

The Heart System - Chapter 481[1,554 words]

Chapter 481: Chapter 481

Minne's moans grew higher, breathier. Her small body trembled in my arms, pussy fluttering around my cock with every slow thrust. Tessa's tongue kept working her clit, steady circles, occasional flicks, while Jasmine switched to the other nipple, pinching and rolling it in time with my strokes.

"Master... oh... it feels so good... all of you... touching me... inside me..."

I kissed the side of her neck, voice rough against her skin. "You're taking me so perfectly... this little pussy gripping me so tight... gonna fill you up again... make sure my baby stays nice and safe inside you..."

"Yes... please... fill me... I want it... I want all of you..."

"So Greedy," Nala chuckled. "You're already pregnant with his baby, Minne. Easy."

Tessa hummed against Minne's clit, the vibration making Minne buck hard in my arms. Jasmine sucked one nipple into her mouth through the dress, tongue flicking fast. Nala's hands slid down my chest, nails dragging lightly, while Kim kept stroking Minne's hair and belly, whispering soft praises.

Minne's breathing turned ragged. "Master... I'm... I'm close... so close..."

"Cum with me," I growled, hips picking up speed, thrusting deeper, harder. "Let me feel you squeeze around my cock... cum for daddy... show me how much you love being bred..."

Her whole body tensed. Then she broke.

Her cry was high and sweet, almost a sob, as her pussy clamped down in fierce, fluttering waves. Her small hips jerked wildly in my grip, wetness flooding out, soaking my cock and thighs. Her back arched against my chest, head falling back on my shoulder, mouth open in a silent scream that turned into trembling moans. Every pulse of her orgasm rippled along my length, milking me, pulling me deeper.

"Master... cumming... oh... your... oh...!"

The sight and feel of her pushed me over.

I groaned low and deep, hips slamming forward one last time. Rope after thick rope shot into her, hot, heavy, filling her completely. I kept thrusting through it, slow and deep, pushing every drop as far inside as I could. Minne whimpered with each pulse, walls fluttering, milking every spurt until I was spent.

I held her close while we both came down—her small body limp and trembling against me, my arms wrapped protectively around her waist.

When the last tremors faded, I kissed her temple softly. "Good girl... so fucking good."

She smiled weakly, eyes half-lidded. "Thank you... Master..."

Tessa lifted her head, lips shiny, grinning. "I hope the menu I wanted is prepared, little maid. Or I'm going to have to eat you instead."

Minne blushed bright red, but giggled softly. "It's... it's almost ready, Miss Tessa..."

"Tonight." Jasmine said with a smile. "I'm calling over Delilah and Kayla."

"I'll hit up Mendy as well," I shrugged. "Maybe she wants to come?"

Tessa chuckled as she got up. "Fingers crossed."



Waiting for the night was pure torture. After finishing our dinners, we were now lounging in the living room with the TV blaring. Everyone was in a lazy mood, including Minne. She was tucked right beside me with a cute smile that hadn't faded all day, her head resting on my shoulder while I rubbed the back of her neck and watched the screen.

When a knock came at the door, Minne started to get up. Before she could move, I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her back onto the couch. She let out a quick, surprised gasp. I leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips.

"I'll get it. You're pregnant after all."

She turned bright red while Tessa chuckled at us. "Oh... t-thank you, Master."

I walked to the door and swung it open. Kayla and Delilah were standing there, both staring at their phones, completely preoccupied. They didn't even look up at first, just stepping inside and kicking off their shoes.

"So this is the gym app you've been using?" Delilah asked. "I gotta say, the interface looks great."

"Yep. I owe my butt to that routine."

"I swear," I chimed in. "You're basically a walking ad for that app, Kayla. Tessa and the others already downloaded it."

Kayla pocketed her phone and smiled. "Good for them. Healthy body, healthy mind."

Delilah smiled and gave me a quick kiss before closing the door. She was wearing a long jacket and tight pants that did favors for her curves. I could definitely see the outline of her pregnant belly now; it was becoming more noticeable by the day.

I helped her with her jacket and hung it on the rack. She looked a bit drained, likely from another round of arguing with Ivy. Even with time being rewritten, their relationship remained sour. That was just Ivy being Ivy.

"Got the whole gang here, huh?" she asked, looking over the room.

"Yup. You think it'll be enough?"

"I don't know. You have any other girls you can call over?"

"Oh," Kayla added. "I told Mendy about our arrangement. She said she'd think about it, but she wasn't certain."

"I would've sent a car to pick her up myself," I said. "That girl..."

"How you even got Mendy to consider group sex is beyond me," Kayla said, shaking her head. "You're unreal."

"What's unreal is that butt," Delilah muttered, looking defeated. "I wonder if I can still work out while I'm pregnant."

Kayla and I watched Delilah join the others. We shared a quick shrug and a smile before following her. The air in the penthouse was cozy, providing a sharp difference to the heavy snow piling up outside. The isolation made me feel even more at ease, though I couldn't quite put my finger on why.

"Delilah!" Jasmine called out, scooting over to make room. "Welcome! Come sit."

"Hey, girls." She sat down with a heavy exhale. "What a mess outside, right?"

"Disgusting," Tessa muttered. "We tried to go shopping today, but the mall was packed despite the weather. We gave up early and just ordered everything online."

"What did you get? Show me."

Tessa pulled out her phone. "I wanted this... wait, it's loading... yeah. I wanted this nightgown. Minne wanted this dress, and Kim..."

"Before you get into that," I said, heading toward the kitchen. "Anyone want a drink?"

"I've been gulping pineapple juice like crazy today," Kayla said. "I'll pass."

"Why?" I asked.

"I heard it makes you taste better," she shrugged. "Wanted to give it a go."

"You know that's a myth, right?" Kim said. "An internet meme."

"Maybe, but it was fifty percent off at the market, so I figured why not."

"Fair enough," I said. "Anyone else?"

After a bit of chatter, Jasmine spoke up. "We'll take some tea."

"It's just the nice guy act before he destroys us, girls," Tessa warned. "Don't let the tea fool you. He's playing the perfect host."

"You caught me, you little devil."

Mik rushed out from the hallway and stopped right in front of Delilah. They locked eyes for a moment before the cat suddenly leaped into her lap, circled twice, and curled up. Delilah looked surprised as she began patting her head.

"My god! What is this little creature?" she laughed.

"We call it a cat," Tessa said. "Or the destroyer of worlds."

"Or the destroyer of wallets," Kim added. "She eats way too much."

"I put her on a diet!" Tessa snapped. "You girls aren't feeding her behind my back, are you?"

"I mean," Kim shrugged guiltily. "When I see the bowl is empty, I might put some—"

"NO!" Tessa ruffled her hair. "No, no, no. I'm the one in charge of the food. You lot can give her treats, but not too many."

"Why?" Delilah asked.

"Because she's a fat fuck," Tessa replied flatly.

Delilah gasped. "Nooo. She's just... chunky. A little bit."

Kayla walked over and followed me into the kitchen. "I'll help you with the prep."

"Oh, great. Well, you can..."

