

The Heart System - Chapter 501[1,611 words]

Chapter 501: Chapter 501

She sprawled out, her charcoal lace bodysuit hiked up, her pale legs spread wide in an effortless invitation. I stripped off the rest of my clothes, my cock standing tall and angry, throbbing with the need to finish what we'd started. I climbed onto the bed, the springs squeaking a protest as I crawled between her thighs.

"You're a bad mother, Delilah," I growled, my hands pinning her wrists above her head against the headboard.

"And you're a very bad friend, Evan," she countered, her hips already arching up to meet me. "Now stop talking and fill me up."

I didn't need to be told twice. I lined myself up and drove home with one singular, violent motion. Delilah let out a muffled scream into the pillows, her back curving into a deep bow as I bottomed out. The friction of the sheets against her skin and the weight of my body crushing her into the mattress created a suffocating, intoxicating heat.

I began to fuck her with a tireless energy. Each strike was deep and hard, the sound of our bodies colliding a heavy, wet thud that punctuated the silence of the room. I wasn't being gentle; I wanted her to feel every single inch of me, to remember this sensation every time she looked at this bed later tonight.

"Is this what you wanted?" I barked, my voice thick with lust. "To have me ravage you in her bed? To have me leave my mark right here?"

"Yes! Oh god, yes!" she sobbed, her fingers clawing at the headboard. "Harder, Evan! Don't you dare go easy on me! I want to feel you hitting the back of my womb!"

I shifted my grip, releasing her wrists to grab her waist, my fingers digging into her hips to anchor her. I increased the pace, my movements becoming a blur of friction and power. I was hammering into her now, my breath coming in short, jagged hitches as the overstimulation began to redline. The sheer audacity of being here, in Ivy's sanctuary, while her mother carried my child, was pushing me toward the brink faster than I expected.

Delilah was incoherent now, her moans turning into a string of desperate, high-pitched pleas. She was tossing her head from side to side, her hair fanning out across the pillowcase like a dark halo. Every time I hit the bottom, she let out a strangled gasp, her internal walls clamping down on my shaft in a series of frantic, uncoordinated pulses.

"You're so tight for me," I hissed, my teeth grazing the cord of her neck. "Like you were made just to hold me."

"I was... I am..." she panted, her voice breaking. "I'm yours, Evan. Everything... everything is yours."

I moved my hand down, my thumb finding her clit and rubbing it with a buzzing, frantic pressure while I continued the heavy assault from below. The double-sensation was too much for her. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her breath hitching in a long, silent scream of pleasure. I could feel the internal pressure building in my own gut, a heavy, throbbing ache that told me I was seconds away from the end.

"That's it, Delilah. Give it to me. Let go," I commanded, my pace turning into a violent, final sprint.

She hit the peak first. Her entire frame went rigid, her toes curling as a massive, shattering orgasm tore through her. She let out a long, high-pitched wail that died into a series of broken whimpers, her pussy going into a crushing, agonizingly tight lockdown.

The sensation of her release flooding over me was the final straw. I let out a low, guttural roar, my head falling back as I exploded deep inside her. The climax was a total system failure—a series of white-hot, electric pulses that felt like they were being milked out of my very soul. I poured into her, a frantic, endless flood of heat that filled her to the absolute limit, my body twitching and jerking with the force of the release.

We stayed like that for a long time, frozen in the middle of the bed, our hearts drumming a frantic, synchronized beat against each other. The room was silent again, the only sound the distant, muffled patter of the rain against the windowpane.

Slowly, I pulled out of her. The sound was a wet, heavy suction that seemed to linger in the air. I collapsed back onto the floral duvet, my limbs feeling like lead, my chest heaving as I tried to get oxygen back into my lungs. Delilah slumped to the side, her skin glowing with sweat, her chest rising and falling in shallow, wrecked gasps.

I stared up at the ceiling, at the little glow-in-the-dark stars Ivy probably still had from her childhood, and let out a long, exhausted breath.

"Well," I panted, my voice a ghost of itself. "That was... a lot."

Delilah let out a soft, breathless chuckle, her hand reaching out to blindly find mine on the sheets. She squeezed my fingers, her eyes still closed, a look of pure, triumphant peace on her face.

"I think... I think I'm going to need a very long nap," she whispered.

"Not yet," I said, a smirk tugging at my lips as I felt my phone buzz on the floor where my pants were. "I have a feeling our time is just about up."



Two hours had passed since Ivy vanished into the shopping mall, and the air in her bedroom was now a thick, stifling haze of heat and salt. The floral duvet was a battlefield—bunched up, stained with sweat, and littered with used tissues that glistened under the dim bedside lamp. A few empty water bottles rolled on the hardwood floor, discarded in the frantic breaks between rounds.

I was behind Delilah, my hands buried deep into the soft meat of her hips as I drove into her from behind. We were both slick, our skin sliding against each other with a heavy, wet friction that sounded like a rhythmic slap against the quiet of the room. Delilah's head was buried in Ivy's pillow, her muffled groans vibrating through the mattress every time I bottomed out.

Suddenly, the sharp, digital chirp of my phone cut through the carnal fog. It was sitting on the nightstand, vibrating against the wood. I didn't stop my movement; I just reached out, my muscles straining, and swiped the screen.

It was Ivy.

I pressed the phone to my ear, my chest heaving, my hips never losing their pace as I continued to ravage her mother.

"Ivy... hey," I panted, my voice thick and rough.

"Hey..." Ivy's voice came through the line, sounding bright and distracted by the background noise of the mall. "You look breathless. Are you running or something?"

I closed my eyes for a second, my jaw tightening as Delilah let out a particularly loud, sharp gasp. I moved my hand from her hip to her mouth, gently pressing my palm over her lips to stifle the sound. I drove forward, a long, slow thrust that felt like it hit the back of her throat.

"Done... some squats," I managed to choke out, my voice straining with the effort of sounding normal while my lower half was on fire. "Trying to... stay in shape, you know?"

