

The Heart System - Chapter 471[1,076 words]

Chapter 471: Chapter 471

Minne, still on top of Kayla, reached back with one small hand and tangled her fingers in my hair, pulling my face back down to her pussy. I obliged—tongue plunging inside her, sucking her clit hard, moaning against her folds while I kept fucking Kayla with steady, powerful strokes. Minne's whimpers turned into high, desperate cries, hips grinding down against my mouth.

The room was a symphony of wet sounds—slaps of skin on skin, my cock plunging into Kayla's ass, Nala's mouth working my balls with wet pops and slurps, Tessa's tongue licking wherever she could reach, Jasmine's fingers working her own pussy, Minne's high whimpers, Kayla's low moans, Kim's soft encouragements.

I reached up with one hand and delivered a firm smack to Kayla's right cheek—hard enough to make the flesh ripple and bloom red. She cried out—sharp, needy—pushing back harder.

"Yes... spank me... do it more... I love it..."

I smacked the left cheek—then the right again—alternating, each one making her ass jiggle and clench around my cock. The red handprints bloomed beautifully against her skin, glowing under the low lights.

"Fuck... harder... spank me harder... make it sting..."

"As you wish." I slapped her sharper, faster, left, right, left, while I kept pounding her ass. She moaned louder with every impact, body shaking, ass cheeks quivering.

Nala sucked harder on my balls, tongue swirling, humming softly. Tessa licked along my shaft and Kayla's stretched rim every time I pulled back. Jasmine kept kissing my neck, whispering filthy praise. Kim's tits stayed pressed to my back, her hands roaming my chest, pinching my nipples lightly.

Kayla's moans grew frantic. "Evan... fuck... I'm close again... your cock... your hand... don't stop... spank me... fuck me..."

I sped up—short, brutal thrusts now, hips slamming forward. My free hand kept smacking her ass—sharp, rhythmic—each one making her cry out louder.

"You wanna cum, Kayla?" I moaned against Minne's clit, voice muffled.

"Yes, yes, yes..." She said, voice cracking. "Oh, fuck..."

The same UI appeared, where it asked me if I wanted to deny her orgasm. But... naah. Not today. Today, I was going to have fun with these women.

Minne came first—sudden, sharp. Her small body jerked, pussy spasming against my tongue, wetness flooding my mouth. She cried out—high, trembling—hips grinding down hard, fingers tight in my hair.

"Master... cumming... oh no... your tongue... yes!"

Kayla shattered seconds later.

Her scream was raw, deep, guttural, body convulsing as her ass clamped down like a vice around my cock. Waves of tight, rhythmic pulses milked me relentlessly. Her pussy gushed, soaking Tessa's chin, dripping down to Nala's face. Massive cheeks quivered with every spasm, thighs shaking uncontrollably. Back bowed, head thrown back, tits bouncing as she cried my name.

"Evan...your cock... so... different! What the... oh, fuck..."

I kept thrusting—deep, steady—drawing out every tremor, every pulse. Nala kept sucking my balls gently through it. Tessa licked Kayla's stretched ring around my cock, moaning at the taste. Minne slumped forward—panting, trembling—small breasts still pressed to Kayla's back.

When both of them finally collapsed—panting, shaking, asses still twitching—I slowed but didn't stop. My cock throbbed inside Kayla, still rock-hard.

I licked my lips, tasting Minne's sweetness still lingering on my tongue—sweet, clean, addictive—then pulled out of Kayla with a slow, wet pop. My cock bobbed free, thick and glistening, coated in a mix of her and everyone else who'd come before. Kayla's ass stayed arched high on the bed, cheeks glowing red from my earlier spansks, handprints perfectly outlined like badges across her skin. She collapsed forward with a shaky exhale, massive cheeks quivering, hole still pulsing open and closed in soft aftershocks.

I exhaled hard—chest heaving, sweat rolling down my temples—and looked down at Nala. She was still on the bed between my legs, lips wrapped around my balls, tongue swirling lazily like she hadn't noticed I'd stopped fucking Kayla. Her dark eyes flicked up to meet mine, sparkling with mischief, and she gave one last slow suck before pulling off with a wet pop of her own.

I reached down, grabbed her by the waist and helped her to her feet. She rose smoothly, pressing her body against mine immediately. Her tits, full, dark, nipples hard, squished against my chest as I lifted her up in one easy motion. Her legs locked around my hips instinctively, ankles crossing behind my back, arms looping around my neck. She kissed me, tongue sliding against mine while her pussy rubbed wetly against my stomach.

Tessa was already there—crawling forward on her knees, eyes locked on Nala's ass. "Let me get her ready for you," she murmured, voice thick with heat.

She leaned in close, hands spreading Nala's cheeks wide. Tessa spat directly onto Nala's tight little hole then rubbed it in with two fingers, slow circles that made Nala moan into my mouth. Tessa dipped lower, scooped some of her own pussy juice onto her fingers, and smeared it over Nala's rim—slick, warm, glistening. She leaned in again, tongue flicking out—quick, teasing licks around the rim, then pushing inside just enough to make Nala whimper and clench.

"Fuck... Tessa..." Nala breathed against my lips, hips rocking forward. "Your tongue... so good..."

Tessa pulled back, spat once more for good measure, then grabbed my cock and lined me up. She rubbed the head in slow circles around Nala's hole, then pushed forward gently. The tip popped past the ring—tight, hot, gripping. Nala gasped sharply, head falling back against my shoulder.

I sank deeper, feeling her walls stretch and flutter around me. Inch by inch until my hips met her ass with a soft clap. She was impossibly tight—hotter than the others tonight, almost pulsing with need.

"Fuuuck..." Nala moaned, legs tightening around my waist. "You feel so different... thicker... harder... stretching me so good..."

I started thrusting—slow at first, deep rolls of my hips that made her tits bounce against my chest with every upward stroke. She clung to me tighter, nails digging into my shoulders, moaning against my neck.

Jasmine stepped up beside us, pressing her body against my side. "Goddamn... he really does feel different tonight," she murmured, one hand sliding down to cup my balls while I fucked Nala. "Bigger... heavier... fuck, I love it."

Tessa stayed behind, hands on Nala's cheeks, spreading them wider so she could watch my cock slide in and out. "Look at that... her ass swallowing you whole... so fucking pretty..."

The Heart System - Chapter 472[1,135 words]

Chapter 472: Chapter 472

Kim moved behind me again—her heavy tits pressing to my back, nipples dragging across my skin. She kissed the side of my neck, whispering hot against my ear, "You're so deep in her... I can feel every thrust... fuck her harder, baby..."

Minne, still catching her breath from earlier, crawled closer on the bed, eyes wide. She reached out tentatively and ran her small hands along Nala's thighs, stroking softly. "You look so beautiful... taking Master so deep... your butt is so pretty stretched around him..."

I sped up; longer, harder thrusts now, hips snapping upward. Nala's moans turned to sharp cries—high, needy—her ass clenching around me with every stroke, milking me, pulling me deeper.

"Evan... yes... fuck my ass... just like that... don't stop..."

I leaned in, lips at her ear. "You feel so perfect... so hot... so tight... I love how you squeeze me... love how your ass takes every inch..."