I stopped talking as she dropped to her knees. She pulled her hair back and looked up at me, gripping my legs. The high kitchen counter completely hid her from the girls' view. Looking down at her big, wanting eyes, I felt myself get hard immediately. Even from this angle, the view of her ass in those tight pants was incredible.

"You really thought I was here to help with the tea?" she chuckled. "Just pull your pants down, Evan."

"Gladly."

I shucked my pants down. Kayla didn't hesitate, taking my cock fully into her mouth with a soft moan. She started moving her head up and down with a steady, hungry pace. Every time she took me deep, I could see the shape of my head straining against the skin of her throat.

I stood at the counter, the kettle beginning to hiss as the water reached a boil. Below the marble edge, the world was a completely different story. Kayla's hands were clamped firmly onto my thighs, her fingers digging into my skin as she worked. She was so into it, her tongue swirling around the crown of my cock before she slid all the way down again. I felt the wet heat of her throat gripping me, and I had to reach out and white-knuckle the edge of the sink just to stay upright.

"Kayla... oh, fuck."

"Ssh."

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Below the counter, Kayla looked up at me for a split second, her eyes hooded and dark with mischief. She knew exactly what she was doing. She let out a muffled, vibrating hum against my shaft that sent a jolt of pure electricity straight to my brain. I gasped, the sound catching in the back of my throat.

"Evan? You okay in there?" Jasmine asked, her tone shifting to one of mild curiosity. "You sound like you just stubbed your toe."

"Just... the steam," I managed to say, my eyes rolling back for a moment as Kayla took me even deeper, her nose pressing against my pubic hair. "The kettle caught me off guard. It's fine."

I reached for the tea tins, my hands trembling slightly. I fumbled with the lid of the Earl Grey, the metal clinking loudly. I was trying to focus on the task, but Kayla was making it impossible. She started a swirling motion with her head, her lips tight and suctioning hard as she milked me. The sensation was so intense I felt my knees buckle. I had to lean my hip against the counter to keep from collapsing right on top of her.

"Anyway," Tessa shouted over the volume of a commercial. "I think the off-white is better. Eggshell has too much yellow in it."

"I'll tell her you said that," Delilah laughed. "She'll love that. Hey Evan, is that tea almost ready? I'm parched."

"Almost!" I barked out, a bit too loudly.

Kayla flicked her tongue against the underside of my head, right on the most sensitive spot, and I felt a low groan building in my chest. I bit my lip hard, the copper taste of blood grounding me just enough to keep from crying out. I reached for the teapot, my movements jerky. I dropped the tea leaves inside, the dark flakes scattering over the counter.

"You're being awfully quiet in there, Kayla!" Nala called out from the armchair. "Are you actually helping him or just eating all the biscuits?"

Kayla paused for a second, her mouth still hovering inches from me. She let out a soft, wet giggle that only I could hear, then went right back to work, her pace increasing. She was moving her head faster now, her hair brushing against my stomach. Every time she bottomed out, I could feel the rhythmic throb of her pulse against me.

"She's... uh... she's looking for the honey!" I lied, my voice cracking at the end. I grabbed the kettle and started pouring the boiling water into the pot. The steam rose in a thick cloud, masking the heat in my face. "It's way in the back of the cupboard."

"Since when do we keep honey in the back?" Kim asked. "I used it this morning for my toast. It's right on the second shelf."

"I must have moved it," I grunted.

Kayla's hands moved from my thighs to my ass, her nails digging into the cheeks as she pulled me even deeper into her mouth. I was so close to the edge that the room was starting to spin. The heat in the kitchen was unbearable, a mix of the boiling water and the raw, concentrated lust happening beneath the counter. I gripped the handle of the teapot so hard I thought the ceramic might snap.

"Check the shelf again, Kayla!" Tessa yelled. "If not, just use sugar! Don't spend all night in there!"

"Found it!" I gasped out, the words barely catching in my throat as Kayla gave one final, powerful suck that turned my knees to jelly.

The pressure behind my hips peaked into a white-hot explosion. I gripped the edge of the granite counter so hard I thought the stone might crack, my knuckles turning white as I let out a low, jagged groan that was swallowed by the hum of the refrigerator.

Kayla didn't flinch; she took it all, her throat working in a deep, rhythmic swallow as I erupted. Pulse after pulse of heat filled her mouth, and she stayed right there, her eyes locked onto mine with a defiant, playful heat until the very last twitch.

Even after I came, she didn't pull away. She kept her lips tight and her suction firm, her tongue swirling around the sensitive head of my cock to coax out every remaining drop. My hands were buried in her hair now, my fingers tensing as I rode the wave of the afterglow. It felt like my entire lower body had turned to liquid. I was lightheaded, the voices of the girls in the living room fading into a distant, muffled hum while the only reality was the wet, sliding heat of Kayla's mouth.

Every time she gave a soft, demanding tug, my toes curled against the kitchen tile. I looked down at her, seeing the way her cheeks hollowed as she gave one last, powerful pull.

She finally pulled back with a wet, heavy sound, a stray drop of white glistening on her bottom lip. She didn't reach for a napkin. Instead, she swiped her tongue across her lip, swallowing the last of me with a slow, deliberate wink that told me exactly who was in control of this kitchen.

"Good boy," she whispered, the wicked grin returning to her face as she watched me struggle to breathe.

I took a shaky breath, smoothing down my shirt and pulling my pants back up with hands that wouldn't stop trembling. I checked the reflection in the microwave door—my face was a deep crimson, my eyes glazed, but I looked passably human.

I grabbed the tray, the cups rattling like a nervous heartbeat against the saucers as I lifted it. The tea was dark and fragrant, the steam curling into the air, mocking the chaos I felt inside.

"Here we go," I said, my voice sounding an octave deeper than usual as I stepped out from behind the counter.

Kayla followed a second later, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear and looking as innocent as a saint on a prayer card. She walked past me and flopped onto the couch next to Nala, her expression completely neutral, though the flush on her neck told a different story to those who knew where to look.

"Took you long enough," Delilah said, reaching for a cup without looking up from her phone. "What were you two doing, growing the tea leaves yourself?"

"You have no idea how hard it is to find the right... sweetness," Kayla said, her voice smooth and steady. She looked up at me as I handed her a cup, a spark of pure, unadulterated fire in her eyes. "But it was definitely worth the effort. Best I've ever had."

I handed out the remaining cups, my heart still hammering against my ribs like a trapped bird. The girls began to sip their tea, returning to their conversation about dresses and renovations, completely unaware that the man serving them had just been claimed right under their noses.

"Minne is pregnant, by the way," Jasmine said as I sat down on the single armchair. "You'd never guess who the father is."

"Oh, wow! Congrats, honey!" Delilah said, her face lighting up.

Kayla chuckled, leaning back. "Let me guess, the father's name starts with an E?"

"And he's a total horny monkey," Tessa quipped.

"Har-har, girls. Very funny." I shook my head, finally taking a long-awaited sip of my tea.

"Jokes aside, congratulations, Minne," Kayla said, looking at the maid with a softened expression. "I'm sure you're going to be a wonderful mother."

"T-thank you... I'm really excited," Minne replied, her voice small but full of genuine warmth.

