delilah closed her eyes, leaned forward, elbows on her knees, hands covering her face completely. Her breathing was shallow, shaky. I didn't say anything. I just let her process it. I didn't even want to imagine what was going through her head right now—images of Ivy, of Chase's smile, of all the times she'd warned her daughter.

"What the fuck?" Delilah said finally, voice muffled behind her hands. She lowered them slowly, eyes red. "H-how? What? We should call the cops."

"I had the proof..." I muttered, flicking ash out the window. "But then... something happened and I broke my phone. The videos are all gone now."

"All gone?" Her voice rose in pitch.

"Don't worry." I tried to sound calm, but my jaw was tight. "I could get into his laptop again. He saves all his shit there. And I also know his password."

"Did you... get into a fight with him?" She asked, turning to me again, eyes searching my face. "Did he break your phone?"

"Not... exactly."

I couldn't just tell her that I was attacked by a damn goddess. So that part of the story had to stay hidden. I didn't need her to freak out more than she already was.

"He... manipulates them," Delilah said as I took another drag from my cigarette. Her voice was shaking now. "And then he... oh my god."

"Ivy didn't listen to me," I said quietly. "And now I'm worried about her."

"That's why she was angry," Delilah whispered. "Fuck."

"You two argued, right?"

"Pretty badly." She nodded, wiping at her eyes with the heel of her hand. "She accused me of being a hypocrite. That I was meddling in her life and expecting her to just take it. But when she did the same, I apparently made her the villain. And... then she told me I was... living under her roof and just needed to mind my own business. That I was acting overprotective. That... I hated her."

"That's Chase's words, I bet," I nodded, flicking the cigarette out the window and rolling it closed. "Chase tells her these kinds of things. Manipulates her just like he did with the other women."

"I... also accidentally told her I was pregnant."

I was taking a drag when she said that. The smoke caught in my throat and I coughed hard. The car behind me blared its horn. I looked up—light was green—so I eased forward, still coughing.

"What?" I blurted, voice hoarse. "Fuck me..."

"She didn't even ask who the father was," Delilah shook her head, staring out the windshield. "And she said she wouldn't support me with the baby."

"Damn it..."

"I'm just... fuck, Evan. Like... she changed."

"Because of Chase," I said. "Ivy is one of the toughest girls I know. If Chase managed to damage her mind in just a couple of days... don't even wanna think about the other lives he ruined."

"We gotta do something."

"I'll handle that." I gripped the wheel tighter. "I'll drop you at the penthouse. You can stay there. Then I'm headed to Chase's office. Gotta get to his laptop and copy the files."

"You have a phone?"

"Using Jasmine's right now."

"Okay." She exhaled slowly, shoulders dropping. "I just want this to be over with."

"It'll be. Don't worry."



## The Heart System - Chapter 455[ 1,411 words ]

*Chapter 455: Chapter 455*

I stepped out of the elevator and sat in the waiting area outside Chase's office. The chairs were stiff leather, cold against my back. I leaned forward, elbows on my knees, staring at the floor. A few patients sat scattered around—middle-aged woman flipping through a magazine, older guy checking his watch, young guy scrolling his phone. None of them looked up when I sat down.

A few minutes later, Chase's door opened. The next patients stood up, smoothing their clothes, ready to go in.

I stood up slowly. No one paid attention to me. I walked to the door, pushed it open, and stepped inside. The patient behind me started to protest, "Hey, that's my—" but I shut the door firmly in his face, turning the lock with a soft click.

Chase was already back at his desk, sitting down, looking up at me with mild confusion. "Mr. Marlowe? What's going on?"

I didn't say a word.

I triggered Time Stop.

The world froze. Chase's hand hovered over his keyboard, mid-reach. The patients outside were locked in place—mouths half-open, expressions frozen in irritation. The clock on the wall stopped ticking.

I exhaled hard, breath fogging in the suddenly too-quiet room.

Chase fucking Bellings... using his position to do fucked-up shit whenever he pleased. Masturbating to those suicide videos, even creating a folder with Ivy's name... he'd chosen her as the next victim. And now, he was going to pay. Behind bars where he belonged. Hopefully with as messed-up guys as him. I could only hope.

I walked to his desk and grabbed his laptop, opening the lid. The screen was still on—same folder structure I'd seen before. The three patients who'd killed themselves. Ivy's name.

And now... mine. All caps. EVAN MARLOWE.

What the fuck?

I clicked on it. Empty. Just like Ivy's. Nothing there. Yet.

A hand clamped around my wrist—hard.

I jerked my head up.

Chase wasn't frozen.

He was staring at me, eyes empty of any real emotion, a creepy smile slowly spreading across his face. "So Mana was right."

My stomach dropped. "W-what..."

I yanked my hand free and stumbled back a step. Chase stood up slowly, calmly, like he had all the time in the world. He walked around the desk, closed the laptop lid with a soft click, and met my eyes.

