

The Heart System - Chapter 491[1,093 words]

Chapter 491: Chapter 491

Kayla slowly pulled back. She looked down at the wreckage between us, the foam, the overflow, and the sheer state of my spent body, and let out a soft, breathless chuckle.

"I told you... I wouldn't go easy," she panted. "Oh... wow. Fuck... my asshole actually hurts now."

The room was thick with the scent of sex and sweat, the air vibrating with the heavy breathing of the seven maids. Kayla was still trembling on my lap, her body flushed a deep, feverish pink.

"Bend over, right there, Kayla," Tessa commanded, her voice a sharp, authoritative edge that cut through the haze.

Kayla didn't argue. She shifted her weight, turning her body so her heavy, sweat-slicked breasts were facing me. She leaned forward, planting both hands firmly on the velvet armrests of the chair where I was sitting. Because of the way she angled herself to the right, the view was nothing short of legendary. I could see everything—the arch of her spine, the sweat beads rolling down her ribs, and most importantly, Tessa moving in behind her.

Tessa dropped to her knees on the carpet, her eyes dark and predatory as she stared at the wreckage Kayla's ass had become. My cum was still overflowing, a thick, white foam that coated the puckered entrance and streaked down Kayla's inner thighs. Without a second of hesitation, Tessa leaned in. She began to eat Kayla out, her tongue swirling in broad, hungry strokes to gather every drop of my release.

Kayla let out a long, broken moan, her head falling back and her eyes fluttering shut as Tessa's tongue hit her sensitive nerves. The friction of Tessa's mouth, combined with the lingering heat of our session, was clearly sending her right back to the edge.

"Fuck... Tessa... that's... oh god," Kayla panted, her voice a wrecked whisper.

Then, Kayla leaned in toward me. She reached out, her fingers wrapping around my throbbing, foam-covered shaft to steady it before she took the head into her mouth. She began to suck, her cheeks hollowing as she created a powerful vacuum, her tongue working in tandem with the rhythm Tessa was establishing behind her.

The view was fucking insane. I was sitting in the center of a storm of lust. To my front, Kayla was bobbing her head with a desperate, hungry energy, her tits swaying with every movement. Below and behind her, Tessa was buried in Kayla's ass, the wet, slurping

sounds of her swallowing my cum filling the room. Tessa let out a deep, muffled moan of her own, clearly savoring the taste of the "main dish" as she cleaned Kayla's entrance with a relentless, swirling tongue.

"Look at them," Nala whispered, her voice thick with awe as she and the other girls crowded around the chair. "It's like a masterpiece."

"Tessa really is a glutton for it," Jasmine added, her hand resting on the back of the chair as she watched the double-assault.

I gripped the armrests, my knuckles white as I fought the urge to explode again. The sensation was in-fucking-sane... the wet heat of Kayla's mouth on my cock and the knowledge that Tessa was worshipping the aftermath of my release just inches away. Every time Tessa's tongue flicked deep into Kayla, I felt Kayla's throat tighten around me in a sympathetic pulse.

This went on for what felt like an eternity, a fever dream of lace, spit, and spent desire. Finally, Tessa pulled back with a wet, heavy pop. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, a triumphant, wicked smirk on her face as she looked up at me, her lips glistening.

Smack!

Tessa delivered a sharp, stinging slap to Kayla's ass, the sound echoing like a gunshot. "Move to the side, honey. You've had your fun."

Kayla pulled off me with a reluctant, sighing sound, her eyes dazed as she moved to the side to catch her breath. Tessa stood up, her violet maid outfit slightly rumpled, her gaze locked onto mine with a challenge that made my blood boil.

"Now it's my turn, Cowboy," Tessa whispered, her voice a sultry, commanding purr. "Lie on the bed. I'm going to ride you until you can't remember your own name."

I didn't need to be told twice. I stood up on shaky legs, my cock still rock-solid and twitching despite the massive release Kayla had just forced out of me. I walked over to the master bed and lay down on the silk sheets, my arms spread wide.

Tessa hopped onto the bed, crawling over me. She hovered above me for a second, her scent, a mix of expensive perfume, filling my head. She didn't stay facing me, though. She turned her back, presenting me with her own perfectly shaped rear, and lowered herself slowly onto my dick.

I slid inside her cunt with a heavy, wet squelch. The heat was immediate and overwhelming. Even after everything, she was so tight and so ready that I let out a long, ragged moan. I was buried to the hilt, my cock pulsing against her internal walls as she settled her weight onto my lap.

"There he is," Tessa gasped, her back arching as she adjusted to the stretch. "Still hard. Still ready for more. You really are a monster, Evan."

Tessa didn't waste a single heartbeat once she felt me bottom out inside her. She gripped my knees for leverage, her back arched into a beautiful, strained curve, and began to drive herself upward. The wet slapping of her ass hitting my thighs filled the room instantly.

"God, you're still so thick," Tessa gasped, her head tossing from side to side. "How are you still this hard after what Kayla did to you?"

"I'm just getting started, Tess," I managed to grit out, my hands sliding up her ribs to find her breasts.

She started jumping, her movements frantic and athletic. She wasn't just sliding; she was launching herself up until I nearly slipped out, then slamming back down with a force that made the mattress groan. Every time she hit the base, I felt the air leave my lungs. Her internal muscles were like a velvet vice, milking me with every downward stroke. The friction was building into a white-hot blur, the sensation of her tight, slick walls wrapping around me making my toes curl against the silk sheets.

"Look at him," Nala whispered from the edge of the bed, her dark eyes tracking the way Tessa was bouncing. "He's taking it like it's nothing."

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Just as Tessa hit a frantic, blurring speed, Delilah moved in. She didn't say a word, her expression focused and hungry. She crawled onto the bed, her black stockings whispering against the sheets, and positioned herself right over my face. She didn't hesitate, lowering her weight until her soaking wet pussy was pressed firmly against my mouth.

The scent of her overwhelmed my senses. I didn't need to be told twice. I reached up, my hands burying themselves in Delilah's firm asscheeks, squeezing the silk-clad flesh until my fingers nearly met. I began to eat her out, my tongue working in broad, greedy laps across her clit while Tessa continued to ravage my cock from above.

I was trapped between two fires. Above me, Tessa was a whirlwind of damn motion, her groans of pleasure vibrating through my hips. Below her, Delilah was a heavy, wet weight on my face, her hips grinding against my mouth as I used my tongue to drive her toward the edge. I could hear the wet, squelching sounds of my mouth on Delilah and the heavy, rhythmic thud of Tessa's ass on my lap merging into one chaotic soundtrack.