"More..." she begged. "Harder... please... I want to feel you everywhere..."

I gave her what she wanted—faster, deeper, hips slamming upward. My balls slapped her pussy with every thrust. Tessa kept spreading her cheeks, occasionally leaning in to lick around the stretched ring or flick her tongue against my shaft when I pulled back. Jasmine's hand stayed on my balls—gentle squeezes, rolling them—while Kim kissed my neck and shoulders, whispering encouragement.

Nala's cries grew frantic. "Oh god... I'm close... so close... keep fucking me... don't stop..."

I reached around with one hand—careful—and rubbed slow circles over her clit. She bucked hard, ass clamping down like a vice.

"Yes... touch me there... oh fuck... Evan... I'm gonna cum... gonna cum with your cock in my ass..."

"Do it," I moaned. "Cum for me... let me feel that tight ass squeeze me while you come apart..."

"FUCKKK... GOD... Oh, fuuuuuuck..."

Her scream was raw—high and trembling—body convulsing in my arms. Her ass spasmed violently around my cock—wave after wave of tight, rhythmic pulses that milked me relentlessly. Her pussy gushed against my fingers, wetness soaking my hand, dripping down her thighs. Legs shook uncontrollably, arms tightening around my neck, tits bouncing against my chest as she cried my name over and over.

"Aaagh... EVAN! YES!"

I kept thrusting—deep, steady—drawing out every tremor, every pulse. Tessa licked around the stretched ring, moaning at the taste. Jasmine squeezed my balls gently through it. Kim kissed my neck, whispering how beautiful Nala looked coming apart.

When Nala finally slumped against me—panting, trembling, ass still twitching around my cock—I slowed but didn't stop. My cock throbbed inside her, still rock-hard, still close.

I lowered Nala onto the bed, my chest heaving as I looked over the line of girls. Each one was a different brand of temptation, their eyes tracking the slick, heavy weight of my cock. I let out a long exhale, the humid air of the room pressing against my skin.

"Alright," I rasped, "who wants to be the lucky girl?"

"Me!"

The word chirped out before anyone else could speak. We all turned to look at Minne. Usually the quietest of the bunch, she was practically vibrating with nervous energy, her pale fingers twisting the hem of her white silk chemise.

"Damn, she really wants that morning sickness, doesn't she?" Nala teased, leaning back on her elbows.

"Someone's eager to start a family," Jasmine added with a wicked little smirk.

Minne's face turned a shade of crimson that put the sunset to shame, her gaze dropping to the floor. I didn't give her time to retreat into her shell. I reached out, snagging her by the waist and pulling her small, delicate frame against me. I led her to the window, the city lights reflecting off the glass like distant diamonds.

"Let's see if that enthusiasm holds up," I whispered, bending her forward until her chest was pressed against the cool pane.

I didn't waste time with a slow build. I lined myself up and drove into her pussy, the initial thrust forcing a high, sharp yelp from her throat. She gripped the windowsill, her knuckles white as I established a punishing, rapid-fire pace.

"Your ass is so damn cute, honey," Kayla murmured, stepping up behind us. She reached out, her hand sliding over the pale curve of Minne's cheek, kneading the soft flesh. "Look at how it jiggles every time he hits you."

Minne buried her face in her arms, her soft whimpers of embarrassment lost in the rhythmic thwack of our bodies colliding. I kept the pressure on, my hands anchoring her hips as I pulled out with a wet pop, only to immediately plunge into her tight, virgin-like rear. She let out a choked-off sob of pleasure, her back arching into a bow.

"That's it, Minne. Take every inch of it," I said, my breath hot against the back of her neck.

I was cycling through her now—three deep, stretching thrusts in her ass followed by a fast, shallow blurring of her pussy. I was mixing the sensations, keeping her off-balance

until she was nothing but a mess of incoherent moans. The friction was reaching a boiling point; I could feel the familiar, heavy throb at the base of my spine. I was right on the edge.

"Yes, Master... please!" Minne cried out, her voice cracking with desperation. "Put it inside! I want to have your baby... please, please, fill me up!"

I felt a warm weight against my back as Jasmine leaned in, her lips brushing my ear. "She earned it, don't you think? Give her exactly what she's begging for, Evan."

That was the final push. I let out a guttural roar, my hands nearly bruising Minne's hips as I buried myself to the absolute hilt in her pussy.

I broke.

Rope after rope of hot, thick release surged out of me. It felt like a floodgate had been smashed open; the sheer volume was staggering. I kept pumping, my back arching as the cum overflowed, beginning to drip down her thighs and pool on the floor beneath us. Even I was stunned by the sheer amount, my body trembling with the force of the evacuation.

I pushed a few more times, shallow and desperate, making sure every last drop was delivered before I slowly, reluctantly pulled out. The sound was a heavy, wet suction.

I stood back, my chest heaving, and reached down to grab her asscheeks. I spread them wide, my eyes roaming over the wreckage I'd made. Between the messy sheen on her inner thighs and the way her entrance was twitching, she looked utterly claimed.

"Look at that..." I breathed, the words barely a whisper. "Fuck..."

I turned back, and realised the girls were looking at me with hungry eyes.

"Looks like we're going to continue," I smirked. "Oh, boy..."

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The Heart System - Chapter 473 [1,048 words]

Chapter 473: Chapter 473

I was... phew. I was beat. We'd fucked all night, and now we were all a mess. No work today, though. No way we'd wake up in time. It was all a haze, but I remembered when we hit the bed, it was already six in the damn morning, the sun slowly going up.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +3900

Villain Bonus: +1000 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Bliss Multiplier: 7350c

I groaned as I opened my eyes, seeing the familiar ceiling of the master bedroom. Something soft and heavy was pressing against my back; warm, full, familiar. Glancing back, I saw Kayla curled up behind me, still asleep, her bare tits squished against my spine, one arm draped possessively over my waist. Her breathing was slow and even, lips parted slightly.

Looking down, I realized Minne was sprawled across my right leg—naked, small body half off the bed, legs dangling over the edge. My soft cock rested against her forehead, rising slowly as blood rushed south from the sight of her peaceful face and the feel of Kayla's curves molded to me.

I couldn't help but smile, then yawned and stretched carefully so I wouldn't wake them.

"Morning, handsome."

Jasmine stepped out of the bathroom, bathrobe loosely tied, hair damp and tousled. She leaned against the doorframe, smirking.

"Hey," I said, voice rough from sleep. "What time is it?"

"Eleven in the morning." She padded closer, robe slipping open just enough to show a sliver of skin. "We really slept through, huh?"

"Yeah... we really did."

The system UI flickered up unbidden.

Seeing Minne naked, feeling Kayla's tits pressed to my back—my cock stiffened fully, rising until it nudged Minne's forehead. A few seconds later her eyes fluttered open. She blinked sleepily, still pillowed on my thigh, then met my gaze. Her cheeks flushed instantly when she realized what was touching her face.

"Hey, honey," I said softly.

"M-Master..." She swallowed, eyes dropping to my cock—throbbing, thick, already leaking a bead of precum. "I'll help you."

"Thank you."

"Always."