Delilah let out a muffled, vibrating chuckle against my palm. I could feel her chest shaking against the bed, her eyes wide and dancing with a mix of terror and a dark, twisted thrill. She was nervous, I could feel the way her internal muscles were twitching in erratic, panicked pulses, but she wasn't stopping me.

"Squats? On a Saturday afternoon? You're such a nerd, Evan," Ivy laughed. "Anyway, the mall was a total bust. I ran into Sarah, and we spent like an hour looking at shoes we can't afford. It was okay, I guess. Helped take my mind off... things."

"That's... that's good, Ivy," I said, my teeth gritted as I delivered a sharp, shallow series of thrusts. "Glad you... got out."

"Yeah. Listen, I'm pretty much done here. My feet are killing me. Can you come and pick me up? I'm standing by the north entrance near the fountain."

I watched Delilah's face. She was biting her lip now, her face flushed a deep, feverish red as she watched me talk to her daughter. The taboo of the moment was pushing us both toward a jagged, dangerous edge. I shifted my grip, my fingers digging into her waist as I increased the intensity, my breath hitching in my throat.

"Sure... yeah. I can... be there in twenty," I said, my vision starting to blur as the overstimulation reached a breaking point.

"Twenty? Is traffic that bad? It's usually ten minutes from your place," Ivy noted, her tone suspicious for a split second.

"Construction," I lied, my voice dropping into a low groan as Delilah arched her back, her pussy clamping down on me like a vice. "They're... they're working on the main... road."

"Ugh, typical. Okay, whatever. Just hurry up, it's freezing out here. And hey, did you talk to my mom? She hasn't answered my texts all afternoon."

I looked down at Delilah. She was looking right back at me, her eyes glazed, a single tear of pure pleasure tracking down her cheek. I leaned down, my chest crushing into her back, my phone still pressed to my ear.

"She's... probably just napping," I whispered into the phone, my hips snapping forward in a final, blurring sprint.

"I bet. She's been so moody lately."

The Heart System - Chapter 502[1,031 words]

Chapter 502: Chapter 502

I didn't answer. I couldn't. The internal pressure was reaching a boiling point, a white-hot explosion building in my gut. I felt Delilah break first, her body going into a total, trembling lockdown as she hit her peak. The sensation of her release flooding over me was the final straw.

I pushed once more, a deep, devastating strike that buried me to the very hilt. I let out a long, ragged moan, my head falling back as I exploded deep inside Ivy's mother.

"Anyway, see you in a bit, Evan."

"Yea... yeah..." I breathed into the receiver, my voice a wrecked ghost of itself. "I'm... I'm cumming..."

Fuck. I was cumming so much in her cunt it was spilling out onto the sheets. Damn, we really made a mess in her room, huh?

"Great," Ivy said, completely oblivious to the double meaning. "See you."

The line went dead with a soft click.

I stayed there for a beat, pinned to Delilah's back, my heart hammering a frantic rhythm against her spine. I was still twitching, the remnants of the orgasm pulsing through me as I poured everything I had into her. The silence of the room rushed back in, heavy and weighted with the secret we'd just shared.

Slowly, I pulled the phone away from my ear and stared at the dark screen. I looked down at Delilah, who had finally collapsed into the pillows, her breathing coming in shallow, wrecked sobs.

"We... we have to move," I panted, my voice shaking. "She's... she's waiting."

Delilah didn't move. She just let out a soft, breathless laugh, her hand reaching back to weakly pat my thigh.

"You're a very bad man, Evan Marlowe," she whispered.

"And you're a very bad mother," I countered, finally sliding out of her with a wet, heavy pop. "Now get up. We have a daughter to pick up."

I looked down at Delilah, my chest heaving as the sweat dripped from my chin onto her shoulder. The room was a mess of tangled sheets and the heavy, metallic scent of our shared exhaustion, but as I started to pull away, her hand shot back. She gripped my wrist with surprising strength, her fingers digging into my skin.

"One more round?" she whispered, her voice a smoky, desperate challenge. Her eyes were dark, dilated so wide that the hazel was almost gone, swallowed by a hunger that seemed to feed on the very risk we were taking.

I let out a ragged, disbelief-filled chuckle, my head falling back for a second as I stared at the ceiling fan. "Fuck... you really are a bad mother, Mrs. Komb. Ivy is literally standing by a fountain waiting for me, and you want to go again?"

"She can wait ten more minutes," Delilah breathed, rolling onto her back and pulling me down by the back of my neck. "Make them count, Evan."

I didn't need any more convincing. The adrenaline of the phone call hadn't faded; it had curdled into a frantic energy. I grabbed her by the waist and hauled her toward the edge of Ivy's bed. I sat back on the very edge of the mattress, my feet firmly planted on the carpet, and pulled her onto me.

I guided her into a high-intensity lap position. She sat facing away from me, her back pressed against my chest, but I had her lean forward until her chest was almost touching her own knees, her arms reaching out to grip the bedpost for stability. I guided my cock, still pulsing and rock-hard despite the release only minutes ago, back into her soaking heat.

The entry was a heavy, wet slide that made us both gasp. Because she was folded forward, the stretch was incredible. I could feel every ridge of my shaft rubbing against her internal walls with a friction that felt like fire.

"Nnh... god, Evan... that's... it's so deep," she sobbed, her fingers white-knuckled around the wooden bedpost.

"You asked for this," I moaned, my hands wrapping around her stomach, pulling her back against me with every upward surge of my hips.

I began a driving pace. Because I was sitting and she was leaning, I had total control over the depth. Every time I snapped my hips forward, I felt her body shudder, her internal muscles clamping down in a series of frantic, uncoordinated pulses. The sound in the room changed—no longer just the wet slap of skin, but the heavy, rhythmic creak of the bed frame and the jagged, whistling breaths we were both fighting to draw.

"Is this... bad enough... for you?" I barked, my voice breaking.

I reached around her, my hands finding her breasts and squeezing them through the torn lace of her bodysuit. I was ravaging her in the most literal sense, my movements blurring as the overstimulation began to take over. I could feel the heat radiating off her skin, the scent of her arousal thick enough to taste.