"Fuck, Evan... that's it... right there," Delilah moaned, her voice muffled as she gripped the headboard for balance.

I reached around Delilah's thighs, my thumbs finding her clit and adding a buzzing pressure while my tongue stayed locked on her. She was already so close, her internal muscles twitching against my face. Meanwhile, Tessa had shifted her rhythm, moving into a deep, grinding circle that felt like it was trying to unscrew my cock from my body.

"You're both... so fucking wet," I moaned, the words lost against Delilah's folds.

Tessa's breath was coming in jagged, high-pitched whistles now. She reached back, her hand finding the back of my neck to pull me closer to the friction. She was hammering down with a desperate, final intensity, her eyes rolled back into her head. I could feel the heat radiating off both of them, a concentrated furnace of lust that seemed to set the very air on fire.

"I'm close... Evan, I'm so fucking close!" Tessa screamed, her voice breaking.

She didn't wait for me. Tessa hit her peak first, her entire body snapping into a rigid, trembling line. She let out a long, shattered cry as her pussy went into a violent, crushing lockdown. She stayed impaled on me, her muscles pulsing in a series of intense spasms that felt like they were trying to draw the very marrow from my bones. She rode the wave for a long, agonizing minute, her head falling forward onto my chest as she sobbed with the sheer force of the release.

I didn't stop. Even with Tessa slumped against me, her internal walls still twitching, I kept my focus on Delilah. I increased the pressure with my tongue, my thumbs working in a frantic, blurring circle against her nub. I could feel the tension in Delilah's legs reaching a breaking point, her black stockings straining against her muscles.

"Don't... stop... Evan... PLEASE!" Delilah shrieked, her hands clenching into the pillows.

A few seconds after Tessa's scream died down, Delilah followed her into the abyss. She let out a sharp, jagged moan, her body bucking against my face as she went into a full-body convulsion. A fresh, hot flood of her juices drenched my chin and neck, the scent of her climax filling the air as she rode the wave of a massive, toe-curling orgasm. She stayed there, pinned against my mouth, her breathing coming in ragged, shallow gasps until she finally went limp, her weight collapsing fully onto me.

The room fell into a heavy, weighted silence, broken only by the sound of our three synchronized, wrecked breaths.

Tessa slowly pulled off me, her eyes glazed and unfocused. She slid to the side of the bed, her legs trembling so badly she could barely stand. Delilah moved off my face, her black stockings ruffled and her skin glowing with sweat. She sat back on her heels, wiping her face with a dazed, triumphant smile.

I lay there in the center of the bed, my chest heaving, my heart hammering against my ribs. I looked down at my lap—despite the double-assault and the massive releases I'd just witnessed, I was still rock-solid. My cock was twitching, glistening with the combined fluids of three different women, standing tall like a challenge to the rest of the room.

"Look at him," Jasmine whispered, stepping closer to the bed, her eyes fixed on my length. "Two of them just went down, and he's still waiting for more."

"He really is a monster," Kayla added, her voice full of a dark, appreciative heat.

I reached out and grabbed Delilah's hand, pulling her back toward me. I then looked around at the remaining 'maids,' Nala, Jasmine, Kim, and Minne, who were all watching with a hunger that promised the night was nowhere near over.

"Who's next?"



The pale, bruised light of dawn was finally beginning to bleed through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the penthouse. The neon hum of the city was fading, replaced by the quiet, cold stillness of a snowy morning, but inside the master suite, the air was still thick with the heavy, musky scent of a night spent in total chaos. We were all a mess... slick with sweat, tangled in discarded lace, and exhausted to the bone, but the fire hadn't burned out yet.

"Mendy... Mendy... fuck, yes... Oh, fuck..." I growled, my voice sounding like gravel.

I had Kayla pinned on her back, acting as a living mattress for Mendy, who was draped over her. Their tits were crushed together, sweating and sliding against one another while I drove into Mendy from behind. I held her arms pinned back, keeping her anchored as I hammered into her with a relentless, driving rhythm. My muscles were screaming, and I'd lost count of how many times I'd finished—seven? Eight? It didn't matter. The raw, primitive friction was the only thing that felt real.

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I let her arms go and leaned my full weight onto her, my chest crushing her into Kayla. I wrapped one arm around her neck, pulling her close as my other hand swept the damp hair from her face. I trailed a line of burning kisses down her shoulder, following the elegant curve of her spine before straightening up to grab her by the waist. I didn't hold back, pushing into her with everything I had left. She was leaking for me, a constant, slick flow that made every thrust sound like a heavy splash.

"I love you," I muttered, the words raw and honest. I delivered a sharp, stinging smack to her ass—the sound echoing like a gunshot in the quiet room. "I fucking love you."

"Me, now," Kayla moaned from beneath her, her hands reaching up to squeeze her own breasts. "Fuck my tight little pussy, Evan. I'm starving."

"Evan..." Mendy's voice cracked, her breath hitching in a high-pitched whistle. "I'm close... I can't..."

"Are you going to cum again?" I whispered into her ear, my teeth grazing her lobe. "Right here? On your friend?"

"I'm... I'm sorry, Kayla..." Mendy gasped, her body beginning to lock up. Her eyes rolled back, her fingers digging into Kayla's shoulders. "I can't hold it... I'm breaking... Evan!"

I didn't give her a choice. I accelerated, my hips snapping forward in a blurring, punishing speed. That was the final straw. Mendy let out a shattered cry, her legs trembling violently as she arched her back toward the ceiling. A hot, frantic gush of her nectar erupted from her, coating Kayla's stomach and thighs in a sticky, glistening sheen.

She slumped forward, her head falling onto Kayla's shoulder as she went completely limp. Kayla just smiled, looking tired but triumphant, and began petting Mendy's hair with a gentle, sisterly touch.

"Wow... that was hot, Mendy," Kayla whispered.

"Now... your turn," I grunted, withdrawing with a wet, heavy flop.

I took a second to look around the battlefield. Minne and Jasmine were curled up on the rug near the foot of the bed, fast asleep and looking utterly wrecked, their thighs still glistening with the evidence of the night. Kim and Tessa were gone, likely seeking the relief of a steaming bath to wash away the sweat. Delilah and Nala were still on the bed, passed out in a tangle of limbs right next to us.

I reached down and gently moved Mendy off Kayla, settling her onto the pillows where she immediately closed her eyes, her breathing shallow and spent. I'd worked her to the bone, and she clearly didn't have a single spark of energy left to give.

I turned Kayla over, forcing her into a deep doggy-style position. Her massive, sculpted ass was a masterpiece under the morning light, still trembling slightly from the exertion. I lined myself up, circling the head of my cock against her entrance, teasing the tight, puckered heat.