She shifted—still lying on her stomach across my leg—and positioned herself so her face hovered over me. Her small mouth opened and she took the head in, sucking gently. She could only manage about half my length—her throat too tight, cheeks hollowing adorably as she tried. I put one hand on the back of her head and guided her down a little further. She gagged softly, eyes watering, but didn't pull away. I eased off immediately, stroking her hair.

"Let me handle him," Kayla murmured behind me, voice husky from sleep. "Don't bully the poor girl."

"Oh. Morning."

Kayla stirred, sliding her body down mine until her face was level with my cock. She pushed Minne gently aside—Minne scooted up to watch, eyes wide—and wrapped one hand around the base. Then she took me in one smooth, deep motion—lips stretching, throat relaxing, swallowing me to the root without hesitation. I moaned, head falling back against the pillow for a second, eyes closing as her throat rippled around me.

"Where's Nala?" I managed as Jasmine slipped one leg through her panties, balancing on the bed's edge.

"At work, actually," Jasmine said, pulling the lace up her thighs. "She wanted to see if there was anything new regarding that K dude."

"Hmm." Kayla took me deeper—nose brushing my pelvis—and I groaned louder. "Shit... so good, Kayla."

She pulled off with a slow drag, lips shiny, smirking. "This is nothing."

Before I could respond, she swung one leg over me and straddled my hips backward—reverse cowgirl. Her massive ass hovered above my cock—so big that it jiggled with the slightest movement. She lowered slowly, pressing her cheeks around my shaft without letting me inside yet. The warmth enveloped me instantly—soft, plush, overwhelming. She rocked forward and back, sliding my cock between her cheeks like a hotdog in a bun, the friction incredible.

Her ass was unreal—each cheek so full it swallowed half my length with every slide, the cleft so deep my cock disappeared completely between them. The skin was smooth, flawless, the kind of ass that made time slow down. Every time she rolled her hips, the cheeks clapped softly together, gripping and releasing me in perfect rhythm.

"Fuck..." I groaned, hands instinctively grabbing her hips. "Your ass feels insane... so soft... so fucking thick..."

Kayla chuckled low, grinding harder. "You like being sandwiched between these cheeks, baby? Feel how they hug you... how they swallow you up..."

Jasmine watched from the bed's edge, smirking as she finished dressing. "I'll have breakfast ready," she said, heading for the door. "Don't break the bed."

Minne started to follow her—small steps toward the door.

I reached out quickly and caught her wrist. "No. Stay. Watch and learn how to give a proper assjob from Kayla."

Minne froze, cheeks flaming. "O-okay, Master... I will learn."

Kayla glanced back, smiling warmly. "Aww, so cute."

She kept grinding, sliding my cock up and down her crack, cheeks squeezing me tighter with every pass. I could feel every ripple of muscle under her skin, every jiggle when she rolled her hips harder.

I pulled Minne closer gently and had her lay beside me on her side, facing me. My left hand slid between her thighs, fingers finding her pussy—already wet, swollen. I rubbed slow circles over her clit, then slipped two fingers inside her—curling them upward, stroking that spot that made her gasp.

Minne whimpered, small hips rocking against my hand. "Master... oh... your fingers..."

With my right hand I reached up and delivered a firm smack to Kayla's right cheek—hard enough to make the flesh ripple and bloom brighter red. Kayla moaned, grinding down harder.

"Yes... spank me... do it more... I love feeling your hand on my ass while I slide on you..."

The Heart System - Chapter 474[1,070 words]

Chapter 474: Chapter 474

I smacked the left cheek, then the right again, alternating, each one making her cheeks jiggle and clap around my cock. The red handprints deepened, glowing against her skin.

"Fuck... harder... make it sting... I want to feel it all day..."

I obliged, sharper, faster slaps, while my left hand kept working Minne's pussy, fingers pumping steadily, thumb circling her clit. Minne's moans grew higher, hips bucking against my palm.

Kayla sped up, sliding faster now, cheeks clapping louder, slick sounds filling the room. "You're so hard between them... so thick... fuck, I can feel every vein..."

I was close—balls tight, pressure building fast.

Kayla felt it too. "You're gonna cum, aren't you? Gonna paint my ass... do it... give it to me..."

"UGHH... fuck..."

I broke, groaning low and deep. Rope after rope shot out—thick, hot, endless. The first few blasts hit her lower back, then higher—splattering across her cheeks, dripping down the cleft, some arcing far enough to land on the back of her neck. I kept cumming—more than I expected, more than I thought possible—thick white streaks painting her skin, pooling in the dimples above her ass, running down her thighs.

Even I was surprised—breath hitching as another spurt landed on her shoulder blade. "Fuck... so much..."

I pushed up between her cheeks a few more times—milking the last drops—then pulled back slowly. My cock glistened, still half-hard. I looked down at her ass—red handprints blooming across both cheeks, cum streaked everywhere, dripping slowly toward the sheets.

Kayla shifted her weight, still straddling my lap, her massive cheeks resting heavily on my thighs. My cock—still sensitive, still half-hard from the earlier release—twitched against the warm cleft of her ass. She looked back over her shoulder with that slow, wicked smile, then began to move.

She didn't take me inside again. Instead she gently hopped—small, teasing bounces—letting her thick cheeks clap softly around my shaft. Each little jump made her ass jiggle

and squeeze me between them, the plush flesh sliding up and down my length in perfect, slippery friction. The head of my cock peeked out from her crack with every upward motion, then disappeared again when she dropped back down.

I was still too sensitive—every bounce sent a sharp jolt through me. I moaned low, hips jerking involuntarily. A few weak spurts leaked out—thin ropes of cum dribbling from the tip, smearing across her lower back and dripping down the curve of one cheek.

"Fuck... Kayla..." I groaned, hands gripping her hips tighter. "Too much... too soon..."

She laughed softly and slowed her bounces to a gentle grind, just rolling her hips so her cheeks kept hugging my cock. "Poor baby... still sensitive?" She glanced back at Minne, who was kneeling beside us, eyes wide and cheeks flushed. "Well, I guess his cock needs some cleaning."

"She's right," I said, voice rough. I looked at Minne, smiling softly. "Clean it, honey. And her ass, too."

"Yes, Master!" Minne chirped eagerly, voice high and sweet despite the blush that spread down her neck.

She crawled forward on her hands and knees, small breasts swaying beneath her. Kayla lifted her hips slightly, giving Minne room, and Minne leaned in without hesitation. Her tiny tongue flicked out first, tentative licks along the underside of my shaft, tasting the mix of cum and Kayla's ass. She moaned softly at the flavor, then opened her mouth wider, taking the head in and sucking gently. Her cheeks hollowed, tongue swirling around the tip, cleaning every drop she could reach. She bobbed slowly—only managing half my length—but her effort was adorable, eyes watering slightly as she tried to please me.

Then she pulled off with a soft pop and moved higher. Kayla arched her back more, presenting her ass fully. Minne hesitated for half a second, then leaned in and dragged her tongue along the cleft, starting at the base where my cum had pooled. She licked upward in long, slow strokes, cleaning the thick streaks that had splattered across Kayla's lower back, then higher, reaching the small of her back, then her shoulder blades. When she found the stray rope that had landed near Kayla's neck, Minne stretched up and lapped it away, soft, careful licks that made Kayla hum in pleasure.