"These powers, Mr. Marlowe," he said, voice smooth, almost pleasant. "So wonderful, isn't it? Just yesterday, I fucked my patient. A hot blonde chick. She was here to tell me about her problems... then snap."

He snapped his fingers once—sharp, mocking—then shook his head with that same small smile.

"Suddenly, my dick in her mouth. POP. POP. POP."

This fucking cunt... he was in full villain mode now. Mana. It had to be her. Seeing that she couldn't get me on her side to win whatever this twisted game was, she'd made Chase her subject instead. The most fucked-up individual I'd known besides Nala's brother, Guy Nolin.

Chase turned back to his desk, leaned over the backside where he'd been sitting, and opened a drawer. He pulled out a bottle of whisky and took a small sip straight from it. Grimaced slightly, then set the bottle down next to the laptop and exhaled.

"So," he said, turning to face me fully. "What's it going to be, Mr. Marlowe?"

"I'm going to the police," I said, voice steady despite the adrenaline spiking through me. "Telling them what you've been doing."

"Try it." He shrugged, casual. "Got evidence?"

"Do I need one?"

He chuckled—low, dark—then pushed himself off the desk and walked toward me. I held my ground, waiting until he was close. We were an arm's reach apart now, staring each other down.

He tensed suddenly. His hand darted back to his pocket. I took a quick step back and saw something shiny flash in the air, a knife. Swiss Army, small but sharp. In its reflection, for a split second, I saw myself—eyes wide, jaw tight, sweat on my forehead.

My back hit the window with a soft thud. He swung again—fast. I ducked sideways. The blade whistled past my ear, close enough I felt the air move.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!" I shouted, voice cracking as I rushed toward the door.

"COME HERE!"

He lunged. Grabbed the hem of my coat and yanked. I stumbled backward, feet tangling, and hit the floor hard. The impact knocked the breath out of me. Chase lost his balance too, falling forward, but he recovered fast—scrambled over me, one knee on my chest, pinning me. With his other hand he raised the knife, aiming at my face with a loud, animal roar.

"Shit!"

Thanks to the points I'd been dumping into Strength, I managed to wrench my shoulder free and clamp both hands around his wrist. The knife hovered inches from my nose, the tip scratching a thin line across the skin. This motherfucker was strong—stronger than he looked. Sleeper build, I guess. All lean muscle hidden under that calm doctor facade.

I twisted his wrist hard to the right. The knife clattered to the floor again, skidding under his desk. My grip stayed locked on his arm. He tried to yank it back up, but I guided it left this time, using my body weight to pin him off-balance. We stayed locked like that for what felt like forever—grunting, straining, muscles burning. Sweat dripped into my eyes.

With his free hand, he swung a wild punch. Knuckles cracked against my cheekbone. Stars exploded across my vision. Pain bloomed hot and bright, but adrenaline snapped me out of it. I shoved backward, scrambling on my hands and feet until I could plant a boot in his chest. Hard.

"Oh, fuck..." he grunted, staggering back.

I was closer to the door now; he was in front of his table. I scrambled up, lunged for the exit, and threw myself outside. Time Stop ended the instant I crossed the threshold.

Everything snapped back to normal. Only one waiting patient was still there, back turned. The others had already left.

I locked eyes with Chase through the open door for a split second. He smiled—calm, knowing that he couldn't do anything with witnesses around. We were both panting, chests heaving, staring each other down.

"Come again, please, Mr. Marlowe," he said, voice eerily polite.

"Yeah..." I nodded, lip curled in disgust. "Pinky promise... you fuck."

He walked forward slowly and closed the door. The lock clicked.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Ivy was in danger, and he'd probably already deleted or moved the videos from his laptop. I had no evidence now. If Mana hadn't burned my damn phone... FUCK!

I stormed to the elevator and jammed the button. As the doors opened, I called Ivy. No ring. Straight to voicemail. Blocked.

In the mirror inside the elevator, I saw my lip bleeding, a thin cut across my nose, and a rip in the back of my jacket. I wiped the blood away with my palm, smearing red across my skin, and rested my forehead against the cool glass. This sucked. Big time.

"Ivy... fucking pick up."

If she wouldn't listen... I'd have to force her. And to force her, I needed Hypnotize. That meant Villain reputation. Fuck me. I'd spent days grinding points to get rid of that Villain tag, and now I was desperate to tank my points again. Why did everything have to go against me?

The elevator dinged. Ground floor.

I stepped out and pulled up the shop. First, I bought one Rep Point to see how much the bar would move... which, it didn't move. Like at all. I needed more.

---

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: 2959c

\_\_\_\_\_

I bought twenty-nine Reputation Points. The credits drained. A few seconds later, as I pushed through the lobby doors into the cold, the notification hit.

\_\_\_\_\_

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Current Reputation: Villain

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

boosts EXP gain.