"Well, so am I, Minne. So am I," I added, giving her a reassuring look.

Delilah cleared her throat, meeting eyes with Tessa. She straightened her posture, leaning forward as if she were about to reveal the secrets of the universe. "Tess. Did you... get the thing for me?"

"Yep," Tessa said with a slow, devious smirk. "I got the thing."

"What thing?" I asked, looking between them.

"Nothing," Tessa said, her smirk widening.

Just then, her phone buzzed on the coffee table. She fished it up and glanced at the screen. From where I was sitting, I could see the notification clear as day. It was an alarm that read, 'FEED THE FATTY' in all caps. Poor Mik.

She muted the alarm and walked to the kitchen, grabbing the food packet and pouring a generous helping into the bowl. She set it down near the dining table, right under the window, and whistled. "Mik! Come here!"

"She was just on my lap," Delilah said, looking around. "I didn't even realize she'd hopped off."

"Mik! Come here, girlie. Food time. Foody-foody!"

"Pss-pss-pss," Kim joined in. "Mik! My almost-name-friend!"

Suddenly, Mik darted out of Tessa's room—with a black garter stocking clenched in her teeth. Delilah saw it and immediately shot up, heading toward the cat. Mik, thinking this was a high-stakes game of tag, hissed playfully and took off.

Tessa joined the chase, and both women disappeared into Minne's room after the cat. I couldn't help but chuckle at the chaos.

"I guess that stocking was the 'thing'?" I asked.

"Spoiler," Jasmine said, "that's only a tiny part of the 'thing.' Trust me."

"Oh? Now I'm curious."

"You should be. It's called a 'surprise' for a reason."

"So many surprises," I said, leaning back into the cushions. "I'm starting to think you girls actually love me."

"Hey, Minne," Tessa called out, peeking her head around the hallway with the cat finally in her arms. "Let's start upping the dosage of ricin in his food from now on."

"Ricin?" Minne asked, looking confused. "Rice in... where?"

Tessa ignored the question, looking directly at me. "Actually, maybe a cage lock for his dick instead. He'd die sooner, trust me... you horny monkey."

"It feels good to be loved," I said, ignoring the threat with a grin. "Especially by you, Tessa."

"Alright, enough chit-chat," she said, setting the cat down. "Go wait for us in the master bedroom. We'll be there shortly."

"Can't fucking wait," I said, standing up and stretching.

"I found the other piece!" Delilah's voice echoed from Minne's room. "It was under the bed!"

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Nala nudged my shoulder and gave me a quick wink as I passed. Minne gave me a small, shy nod and followed the others. Jasmine and Kim each gave me a lingering kiss on the lips before heading off to prepare, and Tessa just stuck her tongue out at me, Mik back in her arms. Kayla brushed past me last, her ass rubbing against my back with clear intent. She stopped just ahead, slapped her own cheek gently to make it jiggle, and looked back to make sure I was watching.

I didn't need to be told twice. I headed straight for the master bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. I shed my shirt and unbuckled my pants, my heart thudding against my ribs in anticipation.

Ten or so seconds later, my phone buzzed. It was the hotel receptionist.

"Hello?"

"Sorry to bother you, sir," a woman said. "But I have someone here who says she wants to meet with you. She said her name is Mendy."

"Mendy?" I asked, my eyebrows shooting up. "Oh, yeah. Send her up immediately."

"Of course, sir. Have a good evening."

Wait, Mendy was actually here? She'd changed her mind. I was rock solid within seconds, no extra stimulation required. Just the thought of her joining this madhouse was enough. I buckled my pants back up and headed for the front door.

A moment later, the elevator chimed. I peeked through the peephole and saw Mendy stepping out. She looked nervous, pausing to fix her hair and taking a deep breath before she knocked.

I swung the door open. "Hey, Mendy."

She looked at me—no shirt, abs on display, and clearly happy to see her. My Charm was definitely doing the heavy lifting because her eyes immediately dropped to my chest before she managed to find my gaze. She cleared her throat, looking a little flustered.

"Hey," I said, stepping aside to let her in. "Kayla told me you might... well, you know."

"I... um," she started, stepping into the warm air of the penthouse. "I wasn't going to come, but... I don't know. I couldn't stop thinking about it."

I reached out and pulled Mendy into the warmth of the penthouse, the door clicking shut behind her. "Well, thank you for coming," I said, my voice dropping to a low, appreciative rumble. "You really made my night, Mendy."

She gave me a shy, flickering smile, her eyes darting toward my bare chest before she looked away. "I... I just couldn't stay away."

I led her toward the master bedroom. The hallway was quiet, the other girls still busy with their "surprise" in the other rooms. When we stepped inside the bedroom, I shut the door, sealing us in the dim, scented air of the suite.

Mendy looked around, her hands twisting together. "Where... where is everyone else?"

"They're preparing a surprise for me, apparently," I said, stepping into her space until she was forced to look up at me. I reached out, my hands settling firmly on her waist. "But I think I have my own surprise right here."

"Oh..." she breathed, her cheeks flushing a deep pink.

I pulled her flush against me. As our bodies collided, she felt the unmistakable, rigid weight of my cock pressing hard against her stomach through my pants. The friction of the tight denim was starting to actually ache, a sharp, demanding throb that I couldn't ignore anymore. I reached down and unbuckled my belt, shucking my pants and boxers in one fluid motion.

The tip of my shaft brushed against the hem of her t-shirt, leaving a faint, dark smudge of precum on the fabric. Mendy's eyes went wide, her breath hitching in her throat as she looked down at me.

"N-no... Evan," she stammered, though she didn't pull away. "I'm just here to... um... to watch. Really."

I didn't argue. I simply reached up, my thumb and forefinger catching her chin and tilting her face up to mine. I leaned in and captured her lips in a deep, hungry kiss. For a second, she stayed frozen, but then I felt her resolve shatter. She melted into me, her arms winding around my neck as she kissed me back with a sudden, desperate intensity.

We fumbled with each other's clothes in a blur of motion. I pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it aside, while she helped me kick my clothes away until I was completely bare. I reached for the clasp of her bra, but she beat me to it, letting it fall to the floor. Soon, she was standing there in nothing but a pair of lace panties, her skin glowing in the soft light.

I didn't give her time to think. I guided her back toward the large window overlooking the snowy city. I dropped to my knees in front of her, my hands sliding up the back of her thighs.

"Evan... wait..." she whispered, but her hands were already buried in my hair.

I hooked her right leg over my shoulder, hoisting it up so she was forced to lean back against the glass for balance. I reached for the waistband of her panties and slid them down, tossing them somewhere behind me.

Her pussy was already glistening, a tiny pearl of nectar hanging from her hood. She was soaking wet, the scent of her arousal filling my senses.

"Thought you were just here to watch, Mendy?" I teased, my voice muffled by the heat of her inner thighs. "You're dripping for me."

"Shut up," she hissed, her head snapping back against the window as I leaned in.

I began with a long, slow lap of my tongue, starting from the very bottom and dragging it all the way up over her clit. Mendy let out a sharp, jagged scream that fogged the glass behind her head. I didn't stop. I buried my face in her, my tongue working in deep, frantic circles.