"Such a good girl," Kayla murmured, glancing back with a smile. "Getting every drop..."

Minne's face was scarlet, but she kept going—tongue tracing the red handprints on Kayla's cheeks, licking the cum that had dripped down the curves. My cock throbbed again—hardening fully at the sight of Minne's small mouth working so diligently.

When she finally pulled back—lips shiny, cheeks flushed—she reached out with one tentative hand and gently grabbed one of Kayla's massive asscheeks. Her fingers barely

made a dent in the soft flesh. She squeezed shyly, almost reverently, then let go and grabbed the other cheek, playing with it like she couldn't believe how much there was.

"So... big..." she whispered, voice awed.

Kayla laughed softly. "Give it a slap, sweetie."

Minne's hand lifted—then came down in the gentlest pat imaginable. Barely a sound.

I chuckled. "Not like that."

I reached over and delivered a firm, crisp smack to the same cheek. The flesh rippled beautifully; Kayla moaned low, pushing back into my hand.

Minne tried again—still soft, but with a little more force. A quiet clap.

"Harder," I said, voice gentle but firm.

Minne bit her lip, then swung again—harder this time. The smack rang out; Kayla's cheek jiggled, and she let out a pleased hum.

"That's a good maid," Kayla purred, glancing back with a grin.

I smirked. "See? She likes it."

Kayla stretched then—arms overhead, back arching, massive ass lifting slightly off my lap. Her tits bounced with the motion. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Yeah," I agreed, still catching my breath. "Same. Let's eat. You can stay here if you want for the day, Kayla."

She shook her head, already sliding off me. "I have to get back. Gotta do some cleaning before New Year's."

I nodded. "Fair enough."

I watched her walk toward the bathroom, ass swaying hypnotically with every step, then turned to Minne. She was still kneeling beside me, eyes big, cheeks pink. I leaned down, cupped her face gently, and kissed her on the forehead. She melted into it, small hands resting on my chest.

When I pulled back, I smiled. "Come on. Breakfast."



The Heart System - Chapter 475[1,034 words]

Chapter 475: Chapter 475

I knocked once and pushed the door open without waiting. Maeve was sitting behind her desk in that comfortable office chair of hers, a mug of coffee in her hand. She looked up when I entered and gave me a polite smile, lifting the cup to take a sip. She placed it down on the desk and drew in a breath like she was about to greet me.

Before she could say anything, I activated Hypnotize. The faint glow appeared in her eyes and her body went still. No greeting, no questions. Just silence. Good. I wasn't in the mood for small talk.

I closed the door behind me and walked toward her desk at a steady pace. When I stopped in front of her, I crossed my arms and looked straight into her eyes. Now... who the hell was this "K," and what exactly was his problem?

"Maeve," I said calmly. "Do you know who K is?"

"Yes," she replied, her voice completely flat, stripped of any personality.

"What's his real name?"

"Jack Kuinn."

I frowned slightly. "Quinn? That doesn't have a K in it."

"K-U-I-N-N," she said, spelling it out slowly.

"Oh." I nodded once. "Alright."

So that's how he wrote it.

"Where can I find him?"

"He was here a couple of days ago," she said. "Outside the building."

"Hmm." I rubbed my chin. "Does he work here?"

"No."

"Do you have a photo of him?" I asked. "Anything that could help me recognize him?"

"No."

I exhaled through my nose. "Do you know why he set up the hidden camera?"

"No."

I dragged a hand down my face in frustration. "You're not being very helpful here."

At least I had a name now: Jack Kuinn.

That was something.

I could technically ask Tuck's cop friend to run a check on the name, but after the way things ended between us, asking for favors wasn't exactly an option anymore. No chance in hell. That meant I had to find this guy myself.

Fantastic. Playing detective again.

First crawling through dusty vents, now hunting some random creep with a weirdly spelled name. My life was really taking interesting turns lately.

I released the Hypnotize spell. The glow in Maeve's eyes faded instantly.

She blinked and shifted slightly in her chair, looking momentarily disoriented, like she had just forgotten what she was about to say. She shook her head once and leaned back, regaining her usual composure.

"Hello, Mr. Marlowe," she said, adjusting her posture. "Last time I saw you, you were in full panic mode."

"Huh?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Cracking the USB you gave me," she said, gesturing toward her laptop. "You ran off before I could even finish opening it."

"Oh."

Right.

From her perspective, I never saw what was inside that USB. I had used Time Stop, checked Chase's files myself, copied what I needed, and deleted the rest before she even noticed anything had happened. Time Stop had saved my ass more than once already.

Without it, I never would've learned the name Jack Kuinn.

"So," Maeve said, folding her hands on the desk, "what brings you here today, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Just checking in," I replied casually. "Seeing if you changed your mind about helping me with the hidden camera situation."

She didn't hesitate.

"No," she said firmly. "I haven't."

I nodded once. "Alright. Fair enough. Take care, Maeve."

"You too, Mr. Marlowe."

"Hmm."

I turned and walked out, closing the door behind me with a quiet click.

Now the real question was where the hell to start looking for Jack Kuinn. If he had been inside this building before without actually working here, that meant he knew how to move around unnoticed. The guy was clearly sneaky.

I headed toward the elevators and pressed the button. After a few seconds the doors slid open and a couple of people stepped out. I stepped inside and pressed the button for the ground floor.

As the elevator descended, I muttered quietly under my breath.

"Jack Kuinn... Jack Kuinn..."

Maybe someone else in the building had seen him.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened. I stepped out and walked over to the security desk. The guard was sitting in his chair, staring absentmindedly at the floor like he was deep in thought.

"Hey," I said.

He looked up quickly and straightened a little. "Oh. Mr. Marlowe. How may I help?"

"Do you know anyone named Jack Kuinn?" I asked. "And keep this between us. I'd rather not have this spreading around."

The guard frowned, thinking. "I... don't believe I know anyone by that name, sir."

"Alright." I nodded slowly. "Have you seen anyone suspicious lately? Someone who didn't seem like they belonged here?"

He scratched his chin for a second. "Well... there was one guy I mentioned to you before."

I tilted my head. "Yeah?"

"He kept insisting he was someone's father. I forgot the name of the girl though."

My mind clicked instantly. The lunatic who claimed he was Amelia's father.

Wait.

Could that actually be the K person I was looking for?

At first it sounded ridiculous, but the more I thought about it, the less impossible it seemed. The guy had already shown up once acting weird. If he was lying about who he was, maybe he was lying about his name too.

Still... I couldn't ignore a possible lead.

I needed to find that guy and ask him some questions about the hidden camera. Too bad Hypnotize only worked on women. If it worked on everyone, my job would be a lot easier right now.

Didn't that guy also introduce himself as Jack? At the time I assumed it was fake because he couldn't even tell me his supposed daughter's surname. But now... I didn't know if he was just some creepy stalker or something much worse.

Either way, I needed more information.

"Got it," I said with a nod. "Thanks for the help."

"Anytime, Mr. Marlowe."

I turned and walked back toward the elevator, pressing the button again.