"Such a fat, perfect ass," I muttered, my hands sinking into the firm meat of her cheeks. "I could live back here."

Kayla gave her hips a playful, rhythmic shake, making the muscle jiggle for my benefit. "It's all yours... but only if you can make me cum again. If you've got it in you."

"Now, now. What's the magic word, Kayla?"

She let out a tired, husky chuckle. "Please? Please, Master."

I pushed into her, the tight, constricting heat of her cunt wrapping around me like a glove. I let out a long, ragged moan of pure relief. Between Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Minne, Delilah, and Mendy, I had been through a literal marathon of pleasure, but Kayla always felt like the ultimate challenge.

- Critical Success: Kayla

"OH, FUUUUCK!"

The reaction was instantaneous. Kayla's entire frame seized as if a live wire had been shoved into her spine. Her internal muscles clamped down on my cock with a crushing, rhythmic violence that felt like it was trying to snap me in half. I clenched my teeth so hard my jaw ached, my fingers digging into her asscheeks until I left marks. She let out a piercing scream as she squirted, a hot, frantic flood of her release drenching the mattress and mixing with the remnants of my previous work.

She stayed like that for a few seconds, twitching and gasping, before she finally found the strength to move. She looked back at me, her eyes wide with genuine shock. I'd barely even started, and she'd already hit the ceiling.

She pushed herself up, my cock sliding out of her with a wet pop, and then she lunged at me. She tackled me back toward the edge of the bed, forcing me into a sitting position while she straddled my lap. She grabbed the base of my cock, her eyes locked on mine with a fierce, possessive hunger.

"I fucking love this dick," she breathed, slowly lowering herself onto me.

"Only the dick? Or... me as well?" I teased, though my voice was trembling from the sensation of her sliding down.

She chuckled, her hands sliding up to lock behind my neck. "Shut up and make me cum properly this time."

"Yes, ma'am."

I buried my face in her chest, my tongue lashing out to catch her stiff nipples. I sucked one deep into my mouth, biting gently as I began to pump upward, my hips meeting her downward grinds with a heavy, rhythmic force. I moved my head from left to right, lost in the scent of her skin and the sheer, overwhelming friction of her seat. Every time I hit the top, I felt her internal walls milking me, demanding more, demanding everything I had left.

I pulled Kayla closer, my hands sliding from her waist up to her shoulder blades, pulling her chest flush against mine. The friction of her sweat-slicked skin against my own was a furnace, a localized heatwave in the middle of the cooling penthouse. I was buried deep, the wet sounds of our connection echoing in the quiet of the dawn.

"You're not getting away that easily," I grunted, my voice a low vibration against her collarbone.

I began to meet her grinds with a powerful, upward surge of my hips. Kayla let out a sharp, jagged hiss, her fingers digging into the muscles of my back as she tried to find her flow. She was bouncing with a desperate, frantic energy now, her breasts swaying and slapping against my chest with every downward plunge.

"Evan... oh, god... right there," she sobbed, her head snapping back.

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I reached up and caught her chin, forcing her to look at me. Her eyes were glazed, blown out with a mix of exhaustion and a hunger that seemed bottomless. I could feel the tension building in her thighs, the muscles in her legs snapping tight as she reached the precipice for the second time in minutes. I didn't slow down; I pushed her even harder, my thumbs finding her clit and adding a frantic, buzzing pressure that made her entire frame shudder.

"Don't you dare close your eyes," I commanded, my breath hot against her lips. "Look at me while I take everything you've got."

Kayla let out a broken, high-pitched moan, her mouth falling open as she tried to catch her breath. She was moving with a blurring speed now, her ass hitting my lap with a heavy, wet thwack that punctuated the silence of the room. I could feel the heat in my balls reaching a fever pitch, a heavy, throbbing ache that told me the dam was about to burst.

"I'm... I'm right there, Kayla," I gasped, my vision starting to flicker at the edges.

"Me too! Fuck, Evan... me too! Don't you stop! Give it to me!"

The air in the room seemed to vanish. I gripped her asscheeks, my fingers sinking into the firm, muscular meat as I pulled her down for one final, devastating series of thrusts. I was hammering into her with a primitive damn force, my heart drumming a frantic beat against my ribs. I felt her internal walls start to ripple, a series of pre-orgasmic waves that gripped my cock like a thousand tiny fingers.

Then, the world shattered.

We hit the peak at the exact same moment. Kayla let out a long, shattered scream that tore through the quiet of the morning, her body going into a full-scale, violent convulsion. Her pussy went into a crushing lockdown, the muscles squeezing me with a strength that felt like it was trying to draw my soul out through my shaft.

I let out a low, guttural roar as I exploded deep inside her. The orgasm was a total system failure, a series of white-hot, electric pulses that felt like they were vibrating through every bone in my body. I poured into her, a frantic, endless flood of release that filled her to the absolute limit. My head fell back against the headboard, my teeth gritted so hard I thought they might crack.

Kayla stayed rigid for a long, agonizing minute, her fingers clawing into my shoulders, her breath coming in shallow, terrified hitches. She rode the wave of the double-climax until her muscles finally ran out of energy, her frame slowly softening as she slumped forward onto my chest.

I stayed there for a beat, our hearts hammering against each other in a synchronized, frantic pace. The room was silent again, the only sound the distant, muffled hum of the city waking up below us.

Slowly, I pulled out of her. The sound was a wet, heavy suction that seemed to linger in the air. Kayla let out a tiny, whimpering moan as I withdrew, her body sliding off my lap and onto the mattress next to me. She was a complete wreck—covered in sweat, her hair a wild nest of tangles, her skin glowing with the afterglow of a night that had defied every law of physics and stamina.

I collapsed back onto the silk sheets, my limbs feeling like they were made of lead. I couldn't have moved a finger if the building was on fire. I lay there, panting heavily, my chest heaving as I tried to get enough oxygen back into my lungs.

I stared up at the ceiling, watching the shadows of the morning light crawl across the crown molding. My vision was still a bit blurry, a hazy golden filter over everything. I could feel the cooling sweat on my skin and the heavy, satisfied ache in my muscles.

Beside me, Kayla was curled into a ball, her breathing finally starting to even out into the deep pattern of sleep. Further down the bed, Nala and Delilah were still out cold, oblivious to the final explosion that had just rocked the room.

The weight of the night finally settled on me. It had been an marathon of flesh and feeling, a celebration of life and a display of raw, unbridled power. I thought about Minne, sleeping on the floor, carrying a part of me within her. I thought about Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Delilah, Nala, and Kayla—the way they each gave me a different piece of themselves.