The position was perfect; her leg over my shoulder gave me total access, and I used it to its full advantage. I used my fingers to spread her wide, my thumbs kneading the sensitive skin of her entrance while my tongue flicked relentlessly against her nub.

"God, you taste so good," I muttered, my voice vibrating against her wet folds. "So sweet. I could stay here all night."

"Please... Evan... right there!" she sobbed, her fingers digging into my shoulders, her nails drawing thin red lines on my skin.

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I increased the intensity, my tongue moving with a vibrating, buzzing speed. I sucked her clit into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it while I slid two fingers deep inside her. She was so slick that my hand made a wet, rhythmic sound with every thrust.

Mendy was losing it. Her hips were bucking against my face, her breath coming in ragged, high-pitched whistles. I could feel the tension building in her leg, her muscles snapping tight as she reached the precipice.

"I'm—! I'm gonna—! EVAN!"

She shattered.

Her body went rigid against the glass, her back arching so hard her chest bucked forward. A high, trembling moan broke from her lips as she went into a full-body convulsion. Her pussy clamped down on my fingers in violent, rhythmic spasms, milking them with incredible strength as a fresh, hot flood of release drenched my hand and chin. She rode the wave for a long, agonizing minute, her head tossing from side to side until she finally began to go limp, her leg sliding off my shoulder as she slumped against the window.

I stayed there for a second, lapping up the last of her release, my eyes locked on her dazed, blown-out expression.

"Welcome to the party, Mendy," I whispered, standing up and wiping my mouth.

I stood up, my breath hitching as I looked at Mendy. She was pinned between me and the cold glass, her skin flushed a deep, feverish pink. I didn't give her a second to recover from the tongue-lashing I'd just given her. I stepped into her space, my hard cock brushing against her soaking wet thighs, and I saw her pupils dilate until her eyes were almost entirely black.

"You said you were just here to watch, Mendy," I whispered, my voice a dark, rough edge in the quiet room. "But you're dripping all over my floor. I think we're past the point of just looking, don't you?"

"Evan... I..." She couldn't even finish the thought.

I reached down and hooked my arms under her knees, hoisting her up in one smooth motion. She let out a startled yelp, her hands instinctively flying to my shoulders to steady herself. I slammed her back against the glass wall—not hard enough to hurt, but enough to let her feel the vibration of the impact. Her legs wrapped around my waist, her ankles locking behind my back, and her pussy was pressed right against the head of my cock.

"Hold onto me," I commanded.

I positioned myself at her entrance. She was so slick from the oral that I didn't even need to guide it; with one heavy, upward surge of my hips, I buried myself inside her to the hilt.

Mendy's head snapped back against the window with a dull thud, her mouth falling open in a silent, wide-eyed scream of pleasure. The sheer fullness of it seemed to steal the air right out of her lungs. I stayed there for a beat, letting her feel the stretch, my hands moving to her ass. I squeezed the soft, pale cheeks, my fingers digging in deep as I pulled her even closer, trying to merge our bodies into one.

"You're so tight, Mendy. It feels like you're trying to pull me apart," I grunted, my teeth grazing the sensitive cord of her neck.

I started to move, a slow, punishing grind that evolved into a heavy, rhythmic pounding. Every time I hit the bottom, the glass behind her rattled in its frame. The freezing cold of the snowy night pressing against her back and the furnace-like heat of my body crushing into her front.

"Oh god... yes... right there, Evan! Fuck, don't stop!" she sobbed into my ear, her voice breaking.

She was hugging me with everything she had, her arms locked around my neck so tight I could barely breathe. I shifted my grip, one hand staying on her ass while the other moved up to her hair, tensing my fingers and pulling her head back so I could see her face. She looked wrecked, her lips swollen and her chest heaving against mine.

"Tell me you want it," I barked, my pace increasing until we were a blur of motion against the window. "Tell me you want me to fill you up right here where everyone can see."

"I want it! I want all of you! Please, Evan, harder! Break me!"

I obliged, my thrusts becoming shorter and more violent, my muscles coiling with every strike. I was hammering into her now, the wet, slapping sound of our skin meeting filling the room. I reached between our bodies, my thumb finding her clit and rubbing it with a frantic, buzzing pressure while I continued to ravage her from below.

The overstimulation was total. Mendy started to thrash in my arms, her head tossing from side to side as she reached the point of no return. Her internal walls began to ripple, clenching around me in a series of desperate, rhythmic pulses that told me she was right there.

"That's it, Mendy. Give it to me. Let go," I hissed.

She didn't just reach the peak; she came apart at the seams.

She moaned, her fingers clawing into my back as she let out a long, high-pitched wail that died into a series of broken whimpers. Her pussy went into a violent, crushing lockdown, the muscles squeezing my cock so hard it was almost painful. She rode the wave of the release, her body twitching and jerking against me as a fresh, hot flood of her cream drenched my thighs. She stayed in that state of total paralysis for a long time, her breath coming in shallow, ragged sobs against my skin.

I slowed down but didn't stop, keeping a deep, steady grind going as she slowly began to melt back into me, her legs trembling where they were locked around my waist.

"Holy... fuck..." she whispered, her voice a ghost of itself. "You... you really are unreal."

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I slowly pulled out of her, the wet, suctioning sound of my cock leaving her tight rear echoing against the glass. Mendy's legs slid down my waist, her feet finding the floor with a shaky, uncertain landing. She leaned back against the window for support, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. I reached out, my hands firm on her shoulders as I guided her down.

"Get down on your knees, Mendy," I commanded, my voice dropping to a low, dark rumble.

She looked up at me, her eyes wide and still glazed from the peak I'd just forced out of her. Without a word of protest, she sank to the floor, her knees pressing into the soft carpet. I stepped closer, my hard, glistening length inches from her face. She reached out with trembling fingers, her touch light as she gripped the base, looking at it like she'd never seen anything quite like it before.

"Evan... I... I've never actually given a blowjob before," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the sound of the snow hitting the glass. "Like... um... I mean, that night you and I? It's... I... you know...."

I smiled, reaching down to stroke her hair. "Great to hear I'll be your first, then. Just take your time and show me how much you want it."

Mendy took a deep breath and leaned forward. She started slowly, her lips parting as she pressed them against the crown. It was clumsy and hesitant at first; she didn't quite know how to position her jaw, and I felt the sharp, sudden scrape of her teeth against the sensitive skin. I winced slightly, but the raw effort she was putting into it made the sting feel more like a spark of electricity.

"It's okay," I groaned, my hands moving to the back of her head. "Just keep going. Use your tongue, Mendy."

She took the hint, her tongue darting out to lick at the underside of the head, tracing the ridge with a frantic, uncoordinated energy. She was trying so hard to please me that it was becoming a complete sensory overload. She slid her mouth down, taking about half of me inside, her cheeks hollowing as she tried to create a vacuum. Again, her teeth caught me as she moved her head, a little nip that made my hips jerk forward instinctively.

"Sorry! I'm sorry," she muffled against my skin, her eyes looking up at me with a desperate kind of apology.

"Don't be. I like the edge," I rasped, my fingers tightening in her hair. "Just keep moving. You're doing fine."