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

=====

Earning good points will result in

various punishments.

"Good... now I have to meet with Ivy and hypnotize her."



## The Heart System - Chapter 456[ 1,148 words ]

*Chapter 456: Chapter 456*

I hammered on Ivy's door with the desperation of a man who had everything to lose. The neighbors below shrieked at the racket, but I didn't care. I couldn't. Chase had Mana's backing—a sliver of a goddess's power—and that meant Ivy was a walking target. If he could twist her mind into hating me, he could twist her into ending herself.

The door swung open, Ivy's face twisted in fury. Before she could utter a syllable, I shoved her back, my palms hitting her chest hard enough to send her stumbling onto the floor. I stepped inside, slamming the door shut. My heart ached for the rough treatment, but survival took precedence over manners.

"Listen to me," I commanded. The anger in her eyes vanished instantly, replaced by a dull, hypnotic pink glow. "Get up."

"Yes..." she droned, rising like a marionette.

I paced the room, rubbing my face until my skin burned. The mental hold I had was temporary, a fragile barrier against the nightmare Chase had planted. "What do you think about Chase?" I asked.

"He is my boyfriend," she replied, her voice flat. "He's been framed by Evan."

"And what about Evan?"

"Fake friend."

"Fake friend," I spat, kicking a chair. "Of course. He's already dug into her head."

I had to move her. Somewhere safe. Somewhere Chase couldn't reach. My mind went to Cora, then flickered to Anotta. I grabbed my phone, Jasmine's phone, and dialed.

"Jasmine?" Anotta's voice was smooth, but I cut her off.

"It's Evan. I need help. Now."

"You sound... frantic," she noted.

"Chase Bellings. He's a monster, Anotta. He manipulates his patients into suicide and films the aftermath. I've lost my proof, and now he's coming for Ivy. I need her gone. I need her safe until I end him."

There was a pause. "That is quite the morning report, Mr. Marlowe."

"Can you do it? She's brainwashed. She thinks he's a saint."

"I'll help," Anotta said, her tone shifting to business. "But there will be a price, Evan. A steep one."

"Whatever. Just get her out of here. I'm sending the location."

"Consider it done. She just won a 'surprise' vacation to our new resort in Nevada. A Nuppia loyalty sweepstakes. We'll handle the logistics."

"Thank you," I breathed.

"But also..."

She stopped.

"Also what?"

No answer.

"Hello? Anotta?"

The line went silent. Not a hang-up. Silence.

I looked out the window. The world had turned a sickly, bruised green. The falling snow froze mid-air, jagged white crystals suspended in a dead sky. Time Stop. And I hadn't triggered it.

"Ivy?" I turned around, but the room was empty. She hadn't just walked away; she had vanished. "IVY!"

"Teleported," a voice drawled. Dierella was lounging on the couch, looking bored. "High-level spatial magic. Seems our 'friend' Mana has been very generous with her gifts to Chase."

"Where did he take her?" I growled, my hands shaking.

"Probably somewhere he can enjoy his prize," she shrugged. "Sorry, kid."

"FUCK!" I slammed my fists into the dining table, the wood groaning.

Then, a spark. Ivy's watch. The GPS tracker I'd synced with her account. I still remembered her username and password, hell, I was the one who paired it with her phone years ago.

I scrambled with the app, my thumbs fumbling over the screen. As the data loaded, I realised something. Her watch's ping was... coming from the penthouse. The hotel I was staying at.

The world around me flickered. The apartment walls bled into something else. The hallway dissolved.

I wasn't in the street. I was in my own penthouse bedroom.

The sight made my stomach turn. Jasmine, Nala, Delilah, Kim, Ivy, Minne, and Tessa were all there—stripped bare, bound to the bedframe with thick cord, their mouths sealed with tape. Their eyes were wide, filled with a terror that hit me like a physical blow.

Chase stood before them in his boxers, his face twisted with a manic, slobbering hunger.

"Evan, Evan, Evan," a voice whispered. A cool, graceful hand landed on my shoulder. I spun around to see Mana. She wore a floor-length black dress that seemed to swallow the light, her eyes sparkling with malicious amusement. "You really thought you could win against a goddess?"

"Can I fuck them yet?" Chase asked, saliva literally dripping from his chin onto the floor. "I want them. All of them."

"Not yet, my dear subject," Mana purred.

"Mana," I rasped, my voice breaking. "No, no, no, no. No. Please. Let them go. Take me instead."

She leaned in, her lips brushing my ear. "You know why this is happening, Evan. You know the cost of defiance."

"I'll do it," I said, the words like ash in my mouth. "I'll be your subject. Just don't let him touch them."

"Oh, no," Mana said, stepping back with a mock-offended gasp. "I wouldn't want to force you. I want everyone to know this was your choice." She tilted her head. "Say it. Out loud. Tell me I'm not forcing you."