Delilah was completely lost. She'd tossed her head back against my shoulder, her mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure. Every thrust was hitting her right in the center of her being, the forbidden nature of the act acting like an accelerant on her nerves. She was shaking, her legs trembling so badly they were knocking against my shins.

"I'm... I'm going... Evan, please!" she cried out, her voice echoing off the walls of Ivy's sanctuary.

I didn't slow down. I pushed her further, my movements becoming a violent, final sprint. I could feel the internal pressure in my own gut reaching a boiling point, a white-hot explosion building that I knew I couldn't contain. I reached down, my thumb finding her clit and rubbing it with a frantic, buzzing pressure that was the final straw.

Delilah shattered.

Her entire body snapped taut, her back arching so hard I thought she might break. She let out a long, shattered cry that died into a series of broken whimpers as her pussy went into a violent, crushing lockdown. The sensation of her release flooding over me, combined with the sheer, agonizing tightness of her climax, sent me over the edge.

The Heart System - Chapter 503[1,208 words]

Chapter 503: Chapter 503

I let out a low moan, my head falling back as I exploded deep inside her for the final time. The orgasm was something else, a series of electric pulses that felt like they were being milked out of my very soul. I poured into her, an endless flood of heat that filled her to the absolute limit, my body twitching and jerking with the force of the release.

We stayed like that for a long minute, frozen in that awkward, intense position, our hearts drumming a frantic, synchronized beat against each other. The room was silent again, the only sound the distant, muffled patter of the rain and the ticking of the clock on the nightstand.

Finally, the gravity of the situation crashed back down. I pulled out of her with a wet, heavy pop and stood up, my legs feeling like they were made of water. I grabbed a handful of tissues and started frantically wiping myself down, my eyes darting to the door.

"We have to go," I panted, my voice shaking. "Now. Delilah, get up."

"No, you have to go. I need to clean this place up..."

She slumped onto the mattress, looking like she'd just survived a car wreck. She let out a soft, breathless laugh, her eyes finally starting to clear.

"She's going to wonder why you're so sweaty, Evan," she whispered, her voice a ghost of itself.

"I'll tell her the AC in the car broke," I muttered, frantically pulling my jeans on. "Just... fix the bed. I'm leaving."

"Go on, be quick!" She said, "God, we really made a mess..."

I didn't wait for an answer. I grabbed my keys, checked the hallway, and practically bolted out of the apartment. I hit the stairs at a run, the cool air of the hallway hitting my face like a slap. By the time I reached my car, my heart was still hammering, but the plan was back in motion. I had Ivy to pick up, and a secret that felt like it was going to burn a hole right through my chest.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Delilah

EXP Gained: +3000

Villain Bonus: +2600 EXP

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Bliss Multiplier: 8400c

△ △ △

I hadn't realized it at first, but holy shit, I was swimming in credits now. After the night with Delilah, I was practically rich.

Still... I needed to spend some of them to get rid of the Villain tag. Not now, though. At least the situation with K was handled for the time being. For now, I just bought ten "Good Boy" points, making sure I wouldn't sink any deeper into Villain.

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: 28889c

I rubbed my face and stared at myself in the mirror. The morning had started slow... painfully slow. We'd woken up around eleven since there was no work today. Well, there was work, tons of it, but we could handle it from home.

And the weather? Fucking hell.

Snow was pouring down like the sky had split open. If you looked outside, it felt like someone had draped a thick white blanket over the entire world. Everything was muted, buried, suffocated under it. At least it was supposed to pass in a few hours, if the forecasters weren't full of shit.

We could only wait. Not like we had anything better to do.

Damn... if only this system had something to fix weather in the shop. I'd buy that shit instantly. No hesitation. I hated going out in this kind of cold.

"The breakfast is ready, Master," Minne's voice came from the kitchen.

I splashed water on my face one last time and turned off the faucet. "Yeah. Coming."

Evan Marlowe [Level 19]

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

EXP: 10802/ 14504

[██████████]

Good. I was getting closer to leveling up.

With the Villain tag, I could gain insane amounts of EXP... but I'd also get punished like hell if I did anything good.

Balanced. In the worst way possible.

I stepped out of the bathroom and headed to the dining table.

Minne had kept it simple today—toast stacked neatly on a plate, scrambled eggs still steaming, a bowl of sliced cucumbers and tomatoes on the side, and a kettle of freshly brewed tea filling the air with a warm, comforting smell.

Nothing fancy. But it hit the spot.

Looking up, I noticed Minne standing by the table—her eyes slightly red, cheeks flushed pink.

Tessa, who had just pulled out a chair next to me, paused mid-motion. She frowned, then walked over to Minne and pressed a hand to her forehead.

"Damn, maid... you're burning up."

"Y-yeah... sudden weather changes, Mrs. Tessa..." Minne mumbled.

She turned her head and sneezed into her arm.

Right on cue, Nala walked in holding a strip of ibuprofen. She popped one out and handed it to Minne, who nodded weakly in thanks before pouring herself a glass of water.

"She's been up since like six this morning," Nala said. "I made her take a cold shower—she was way too hot."

Minne swallowed the tablet. "Ogh... thank you, Mrs. Nolin..."

"You should lie down," Jasmine said as she took a seat beside me. "Rest until you feel better. We can handle things here."

Kim walked out of the bathroom, drying her hands as she sat across from me. "Yummy."

"I think I'll... lie down... Master?" Minne asked, her voice soft.

"Yeah, of course," I said. "You don't need to ask me, honey."

"Thank you..."

"What happened to Minne?" Kim asked, stabbing a slice of cucumber with her fork.

"She's sick," Nala replied. "You didn't hear her in the shower this morning?"

"No... I didn't. I'm sorry, Minne. Hope you get better soon."

"Thank... you..."

Jasmine and Nala gently guided Minne toward her room, one on each side.

I watched them go for a second... then got up and followed.

Inside the room, Jasmine helped Minne lie down, pulling the blanket over her. The moment she settled, Mik, the cat, brushed against my legs before jumping onto the bed. It circled once, then curled up right beside Minne, as if guarding her.