Encouraged, Mendy went deeper. She was bobbing her head with a rhythmic, amateurish pace, her hands moving up and down the base to keep me stimulated where her mouth couldn't reach. She was making soft, wet noises, the sound of her saliva and the friction of her lips creating a messy, intoxicating soundtrack in the quiet room. She was experimenting, trying different angles, sometimes sucking too hard and sometimes not enough, but the sheer sincerity of her movements was hotter than any polished performance.

As she worked on me, I noticed her free hand straying downward. Her fingers found her own pussy, which was still drenched and pulsing from the pounding I'd just given her against the wall. She started to rub herself, her movements becoming frantic as she kept her mouth locked onto me. The sight of her kneeling there, servicing me while she played with her own dripping folds, was enough to make my vision blur.

"That's it, Mendy... look at you," I said, looking down at the top of her head. "Such a good girl, taking it all while you take care of yourself."

She let out a muffled, vibrating moan into my shaft, her head moving faster now. I could see the tension building in her shoulders, her fingers moving in a blur against her clit. She was overstimulating herself, the combination of the taste of me in her mouth and the friction of her own hand pushing her back toward the brink. Her breathing turned into a series of jagged, nasal whistles, and her eyes rolled back as she reached a private, internal peak.

She didn't stop sucking, even as her body began to shake. A long, muffled cry broke out against my cock as she came all over her own hand, her hips bucking against her heels while she kept her mouth firmly in place. She rode the wave of her own release right there on the floor, her throat working as she swallowed the air, her entire frame vibrating with the force of it.

I stayed still, letting her finish, my hands steady on her head until she finally pulled back with a wet, heavy pop. She slumped back onto her heels, her hand still slick with her own juices, her face flushed a deep, feverish red.

"Wow," I breathed, looking down at her. "You came all by yourself? Such a bad girl, Mendy. You couldn't even wait for me."

Mendy looked up at me, her lips swollen and her eyes searching mine with a dazed, confused heat. "I don't... I don't know what happened. You're just so different today, Evan. Your taste... the way you look... I don't know. I've never felt like that before."

I smiled, reaching down to take her hand and help her up from the floor. Her legs were still a bit wobbly, and she leaned into me for a second, her skin radiating heat. I didn't

give her long to rest. I turned her around, guiding her toward the edge of the large master bed.

"Well, you're about to feel a lot more," I whispered into her ear. "Bend over the bed, Mendy. I'm going to fuck you from behind, and I want you to feel every single inch of me."

She obeyed without a second thought, her palms flat against the silk sheets as she pushed her ass back toward me. Her back arched, creating a deep, inviting curve that highlighted just how much she was still trembling. I stepped in close, my cock twitching against her rear, ready to reclaim her.

I stood behind Mendy, watching the way her back arched in anticipation. She was trembling, her palms flat against the silk sheets of the master bed. I reached down and took her hand, the one she'd just used to pleasure herself. I licked her fingers clean with one long, slow swipe of my tongue, tasting her sweet saltiness, before I reached between her thighs.

The Heart System - Chapter 486[1,094 words]

Chapter 486: Chapter 486

I began rubbing her cunt, my thumb circling her swollen clit while my fingers slid into her soaking wet heat. Mendy let out a long, broken moan that vibrated through the quiet room.

"You're so sensitive, Mendy," I whispered, leaning down so my breath hit the back of her neck. "I haven't even put it back in yet and you're already melting."

"Evan... please... I can't... I need it," she sobbed, her hips rocking back into my hand.

I pulled my fingers away, the sound wet and heavy. I took my cock, which was throbbing and slick with her juices, and began to tease her. I rubbed the head against her tight, puckered asshole, the friction making her gasp. Then, I dragged it forward, tracing the seam of her pussy until the head was buried in her folds, only to pull back and go to her rear again. I was playing with her, making her wait until she was whimpering for the release.

I pulled back and delivered a sharp, stinging slap with my dick against her left asscheek, glistening trail of precum that streaked across her skin. Mendy let out a startled yelp that turned into a deep, needy groan.

"That's right. You belong to me tonight," I growled.

I lined myself up at her entrance and, with one powerful, singular surge, I buried my cock deep into her pussy.

- Critical Success: Mendy

The moment I hit the bottom, something shifted. It wasn't just a normal entry; it was a perfect, devastating strike. The combination of my leveled-up Luck skill and the raw, unrefined tension in Mendy's body created a total system overload.

Mendy didn't just fucking moan; she screamed. Her entire body snapped taut, her back arching so hard I thought she might break. Her eyes rolled back into her head as a massive, violent orgasm tore through her the second I touched her internal walls. She was shaking, her muscles clamping down on my shaft in a series of crushing, rhythmic spasms that nearly made my knees buckle.

"Wow," I breathed, my own voice shaky as I felt her internal walls milking me. "You came again? As soon as I put it in? I didn't know you wanted me this much, Mendy."

"Evan... I... I don't know what's going on with me..." she gasped, her voice ragged and barely a whisper. She was sobbing now, her fingers digging into the silk sheets. "But keep fucking me... please... don't stop... just keep fucking me!"

I didn't need to be told twice. I established a hard, punishing rhythm, my hips snapping forward with a primal force. I reached up and wound my hand into her hair, pulling her head back so her spine was curved into a deep bow. Every time I drove into her, the sound of our bodies colliding echoed through the room, a heavy, wet thwack that punctuated her high-pitched whistles of pleasure.

"You're so tight for me," I barked, my breath hot against her ear. "Is this what you were thinking about while you were sitting at your house? Having me drive you into the mattress like this?"

"Yes! Fuck... yes! I couldn't... I couldn't stop thinking about you!" she cried out.

I was hammering into her now, my movements a blur of friction and heat. The sheer overstimulation of the Critical Success had left her nerves raw and exposed. Every thrust was hitting her like a fresh bolt of lightning. I could feel the heat radiating off her skin, the scent of her arousal filling the air. I shifted my grip, my hands moving from her hair to her waist, anchoring her as I pulled her back to meet every strike.

"You're taking it so well," I growled, my muscles coiling as I pushed her even further. "Like you were made for this. Like you were made for me."

Mendy was incoherent now, her moans turning into a string of desperate pleas. She was riding the edge of another peak, her body vibrating with the effort to stay conscious. I went faster, my thrusts becoming shorter and more violent, pinning her against the edge of the bed. I could feel the internal pressure building, the heat in my own balls reaching a breaking point.

"That's it, Mendy. Take all of it. Show me how much you want to be filled," I hissed.

She reached her limit for the third time... or was it four? Hard to tell. Her body went into a final, total lockdown. Her pussy spasmed with a strength that was almost painful, her voice rising to a final, shattered cry as she came so hard she nearly blacked out. She slumped forward onto the bed, her legs shaking so badly they couldn't support her weight.

I stayed buried inside her, my heart hammering against my ribs, just as the sound of the bedroom door clicking open cut through the silence.

The girls were... fucking hell. **The Heart System - Chapter 487**[1,006 words]

Chapter 487: Chapter 487

"Wow!" Nala exclaimed, her eyes widening as she took in the scene on the bed. "Mendy actually came?"