"You're... you're not forcing me," I whispered. "Please."

"Wonderful."

"Now?" Chase barked, stepping toward Ivy. "Can I fuck them now? I wanna rip open the pregnant ones first."

Mana's expression shifted in an instant. The playful goddess vanished, replaced by a look of pure, icy disgust. She turned to Chase, her eyes narrowing. "You really are a filthy little creature," she murmured.

She stepped toward him and placed her palm lightly on the crown of his head. She gave me a warm, beautiful smile, one that didn't reach her predatory eyes, and then she simply pressed down her hand.

The sound was like a mountain collapsing.

Mana's hand didn't just push; it obliterated. Her palm moved downward with the slow, inevitable force of a hydraulic press. Chase didn't even have time to scream. I watched in horrific detail as his skull shattered, his spine snapped like dry kindling, and his entire ribcage exploded outward. Her hand traveled through his chest, sending his heart skittering across the floor like a wet stone, painting the walls in a spray of crimson.

She continued the motion until her hand reached the floor, leaving nothing of Chase Bellings but a flattened, unrecognizable smear of gore and shattered bone.

Mana stood in the middle of the carnage, blood splattered across her porcelain cheek. She closed her eyes, got up, basking in the silence, then looked at me with that fake, terrifying warmth.

"Thank you, Evan," she whispered. "You and I..." She reached up, licking a drop of Chase's blood off her thumb with a slow flick of her tongue. Her eyes glowed with a dark, satisfied light. "we are going to have so much fucking fun."

Then... everything went dark.

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Evan Marlowe [Level 17]

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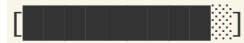
Age:21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

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EXP 8335 / 9922



## The Heart System - Chapter 457[ 1,105 words ]

*Chapter 457: Chapter 457*

I opened my eyes.

Air rushed into my lungs like I'd been drowning for hours. I bent forward automatically, coughing once, gripping my phone so tightly my knuckles hurt. For a second I just stood there, disoriented, heart slamming against my ribs.

Wait, my phone?

I was in Ivy's apartment building.

I lifted my head slowly and looked toward the hallway window. No sick green sky. No warped air. Just rain streaking down the glass. People hurrying past with umbrellas. A couple of stray dogs barking at something across the street.

Normal.

"What the fuck..." I whispered.

A soft step echoed above me.

I looked up.

Dierella stood on the first stair of the upper floor, hands buried in the pockets of her oversized hoodie. She looked... tired. Not physically. Something deeper than that. She let out a slow breath through her nose and started walking down toward me.

"We were tricked," she said, her voice flat but edged with irritation.

"Tricked?" I straightened, turning fully toward her. "By who?"

She reached the last step and stopped a few feet away, studying me like she was deciding how much I could handle.

"She used a warp spell," she said.

"What does that even mean?" I threw a hand out. "What does that do?"

Instead of answering directly, she walked past me, shoulder brushing mine, and leaned against the windowframe. She stared outside at the rain like it personally offended her.

"We can't interfere with mortal lives directly," she said after a moment. "Not like that. Not physically. Her burning your phone? Impossible."

"But she did." I frowned, looking down at my phone as if expecting it to melt again.

"She tricked your mind into thinking she did." Dierella glanced at me over her shoulder. "She warped perception. Twisted the space around you. Around the object."

My stomach dropped.

"I..." I swallowed. "I had candy in my pocket. I remember thinking that was weird."

Her mouth twitched faintly. "She warped your phone into a fucking candy and adjusted your perception so you accepted it."

I blinked at her. "You're telling me I just... hallucinated my phone getting torched?"

"You experienced what she wanted you to experience." She pushed off the frame and crossed her arms. "Same result. Different method."

I ran a hand down my face. "That's insane."

"Welcome to divinity politics." She shrugged lightly. "Eh. It was fun while it lasted, Henrik."

I looked up sharply. "I'm... what now?"

"Well." She waved a dismissive hand. "You're her subject now."

I froze. "I... I am, right?"

"Yeah." She tilted her head at me. "She claimed you. Majority of her power went into that rewind."

"Rewind." I stared at her. "You're telling me she just... reset everything? Like you did?"

"Just?" Dierella laughed under her breath and shook her head. "It takes a lot of power, Evan. A lot. Two goddesses already sacrificed portions of themselves to anchor you as their subject. You think that's cheap?"

I felt my chest tighten. "Mana's plan was to kill me."

"We'll see," she said quietly, stepping closer. She reached out and patted my shoulder, almost gently. "Things aren't always what they look like."

I searched her face. "So, wait, Chase is still alive."

"Yeah." She nodded once.

"And Silk?" I asked quickly. "Who is she? Please. Just tell me."

Dierella ran a hand through her hair, clearly debating something. She turned halfway toward the stairs, then looked back at me.

"Silk was the God," she said.