Minne gave a faint smile, her eyes already closing.

"Evan," Jasmine said softly, glancing at me. "Can you bring her some water?"

"Yeah."

I nodded and headed back to the kitchen, grabbing a glass and filling it up. The cold water sloshed slightly as I walked back, careful not to spill.

I placed it on the nightstand beside her.

"Thanks," Jasmine murmured.

I gave a small nod, then stepped out with her, quietly closing the door behind us.

Just as I was about to head back...

Buzz.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. I pulled it out, glancing at the screen. Charlotte. Right... I'd texted her yesterday. Told her I had some business to discuss. Guess she wasn't wasting time.

"Excuse me," I muttered, stepping away.

The Heart System - Chapter 504[1,043 words]

Chapter 504: Chapter 504

I made my way to the balcony, sliding the glass door open before stepping outside.

The space was enclosed with glass panels, so the snow didn't reach inside—but the cold still crept in, wrapping around me like a warning.

I exhaled slowly, staring out at the white-covered world as the phone continued to buzz in my hand.

Then I answered.

"Hey, Char," I said as I answered the call.

"Evan," she muttered, clearly not happy to hear me. "What do you want?"

"Uh... how's life?" I asked, sitting down on one of the sunbeds. "Did you settle into the place we put you in?"

"Yes, we did," she replied. "It's kinda far from work, but we're managing. Why did you call?"

"There's this girl—Isabella. You know her?"

"Yeah," she said. "She works where I work. Why?"

"Well, a guy from work, Melvin, is... I guess you could say he's into her. He wants to get to know her better."

Charlotte let out a small breath. "Isabella isn't really like that, Evan. She's not that type of girl."

"Try telling that to Melvin," I said, rubbing my face. "What can you tell me about her?"

"I'm not telling you anything, Evan. Not after what happened."

"Please," I said. "Look, I'm sorry about everything. About you getting kidnapped and all that. It wasn't my intention."

"No shit," she said flatly. "Not your intention, right."

"Charlotte, I mean it. I'm sorry."

She sighed. "Just stop talking for a second. You're irritating me. What do you want to know?"

"What is she into? Like hobbies?"

"She likes music. She plays drums and knows a bit of bass. She lives alone. That's pretty much it."

"So she's into music," I said. "Does she have a favorite band or anything?"

"I don't know. We don't talk that much. She's just someone from work."

"Alright. That still helps. Thanks, Charlotte."

"Don't call me again."

"I can't promise that," I said with a small smile. "Anyway, see you. And... sorry again."

"Up your ass, idiot."

She hung up.

I looked at my phone for a moment, then slipped it back into my pocket. At least now I knew Isabella liked music. That was something Melvin could work with. If he played it right, he could start a conversation from there.

I leaned back for a second, shaking my head to myself. I was really playing wingman now. If someone had told me that before I got this system, I would've laughed at them.

I went back inside and sat down at the table. The girls had already started eating, the quiet clinking of forks filling the room. I liked days like this. Everything felt slower, easier. It almost made me forget about the things I should've been worrying about, like K.

"Earth to Evan," Nala said. "Pass the orange juice."

"Oh, right. Sorry." I handed it to her. "Just distracted."

"About what?"

"K," I said. "I already told you."

Nala shook her head. "K..."

Kim leaned forward slightly. "I thi—"

A knock on the door cut her off. I glanced over. Jasmine started to get up, but I raised a hand.

"I'll get it."

She sat back down as I walked to the door. I leaned in and looked through the peephole.

Eleanor.

I unlocked the door and opened it. She looked nervous. Her hair was messy, like she had just woken up or hadn't slept at all, and she was wearing a wrinkled t-shirt with loose pants that almost dragged on the floor. Something was clearly wrong.

"Eleanor?" I asked.

"Evan," she said quietly. "It's... my brother."

"What about him?" I asked, stepping slightly outside while keeping a hand on the door.

"He lost the money," she said. "The money you gave us. Horse racing."

"He gambled it?" I asked. "Horse racing?"

She nodded. "Yeah. He bet all of it."

I exhaled and shook my head. "All of it... wow. Fucking wow."

"I told him not to," she said quickly. "I told him we should use it for this month's debt, but he was so sure he'd win. Now we have nothing again."

"He really doesn't think ahead, does he?" I said.

"He's an idiot," she replied. "But he's still my brother, so I'm stuck with him."

"Eleanor, you need to talk to him," I said. "He can't keep throwing money away like that. Who bets twenty-five hundred dollars on a horse race and expects it to go well?"

"I will, but he doesn't listen to me."

I sighed. "Alright. I'll give you another twenty-five hundred, but you need to try again. Talk to him."

Her expression softened immediately. "Evan... thank you. I don't know how to pay you back."

"Just talk to him. That's enough. Wait here."

"Thank you. Seriously."

I nodded and went back inside, heading to the master bedroom. I closed the door behind me and made sure I was alone before opening the Shop. I selected the 500-dollar option and bought it five times, bringing my total down to 28639 credits.

Even after that, it still felt like too much. I had more than I knew what to do with. At this point, I didn't even need to work if I didn't want to. I could just keep earning credits and converting them whenever I needed money.

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: 28639c

I left the bedroom and walked back to the door. Eleanor looked up immediately, and I handed her the money. Relief was obvious on her face as she took it.

"Thank you. I'll pay you back, I promise."

"You don't have to," I said. "Just make sure things get sorted."

"Thank you... oh... thank you so much."

"We were having breakfast," I added. "Do you want to come in?"

She shook her head. "No, I should go talk to him."

"Alright."

"Thank you again, Evan."

"Don't worry about it," I said, lightly bumping her shoulder. "Just handle it."

She nodded. "I will. Have a good day."

"You too."

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Chapter 505: Chapter 505

Just as I was about to walk back inside, Eleanor suddenly grabbed my arm and pulled me toward her with a strength that caught me off guard. The momentum threw me off, and the door clicked shut behind us, leaving us alone in the quiet corridor. Surprised, I turned toward her, but she was already sinking to her knees, her hands sliding up my thighs to grip my legs.