My god, this whole situation was getting more complicated by the minute. And honestly, I hated every second of it.

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The Heart System - Chapter 476[1,270 words]

Chapter 476: Chapter 476

I couldn't get that image out of my head. Mana dropping her hand down on Chase like he was nothing. The sound of bones snapping, ribs collapsing under the pressure, blood everywhere. It was brutal. The guy was a horrible person, sure, but watching someone die

like that was something else entirely. At the same time, another part of me kept remembering Jasmine and the other girls tied up in that room, helpless, and that part of me didn't feel nearly as bad about Chase's fate.

Still, the memory kept looping in my mind and it made concentrating impossible.

The papers on my desk looked like they were written in a language I didn't understand. I kept staring at them, scanning lines of text without actually reading anything. My eyes were on the documents but my thoughts were somewhere else entirely.

Mana's subject. The most powerful goddess among them.

What exactly did that mean for me?

"Damn," I muttered under my breath, rubbing my temple. "Is she going to kill me or what?"

The elevator opened nearby and Amelia stepped out. She adjusted her sharp glasses as she walked toward my desk, her usual serious expression in place. When she saw me she gave a small nod, and for a moment her expression softened slightly.

"Evan," she said. "Hey."

"Hi," I replied, leaning back a little in my chair. "What's up?"

"Are we still on for the driving lessons?" she asked. "If that still works for you."

"Oh yeah, sure," I said. "When's your break?"

"Right now," she said. "What about you?"

"If the boss lady lets me," I said while getting up from my chair, "then right now as well. Give me a second."

"Okay."

I walked over to Nala's office and opened the door. She looked up from the paperwork on her desk, clearly ready to scold whoever had walked in without knocking. When she saw me instead, her expression changed and she smiled.

"Evan?" she said. "What's going on?"

"I'm stepping out for a bit," I said. "Driving lesson with Amelia. I should be back in about half an hour."

"Sure," she replied immediately. "Go ahead."

"Thanks," I said. Then I leaned a little closer and lowered my voice. "Love you."

She glanced toward the hallway and then whispered back. "Shh... love you."

I chuckled and closed the door behind me.

When I walked back toward Amelia she looked at my face and immediately understood that Nala had approved it. She clapped her hands together once, clearly excited.

She really wanted to learn how to drive.

I had to admit though, this wasn't going to be a relaxing lesson. I needed to ask her about that guy who had shown up earlier claiming to be her father. The one who introduced himself as Jack Hitch. If that guy turned out to be the same person as this K I was looking for, I needed to figure out what he was doing.

"Ready to go?" Amelia asked.

"Yep," I said. "Let's go."

We walked to the elevator and I pressed the button. The doors opened with a soft chime and we stepped inside. I pressed the ground floor.

The ride down was quiet except for the faint music playing through the speakers. Amelia turned slightly and checked her reflection in the mirror on the wall, fixing her hair and adjusting her glasses. I stood there with my hands loosely clasped in front of me, looking down and waiting.

The elevator opened and we stepped out. We walked through the lobby and out the automatic doors.

The air outside felt warmer than the day before. Snow was falling slowly, drifting down in lazy flakes, and a light breeze moved through the parking lot. It was calm, not the kind of weather that made you regret stepping outside.

We walked down the steps and reached my jeep. I tossed the keys to Amelia and she caught them quickly. We both got inside.

She took a slow breath, adjusted the mirrors, and started the engine.

"How about we go onto the main road today?" I said. "Good warm-up."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," she replied while gripping the steering wheel.

"It'll be fine," I said. "Let's leave the parking lot and head to that roundabout."

"Okay."

She began driving slowly through the parking lot, her eyes glued to the road ahead. Her hands were gripping the steering wheel so tightly her knuckles had turned pale.

"Easy," I said calmly. "You're holding the wheel too tight."

"Oh." She loosened her grip a little. "Sorry."

"It's normal," I said. "Just relax. I'm right here. If anything happens I'll help."

"O-okay. Thanks."

A soft system notification chimed in my mind and informed me I'd earned two points from that interaction. I wasn't going to complain about that. If only Ivy was this easy. After telling her the truth about Chase I somehow ended up at negative ninety-nine points with her. That girl was unbelievable.

I shook my head and pushed the thought aside. Right now I needed to focus on Jack Kuinn.

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: 12/20

Esme: Interest: 60/80★★

Amelia reached the exit of the parking lot, checked the road, and merged carefully when she saw it was clear. She drove slowly, clearly excited but also nervous.

"So," I said casually, "do you know anyone named Jack Kuinn?"

She stopped at a red light and looked over at me with one eyebrow raised.

"No," she said. "Who is that?"

"Someone who showed up here a few days ago," I said. "He claimed he was your father."

"My father?" she said with a confused look. "That's not possible. My father's dead."

"Yeah, that's what I figured."

She frowned slightly. "That's actually a little creepy. Do you have a photo of him?"

"No," I said. "Security called me because someone was asking around. I went down, talked to the guy, and kicked him out."

"Jack Kuinn..." she repeated quietly.

"With a K," I said. "Kuinn."

"Huh," she said. "Never heard of that name. Did he introduce himself like that?"

"No," I said. "He said his name was Jack Hitch."

She turned her head toward me slowly, clearly surprised.

"Hitch?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"That was my father's surname," she said.

"What?"

"My mom and him broke up a couple of years ago," she explained. "He was my stepfather."

I leaned back slightly in my seat. "Wait. Your stepfather came here?"

"I guess he did," she said.

A few cars honked behind us. The traffic light had turned green and Amelia hadn't noticed. I pointed forward.

"Light."

"Oh." She quickly pressed the gas and moved the car forward again. "Why would he come here?" she said while keeping her eyes on the road. "I don't understand."

"You're not on good terms with him?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Not at all. Mom left him years ago. I haven't talked to him since."

"I see."

She was quiet for a moment and then glanced at me again.

"Then who is this Kuinn guy?" she asked.

"It's a separate thing," I said. "Don't worry about that right now."

She nodded slowly.

"So," I continued, "Jack Hitch. That's your stepfather."

"Not anymore," she said.

"Right," I said. "Not anymore."

The Heart System - Chapter 477[1,055 words]

Chapter 477: Chapter 477

Jack Kuinn. Jack Hitch.

Were these two different people, or was Amelia's stepfather somehow involved in something he shouldn't be?

I needed to figure that out quickly. If those videos from the hidden camera ever became public, we would all be in serious trouble. The company, Nala, everyone involved. I already hated dealing with corporate politics, and now there was blackmail mixed into the mess.

Amelia steered the car around the roundabout and took the second exit. Her driving was still careful, but I could tell something had changed. Her shoulders were a little tense, and she wasn't as relaxed as before.

Finding out her stepfather had been here clearly bothered her.

I leaned back slightly in the passenger seat and watched the road ahead while thinking. That guy had demanded money before, right? Maybe the camera footage was part of some plan. If he had access to those recordings, he could easily try to blackmail the company. Someone like that wouldn't stop after a single payment either. Guys like him kept squeezing until there was nothing left.

I had to deal with him somehow.

"If you don't mind me asking," I said carefully, "what was your stepfather like?"