My throat went dry. "The God? As in—"

"But then we—"

She stopped mid-sentence. Her jaw tightened. She shook her head.

"No. Not my story to finish."

"Dierella—"

She had already turned away. She took the stairs without another word. The automatic hallway light didn't even flicker on as she moved. It was like the darkness swallowed her whole.

And then she was gone. I stood there, staring at the empty staircase, a weird weight settling in my chest. Damn. I actually felt bad for her. I mean... yeah, she kinda stole me from Karamine, but at least she didn't force me or anything. She sacred her power, thinking I would make her stronger even more than she spent. I wish I did that, though. I wish her 'sacrifice' wasn't for nothing. I didn't even know why I was feeling bad for her. I think I... was starting to like her, not gonna lie.

I looked down at my phone again. It was real. Solid. Cool against my palm. I still had the proof.

Chase was alive. The rewind didn't erase the files. That meant I could still go to the police. I could still drag that bastard into a cell and lock the door behind him.

Finally, something concrete. Even if I was now the subject of a maniac goddess who could rewind time and turn my phone into candy, at least I wasn't starting from zero... that was something.

I leaned back against the wall and let my head thud softly against it.

"God," I muttered under my breath, staring at the ceiling. "Why is this happening to me?"

A few seconds later, I rubbed my face and pushed myself away from the wall. I headed down the stairs, leaving the apartment behind me. Fucking Chase... this was all his fault. That damn maniac. And now I was the target of some crazy goddess because of him. Fantastic.

"Fuck..."

I walked back to my car parked along the side of the road and slid into the driver's seat. After starting the engine, I rested my hands on the steering wheel and leaned my forehead against them, closing my eyes. I was exhausted.

Not physically—but mentally? Hell yeah.

How... just how? Ivy didn't believe me. Were we really that distant from each other now? Or was it what I'd feared all along? Maybe she was just so desperate to find her soulmate that she forced herself to believe Chase was a decent guy.

Either way, it didn't matter now. Dierella wasn't the problem anymore. Mana. That goddess... was she actually planning to kill me? If she really wanted me dead, she could've done it already. Back in the apartment building. The moment I opened my eyes.

So what was her plan? Use me? But how?

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..." I muttered under my breath. Too much shit to think about. "Let it go, Evan," I told myself.

I straightened up and released the handbrake.

"I just need some sleep, man... a lot of sleep."

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Main Quest Completed

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Title: Dirty Closet

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Reward: +7900 EXP, 5000c

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## The Heart System - Chapter 458[ 1,084 words ]

*Chapter 458: Chapter 458*

I was trying to stay positive.

At least I didn't owe Anotta anything. I hadn't taken her help. At least Ivy was safe. At least I was still breathing.

Even so, just the thought of Mana watching me from somewhere I couldn't see sent a chill crawling down my spine. Like I was an ant under a magnifying glass and she hadn't decided yet whether to burn me.

"Man..."

It apparently took two straight hours for Chase to admit what he did. Two hours. I kept replaying that in my head. Court was in a few days, and I was going to be there. Front row. Watching him squirm.

Unless Mana decided to kill me first.

"I'm actually fucking shaking," I muttered to myself, staring at my hand. It wasn't visible, but I could feel the tremor in my fingers. "fuck..."

I was out on the balcony, half-lying on the sunbed. A bag of chips rested on my stomach, already half empty. Minne had made some fancy sauce to go with it—garlic, herbs, something smoky. Way too classy for junk food.

I shifted, adjusting my back against the cushion, and looked up at the glass ceiling of the balcony. Rain tapped steadily against it, a soft rhythm that should've been calming.

Instead, my brain replayed that scene. Chase standing beside the bed. Boxers on. That dead look in his eyes. A fucking monster.

I clenched my jaw and shoved a chip into my mouth harder than necessary. How Ivy kept ending up with these messed-up people was beyond me.

But time had rewound. That meant opportunity.

I could focus on other things now. The mysterious K. Eleanor's idiot brother blowing his life savings on gambling. One mess at a time.

"Still Villain, right?" I murmured under my breath, staring at the rain. "I could just hypnotize Maeve. Get the truth straight from her."

The sliding door behind me hissed open.

I didn't turn right away. I already knew who it was.

Jasmine stepped out barefoot, closing the door softly behind her. She dragged the second sunbed closer with a faint scraping sound and dropped onto it with a quiet sigh, stretching her legs out.

I glanced back at her and smiled faintly. Without saying anything, I tilted the chip bag toward her.

She raised an eyebrow at me, reached over lazily, and plucked one chip out. "Don't mind if I do."

We both lay there, staring up at the rain-streaked glass. The golden hour was fading, washing the city in a dull amber glow that mixed with the gray clouds.

"Whadaya thinking?" she asked after a minute, turning her head slightly toward me.

"How to end world hunger," I said seriously, tossing another chip into my mouth.