This was hot, undeniably so. But a small part of me wondered if this was just her way of paying me back for the money I'd given her. If that was the case, I didn't want it; I wasn't desperate enough to trade cash for a favor, even if the offer was coming from someone as stunning as Eleanor.

"Wait," I said, though my voice lacked conviction. "You don't have to do this, Eleanor."

She chuckled, a deep, throaty sound that vibrated against my skin. Her hands moved to my belt, unbuckling it with practiced ease. "I could hear you the other day... all night, Evan. You have no idea what that does to a woman, hearing that through the walls, do you?"

"Oh... well, sorry about the noise," I muttered, my pulse starting to hammer.

"Don't apologize. Just let me get this off."

She made quick work of my pants and boxers, and my cock sprang free into the cool air of the hallway. It was half-hard already, but it thickened and lengthened by the second as her warm fingers wrapped around the base. She leaned in, her tongue swirling around the head before she took me deep into her mouth. I let out a ragged moan, leaning back against the wall as I rested a hand on her head, watching her bob her head with a relentless, hungry focus.

She took me all the way in, holding the deepthroat until she gagged, her eyes watering as she finally let go. I was fully hard now, throbbing and glistening in the morning light filtering through the hallway windows. It looked like I was getting my morning fix after all.

"Bend over that window," I muttered, my voice dropping an octave. "I'm gonna fuck you right there."

"Ooh. So manly," she teased, a wicked spark in her eyes.

She stood up, and I delivered a sharp, stinging spank to her ass that echoed off the hallway walls. She walked to the floor-to-ceiling window at the end of the corridor, leaning forward until her palms left fogged-up prints on the pane. I knelt behind her and slid her loose pants down to her ankles. Just as I thought—no panties. She was already slick, her folds glistening with a heavy, wet invitation.

She pulled her t-shirt over her head, discarding it on the carpet. She wasn't wearing a bra, her breasts hanging heavy as she arched her back for me. Even though we were technically in a hallway area where anyone could walk by, the fact that this entire floor belonged to us made the risk feel like an added aphrodisiac.

"So wet already," I muttered, my fingers brushing against her heat.

"Only for you..." she whispered.

I leaned in, my tongue lashing out to taste her. I started with broad, wet laps, listening to her moans bounce off the glass. I didn't hold back, burying my face between her thighs and driving my tongue deep inside her. Every time I flicked against her clit, she bucked against my mouth, her fingers clawing at the window frame as she struggled to keep her balance. The sound of her pleasure was raw and uninhibited, filling the narrow space.

After a few minutes of relentless licking, I pulled back, the cool air hitting my damp face. Eleanor glanced back at me over her shoulder, her face flushed and her eyes dark with a specific kind of intent. She reached back, using her index and middle fingers to slowly spread her asshole wide, presenting the tight, puckered entrance to me.

"You can fuck me in the ass, handsome," she whispered, her voice a sultry dare.

I smirked, my hand wrapping around my cock to steady it. "Oh, you knew something like this would happen, didn't you?"

"That's me for you," she replied with a wink.

"Fuck, you're so hot."

I stood up, my pulse thrumming in my ears like a heavy bassline. The hallway was quiet, the only sound being our jagged breathing and the distant, muffled hum of the building's ventilation. Eleanor remained braced against the window, her pale skin contrasting sharply with the dark, sleek frame of the glass. Her fingers were still spreading herself open, presenting that tight, puckered heat in a way that made my vision swim.

"You're sure about this, Eleanor?" I said, my voice sounding like gravel. "Once I'm in, I'm not stopping."

"Don't talk, Evan," she hissed, her head falling forward until her forehead pressed against the cool glass. "Just... give it to me. I've been thinking about this since yesterday."

I didn't need any more encouragement. I wrapped my hand around my cock, which was throbbing with a life of its own, and guided the head toward her. I didn't just shove my way in; I circled the entrance first, teasing the sensitive, rose-colored skin. Eleanor let out a long, shaky exhale, her hips twitching in anticipation. I could see the goosebumps blooming along her thighs as the cool hallway air hit her damp skin.

I leaned in, pressing my chest against her bare back, my hands sliding up to grip her waist. I used my thumbs to spread her cheeks even wider, and then I pushed.

The resistance was immediate and intense. Eleanor let out a sharp, jagged gasp, her fingers clawing at the window frame as she adjusted to the stretch. I stayed still for a beat, letting her get used to the intrusion, my breath hot against the back of her neck.

"God, you're so tight," I whispered, my teeth grazing the shell of her ear. "It's like you've never even been touched here."

"Just... keep going," she whimpered, her voice breaking.

The Heart System - Chapter 506[1,267 words]

Chapter 506: Chapter 506

I pushed again, a slow, steady surge that buried me halfway. Eleanor's back arched into a deep, beautiful curve, her breasts swaying with the movement. I reached around, my hands finding those heavy, soft mounds and squeezing them, my thumbs flicking over her stiff nipples. The double-sensation seemed to break the last of her tension, and I felt her internal muscles start to yield, wrapping around me like a velvet vice.

With one final, powerful thrust, I bottomed out. Eleanor let out a muffled scream into the glass, her breath fogging up the pane in a wide, frantic circle. I stayed there for a second, savoring the incredible, constricting heat. It was a different kind of pressure than her pussy—more intense, more urgent.

I began to move.

I started with a slow pace, pulling back until I almost slipped out before driving back in with a heavy, wet thud. The sound of our bodies meeting echoed off the hallway walls, a raw, primitive percussion that made my blood boil. I wasn't being gentle anymore. I wanted her to feel every bit of the 'manly' energy she'd been teasing me about.

I delivered a sharp, stinging slap to her right asscheek, the sound like a gunshot in the quiet corridor. A bright red handprint bloomed on her skin, and Eleanor let out a cry that was half-pain, half-pure ecstasy.

"Is this what you wanted, Eleanor?" I barked, my pace increasing until we were a blur of friction. "To have me fuck you like this in the middle of the hallway?"