Amelia kept her eyes on the road as she answered.

"Always broke," she said. "He had credit card debt all the time. The real problem was his sons. They kept asking him for money, and he always gave it to them."

"How old are they?"

"Twins," she said. "Twenty-nine."

"No jobs?"

She shook her head slightly. "No jobs. No real life. Nothing. If you ask me, they're just pathetic."

"Yeah," I said quietly. "That sounds rough."

"It really was," she replied.

She slowed the car and turned left, heading back toward the company building's parking lot. Her mood had clearly shifted since the conversation started.

"I think I should talk to my mom about this," she added.

"Probably a good idea," I said.

Amelia drove through the entrance and the security gate opened automatically after recognizing the vehicle. She parked in the same spot as before, pulled the handbrake, and leaned back in her seat.

For a moment she covered her face with one hand and let out a long breath.

I guess I had dragged her mood down more than I intended.

A few seconds later we both stepped out of the car. She handed the keys back to me while pulling out her phone. I watched as she opened her contacts and found a number.

She was already dialing before she lifted the phone to her ear.

I didn't want to interrupt, so I just cleared my throat quietly and stepped a little to the side, giving her some space while she waited for the call to connect.

After a moment she glanced back at me.

"Thanks for everything, Evan," she said. "I think I'll skip lunch today."

"Alright," I said with a small nod. "Take care, Amelia."

△ △ △

I opened the door and stepped inside, closing it behind me with a soft thud. The apartment was quiet except for the faint clatter from the kitchen and the low hum of the city outside the windows. The girls had decided to go shopping earlier, something about New Year's sales, and I wasn't in the mood to tag along. My head was too full anyway. K, Chase, Mana, the videos... it all kept spinning like a bad loop I couldn't pause. I hated not knowing what to do next. Corporate bullshit had nothing on this kind of crappy helplessness.

Minne peeked around the kitchen wall the second I kicked off my shoes. Her face lit up—small, bright smile that always made something in my chest loosen. She was wearing her usual maid outfit: short black dress with white lace trim, apron tied in a neat bow at the back, thigh-high stockings clipped to garters. A few strands of hair had escaped her little cap and were sticking to her cheek from the heat of whatever she was baking.

"Welcome home, Master," she said softly, wiping flour-dusted hands on her apron.

I smiled back—tired, but real. "Hey, cutie. Smells amazing in here."

She ducked her head shyly. "I baked a cake... but it's still hot. You can have some later."

"Meatballs, pasta, and fries for dinner, still?" I asked, hanging my jacket on the hook.

"Yes! Miss Tessa's menu," she replied proudly. "She said it was 'comfort food for after a long day.'"

I chuckled under my breath. "Sounds perfect."

I headed straight for the bathroom. The mirror didn't lie—I looked wrecked. Dark circles, hair a disaster, shoulders slumped like I'd been carrying bricks all day. I turned on the faucet, washed my hands, then splashed cold water on my face until I could breathe again. Staring at my reflection, my mind kept circling back to K. If he really had the videos, he would've made contact by now—blackmail, threats, something. Silence meant either he couldn't recover them from the hidden cams... or he was waiting for something bigger.

I exhaled hard, dried my face, and walked back out.

Minne was waiting near the couch, hands clasped in front of her apron, rocking slightly on her heels.

"Master..." she started, voice small.

I sat down heavily, legs spreading. "Yeah? What's up?"

She took one step closer, then another, until she was standing between my knees. Her fingers twisted the hem of her dress—nervous habit I'd come to recognize.

"Um..." She swallowed. "Here..."

She opened her hand slowly. A small white plastic stick rested on her palm.

Pregnancy test.

Two bold pink lines.

My heart did a weird stutter-stop thing. I stared at it for a second, then up at her face—wide eyes, bottom lip caught between her teeth, cheeks already turning pink.

"Shit," I muttered, a slow grin spreading across my face. "So it happened, huh?"

"A-are you... happy, Master?" Her voice was barely above a whisper.

I stood up fast, wrapped my arms around her waist and lifted her off the floor in a tight hug. She squeaked, then melted against me, small hands clutching my shirt.

"Happy?" I laughed softly into her hair. "I'm fucking thrilled, Minne. You're gonna be the cutest mom ever."

She giggled, high and relieved, then buried her face in my neck. "Thank you, Master..."

The Heart System - Chapter 478[1,096 words]

Chapter 478: Chapter 478

I kissed her then, pouring everything I couldn't say into it. When we broke apart she was breathing fast, pupils blown, small hands fisted in my shirt.

I sat back down on the couch and guided her onto my lap. She settled sideways, legs draped over mine, head tucking naturally under my chin. One of her hands drifted to her belly and rubbed gentle circles.

My hand moved almost on instinct, sliding up the back of her thigh, under the short hem of her maid dress, until my palm cupped one soft asscheek. I squeezed gently, kneading the flesh, thumb tracing the edge of her garter strap. Minne sighed, shifting closer, her warmth seeping through my pants.

My cock thickened against her hip, hardening fast. She felt it immediately, her breath hitched, thighs pressing together. I could feel the heat between her legs through the thin fabric, already dampening my slacks.

I leaned down, lips brushing the shell of her ear. "I think you deserve a reward for carrying my baby, Minne."

She moaned softly, small, needy sound that went straight to my dick. "Yes, Master... please..."

I kissed the side of her neck, hand sliding between her thighs from behind. My fingers brushed her soaked panties, cotton, simple, already clinging to her folds. I rubbed slow circles over her clit through the fabric, feeling her shiver and open her legs wider.

"You're so wet already," I murmured. "Just from sitting on my lap... knowing you're pregnant with my kid..."

"Y-yes..." she whimpered, hips rocking forward against my hand. "It makes me... so happy... so needy..."

I slipped my fingers under the edge of her panties, finding her bare clit, swollen, slick. I circled it slowly while my other hand kept kneading her ass, occasionally delivering a light smack that made her gasp and clench.

My cock was fully hard now, straining against my pants, trapped between us. Minne rocked against it instinctively, small moans spilling from her lips every time the head brushed her thigh.

I kissed her again, deeper this time, tongue sliding against hers while my fingers dipped lower, pushing inside her soaked entrance. She was tight, hot, fluttering around me immediately. I curled my fingers upward, stroking that spot that always made her tremble.

"Master... oh... right there... please..."

I kept the rhythm steady, fingers pumping slowly, thumb rubbing her clit in tight circles, while my other hand alternated between squeezing her ass and spanking it lightly. Each smack made her pussy clench harder around my fingers, wetness dripping down my palm.

"You're gonna be such a good mommy," I whispered against her mouth. "Carrying my baby... taking care of our little one... and still being my perfect little maid..."

She whimpered, nodding frantically. "Y-yes... I want to... I want everything with you..."

I sped up slightly—fingers thrusting deeper, thumb pressing harder on her clit. Her hips bucked, small body trembling on my lap.

"Master... I'm... I'm close..."

"Cum for me, honey," I murmured. "Let me feel you come on my fingers... show me how happy you are..."

She shattered, a small, sharp cry muffled against my shoulder. Her pussy spasmed around my fingers, wetness flooding my hand. Her legs shook, toes curling, small hands clutching my shirt as she rode it out.