She snorted softly. "Easy."

"Oh yeah?" I glanced at her.

"Lots of sandwiches." She closed her eyes dramatically. "And mayo. An unreasonable amount of mayo."

I turned my head fully toward her. "No ketchup?"

Her eyes snapped open. She pushed herself up onto one elbow and stared at me like I'd just confessed to murder. "Fuuuck ketchup."

I barked out a quiet laugh. "Relax. It's not that deep."

"It is that deep," she insisted, pointing a chip at me accusingly. "Ketchup ruins everything. It's sweet. It's sticky. It's a betrayal."

"I like ketchup," I said, grinning.

She squinted at me. "I don't think I can live with someone who likes ketchup."

"Aw." I clutched the chip bag to my chest. "You wound me."

She rolled her eyes but there was a smile tugging at her mouth.

I met her gaze properly then.

And for a split second, the memory slammed into me again—Chase in that room, that disgusting image burned into my head.

My smile faltered.

Jasmine noticed immediately. She shifted closer on her sunbed, her expression softening. "Hey," she said quietly. "Where'd you just go?"

I blinked, forcing myself back. "Nowhere."

"Evan."

I exhaled slowly and looked back up at the ceiling. "I'm lucky to have you."

She frowned slightly. "Wow. Where did that come from?"

I shrugged, scratching the back of my neck. "Dunno. Just... realized it."

She studied me for a second longer, then reached over and nudged my arm with her foot. "Well," she said softly, a small smile forming, "I'm more lucky to have you."

I turned my head toward her again, lifting an eyebrow. "Wow. Where did that come from?" I mocked lightly.

She copied my shrug perfectly, even tilting her head the same way. "Dunno."

I huffed out a laugh, shaking my head.

The rain kept tapping against the glass. The city glowed gold and gray. And for a few seconds, lying there next to her, the shaking inside me eased just a little.

Oh, and... yeah. My stats. They'd rocketed since I completed the main quest. I was now basically swimming in points. Though, I'd rather be level one than have to deal with that crazy maniac Chase Bellings ever again—that was for sure.

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Evan Marlowe [Level 18]

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Age:21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

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EXP: 6313 / 12224

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Level eighteen. Good. That meant I'd earned three new ability points. I had actually forgotten to update my stats, so while I was in a good headspace—surrounded by the rain, Jasmine, and snacks—I figured I'd use them now. But first, I wanted to check my credit balance.

Nice. A total of 7,959 credits. Without a second thought, I bought that Random Passive Skill that had been winking at me from the shop since it first appeared, then waited for the system to update.

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SHOP [Page 2]

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- 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)

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Credits: 6259c

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Alright... I had a new Random Skill. That was... nice, I suppose? The system didn't give me any notifications, though. Curious, I checked my stats to see if anything had changed... and yeah. It had changed. A lot.

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#### CURRENT STATS

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◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 20

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+50)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogeous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□)

◆ Luck: 10

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◆ Passive Skill: On a Roll

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9 Unused Ability Points

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## The Heart System - Chapter 459[ 1,086 words ]

*Chapter 459: Chapter 459*

Since I was now the subject of Mana, the bonus points I'd originally gotten from the Villain tag had shifted. Now, it was directly pumping fifty points into my Pleasure stat. My god, I was basically a walking sex bomb. This was incredible... but then again, I'd have to get rid of that tag sooner or later. As long as it was active, doing anything good would penalize me.

And... On a Roll? Curious, I tapped the skill and watched as a system window popped up.

'You can complete quests to earn SC (Special Coins) and cash them out whenever you want. More SC equals more and better rewards.'

"Nice," I muttered.

"Mm?" Jasmine asked, glancing over at me. "Something happen?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Alrighty."

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ON A ROLL QUEST: 50SC

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Perform anal intercourse with  
Jasmine on the balcony within  
the next 30 minutes.

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Huh. So, if I accepted this quest, it would grant me 50 SC? Well... why not? I wasn't sure if Jasmine would be game for it, though. I didn't want to accept the quest just to have her say no and head back inside.

I got up from my sunbed and sat on Jasmine's. I leaned in, kissing her deeply as my hands slid under her t-shirt, kneading her breasts through her bra. She moaned into my mouth, then chuckled as she bit her lip, looking at me like I was her prey. That look fired something up inside me. Damn, she was sexy.

"Wanna fuck me here?" she whispered.

"You read my mind."

"Bad boy."

"That I am, I guess."

We kissed again, and I moved my hand down to grab her pants. She arched her back slightly as I unbuckled them and slid them down. She kicked the fabric away, lying on the sunbed in just her panties and t-shirt.

I grabbed her ass, squeezing the firm flesh, then pulled her panties up tight so the fabric caught in her pussy folds. I sawed the material left and right, then our lips met once more.

"Truth is," she whispered, "we were going to surprise you tonight."