"Yes! Oh god, yes! Harder, Evan!"

I shifted my grip, reaching up to tangle my fingers in her hair, pulling her head back so I could kiss her. It was a messy, desperate collision of lips and tongues, our teeth clashing as I continued to ravage her from behind. The angle was perfect; every strike was hitting her right where she needed it, the forbidden nature of the act acting like an accelerant on my own nerves.

I increased the intensity, my hips snapping forward in a tireless, predatory sprint. The leather of my belt, still hanging from my discarded pants on the floor, clinked against the carpet, but I didn't care. I was lost in the feeling of her, the way her body shuddered with every impact, the way her moans were becoming high-pitched and frantic.

"You're breaking, Eleanor," I hissed against her lips, my movements turning violent and unchecked. "I can feel it."

She was incoherent now, her words dissolving into a string of desperate pleas. Her body was shaking, her legs trembling so badly that I had to hold her waist tighter just to keep her upright. I reached down between her legs, my fingers finding her clit, which was

already soaking and swollen. I began to rub it with a frantic, buzzing pressure, and that was the final straw.

Eleanor shattered.

Her entire body snapped into a rigid, trembling line as she let out a long, shattered cry that seemed to go on forever. Her internal muscles went into a violent, crushing lockdown, the walls of her ass squeezing me with a rhythmic, agonizingly tight force that felt like it was trying to draw the very marrow from my bones. She rode the wave of the climax, her head tossing from side to side, her fingers leaving long, frantic streaks on the fogged-up glass.

The sensation of her release, combined with the sheer, crushing pressure of her peak, was the end for me.

I let out a low moan, my head falling back as I exploded deep inside her. The orgasm hit me like a punch, 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 heat that filled her to the absolute limit. I kept pushing, my hips jerking in a series of final, desperate thrusts until the last of the release was spent.

We stayed like that for a long, heavy minute, pinned together against the window. The only sound was our synchronized, wrecked breathing filling the hallway. I could feel the cooling sweat on my back and the heavy, satisfied ache in my muscles.

Slowly, I pulled out of her. The sound was a wet, heavy pop that seemed to linger in the air. Eleanor slumped forward, her forehead resting against the glass, her chest heaving as she tried to find her breath. She looked completely spent, her skin glowing and her hair a wild mess.

I reached out, turning her around gently. Her eyes were glazed, blown out with pleasure, a small, triumphant smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. I leaned in and gave her a soft, lingering kiss, tasting the salt of her sweat and the intensity of the last ten minutes.

"Well," I panted, wiping a stray hair from her face. "I think that counts as a morning workout."

Eleanor let out a soft, breathless laugh, her hand reaching up to weakly pat my chest. "You're a monster, Evan Marlowe. A total monster."

"And you're the one who locked the door," I reminded her with a smirk.

"Yeah. I guess I was..."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Eleanor

EXP Gained: +0

Villain Bonus: +0 EXP

Star Rating: 0.0

Reason: You helped Eleanor.

Bliss Multiplier: 0c

"Ah, damn it," I muttered, rubbing my face. Because of that tag, I wasn't able to get a single point from that session. I really needed to hit the Shop and fix my reputation, but with the K situation hanging over my head, I had to play it cool. I'd just have to take the loss for now.

Eleanor pulled her loose pants up, the fabric immediately clinging to her skin as it soaked up the stray drops of my work around her crotch. she didn't seem to mind; she just exhaled, ran a hand through her messy hair to semi-fix it, and stretched like a cat.

"You sure you don't wanna eat breakfast with us?" I asked, leaning against the wall.

She started walking toward the elevator. "Nah. Need to get this money to my dumb brother. He's probably waiting for his 'investment' to clear."

"Alright..." I nodded, catching her gaze one last time. "Next time, though... should I call you over?"

"Next time?" she repeated, pausing at the call button.

"When me and the girls... decide to have fun," I continued, a smirk tugging at my lips. "Should I?"

She smiled, a genuine, wicked little thing, and stepped inside the elevator. As the doors began to slide shut, she punched the floor button below. "Why not?"

The doors closed, and I stood in the empty hallway. Fucking wow. I quickly pulled my own pants back up, shaking my head at the absurdity of the morning, and walked to the door. I

gave it a sharp knock. A few seconds later, Jasmine pulled it open, her eyes sweeping over me and then past me into the hallway. She looked at my breathless state, then her gaze dropped to the floor where a small puddle of evidence remained on the tiles.

"Wow, you fucked her out in the hallway?" Jasmine said, her tone a mix of amusement and judgment. "I thought Eleanor stopped being a whore."

"Hey, she is not a whore," I said with a light smile, stepping past her.

"And then you locked yourself out?" she asked, closing the door behind me.

"Yeah. Accidentally," I admitted. "Come on. Let's get inside. I'm starving."

△ △ △

The Heart System - Chapter 507[1,200 words]

Chapter 507: Chapter 507

Indicfrelation. That was the name of the game... the race these goddesses were in. The one with the highest points or whatever gets the prize, though the nature of that prize was still a mystery to me. All I knew was that I was one of Mana's subjects—the most powerful goddess She already had one subject. And now? She had me.

"What are you thinking?" Jasmine asked, nudging me with her elbow. "You seem lost."

"Huh? Oh... nothing," I lied, shifting my weight.

We were all lounging in the living room, the atmosphere thick with the lazy energy of a slow day. Jasmine was sitting next to me on the double couch. To my left, Minne was sprawled out, a cold compress resting on her forehead. She looked pale but was clearly on the mend. Tessa had set up a small foldable table in front of her, topped with a steaming mug of herbal tea she'd specially prepared.

To my right, Kim and Tessa were sharing the larger couch. Kim had her legs up on the coffee table, her eyes darting between her phone and the movie screen. Tessa was leaning into Kim's shoulder, her feet dangling off the edge, moving them in a slow, hypnotic sway as she watched the film.