I kept stroking her through it, slow, gentle, until her tremors faded and she slumped against me, panting, face buried in my neck.

"Good girl," I whispered, kissing her temple. "So fucking good."

She smiled shyly, still trembling. "Thank you, Master..."

I held her close for a long moment, my hard cock still trapped between us, throbbing with need, but content just to feel her heartbeat against mine.

I squeezed Minne tighter, arms wrapping fully around her small waist, pulling her flush against my chest until there was no space left between us. Her breath hitched, warm against my neck, and I could feel her heart hammering fast through the thin fabric of her maid dress. I tilted her chin up with two fingers and kissed her, slow at first, just lips

brushing lips, then deeper, tongue sliding against hers in a lazy, possessive sweep. She melted into it immediately, small hands clutching my shirt, a soft whimper escaping when I nipped her bottom lip.

When I pulled back, her eyes were glassy, lips swollen and shiny. I exhaled hard through my nose, cock already straining painfully against my pants.

"Hold on," I murmured.

I shifted her weight slightly to one arm, then reached down with my free hand and unbuckled my belt. Metal clinked softly in the quiet room. The zipper came next, loud in the silence. I shoved my pants and boxers down just enough, lifting Minne a little higher so the fabric could slide past my hips. My cock sprang free, thick and heavy, slapping gently against her stomach through her dress. She gasped at the contact, eyes dropping immediately to see it throbbing against her belly, already leaking a thick bead of precum that smeared across the black fabric.

"So hot... Master..." she whispered, voice trembling with awe and need. Her small hands reached down instinctively, wrapping around the shaft, barely able to close her fingers all the way. She stroked once, slow, exploratory, thumb brushing over the slick head, spreading the precum.

I kissed her again, hungrier this time, while my hands slid down to grip her hips. "Sit on it," I said against her mouth, voice rough.

Minne nodded frantically, cheeks flaming. She lifted herself a little, knees spreading wider so they bracketed my thighs. She was facing me, back straight, small body hovering just above my cock. One hand stayed wrapped around the base, steadying me, while the other lifted the front of her dress and pulled her soaked cotton panties to the side. The sight of her tiny, glistening pussy, pink, swollen, dripping, made my cock jump in her grip.

She lowered herself slowly.

The head kissed her entrance, hot, slick, parting her folds with the slightest pressure. Minne moaned, long, shaky, eyes fluttering shut as she sank down another inch. The stretch was visible: her lips parting wide around my girth, clinging to every ridge and vein as she took me deeper.

"Master... it's... so big..." she whimpered, voice breaking on a gasp when the head popped fully inside. Her walls fluttered wildly around me, tight, hot, trying to adjust.

I groaned low, hands gripping her hips harder, helping guide her down. "That's it... take it slow... you're doing so good, honey... fuck, your pussy feels perfect..."

The Heart System - Chapter 479[1,032 words]

Chapter 479: Chapter 479

She kept sinking, inch by torturous inch, until her ass finally met my thighs with a soft slap. I was buried to the hilt, her tight heat gripping me like a fist. We both moaned at the same time, raw, overlapping sounds that filled the living room.

Minne's head fell forward against my shoulder, small body trembling. "S-so full... Master... I can feel you... everywhere..."

I wrapped one arm around her lower back, the other sliding up to cup the back of her neck. I kissed her again, deep, messy, tongue claiming her mouth while my hips gave a slow, testing roll. She whimpered into the kiss, hips jerking forward instinctively.

"Ride me," I whispered against her lips. "Nice and slow... let me feel every inch of that tight little cunt."

She nodded, eyes glassy, and started moving. Small, tentative lifts at first, rising until just the head was inside, then sinking back down with a shaky moan. Each downward motion made her ass slap softly against my thighs, her walls dragging along my length in perfect, fluttering friction.

"Fuck... yes... just like that..." I groaned, hands sliding down to grip her asscheeks. I squeezed hard, spreading them slightly, then delivered a sharp smack to the right one. The sound cracked through the room; Minne yelped, pussy clenching tight around me.

"M-Master...!"

"Again," I ordered, voice low. Another smack, left cheek this time. She moaned louder, hips stuttering as she sank down harder.

Her small hands clutched my shoulders for balance. She started riding faster, still shallow, but with more confidence, ass bouncing in my lap, maid dress rucked up around her waist, garters snapping against her thighs with every movement.

"You're so fucking cute like this," I growled, smacking her ass again, harder. "Riding my cock in your little maid outfit... pregnant with my baby... taking every inch like a good girl..."

Minne's moans turned desperate, high, breathy. "Yes... Master... I love it... love feeling you inside me... so deep... so thick..."

I grabbed her hips and started thrusting up to meet her, short, powerful strokes that made her cry out every time I bottomed out. Her small breasts bounced under the dress, nipples hard and visible through the fabric. I leaned down and sucked one into my mouth through the thin material, tongue flicking, teeth grazing, while my hands kept spanking her ass in rhythm with my thrusts.

"Fuck... your pussy's gripping me so tight... gonna milk me dry, aren't you?"

"Y-yes... Master... I want it... want your cum... please..."

I switched to the other nipple, sucking harder, then pulled back and kissed her again, swallowing her moans. My right hand slid between us, thumb finding her clit and rubbing fast circles. She bucked hard, pussy fluttering wildly.

"Master... oh god... I'm... I'm gonna..."

"Cum for me," I moaned against her mouth. "Let me feel that pussy squeeze my cock... cum all over it, honey..."

"OHH... Master..."

Her cry was high and broken, whole body seizing as her pussy clamped down like a vice. Waves of tight, rhythmic spasms rippled along my length, milking me relentlessly. Wetness flooded out, hot, slick, drenching my cock, my thighs, the couch beneath us. Her small hips jerked uncontrollably, ass bouncing in my lap as she rode the orgasm out, nails digging into my shoulders, face buried against my neck.

"Master... cumming... cumming so hard... your cock... oh god... yes...!"

I kept thrusting through it, deep, steady, drawing out every tremor, every pulse. My own release was right there, balls tight, pressure building, but I held back, savoring the way her walls fluttered and squeezed.

When Minne finally collapsed against me, panting, trembling, small body limp, I slowed to gentle rocks, letting her come down.

"Good girl," I whispered, kissing her temple. "So fucking perfect."

She smiled weakly, eyes glassy, cheeks flushed. "Thank you... Master..."

I lifted her carefully by the armpits, small body light as a feather, and set her down on the couch beside me. She curled up immediately, knees to her chest, still breathing hard. I stood up, cock still hard, slick with her, and stretched, joints popping.

The room felt electric, charged, heavy with the scent of sex.

I looked down at her, then around at the empty apartment, and smirked.

"Well... let's continue, shall we?"

I flipped Minne over gently but firmly, guiding her onto her hands and knees on the couch. She let out a small, surprised gasp as I positioned her, knees spread wide, back arched, ass lifted toward me. The short black maid dress rode up completely now, bunched around her waist, exposing her tiny white garter belt and stockings. Her panties were still pulled to the side, pussy glistening and swollen from her earlier orgasm, small ass cheeks parted just enough to show her tight little hole and the pink folds below it.