"And she didn't just come to watch, apparently," Jasmine added, her voice full of playful mischief as she looked at the state of the sheets.

I let out a low, satisfied grunt and pulled back, the sound of my cock leaving Mendy's soaking heat echoing in the quiet room. She slumped forward, her skin flushed a deep red as she tried to hide her face in the pillows.

"Oh, she came a lot," I smirked, wiping a stray drop of her release from my thigh. "I think the 'watcher' role didn't really suit her tonight."

"Looks like we missed the first act!" Tessa joked, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Poor Mendy, we leave her alone with him for ten minutes and she's already broken."

"Don't tease her too much, Tess," Kayla said, though she was wearing a wicked grin of her own. "She's just getting a head start on the festivities."

The girls moved into the room, surrounding the bed and greeting Mendy with soft laughs and knowing winks. I stood up, my chest heaving as I looked over the line of women in their uniforms.

"Wow..." I breathed, my eyes roaming over the sea of lace and stockings. "Maid outfits, huh? I didn't know I was hiring a full staff tonight."

"We're celebrating Minne getting pregnant, after all," Tessa said, stepping closer until she was right in my space. She reached out and traced the line of my jaw. "Since she's the head maid, it only felt right that we all followed suit. Consider it a tribute to the new life you started."

I turned toward them, my cock hard and throbbing, glistening under the lights as it twitched in anticipation. The room felt like a powder keg, the air thick with the scent of seven different women and the raw, heavy weight of what was about to happen.

"I think I can find plenty of work for a crew like this," I said, my voice dropping to a dark, commanding rumble.

The atmosphere in the master bedroom had reached a fever pitch, the scent of expensive perfume mixing with the musk of Mendy's recent release. The girls didn't wait for me to make the first move. With a collective, mischievous giggle, Jasmine and Nala reached out, grabbing Minne by her delicate shoulders and pushing her forward.

"The guest of honor should always go first," Nala whispered, her dark eyes sparkling.

Minne stumbled slightly, her white silk maid apron fluttering as she came face-to-face with me. She looked up, her expression a mix of shyness and the raw, maternal glow that had settled over her since the news broke. I reached out, my hand cupping her chin, and tilted her head back. I kissed her deeply, a slow, possessive claim that tasted of the life we'd started together.

Behind us, Mendy remained draped across the silk sheets, her chest heaving as she watched the scene with wide, dazed eyes. She looked like she was still trying to process the sheer scale of the situation, her fingers curling into the mattress as she witnessed the "staff" surround her.

Jasmine didn't let the moment linger too long. She grabbed a heavy, velvet-cushioned chair from the corner and dragged it into the center of the room, patting the seat with a sharp, inviting sound.

"Sit, Master," she commanded, her voice a sultry purr. "You've worked hard enough on Mendy. It's time for us to show you some proper hospitality."

I kissed Minne one last time, a lingering brush of lips that left her breathless, and then I sat. My cock was still rock-solid, throbbing against the air as it twitched in anticipation. I leaned back, my arms resting on the gold-leafed armrests, and watched as the circle closed in.

Kayla was the first to strike.

She stepped into the space between my legs, her hands resting on my shoulders for balance. She turned around, presenting me with the full, gym-honed glory of her ass. The tiny white apron did nothing to hide the way her thong disappeared into the deep, muscular damn valley of her cheeks. With a slow, grinding motion, she lowered herself until that perfect weight was resting right against my lap.

She began a lapdance that felt like a sensory assault. Kayla moved with a rhythmic, heavy friction, her hips rotating in slow circles that made my shaft slide against the fabric of her thong. Every time she dropped her weight, I felt my pulse jump in my throat. Her skin was hot, radiating a feverish warmth that seemed to seep through my skin.

"Do you like the view, Evan?" she whispered, looking back over her shoulder with a wink.

"I think 'like' is an understatement," I grunted, my hands finding her waist to steady her.

The other girls weren't content to just watch. Nala stepped up behind the chair, her long, dark fingers sliding over my chest before she leaned down. She draped her arms over my shoulders, her heavy breasts, barely contained by the violet silk, brushing against my face. The scent of her—something like vanilla and spice—filled my head as she nipped at my earlobe.

On my right, Delilah leaned in, her black stockings whispering against each other as she knelt by the armrest. She reached up, her hand sliding into my hair to pull my head toward her. She didn't kiss me; instead, she ran her tongue along the line of my jaw, her other hand reaching down to knead my thigh.

Tessa, ever the instigator, moved behind Kayla. She reached out and grabbed both of Kayla's asscheeks, squeezing the firm meat with a predatory grin. She pulled them apart slightly, exposing the thin strip of lace to my direct view, and then began to spank her in time with the music playing from someone's phone.

Smack. Smack.

"Keep those hips moving, Kayla," Tessa laughed. "He's starting to twitch."

The Heart System - Chapter 488[1,047 words]

Chapter 488: Chapter 488

She wasn't lying. Every time Kayla's ass ground against me, the head of my cock would snag against her skin, sending a jolt of electricity through my spine. I was trapped in a whirlwind of lace, silk, and soft skin. Jasmine moved to my left, her corset pushing her tits so high they were practically a shelf. She took my hand and pressed it against her heartbeat, her eyes locked on mine with an intensity that promised fire.

"Mendy, don't just sit there," Tessa called out, looking over at the bed. "Come show our guest of honor some love. Don't be shy now."

Encouraged by the girls, Mendy crawled toward the edge of the bed. She looked hesitant at first, but as she saw the way I was being worshipped, a spark of hunger returned to her eyes. She reached out, her fingers brushing against my knee before she leaned in to join the fray, her lips finding the skin of my neck while Kayla continued her relentless, grinding assault on my lap.

The room was a blur of motion. Kim stepped in, her hand resting on her pregnant belly as she used her other hand to stroke my arm, her presence a calm, grounding contrast to the frantic energy of the others. She leaned down and kissed my forehead, her lips soft and lingering.

"You're doing so well, Master," she whispered.

I was reaching a breaking point. The combined friction of Kayla's ass, the weight of Nala's breasts against my face, and the various hands roaming over my body was becoming a total system overload. My vision was swimming, my breath coming in short, jagged hitches as I tried to stay in the chair. Every nerve ending was screaming, tuned into the different textures of silk, skin, and lace.

Kayla increased the pace, her bounces becoming faster and harder. I felt the wet heat of her through the thin fabric of her thong, the friction building to a boiling point. I gripped the armrests so hard I thought the wood might splinter.

"You're so close, aren't you?" Kayla teased, her voice vibrating through my lap.

Just as I thought I couldn't take another second of the teasing, Jasmine stepped into the center of the circle, raising a hand to signal a halt. The girls slowed down, though they didn't pull away, staying draped over me like a beautiful, living blanket.

Jasmine looked around the room, her gaze lingering on each girl before settling on me. She reached down and traced the line of my throbbing cock with one manicured fingernail, a slow, torturous stroke that made me jump.

"Well," Jasmine said, her voice a sultry, commanding edge that cut through the haze. "I guess we've wasted enough time with the appetizers. I think it's time we got to the main dish, don't you, girls?"