Behind us, the sound of rhythmic breathing filled the air. Nala was mid-set, doing squats in her tight gym gear. She was obsessed with getting an ass that rivaled Kayla's, following the same workout app Kayla had recommended. Her face was flushed, sweat beading on her forehead; she was clearly hitting her limit now.

"This movie is boring..." Kim muttered, not looking up from her screen. "I told you guys to watch a horror movie instead."

"Hey, war movies are good," Tessa countered. "Besides, we already watched like tons of horror movies this week. My nerves need a break."

"I think it's mid," Nala gasped out between reps. "But I like the action. It keeps me moving."

"Well, I don't like it," Kim grumbled. "Should we just change it?"

"It'll end in ten minutes, girl," Nala said, finally standing straight and wiping her brow. "Chill. Just wait."

"Ugh, what's the time?" Minne asked, her voice low and scratchy from the fever.

"I set the alarm for your next Ibuprofen, Minne," Tessa said softly. "Don't worry about a thing. Just rest."

"Mm..."

Jasmine suddenly shifted, getting lazier. She leaned back against the opposite armrest of the couch, stretching her long legs out until her feet rested directly in my lap. I felt her toes press against my crotch, and then, with a playful smirk, she began rubbing me through the denim of my pants.

The girls didn't even blink. They were so used to the casual intimacy of the house that it barely registered as a distraction from the movie.

She wasn't wearing socks, and her skin felt cool against my palms as I absent-mindedly began to massage her arches. I squeezed her thighs casually, my fingers digging into the firm muscle she'd been working on lately. Jasmine didn't even look away from the screen; she just let out a tiny, satisfied hum and adjusted her weight, spreading her legs a bit wider so her right foot could slide directly over my fly.

"You're actually watching this?" I muttered, my thumb tracing the ball of her foot. "The plot is basically just guys running toward landmines."

"It's mindless," Jasmine replied, her voice low and sleepy. "Sometimes that's exactly what I need after a week of dealing with the board of directors. Besides, the cinematography is decent."

As she spoke, she started to move. It was a lazy, slow-motion kind of friction. She used her heel to press down on the base of my cock, while her toes curled over the top, finding the shape of me through the denim of my pants. I felt my pulse jump, a familiar heat

starting to stir in my gut. I didn't say anything; I just shifted my hips to give her better access, my hands moving to her ankles to steady her.

"Speaking of work," Kim said from behind the couch, her voice slightly breathless as she finished her last set of lunges. "Did you actually sign off on that new server rack for the tech guys? They've been pestering me about it since Wednesday."

Jasmine didn't stop her foot. If anything, she tightened her grip, her toes pinching the head of my dick through the fabric.

Nala laughed, grabbing her water bottle. "I did. Tell them it'll be there by Tuesday. If they complain about the wait, tell them to go buy their own equipment and see how fast it gets delivered in a blizzard."

I reached down and unzipped my fly, the sound of the metal teeth clicking open lost under the sound of an on-screen mortar strike. I slid my boxers down, and my cock sprang free, pulsing in the cool air of the room. Jasmine's eyes flickered toward my lap for a split second, a wicked little smirk touching her lips, before she went right back to staring at the TV.

She slid her bare sole directly onto my skin. The difference was incredible—the slightly cool, soft skin of her foot meeting the hot, sensitive length of my shaft. I let out a jagged breath, my head hitting the back of the couch.

"God, Jas," I whispered. "That feels fucking amazing."

"I know," she murmured, her foot starting to slide in a long, wet-sounding motion.

The rest of the girls were just as relaxed. Kim was still on the other couch, her legs kicked up on the coffee table. She was scrolling through her phone, occasionally tossing a piece of popcorn into her mouth. Tessa was leaning against her, her eyes half-closed as she watched the movie.

"Evan, stop squirming," Tessa teased, not even looking over. "You're making the couch shake. Some of us are trying to enjoy the heroic sacrifices of the third infantry."

"I'm trying," I gasped, my fingers digging into Jasmine's calves. "Tell your friend here to stop being so good at this."

"Not a chance," Jasmine said. She used her big toe and the one next to it to grip the rim of my head, tugging upward before sliding her entire foot back down to the base. She was putting some real weight into it now, using the strength in her legs to really squeeze me.

"So," Kim said, finally putting her phone down. "Are we actually going to that dinner thing on Monday? Or are we 'working late' again?"

"We're going," Nala said, her breathing starting to get a little heavier as she focused on the friction she was creating. "I need the networking. But we're leaving by nine. I don't have the patience for the open bar crowd this time."

"Good," Tessa chimed in, now sitting on the floor and stretching her quads. "I'm exhausted just thinking about it. These workouts are killing me."

"You're the one who wanted a fat ass like Kayla's," Kim pointed out with a grin. "No pain, no gain, honey."

"Me? Hey, this boss-lady's the one who is doing squads right now, not me!"

The Heart System - Chapter 508[1,100 words]

Chapter 508: Chapter 508

I was barely listening to them. Jasmine's foot was doing things that should have been illegal. She had me trapped between her arches, twisting her foot slightly so the skin rubbed against the sensitive underside of my shaft. Every time a bomb went off in the movie, she'd give me a sharp, sudden squeeze that made my vision blur.

I reached down, my hand wrapping around her foot, helping her guide the movement. I tightened her foot on my dick, pulling her closer until her heel was jammed against my pelvic bone. The friction was becoming intense, a white-hot buildup that I knew I couldn't hold back for much longer.

"You're almost there, aren't you?" Jasmine whispered, her voice dropping into a dirty, private register that the other girls weren't supposed to hear.

"Yeah," I choked out, my jaw clenched. "Don't stop. Just like that."

She increased the speed, her toes curling and uncurling over the head as she worked me over. The lazy vibe of the room had shifted into something much more charged, even if the others were pretending not to notice the way I was clutching the cushions.

"Jasmine, lean forward a bit," I muttered, my voice breaking.

She didn't miss a beat. While keeping her foot locked around me, she folded her body forward, her long hair fanning out over her knees. She reached out and grabbed my hands, her fingers interlocking with mine as she pulled herself closer. She opened her mouth and took the head in, her tongue swirling around the tip while her foot kept up that frantic, sliding pressure at the base.