I knelt behind her on the cushions, one hand on her hip, the other guiding my cock. The head nudged her entrance again, slick and hot. She whimpered, pushing back instinctively, small body trembling with anticipation.

"You wanted this so badly, didn't you?" I murmured, voice low and rough as I rubbed the tip along her slit, teasing her clit before pressing against her opening. "Wanted my baby inside you... wanted to feel me fill you up again and again..."

"Y-yes, Master..." Minne moaned, head dropping forward, hair falling over her face. "I want it... I want your baby... please... give it to me..."

I pushed in slowly, inch by thick inch, watching her small pussy stretch wide around me. She cried out softly, walls fluttering, gripping me like she never wanted to let go. When my hips met her ass with a soft smack, I paused, letting her feel every pulsing vein, every ridge buried deep inside her.

"Fuck... so tight," I groaned, hands sliding up to grip her narrow waist. "Your little pussy's swallowing me whole... gonna be such a good mommy, aren't you? Carrying my kid... taking my cock like this every day..."

She nodded frantically, small hands clutching the couch cushions. "Yes... yes... I'll be good... I'll be the best mommy... please... fuck me... harder..."

The Heart System - Chapter 480[1,097 words]

Chapter 480: Chapter 480

I started moving—slow, deep thrusts at first, pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in, letting her feel the full length every time. Each stroke made her ass jiggle slightly, the garter straps snapping against her thighs. She moaned with every bottom-out, small body rocking forward, tits swaying beneath the dress.

"God... look at you," I growled, one hand sliding up her back to tangle in her hair, tugging her head back gently so I could see her flushed face. "Bent over like this... pregnant with my baby... begging for more... you're perfect, Minne."

"Master... oh god... it's so deep... I feel you everywhere..." Her voice cracked on a whimper as I picked up speed, hips snapping forward harder now. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room, mixing with her high, needy cries.

I reached around with my free hand, fingers finding her clit again—rubbing fast, tight circles while I pounded into her from behind. She bucked hard, pussy clenching rhythmically around my cock.

"Yes... touch me there... please... I'm so close... Master... don't stop..."

"You're gonna cum again, aren't you?" I leaned over her back, lips brushing her ear. "Gonna squeeze this little pussy around my cock... show me how much you love being bred... how much you love being my pregnant maid..."

"Y-yes... yes... I love it... love being yours... love carrying your baby... please... make me cum..."

I thrust harder, short, brutal strokes now, hips slamming against her ass, balls slapping her clit with every push. My hand kept working her clit while the other stayed tangled in her hair, pulling just enough to arch her back deeper.

Her moans turned into sharp, desperate cries. "Master... I'm... I'm gonna... oh god...!"

"Again? Such a dirty mommy."

"I'm sorry, Master. It feels so... ohh... Master, Master... Master!"

She shattered.

Her scream was high and trembling—whole body seizing as her pussy clamped down like a vice. Waves of tight, rhythmic spasms rippled along my length, milking me relentlessly. Wetness flooded out—hot, slick—drenching my cock, my thighs, the couch beneath us. Her small hips jerked uncontrollably, ass bouncing back against me as she rode the orgasm out, nails digging into the cushions, face pressed to the fabric, moaning my name over and over.

"OHH..."

I kept thrusting through it, deep, steady, drawing out every tremor, every pulse. Her walls fluttered wildly, squeezing me so tight it almost hurt, wetness dripping down her thighs in thick rivulets.

The front door clicked open.

Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, and Nala stepped inside—bags in hand, laughing about something until they saw us. They froze for half a second, then relaxed like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Jesus," Tessa said casually, kicking the door shut behind her. "The mall was so crowded we just ordered everything online instead."

Kim laughed, setting her bags down. "Yeah, lines were insane. Figured we'd rather come home and... well, looks like we walked in on the main event."

Nala smirked, leaning against the wall. "Don't stop on our account."

Jasmine walked over, peering at Minne's flushed, trembling form. "Damn, Minne... you look wrecked. In the best way."

I slowed my thrusts but didn't stop—still buried deep inside Minne, letting her ride out the last aftershocks. She whimpered softly, too blissed-out to be embarrassed.

When her tremors finally faded, I pulled out slowly—my cock slipping free with a wet sound. Minne collapsed forward onto her forearms, ass still up, pussy glistening and twitching, small body shaking.

I reached over to the coffee table, grabbed the pregnancy test, and held it up for the others to see.

The room went quiet for a second.

Jasmine's eyes widened. "Holy shit... Minne?"

Minne lifted her head weakly, cheeks flaming. "I... um... yes..."

Tessa grinned wide. "No way! Congrats, little maid!"

Kim stepped forward, eyes soft. "Oh honey... that's amazing." She knelt and hugged Minne gently from the side. "You're gonna be the cutest mom."

Nala smiled—rare, genuine. "Congrats, Minne. You deserve this."

Jasmine leaned in and kissed Minne's temple. "Proud of you, cutie."

Minne smiled shyly, tears pricking her eyes. "Thank you... all of you..."

I sat back on the couch, pulling Minne into my lap again. She curled against me immediately, small hands resting on her belly.

I flipped Minne over gently, turning her so her back pressed against my chest. Her legs spread naturally, knees bending, feet dangling in the air. I held her up easily, her back flush to me, head resting against my shoulder. My cock throbbed against her entrance, slick and ready.

I lowered her slowly. The head parted her folds again, hot and slick, and she moaned long and low as I slid back inside. Inch by inch she took me until her ass met my hips with a soft smack. We both groaned at the same time, the sound raw and overlapping in the quiet living room.

The girls moved closer, their earlier shopping bags forgotten on the floor.

Jasmine spoke first, voice warm and teasing. "Well... this definitely needs to be celebrated, no?"

Tessa nodded, already kneeling in front of Minne. "Absolutely. Look at our little maid... already glowing."

They surrounded us like it was the most natural thing in the world. Tessa settled on her knees between Minne's spread thighs, hands gentle on Minne's inner legs. She leaned in and dragged her tongue slowly along Minne's clit, soft and gentle, circling the swollen bud while I held Minne steady and rocked up into her with slow, deep thrusts.

Minne whimpered, small hands reaching down to grip Tessa's hair. "Miss Tessa... oh... your tongue..."

Jasmine knelt on the couch beside us, one hand cupping Minne's small breast through the dress, thumb brushing the hard nipple. She pinched gently, rolling it between her fingers, then leaned in to kiss Minne's neck. "You feel so good right now, sweetie," she whispered. "Taking him so deep... carrying his baby... you're perfect."

Nala stepped behind the couch, leaning over my shoulder. Her arms draped loosely around my neck, and she pressed a slow, warm kiss to my cheek. "Congrats, daddy," she murmured against my ear, voice low and proud. "You knocked her up good."

I groaned softly at the words, hips rolling deeper into Minne. "Fuck... yeah... she's gonna be the best mom..."

Kim stayed close on my other side, one hand resting on Minne's belly, gentle, protective, while the other stroked Minne's hair. "You're doing so well, honey," she said softly. "Just relax and let him fill you... let us take care of you."