My eyes started to get heavy. The adrenaline was gone, replaced by a profound, heavy warmth that pulled me down into the mattress. I reached out a hand, blindly, and felt Kayla's skin. She was warm, her pulse steady and slow. I closed my eyes, the image of the rising sun behind the glass walls the last thing I saw before I drifted off.

I was finally asleep, the king of my own little world, surrounded by the women who made it worth living in.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +5900

Villain Bonus: +20 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Bliss Multiplier: 8880c

I really dodged a bullet there, not getting penalised since I have Villain tag was pure luck. As the UI kept hovering, I closed my eyes for a few seconds and exhaled. Man... I was beat. I didn't have the energy to even open my eyes now. I wanted to sleep right tere.

Evan Marlowe [Level 19]

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

EXP: 4909 / 14504



Hey, leveled up, huh? Crossing my fingers, I waited for the next update screen, Shop to appear. I wanted to get a new item or a skill and try that out. I had loads of credits anyway. But I also needed to think ahead. Like how I was going to get rid of this Villain tag.

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SHOP [Page 2]

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30 (200c)

- Mastery Evolve (1500c)
- Random Skill (2000c)

Credits: 22489c

Random Skill... though, I wasn't going to buy that yet. I still wanted to get some usage of Mastery Evolve, and then get rid of my Villain tag. For now, I just closed out of that screen and watched as the status screen popped up.

"I'm..." Kayla muttered. "Wow."

"Tired..." Mendy said, still panting. "Oh my god... so intense..."

CURRENT STATS

◆ Strength: 20

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 20

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+50)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

◆ Passive Skill: On a Roll

14 Unused Ability Points

Wow, leveling up was now granting me five ability points? Man, Mana was really generous, giving the majority of her power to me like that... I think. I still didn't know how Goddesses' stuff worked yet. And, honestly? I didn't want to find that out. I was okay like this.

I groaned as I turned right, supporting myself on the elbow on the bed, and reached toward the nightstand beside the bed. Not being able to reach my phone there, I tried once again but no, I couldn't. I was so damn tired.

Mendy turned her head, and then grabbed the phone and gave it to me. I smiled, kissing her stomach, which she chuckled breathlessly, and I sank back into the mattress.

"Shit..."

"Mm?" Mendy muttered.

"Oh... nothing."

"Okay... phew. Wow..."

Nah, this was something. A text from Ivy, telling me that she knew her mother was pregnant. Well, not good. I wanted to keep this hidden as long as it would go, but I guess this was the limit.

She also texted me just minutes ago. She was probably out, drinking. Couldn't blame the girl after that whole shit show with Chase Bellings.

I turned off the screen and put the phone on my chest. No... I couldn't deal with that right now.

I needed to sleep...



After that night, after feeling like I was on top of everything, I was right back where I started. Sitting behind my desk, rearranging Nala's meeting schedules like nothing had happened. On top of that, there was the small issue of a literal goddess possibly trying to kill me, and the even smaller issue of some guy named K who might be sitting on blackmail material that could ruin all of us.

Yeah. Things were great.

I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my eyes.

"I need a coffee..."

I got up and walked out into the corridor. The break room looked empty except for one guy standing in front of the machine, waiting for his cup to fill. The balcony door was closed, no one out there either.

Good.

I stepped into the break room and waited behind him, shifting my weight from one foot to the other. After a few seconds, he grabbed his cup and left. I stepped forward, pressed the button for black coffee, and placed a mug under the machine, watching it fill.

Yesterday had been a mess. No work, just staying home, trying to relax. TV, board games, pretending things were normal.

They weren't.

"Man... I'm tired."

I grabbed the mug and pushed the balcony door open with my shoulder. The air outside was still, no wind, no snow, just heavy clouds hanging low like they were about to burst any second.

I leaned back against the wall, took a slow sip, and looked out over the city.

For a moment, things felt quiet.

"Hello?"

I flinched slightly and turned my head. I hadn't even heard the door open.

A guy stood there holding a cup of coffee, looking at me like he'd been debating whether to speak or not. He was shorter than me, maybe around 5'7, with short blonde hair and

hazel eyes. His white shirt was neat, but the cravat and slightly wrinkled pants made him look... off. Like he tried too hard to look put together.

"Hey," I said, narrowing my eyes a bit. "Do I know you?"

"I'm Melvin," he said quickly, stepping closer and shutting the door behind him. "Evan, right? Nice to meet you."

He extended his hand a little too eagerly. I stared at it for a second before sighing internally and shaking it.

"Yeah. Nice to meet you."

He let go and immediately shifted where he stood, moving to lean against the railing across from me instead of looking at the city. His attention stayed locked on me, which made things a bit uncomfortable.

I took another sip of my coffee.

"So," I said, glancing at him, "you got something to say, Melvin?"

"Oh... um... maybe?" he said, scratching the back of his neck. His eyes darted around for a second before coming back to me. "It's just... you know..."

"No," I said flatly. "I don't know."

"I..." He hesitated again, lips parting slightly before closing. "I just want to know about you."

I blinked once and raised my hand halfway between us.

"I don't swing that way, man," I said. "Not interested."

His eyes widened instantly and he started shaking his head.

"No, no, no, no! God, no!" he said quickly, almost spilling his coffee. "You got it wrong. I'm straight!"

I stared at him for a second, then took another sip.

"Okay," I said slowly. "Then what? You want to get to know me as... friends?"

"S-something like that?" he said, like he wasn't even sure himself.

I didn't answer right away. I just stood there, sipping my coffee and seriously considering walking out and pretending this never happened.

Melvin cleared his throat again, set his cup on the railing, and clapped his hands lightly like he was trying to hype himself up. He took a deep breath, straightened his posture, and looked at me with forced determination.

Yeah. I wasn't going to like this.

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"I want your help about something, Mr. Marlowe," he said.

"Evan is fine," I replied, lowering my cup. "What kind of help?"

He hesitated again, then looked down briefly before meeting my eyes. "About... my life."

I let out a short breath through my nose. "I don't think I'm the right guy for that," I said. "Mine's already a mess. What do you mean by 'life'?"

He rubbed his hands together nervously. "There's this woman I like," he said. "But I don't know how to talk to her."

I stared at him. "Okay... and you came to me because...?"

"You scored Mrs. Nolin in a coffee shop!"

I immediately looked around and leaned toward him. "Keep your voice down," I muttered. "Who told you that?"

"Everyone knows," he said, lowering his voice but still sounding excited. "People already think you two are a couple. Just hiding it."

"Great," I muttered, rubbing my forehead. "That's exactly what I needed."

He leaned in a little.