The room went silent for a beat, the air heavy with the weight of the promise.

"Main dish," Tessa repeated, her eyes dark with hunger. "I like the sound of that."

Jasmine looked back at me, a wicked, triumphant grin on her face. "Master, the staff is ready for their final instructions. Who do you want to break first?"

I didn't let the tension hang in the air for more than a second. I reached out and snagged Minne by her small waist, pulling her effortlessly from the circle and hoisting her onto my lap. She let out a soft, surprised gasp as I settled her down, her back to me so her soft, pale ass was pressed right against my reaching heat.

I leaned up, my hand sliding around her neck to pull her into a deep, soul-searing kiss. I could taste her sweetness, the innocence that always seemed to cling to her even in the middle of this madness. While our tongues tangled, my other hand dropped down, grabbing a full handful of her right buttock and squeezing hard. The silk of her maid outfit bunched under my palm, and she whimpered into the kiss, her body arching back into me.

"Time for the guest of honor to get what she deserves," I rasped against her lips.

I gripped her hips firmly, lifting her slightly to align her with the head of my cock. With a slow, steady guide, I lowered her down. She was already so wet that I slid inside her with a heavy, wet squelch that made me let out a long, guttural moan. The heat of her was incredible—tight, pulsing, and already beginning to ripple around me.

"Fuck, Minne... you're so warm," I breathed, beginning to fuck her with a steady, upward thrusting motion.

But I wasn't done with the others. I looked over Minne's shoulder at Kayla, who was standing just a foot away, watching us with a hungry, expectant look.

"Kayla," I barked, my voice thick with lust. "Don't stop that dance. It's fucking hypnotizing. I want to see that ass moving while I'm deep inside Minne."

Kayla chuckled, a deep, sultry sound that vibrated in the room. "Anything for the Master."

She turned her back to me, presenting that massive, perfect ass once again. She leaned forward, planting her hands firmly on her knees and arching her back until her spine was a deep, inviting curve. Then, she started to shake it. It wasn't just a wiggle; it was a... fuck, it was a violent vibration that sent waves through the muscle and skin of her cheeks. Every time she caught the beat, her ass seemed to take on a life of its own, the tiny thong lost in the depths of her movement.

"Look at that," I groaned, my pace inside Minne increasing as I watched Kayla's performance. "That's the best view in the city right there."

Tessa wasn't about to let Kayla have all the glory. She moved in behind her, her eyes dark with a predatory heat. She reached out and buried both hands in Kayla's asscheeks, squeezing them so hard her knuckles turned white. She leaned down and bit the skin of Kayla's left cheek, leaving a faint, red mark.

"So fucking good," Tessa hissed, her voice a ragged edge. "You see this, Evan? It's like marble wrapped in silk. I could eat this all night."

The Heart System - Chapter 489[1,010 words]

Chapter 489: Chapter 489

The other girls weren't staying idle. Nala and Jasmine moved to either side of the chair, their hands roaming over my chest and shoulders. Nala leaned down, her heavy breasts brushing against my face, the scent of her skin making my head swim. She grabbed my hand and pressed it against her inner thigh, guiding my fingers toward her own heat.

Mendy was still on the edge of the bed, her eyes wide as she watched the sheer scale of the worship. Tessa looked over at her, a wicked glint in her eyes.

"Mendy! Stop being shy already," Tessa commanded, pointing toward my lap. "Get down there and show him you're part of the team. Suck those balls while he's busy with Minne. Jeez, girl."

Mendy hesitated for only a fraction of a second before she slid off the bed and sank to her knees between my legs. Her hands were trembling as she reached out, her fingers brushing against the base of my cock where it disappeared into Minne. She leaned in, her tongue darting out to lick at my balls with a shy, frantic energy.

"That's it, Mendy... just like that," I groaned, my head falling back against the chair as the double-sensation of Minne's tight pussy and Mendy's warm mouth sent me over the edge.

The room was a symphony of wet sounds—the slapping of my skin against Minne's ass, the squelch of Mendy's tongue, and the heavy breathing of seven women. Minne was starting to lose it, her head tossing from side to side as I hammered into her. Her hands were locked onto my forearms, her nails digging in as she reached her limit.

"Master... oh god... UGH...!" she cried out, her voice high and shattered.

I didn't slow down. I pushed her even further, my thrusts becoming shorter and more powerful. I could feel the internal tension in her body reaching a breaking point. Her pussy began to spasm, the walls clamping down on me with a strength that was almost painful.

"Take it, Minne! Cum for me!" I growled.

She broke. Her entire body went rigid in my arms, her back arching so hard her chest bucked forward. A long, trembling scream tore from her throat as she went into a full-body convulsion, her release flooding over my cock and soaking into the chair cushions. She rode the wave for a long, exhausting minute, her moans turning into ragged, breathless sobs as she completely lost herself in the pleasure.

I kept going through her climax, savoring the way her body was fighting to hold onto me. Even as her tremors began to fade, I stayed at that high-intensity pace, my cock still rock hard and pulsing inside her.

Kayla was still shaking her ass in front of me, her movements even more frantic now that she saw how close we were. Tessa was still kneading her cheeks, her face flushed with a dark, vicarious thrill.

"Look at her," Tessa whispered, her eyes locked on Minne's wrecked face. "You really did it, Evan. You broke the head maid."

I looked around the room—at the sea of lace, stockings, and beautiful, hungry women. The night was just beginning, and I had plenty of energy left for the rest of them.

I watched Kayla's performance with a predatory heat, my pulse hammering in my ears. The way her muscles moved under that skimpy apron was a masterpiece of pure, unadulterated friction.

"With a dance like that," I rasped, my voice thick with lust, "Kayla definitely earned her spot. Get over here."

Minne was still shaking, her legs completely turned to jelly. She slid off my lap with a wet, heavy sound, her knees hitting the carpet with a soft thud. She stayed there, slumped against the side of the chair, her chest heaving as she tried to remember how to breathe. Mendy didn't miss a beat; she stayed right where she was between my legs, her tongue continuing its relentless, swirling work on my balls, her eyes looking up at me with a newfound hunger.

Kayla stepped forward, the confidence in her stride making her hips sway with a lethal grace. She stopped inches from my knees, looking down at my throbbing length with a wicked smirk.

"I won't go easy on you, Evan," she promised, her voice dropping into a sultry, challenging purr. "I hope you've got some stamina left."

"Try me," I challenged, leaning back and gripping the armrests.

Kayla didn't hesitate. She turned her back to me, her massive, sculpted ass inches from my face. She reached back, her fingers wrapping around my shaft to guide me. Instead of heading for her pussy, she dragged the head of my cock upward, rubbing it slowly against the tight, puckered entrance of her asshole.

I wasn't in yet, but the friction against that forbidden heat made my vision swim. Kayla let out a sharp, jagged hiss, reaching down to spit into her palm. She rubbed the moisture over herself, trying to prep the gate, but it wasn't enough.

Tessa saw the struggle and stepped in with a devious grin. She leaned down, her hair falling over Kayla's lower back, and began to lick her asshole with broad, wet strokes. The sight of Tessa's tongue working to open Kayla up for me was enough to make my cock twitch violently.