"Oh?"

"I suppose I can be the 'opener,' right?" she chuckled, her voice husky.

"A perfect 'opener.'"

I walked to the edge of the sunbed, grabbed Jasmine's legs, and pulled her gently toward me. Crouching, I hooked my arms under her knees, lifting her legs up and out. I leaned in and licked her clit. She gasped at the first contact, a low moan escaping her lips.

I kept licking her pussy, her body shaking with every stroke of my tongue. I let go of one leg and slid my index finger inside her. I could feel her getting wetter by the second.

I kept my rhythm steady, my tongue flattened against her clit as I lapped at her with broad, hungry strokes. Jasmine's hips were off the sunbed now, her hands clutching the frame as she tried to anchor herself against the friction. The rain was coming down harder, slicking the skin of her thighs where they rested against my shoulders, but the heat radiating from her core was all I could feel.

Suddenly, a faint, translucent flicker crossed my vision. Erogenous Insight had kicked in.

To my eyes only, a soft, pulsating pink glow began to bloom right at the center of her pussy. It wasn't just a static light; it throbbed in time with her heartbeat, intensifying where the nerve endings were most fried. The glow was brightest right on her clit, but as I adjusted my grip, I saw the pink light spread toward her opening and drift backward, highlighting the sensitive skin around her asshole. It was a roadmap to her pleasure, showing me exactly where she was most vulnerable.

I dove back in, my tongue flicking fast and tight against the brightest part of that pink glow, while my index and middle fingers buried themselves deep inside her. She was so slick that my hand made a rhythmic, squelching sound with every thrust. My eyes were locked on the light, watching it flare to a brilliant neon fuchsia as I hit the right spots.

As I pumped my fingers into her, I reached down with my thumb, pressing it firmly but carefully against the glowing ring of her back door. Jasmine's entire body stiffened, a sharp, jagged gasp tearing from her throat as she arched toward me.

"Evan... oh god... right there..."

"Do you like that?" I teased, circling the rim of her back door. The pink light there was shimmering now, practically begging for more attention. "You're so warm, Jas. You're practically glowing."

"Please... fuck... I'm right there! Don't you dare stop..."

I increased the intensity, my tongue flattening against her clit as I transitioned from broad strokes to a frantic, vibrating hum. Every nerve in my body was tuned into her, and with Erogenous Insight active, the world felt like it was narrowing down to that pulsating fuchsia glow between her legs. I sucked her clit into my mouth, swirling my tongue with a speed that made her vision blur, while my fingers drove into her with enough force to make her entire body jolt.

I watched the pink glow reach a fever pitch, a blinding radiance that signaled she was at her absolute limit. I slid my thumb just a bit deeper against her rear, that sudden, new pressure acting like a detonator.

Jasmine's reaction was instantaneous. Her breath hitched, then caught in a strangled sob as her entire body went rigid, snapping tight like a bowstring. She reached down blindly, her nails digging into the skin of my forearms, her knuckles turning white as she

anchored herself to me. Her head thrashed from side to side against the sunbed, her wet hair fanning out like a dark web across the cushions.

"Evan... Evan, I'm—! It's too much! Oh god!" she cried out, her voice cracking with the sheer weight of the pleasure.

She pulled me harder against her, her thighs locking around my head in a desperate, crushing vice, forcing my face deeper into her soaked folds. She wanted every bit of me, every bit of the friction I was providing. I could feel the heat radiating off her in waves, the scent of her arousal becoming a thick, intoxicating cloud that filled my lungs. The pink light was so bright now it was practically blinding, flickering with the rapid-fire beat of her heart.

"I'm cumming! EVAN! I'm..."

She shattered.

## The Heart System - Chapter 460[ 1,227 words ]

*Chapter 460: Chapter 460*

Jasmine's back arched into a bridge, her fingers digging into my hair as a high, trembling moan broke from her lips. The pink glow exploded in a final, dazzling flash before slowly beginning to simmer down into a soft, fading hum. Her pussy clamped down on my fingers in violent, rhythmic spasms, milking them with a desperate strength. I felt the hot, pulsing flood of her release drenching my hand, overflowing and dripping down onto the balcony floor. She shook uncontrollably, her thighs clamping around my head as she rode the peak.

"Evan! Oh... god, Evan!"

She stayed in that state for what felt like an eternity, her moans turning into ragged, breathless hitches as her body finally began to go limp against the cushions. I stayed there, my tongue still pressed against her twitching clit, savoring the taste of her climax until the very last of the tremors faded away.

I pulled my hand back, my fingers glistening and dripping in the dim balcony light. I licked them clean, my eyes locked on her glazed, blown-out stare.

"Goddamn," she breathed, her voice a mere shadow of itself, a beautiful, dazed smile spreading across her face. "You really know exactly what you're doing, don't you?"