"That's not the point," he said. "Please, can you help me?"

"I really can't," I shook my head. "I've got enough problems as it is. I don't need—"

Go help Melvin.

I stared at it for a second, then closed my eyes. Of course. Of course it would do this to me right now.

I exhaled slowly and looked back at him. He was practically bouncing in place, waiting for an answer. He looked like a damn puppy the way he was staring at me. Big and hopeful eyes staring into my damn soul like that. Jeez.

"Fine," I said reluctantly. "I'll help."

His face lit up instantly.

"Yes!" he said, almost shouting before catching himself. "Thank you! Seriously, thank you!"

I pointed at him with my coffee hand.

"Keep it down," I said. "And don't make me regret this. What exactly do you want me to do?"

He grabbed his coffee again and took a quick sip, like he was trying to calm himself.

"She's working right now," he said. "There's a place nearby. If we go, I can show you."

I sighed, already regretting this.

"Alright," I said, pushing myself off the wall. "Lead the way."

He nodded quickly and headed for the door, almost rushing.

I followed behind him, taking one last sip of my coffee before tossing the cup into the bin.

Yeah. This was definitely going to be another problem added to the list.

△ △ △

Yeah... no.

There was absolutely no way this Melvin guy was getting anywhere with her. Not even if the universe bent over backwards for him. The gap between them wasn't just big, it was

ridiculous. Trying to explain it felt pointless. It was like... like he was a nervous rabbit while this chick was Optimus Prime.

I leaned slightly toward him, lowering my voice while keeping my eyes on her.

"Melvin... you sure this is the girl?"

"Yes," he said immediately, nodding like he'd been waiting for that question his whole life. "She's cute, right? Her name's Isabella."

Cute.

Yeah. Sure. That was one way to put it.

We were sitting inside Stingy Ladies, the place looking almost dead this early in the day. A couple of empty tables, faint smell of alcohol still hanging in the air from last night, lights dimmed just enough to make everything feel slower. No sign of Charlotte or Emilia anywhere, which meant I couldn't even get an easy way out of this by passing him off to someone else.

I looked back at Isabella again, this time actually taking my time.

She had that half-shaved haircut, one side clean, the other falling over to the side in a messy, controlled way. Not something you saw every day. It suited her, though. Made her stand out without trying too hard. Her skin was dark, smooth, and she had a necklace with a heart pendant that rested right above her chest. And yeah, her chest... the yellow t-shirt wasn't doing much to hide it.

Her skirt was tight too. Denim. Short enough that every time she bent down to grab a cable or a part from the drum kit, it shifted just enough to make things... noticeable.

"She's like... punk or something?" I asked, still watching her.

"No," Melvin said quickly, almost offended. Then he hesitated. "I mean... I don't think so?"

I didn't respond to that. The style didn't matter.

What mattered were the guys around her.

Four of them. All standing close, talking to her while she worked on dismantling the electronic drum kit on the small stage. They weren't just random guys either. Built, confident, the type who leaned in close without asking and didn't get pushed away for it.

And she wasn't pushing them away. If anything, she looked comfortable. Relaxed. Like she was used to this kind of attention.

I leaned back on the stool and let out a quiet breath.

"My man... this girl is not your type."

"I love her," Melvin said, completely serious, like he didn't even hear what I just said. "I just don't know how to talk to her. How did you get with Mrs. Nolin?"

I turned my head and looked at him properly.

"I didn't 'get' anyone," I said. "Stop saying it like that. And hold on... how old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

My chair scraped against the floor as I turned fully toward him.

"Thirty-one?" I repeated, louder than I meant to.

A couple of heads turned. Isabella glanced over for a second, along with the guys around her, before they all went back to what they were doing.

I lowered my voice, leaning in.

"You're older than me by like ten years," I said.

He gave a nervous chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I don't look it, though... right?"

I stared at him for a second, then looked away.

"Yeah... sure," I muttered. "That's not the issue."

The issue was everything else.

I ran a hand through my hair and exhaled.

"Look, I'll think of something," I said. "My friend works here. Charlotte. I'll ask her about Isabella, see what she's like, what she responds to. That kind of stuff."

His face lit up instantly like I'd just handed him a winning lottery ticket.

"Really? Thank you so much!" he said. "Can I get your number?"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, pulling my phone out.

We exchanged numbers quickly. His hands were slightly shaky while typing, like he couldn't believe this was happening.

I finished the last of my orange juice, set the glass down, and got off the stool.

"Let's go," I said. "No point sticking around and staring."

I turned toward the exit... and stopped.

Damn. There she was.

The Heart System - Chapter 497[1,011 words]

Chapter 497: Chapter 497

Sophia was standing right in front of the door, arms crossed, blocking the way like she had all the time in the world. Shaved head, same scar cutting down from her eyebrow past her eye, same expression that told you she wasn't in the mood for anything.

And yeah. I remembered exactly why.

I had elbowed her in the ribs at the mall. She definitely remembered too.

I walked toward her anyway, slowing down just a bit as I got closer. Took a breath, straightened up slightly.

"H-hey, Sophia," I said. "What's up?"

"Evan?" Melvin whispered behind me. "Who's that?"

"Not now," I muttered under my breath.

Sophia didn't move.

"You here to cause more problems, Marlowe?" she asked. "Or are you here to apologize?"

"I thought I already—"

She moved.

Fast.

Her elbow drove straight into my ribs before I could even react properly. The impact knocked the air out of me instantly. I stumbled back, one hand hitting the floor as I bent forward, trying to catch my breath.

"Shit..." I groaned, pushing myself up slowly. My ribs were throbbing. "Okay... yeah. That's fair."

I leaned against the wall, pressing my palm against the spot she hit.

"You should seriously consider boxing," I said, forcing a small laugh. "You've got the technique down."

She didn't even blink.

"Soph?" a voice called from behind her.

I looked up and saw Isabella walking toward us from the stage. The narrow hallway made it a bit cramped, especially with Melvin standing behind me like a statue.

He froze.

His eyes went wide, and he gave her a small, awkward wave.

"H-hi..."

She glanced at him.

Just a quick look. Enough to recognize him.

And then her expression tightened. Not full disgust, but close enough. A brief grimace before she walked past him without saying anything and stopped next to Sophia.

Melvin's hand slowly dropped. His shoulders slumped, and he stared at the ground like he wished it would just swallow him.

Yeah... that hurt.

I let out a quiet breath and straightened up a bit more.

"Everything good?" Isabella asked, looking between us.

"Yeah," I said. "We're just leaving."

Sophia nodded. "Goodbye, then, Marlowe."

Sophia shifted slightly but didn't block the door anymore.