As Tessa worked, she glanced down and realized Mendy was playing with herself while she sucked me, her fingers lost in her own dripping folds. Tessa's smirk widened. She reached down, grabbing Mendy by the legs and pulling them wide. Mendy stopped sucking, letting out a startled moan as Tessa used two fingers to scoop up a heavy handful of the juices overflowing from Mendy's pussy.

Tessa stood up and smeared the slick, hot nectar all over Kayla's rear, coating the entrance until it glistened under the bedroom lights.

"There," Tessa whispered, her voice dripping with malice. "She's nice and lubricated with Mendy's desperation. It's ready for you now, Master. Drive it home."

The Heart System - Chapter 490[1,041 words]

Chapter 490: Chapter 490

Kayla reached back again, her breathing coming in short, shallow hitches. She gripped my cock and positioned it perfectly. With a slow, agonizingly steady sink of her hips, she guided me inside.

The resistance was incredible... thick, and incredibly tight, until the muscle finally gave way, and I slid all the way to the hilt.

"Nnh... fuck," I moaned, the internal pressure wrapping around me like a vice.

Kayla's head snapped back, her hands bracing against my knees as she adjusted to the intrusion. She glanced back at me over her shoulder, a look of pure, triumphant fire in her eyes.

"Hope you're ready, Evan," she panted, her voice trembling. "Because I'm going to make you work for every drop."

The moment Kayla felt the full depth of my length settled in her, she didn't wait for a lead. She seized control, her hands bracing against my knees as she began to drive herself up and down with a violent, athletic intensity. The heavy velvet chair creaked under the dual weight of our bodies, the wood groaning with every downward strike.

"I told you I wouldn't go easy," Kayla rasped, her face flushed as she started to jump.

She was going to town on me. She would lift her hips so high that my cock nearly slipped out of that tight, punishing heat, only to plunge back down with a heavy, wet thud that sent a jolt of electricity straight to my brain. The friction was unlike anything else—a hot, dry, constricting pressure that seemed to wrap around every nerve ending.

"God, Kayla... fuck!" I groaned, my head falling back against the headrest.

The sound was incredible. The wet slap of her ass against my thighs combined with the creak of the chair filled the room. The girls gathered closer, their eyes wide as they watched the raw power Kayla was putting into the movement.

"Look at her go," Nala whispered, her voice thick with awe. "She's trying to break the chair and Evan at the same time."

"She's merciless," Jasmine added, leaning in to see the point of impact. "I've never seen her pound someone that hard. She's really trying to claim him."

Kayla wasn't just moving; she was, dunno, fucking warring with me. She increased the pace until she was a blur of motion, her massive, sculpted ass hitting my lap with the force of a hammer. I felt my body tense, my muscles snapping tight as the overstimulation began to redline. I reached out, my hands digging into her hips to try and find some leverage, but she was a force of nature.

My vision began to swim. The soft bedroom lighting turned into a hazy golden blur. "Oh fuck... Kayla... slow down," I managed to choke out, my voice breaking. "I'm gonna... I'm right there..."

Instead of slowing, Kayla's eyes flashed with triumph.

She went even faster.

She was moving with a desperate, frantic speed now, her breath coming in ragged, high-pitched whistles. Every strike was deeper than the last, the internal pressure reaching a point that was almost painful.

"Take it, Evan! Give it to me!" she screamed, her voice echoing off the glass walls.

I couldn't hold back anymore. The dam burst with a violent, primitive force. My vision shattered into a thousand points of light as the orgasm tore through me. I let out a string of incoherent, guttural words, my head tossing from side to side as I exploded deep inside her.

The sensation was overwhelming—a series of hot pulses that felt like they were being milked out of my very soul. I was pouring into her, the heat of my release filling her tightest depths until there was nowhere left for it to go.

But Kayla didn't stop.

Even as I was twitching in the middle of the peak, she kept going. She went even harder, her movements turning into a relentless, punishing assault. She was using the extra lubrication of my cum to drive herself even deeper, her ass pounding against me with a strength that actually started to make my thighs ache. It felt like I was being dismantled from the inside out.

"Kayla... stop... oh, fuuuuck," I gasped, my hands losing their grip on her waist as I succumbed to the sheer power of her rhythm.

The cum began to overflow. Because she was moving so fast, the friction was turning the mixture of Mendy's juices and my own release into a frothy, white foam that coated the base of my cock and streaked down my thighs. It dripped onto my balls, where Mendy immediately leaned back in, her tongue darting out to lick up the overflow with a desperate, hungry energy.

"Look at the mess she's making," Tessa laughed, her eyes locked on the white foam bubbling between us. "She's literally churning it."

"It's everywhere," Kim murmured, her hand resting on her stomach as she watched the display. "I've never seen a man produce that much. She's milking him dry."

Kayla was a blur of sweat and muscle now. She was hitting the bottom with enough force to make my entire frame shudder, her internal muscles clamping down on me like a vice.

I was helpless, pinned to the chair by the weight of her ambition. My breath was coming in short, wrecked hitches, my mind completely blank as she continued to ravage me long after I had given her everything I had.

Then, with one final, agonizingly powerful drop, Kayla slammed herself down as hard as she could. She stayed there, her body snapping rigid as she hit her own limit.

She let out a long, shattered cry that died into a series of broken whimpers. Her asshole went into a violent, crushing lockdown, the muscles twitching in a series of intense spasms that made me let out one last, exhausted groan. She stayed impaled on me, her chest heaving, her skin slick with a fine sheen of sweat that glittered under the lights.

The room fell into a heavy, weighted silence, broken only by the sound of our synchronized, ragged breathing.

"Holy... hell," Delilah whispered, adjusting her black stockings as she stepped closer. "I think you actually did it. You broke the 'Master.'"

It was a vision of black lace, white silk, and pure temptation. The girls filed in one by one, and every single one of them was wearing a variation of a skimpy, hyper-sexy maid uniform.

Jasmine led the pack in a classic French maid look—a tiny black velvet corset that pushed her breasts up to her chin, paired with a ruffled white apron that barely covered the tops of her thighs. Tessa went for a more rebellious style, her outfit consisting of a sheer mesh bodice and a micro-skirt that was basically just a pleated belt, accented by a white lace choker.

Kim looked radiant and ripe, a form-fitting maid dress that hugged her barely-pregnant belly, the white apron strings tied in a large bow right above her curve. Nala's dark skin glowed against a deep violet silk maid outfit that was entirely backless, held together by thin silver chains that glittered under the bedroom lights.

Kayla was wearing a two-piece set—a white ruffled bra and a matching thong with a tiny apron attached to the front, highlighting the gym-honed curves of her ass. Minne, the woman of the hour, looked endearingly shy in a traditional long-sleeved maid blouse that was cropped high to show her midriff, paired with a sheer white skirt and white lace garter belts.

Then there was Delilah. She stood near the front, her outfit a sleek, black satin bodysuit with a white frilled collar. She had her hands on her hips, her long, toned legs encased in sheer black stockings that disappeared into the dark hem of her suit.