I stayed there for a moment, the sound of the storm outside muffled by the thick glass panels enclosing the balcony. The air inside the small space was humid, fogging up the

glass as our combined body heat turned the enclosed area into a private sauna. Jasmine's breathing slowly hitched back to a normal rhythm, her skin glowing under the soft balcony lights. The blue interface of the On a Roll quest was still shimmering at the edge of my vision, the timer ticking down.

I knew I had to move now if I wanted those fifty Special Coins, but more than that, the way Jasmine was looking at me—exposed, wrecked, and utterly trusting—made my blood feel like liquid fire.

"Jas," I whispered, leaning up to kiss the pulse point on her neck. I felt the vibration of her pulse against my lips, fast and frantic. "I want to take that 'opener' offer seriously. I want to see how much you can really handle for me before the others get here."

She let out a shaky, half-breathless laugh, her eyes fluttering open with a hazy, dark heat. "You're not done with me? God, Evan... okay. Show me what else you've got."

I helped her up from the flat sunbed, my hands firm on her waist. The glass panels behind her were already misting over from our breath. I guided her toward the far end of the balcony, where a sturdy waist-high ledge ran along the glass. I had her turn around and lean over it, her chest pressing against the cool surface while her round, perfect ass was pushed back toward me. I reached down and hooked my fingers into her soaked panties, sliding them down her legs until she stepped out of them, leaving her completely bare from the waist down.

The position was primal. She was bent over, legs spread slightly apart, silhouetted against the dark city lights flickering behind the glass. I reached down, my hand sliding between her legs to find her pussy, which was still dripping and swollen. My fingers came away drenched in her slick, hot wetness. I didn't have any oil out here, but I didn't need it—Jasmine was providing everything I required. I coated my cock with her juices, the friction of my hand making it glisten in the dim light.

Then, I leaned down, my face inches from her flushed skin. I dragged my tongue in a long, slow, wet stripe from her pussy all the way up to her tight, puckered ring. Jasmine let out a sharp, jagged gasp that fogged the glass in front of her. I didn't stop there. I buried my face between her cheeks, my tongue swirling in deep, rhythmic circles around her rosebud, tasting the salt of her skin mixed with her own sweet cream.

Slap. I brought my open palm down hard on her left cheek, the sound echoing sharply off the glass panels. The flesh wobbled and turned a delicious, angry pink. Jasmine's hips bucked instinctively, her back arching as she let out a low, guttural moan.

"You like that, don't you?" I whispered, my voice vibrating against her skin.

I gathered a mouthful of spit and let it coat her rear, my tongue flicking against the sensitive opening. I used my thumb to stretch the skin, making sure she was soaked and ready for me. Every time I licked her, the Erogenous Insight flared a brilliant, pulsing

purple, showing me exactly how much she was craving it. I bit the soft meat of her thigh, then licked the mark I'd made, my hands kneading her ass like dough while my tongue kept worshiping her back door until she was whimpering for the real thing.

"You're so tight, Jas," I whispered. "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Just... do it, Evan. I want to feel you. All of you," she hissed, her fingers white-knuckled as she gripped the ledge.

I positioned the head of my cock at the entrance of her rear, but as I tried to push, the resistance was absolute. She was too tight, her muscles clenching in a defensive, panicky flutter that stopped me dead.

"It's okay, Jas. I've got you," I whispered.

I pulled back and crouched behind her, my eyes locked on the puckered, stubborn ring of her rosebud. I didn't rush it. I leaned in and buried my face between her cheeks again, using my tongue like a wedge. I tongued her deeply, swirling and flicking, wet pressure that forced her to yield. I gathered more of her pussy juices on my fingers and painted the area until it was glistening, then I pressed my index finger against the opening.

Slowly, the muscle gave way, swallowing my digit to the knuckle. Jasmine let out a long, shaky groan, her hips swaying as she began to open up. I added a second finger, scissoring them gently inside her to stretch the walls, feeling the heat radiate against my skin. The Erogenous Insight glow was a deep, throbbing violet now, showing me she was primed.

I stood back up, my cock throbbing and slick with the mixture of her nectar and my spit. I lined myself up again and pushed. This time, the head slid in with a wet, heavy friction. I didn't stop, driving forward with a steady, coiling strength until I felt her tailbone knock against my hips.

"Oh god... Evan... it's so much..."

"Take it, Jas. Just breathe for me," I whispered, my muscles coiling as I finally buried myself to the hilt.

I stayed there for a second, letting her adjust. Her internal walls were clenching around me in frantic, rhythmic pulses, trying to accommodate my dick. I started to move, a slow, deep grind that evolved into a heavy, slapping rhythm.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

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ON A ROLL COMPLETED

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CASH OUT OR SAVE IT?

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CURRENT SC: 50

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Huh... it seemed like I could cash out now. But I also could save my SC, earn more, and then cash out for more and better rewards.

I saved it for now.