"Wait," Isabella said, looking at me more closely. "Marlowe? You're the guy who helped Emilia, right?"

I shrugged.

"I didn't do it alone," I said, nodding slightly toward Melvin. "He was there too."

She looked at him again, clearly confused.

"Melvin? I don't remember hearing about him."

"He was... he was driving," I said smoothly. "We needed a quick way out. Some guys were chasing us."

Melvin grabbed my sleeve and tugged it slightly, leaning in.

"I don't even have a license," he whispered.

I ignored him.

"He got us out of there fast," I added. "Could've been worse without him."

Isabella studied him for a second, then gave a small nod, like she wasn't fully convinced but didn't care enough to question it.

"Alright," she said. "Well... thanks, I guess."

"Yeah," I said. "No problem."

"You should come by at night sometime," she said. "I'll get you a drink. My favorite."

"I'll think about it," I replied.

I could feel Melvin behind me, completely deflated. That invitation clearly wasn't meant for him. I turned slightly and gestured with my head.

"Come on, Melvin," I said. "We still need to deal with your car."

"Y-yeah," he said quickly. "My car..."

We both knew that was bullshit, but he played along.

I gave a short nod to Sophia and Isabella, then pushed the door open and stepped outside. The air hit me immediately. Heavy, damp, the kind that sticks to your skin before the rain even starts.

I looked up at the sky. Dark clouds. Thick ones. Rain was coming, and not the light kind.

I shoved my hands into my pockets and started walking down the street, Melvin trailing behind me quietly.

After a few seconds, he spoke. "She hates me," he muttered.

I didn't answer right away. I just kept walking, eyes forward.

"Not hates," I said finally. "But yeah... you're not exactly on her radar."

"That's worse," he said.

I let out a small breath through my nose.

"Look," I said, glancing at him. "If you actually want a shot, we're gonna have to fix a lot of things. Starting with how you present yourself. And how you talk."

He nodded quickly.

"I'll do anything," he said.

"Careful with that," I muttered. "People regret saying that."

We walked a bit more in silence.

The first drop of rain hit the pavement.

Then another.

"Man," I said, tilting my head slightly as the rain started picking up. "I really hate this city."

ON A ROLL COMPLETED

CASH OUT OR SAVE IT?

CURRENT SC: 175



Well, I had completed that quest, but I still needed to help Melvin. Honestly, the guy was hopeless, but I had to at least try, right? Besides, it felt good being depended on. Melvin looked at me like I was some kind of casanova after "getting it" with Nala. In reality, though, I had no idea how to help him. Part of me was just hoping he'd forget about it altogether—realize how dumb it was to ask for my help with Iseballa...

I exhaled through my nose as I stirred my mocha. Ivy wanted to meet, and here I was, sitting in the coffee shop right across from their apartment. She knew Delilah was pregnant... but there was no way she knew I was the father, right?

Then again... why would she want to meet me?

At this point, I couldn't lie, I was low-key fearing for my life.

"Man... that punch hurt..."

I rubbed the spot where Sophia had hit me, then rolled my shoulder. The café was mostly empty—the weather had gone to shit. Rain poured relentlessly outside, people rushing for cover, some ducking into the shop hoping it would pass. Five minutes ago, everything had been calm.

Now it was this.

The Heart System - Chapter 498[1,230 words]

Chapter 498: Chapter 498

The door opened, and Ivy stepped in. She brushed raindrops off her coat, her eyes scanning the room until they landed on me. Instinctively, I hunched forward, like that would somehow make me invisible—but that was pointless.

Once she spotted me sitting in the corner, she walked straight over.

"Can you believe it?" she asked, pulling out a chair. "She is fucking pregnant."

"W-who?"

"Are you an idiot?" She dropped into the seat, elbows hitting the table. "My mother. How could she? I mean... fuck, Evan. Who even is the father?"

"Look... you're stressed about Chase," I said. "You should just—"

"I should've listened to you. I know." She cut me off. "You're right. You're always right, and I'm an idiot. Just—stop with that, okay?"

"O-okay..."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60 ★★

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 40 ★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60 ★★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100 ★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80 ★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100 ★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 20 / 40 ★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100 ★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40 ★

Ivy: Interest: 10 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 25 / 40 ★

Amelia: Interest: 12 / 20

Esme: Interest: 60 / 80 ★★

Huh. I was finally out of the negative zone with Ivy. Minus ninety-nine... poof, gone. Still, it didn't mean much to me. She was probably the last person I'd want anything sexual with.

Sure, she was beautiful.

But... nah.

"Problems... they just keep piling up, huh?" I asked.

"Yes. Yes, they do. And I feel like I'm being crushed under them." She shook her head when the waitress approached, signaling she didn't want anything.

"So... how's life, then?"

"Is this the hour where you ask stupid questions, Evan?" she shot back. "Terrible. Disgusting. My boyfriend—"

"Ex-boyfriend," I cut in.

"My ex-boyfriend is a monster. So yeah—life is terrible. Meaningless."

"Don't say that."

"The worst part is... you tried to warn me. And I didn't listen."

"You were in a bad place, Ivy. You wanted something real. Someone you could finally settle down with," I said. "But come on—you're kind of notorious for picking the worst people."

"Jeez, don't remind me." She exhaled. "I wish I could find someone like you."

I raised a brow. "Oh yeah?"

"Always there to help. Always fucking right..." She paused. "Sometimes an idiot."

"That's the perfect man in your head?" I chuckled. "You should read werewolf fiction."

"Yeah, hard pass." She gave a faint smile, but it died almost instantly. "God... those videos. It really was him."

"Yeah."

"And he—fuck. What a monster. Those girls..." She dragged a hand through her hair. "His victims..."

"And you were next, Ivy," I said quietly. "But that didn't happen. Thankfully. You know he accused me of stalking you? The irony, huh?"

Her eyes flicked up. "He told me the same thing."

"I know. And you believed him. Instead of your friend, you believed some random psychopath."

"Don't guilt-trip me now." She shook her head. "Focus. Fuck Chase. My mother is pregnant, and I don't know who the father is. She won't tell me."

"It's her life, Ivy. You should respect that."

"Did she respect my wishes when she practically pushed you toward Chase to look into?" she snapped.

"She turned out to be right about him, though."

"That's not the point." Her jaw tightened. "She's living under my roof. I don't mind that, but I have the right to know who the father of my damn brother is. Or stepbrother. Whatever the shit is."

"Lousy mouth today, huh?"

"I am." She eyed my drink. "What's that—iced mocha?"

"Yeah."

Without asking, she grabbed my cup, tapped it against the table, then took a sip through the straw.

I just lit a cigarette and leaned back, letting the silence settle between us. Good. At least she didn't know I was the father. For once, something was going my way.

Feeling my phone buzz in my pocket, I fished it out and realized Delilah had sent a text. Opening it up, I nearly dropped the device right into my lap.

The photo was dangerously bold. Delilah was positioned right by the window of her apartment, looking down at the very coffee shop where I was currently sitting with her daughter. She was perched on a single velvet armchair, completely naked, her pale skin glowing against the moody, rain-gray light filtering through the glass. Her legs were hiked up, heels resting on the windowsill, and she was using two fingers to spread her glistening folds wide for the camera. The phone positioned just above her tits, looking down on her. The detail was staggering, I could see the soft pink of her interior and the slick sheen of her arousal, all aimed directly at where she knew I was sitting.

Underneath the image was a single line of text: "How's it going with my daughter, daddy?"

I coughed violently as my own spit caught in my throat, and I frantically killed the screen. I cleared my throat, grabbed my mocha with a slightly trembling hand, and took a

desperate sip. My heart was hammering against my ribs. If Ivy had caught even a glimpse of that, she'd have ended my life right there in the booth. Talk about a close call.

"What happened?" Ivy asked, her brow furrowing.

"Work stuff," I replied, exhaling a long, shaky breath. "I sometimes miss my old gas-station job, if you can believe it. A lot less stressful."

"I can't believe it," she replied with a snort. "Who in their right mind would want a job like that?"

"Hey, I said sometimes. Not all the time," I shot back, trying to regain my composure.

"Working in a big-ass company... now that should be the dream," she said, shrugging as she looked out at the rain. "I wish I worked somewhere like that."

"It has its drawbacks," I said, cracking my knuckles to bleed off some of the nervous energy. "Welp, I need to go. Work tomorrow."

"Wow. You didn't even say anything about my mother being pregnant," she noted, her tone shifting back to that lingering frustration.

"I was kinda expecting it," I said, trying to sound nonchalant. "She's a grown woman. And she's seeing someone. I think you're just being a little dramatic, Ivy."

"Am I?"

"Those things Chase said to you are just filling your mind right now," I told her, my voice softening. "He's a manipulative bastard. You should let that go."

"I already did, Evan."

"Hey, I'm just saying it just in case." I smiled and stood up. "So, are you headed home?"

"Meeting with friends. No home yet."

"Nice..." I muttered.

"Why?"

"Oh... just, you know, you need to get out. For your own sake," I said, hiding the fact that her being away from the apartment was exactly what I needed. "Anyway, see you, Ivy. And don't worry about Delilah, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah..." She got up and exhaled, smoothing out her clothes. "Can you drop me off?"

"Sure. Where to?"

"The shopping mall."

"Got it. I could also pick you up from there later," I offered, playing the part of the doting friend. "Just let me know when you're ready to head back and I'll come get you."

"Really? That works. Thank you."

"No probs."

The Heart System - Chapter 499[1,161 words]

Chapter 499: Chapter 499

There was no way I could tell her that the moment she stepped out of the car, I was heading straight back to her mother to answer that text in person. That photo had lit a fire in my gut that was impossible to ignore. I wanted to be inside that apartment five minutes ago, but I couldn't risk the overlap. I needed Ivy far away before I visited the woman currently carrying my child.

Outside, the rain had slowed slightly, though the sky remained a bruised, heavy purple. We rushed to the car, the damp air chilling my skin. I unlocked the doors and we slid inside, the heavy thunk of the doors sealing us into the dry, climate-controlled interior. Ivy leaned back, patting her shoulders to brush away the raindrops.

"Fucking weather..."

"Yeah," I said, twisting the key. "Disgusting."

I eased the car onto the main road, glancing up and to the left. I hoped for a split second to see Delilah's silhouette in that window, but the glass was just a dark reflection of the clouds, though the lights inside were still burning bright. I shifted gears, my mind already racing through the next hour.

"Evan," she began, her voice small. "Was there really a file called 'Ivy' on that laptop?"

The question caught me off-guard. I kept my eyes fixed on the road, the sweep of the windshield wipers the only sound for a long moment. Finally, I just slowly nodded. She shook her head and pressed a palm against her forehead, muttering something low and bitter that I couldn't catch.

I stopped at a red light and cranked the AC. The silence was thick and awkward. What was there to say? Her boyfriend was a psychopath who drove people to suicide, and her mother was pregnant by the guy currently driving her to the mall.

"I wish things would've been different," she said.

"Hmm?"

"Things with Chase. My mother. I don't know..."

"Yeah..." I nodded, reaching for words that didn't exist.

"I thought... Chase was the one, you know?" she asked, looking out the side window.

"Like... a handsome guy. Good job. So kind. I thought he loved me. I thought this was it."

"I'm sorry, Ivy," I said. "I really am. I'm just glad you're safe."

The light turned green and I moved the car forward, but the heavy rain had created a crawl of traffic. The wipers were working overtime, batting away the deluge as we crept toward the mall. It was going to take thirty minutes to cover a ten-minute distance.

"Evan." She suddenly reached out, placing her hand over mine on the steering wheel.

"Thank you for... well, always being with me."

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: 40 / 60 ★★

Eleanor: Interest: 25 / 40 ★

Amelia: Interest: 12 / 20

Esme: Interest: 60 / 80 ★★

Huh. I was now 40/60 with her? Damn, that was nice. That meant another reward... which was... not bad. Not good either. Just a small amount of EXP. I'd take that.

Evan Marlowe [Level 19]

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

EXP: 5202 / 14504



"Come on now," I said, sliding my hand out from under hers and jokingly nudging her shoulder. "You know me. Evan Marlowe, always the nice guy. asterisk tipping my fedora asterisk."

She burst out laughing, the tension in her face finally breaking. "Did you really just say 'asterisk' out loud?"

"I did," I said, grinning. "Why? Was it not classy enough?"

"You are so cringe with those old man jokes," she said, shaking her head as the laughter lingered. "They're literally on the level of dad jokes."

Dad jokes? I gripped the steering wheel a little tighter, a smirk tugging at the corner of my mouth.

Oh, Ivy, if only you knew how literal that was.



I knocked on the door, my heart hammering a frantic rhythm against my ribs. The adrenaline was surging through my veins like a live wire. I'd just watched Ivy disappear into the sliding glass doors of the shopping mall, and the second her coat was out of sight, I'd pulled a U-turn that probably would've cost me my license. Guilt was there, a nagging little weight in the back of my mind, but it was drowned out by the sheer need to see the woman who had sent that photo.

A few seconds later, the door clicked and swung inward. Delilah stood there, and for a moment, I actually forgot how to breathe.

She was wearing a sheer, charcoal-grey lace bodysuit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The lace was thin, delicate, and completely see-through, framing the dark circles of her nipples and the soft curve of her pregnant belly. Over it, she had draped a thigh-high silk robe that hung open, held together by nothing but a prayer. She looked like a goddess of domestic sin, her hair slightly tousled as if she'd been waiting for me in that velvet chair the entire time.

I didn't say a word. I stepped inside, kicked the door shut with my heel, and crashed my lips against hers. It wasn't a gentle kiss; it was a collision. Delilah let out a muffled moan, her arms winding around my neck as she jumped, locking her legs firmly behind my waist. I caught her by the thighs, pinning her back against the foyer wall with enough force to make the framed pictures rattle.

"That photo," I said against her mouth, my voice sounding like broken glass. "Do you have any idea what that did to me? I almost crashed the car with your daughter sitting right next to me."

Delilah let out a throaty, triumphant chuckle, her head leaning back against the wallpaper. Her hand slid down between our bodies, her fingers finding the rigid, straining length of my cock through my denim. She squeezed, her nails digging in just enough to make me hiss.

"I think I have a few ideas," she whispered, her eyes dark with a predatory heat.

"I dropped Ivy at the mall," I said, my breath hot against the sensitive skin of her neck. "I'm going to fuck you until the second she calls me to pick her up. Every minute she's gone belongs to me."

"Good," she breathed, her grip tightening on me. "I hope you've recovered from that 'night' with the other girls, Evan. Because I'm going to tire you out today. I don't share well, even if I have to pretend I do."

The Heart System - Chapter 500 [1,036 words]

Chapter 500: Chapter 500

I carried her into the living room. Then I dropped her onto the plush leather couch gently, giving her a moment to settle. I stripped off my clothes in a frantic blur of motion, my eyes never leaving her as she lounged back, spreading her legs and inviting me in with a look that could melt lead.

I moved between her thighs, the scent of her, that expensive perfume mixed with the musk of her arousal, filling my head. I didn't go for the slow build. I grabbed her hips, my thumbs digging into the soft flesh, and guided myself to her entrance. She was already soaking, a glistening invitation that I accepted with one powerful, singular surge.

"Nnh... fuck, Evan!" she cried out, her back arching off the leather as I buried myself to the hilt.

The heat was incredible. Because of the pregnancy, everything felt more sensitive, tighter, and more urgent. I stayed there for a beat, letting her adjust to the stretch, my hands moving up to cup her breasts through the sheer lace of the bodysuit.

"You're so full, Delilah," I groaned, my forehead dropping to rest against hers. "Every time I come over here, you feel even better than the last."

"Then don't just stand there," she gasped, her fingers clawing into my shoulders. "Move. I want to feel you hitting the back."

I started a deep, punishing rhythm. I was leaned over her, my weight supported by my forearms, my hips snapping forward with a primal intensity. The leather of the couch squeaked and groaned under the friction, a steady soundtrack to the wet, slapping sound of our bodies meeting. Every thrust was a heavy thud that made her head toss from side to side.

"Is this what you wanted?" I said, my pace increasing until we were a blur of motion. "Sending me those photos while I'm sitting with Ivy? You wanted me to come over here and rail you like this?"

"Yes! Fuck, yes!" she sobbed, her legs hiking up higher, her heels digging into the back of the couch for leverage. "I wanted you to remind me who I belong to. I wanted you to fill me up while she's out buying shoes."

I shifted my grip, reaching down to grab her asscheeks and pulling her even closer, trying to merge our bodies. The angle was perfect; every strike was hitting her right where she needed it. I could feel the internal tension building in her, the way her pussy was starting to ripple and clench around me in desperate, rhythmic pulses.

"You're so fucking wet for me," I hissed, my teeth grazing the shell of her ear. "Like a faucet. I bet you've been thinking about this since the moment I left this morning."

"I haven't... nnh... I haven't thought about anything else!"

Delilah was reaching the breaking point. Her breathing had turned into a series of jagged, high-pitched whistles, and her fingers were leaving thin red lines down my back. I increased the intensity, my thrusts becoming shorter and more violent, my muscles coiling with the effort of driving her over the edge. I reached between us, my thumb finding her clit and adding a frantic, buzzing pressure that sent her over the limit.

Then it happened.

Her entire body went rigid, her toes curling as she let out a long, shattered scream 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 for a long, exhausting minute, her release flooding over me in a hot, frantic gush that drenched my thighs and soaked into the leather of the couch.

She slumped back, her chest heaving, her eyes glazed and blown out. But I wasn't done. I didn't slow down, keeping that same heavy, relentless pace even as she sobbed into my shoulder.

"Evan... wait... I just..."

"I told you, Delilah," I moaned, my jaw set as I continued to ravage her. "I'm fucking you until she comes back. We're just getting started."

I gripped her waist even tighter, my hips moving with a tireless energy. I was still rock-solid, my pulse hammering in my ears as I looked down at her wrecked, beautiful face.

Delilah was gasping for air, her head lolling back against the leather cushion as her body continued to ripple with the aftershocks of her release. I didn't slow down, my hips continuing that steady, heavy pounding that kept her pinned and helpless. I watched the way her eyes struggled to focus on me, the sheer haze of pleasure making her look beautifully wrecked.

Suddenly, a wicked, jagged smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. She reached up, her fingers tangling in the hair at the nape of my neck, pulling me down until our lips were brushing. Her breath was hot, smelling of the coffee we'd just shared and the raw hunger that had been building all day.

"Evan..." she whispered, her voice a ragged, conspiratorial edge. "Not here. Not the couch."

"Where then?" I grunted, my thrusts becoming shorter and more intense.

"Ivy's room," she hissed, her eyes flashing with a dangerous, forbidden light. "Carry me to her bed. Fuck me right where she sleeps. I want to feel you claiming me in her space while she's out wasting time."

"Fuck, I love you."

Uh-oh. More points toward Villain. That's... not good.

The suggestion hit me like a physical blow. The taboo of it, the sheer, brazen risk, sent a fresh surge of heat straight to my groin. I didn't hesitate. I pulled out of her with a wet, suctioning sound that echoed in the quiet living room, and before she could even catch her breath, I hooked my arms under her knees and hoisted her up.

I carried her down the hallway, our skin sticking together with sweat and the remnants of her climax. I pushed open Ivy's bedroom door with my shoulder. The room was tidy, smelling of lavender and something else, maybe some perfume? I tossed Delilah onto the center of the floral duvet, the mattress dipping under her weight.