The double sensation was the end of me. I let out a long, shattered groan, my back arching off the couch as I finally blew. I came hard, my body jerking as I poured into her mouth, and Jasmine didn't flinch. She took every drop, her throat moving in a slow, steady swallow while her foot gave me one last, firm squeeze to milk out the rest.

She stayed there for a second, her tongue catching the last of the heat, before she finally sat back and wiped her mouth with the back of her thumb. She looked totally casual, as if she'd just finished a snack instead of finishing me off in front of the whole house.

"Better?" she asked, a smug glint in her eyes.

"Much," I panted, my heart still trying to hammer its way out of my chest.

I looked around the room. Minne was still curled up with the cat, Nala was heading toward the kitchen for more water, and Kim was arguing with Tessa about which horror movie to put on next. It was just another day in the penthouse... and I liked every second of it.

I reached down, slowly pulling my boxers and pants back up, feeling that heavy, warm afterglow sink into my bones. "You're a menace, Jasmine," I said, finally catching my breath.

"And you love it," she replied, leaning back and closing her eyes, a satisfied smile on her face as the movie credits finally began to roll.

Jasmine had practically melted into the upholstery, her back pressed against the far armrest and her head lolled back. Her long legs were draped over mine, her bare right foot tucked inside the waistband of my unbuttoned pants, lazily working my dick with her arch.

It was a slow, effortless friction. I wasn't even looking at her; I was just staring at the screen, my hands resting casually on her thighs. I squeezed the firm muscle of her quad, then slid my hand down to circle her ankle, my thumb tracing the bone. It was domestic, quiet, and dirty all at once.

"That logistics report for Monday is going to be a nightmare," Jasmine murmured, her voice vibrating with a low, sleepy hum as her toes curled around the head of my shaft. "If the snow doesn't clear, we're looking at a thirty-percent delay on the tech units."

"Mmm," I grunted, my hips giving a small, involuntary hitch against her sole. "We'll deal with it then. For now, just... keep doing that."

Suddenly, something felt off. It wasn't the movie. It was a vibration, a muffled, jagged sound that didn't fit the rhythm of the film.

I froze, my hand tightening on Jasmine's ankle.

"Evan?" she whispered, her foot pausing its rhythmic slide.

I didn't answer. I waited, straining my ears. A moment passed, the cinematic gunfire fading into a tense orchestral swell, and then I heard it again. A sharp, crashing sound followed by a muffled, angry shout. It wasn't coming from the speakers. It was coming from the floorboards.

I reached for the remote on the coffee table and punched the pause button. The screen froze on a soldier mid-scream, an after credits scene, and the apartment fell into a sudden, ringing silence.

"Hey!" Tessa complained from the other couch, snapping out of her daze. "Just when the most exciting part was coming! Put it back on."

"Ssh," I hissed, holding up a hand. "Listen."

We all sat there, frozen. For a few seconds, there was nothing but the hum of the heater. Then, it came again—a dull thud from directly below us, followed by the unmistakable sound of a man's voice, raised in a jagged, ugly yell. It was coming from Eleanor's place.

"Is that... downstairs?" Kim asked, her phone slipping from her hand onto the cushions.

"Yeah," I muttered, my jaw tightening. The shouting continued, followed by the sound of something glass shattering against a wall. It was Eleanor's brother. I knew that voice—the desperate, high-pitched edge of a gambling addict who had run out of luck and was looking for someone to blame.

I stood up abruptly, the sudden movement making Jasmine's legs slide off my lap. I didn't even bother buttoning my fly properly as I grabbed my heavy jacket from the back of the chair and threw it on.

"Where are you going?" Jasmine asked, sitting up straight, her eyes wide with concern.

"Eleanor," I said, my voice cold. "Her brother is back. He's a mess, and it sounds like he's losing it over more money. I'm going down there to check on her. I'll be right back, don't worry."

"O-okay... be careful."

I looked over at Nala, who was already standing by the kitchen counter, sensing the shift in the room. "Nala, can you call the building security?"

Nala didn't hesitate. She grabbed her phone from the counter and gave me a sharp, determined nod. "On it. Be careful, Evan."

The Heart System - Chapter 509[1,070 words]

Chapter 509: Chapter 509

I didn't wait for a reply. I bolted out of the penthouse door, the heavy oak slamming shut behind me. I didn't bother waiting for the elevator; I hit the stairwell, my boots thudding against the concrete steps as I took them three at a time.

I reached the floor below and rounded the corner into the hallway. The shouting was much louder here, the wood of Eleanor's door vibrating with the force of the argument inside.

"I told you I don't have it, Mark! Get out!" Eleanor's voice was a frantic scream.

I stepped up to the door and didn't hesitate. I balled my fist and hammered against the wood three times, the sound echoing like thunder in the narrow corridor.

"Eleanor! Open up!" I said.

The yelling suddenly stopped, and the door opened. Her brother stood in front of me, hair disheveled, breathing heavily like he had just run a marathon. He glanced back at Eleanor, who was standing a few meters behind him with her hands on her waist.

Mark brushed past me without saying a word and headed straight for the elevator, jabbing the button for the ground floor.

Well... that was awkward.

I looked over at Eleanor. She seemed fine. For a second, I had thought he might've thrown something at her, or worse, but she looked okay. Her eyes were a little red, but that was it. Thankfully, he wasn't as out of control as I had imagined.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Yeah... yeah," she said as I stepped inside. "He was just yelling."

I closed the door behind me. "About what?"

"He wanted money. Said he found some 'investment' downtown. I asked what it was, but he wouldn't tell me," she said. "Then we started arguing."

"Did he pay off his debt?" I asked.

"I asked him that too." Eleanor sat down on the couch and let out a long breath. "I think he did? I don't know, Evan. The way he acts now... it scares me. He wasn't always like this."

"Yeah... I can imagine."

"I'm sorry I made you worry," she said quietly. "I just wish—"

A knock on the door cut her off.

Thinking it was Mark again, she leaned forward, resting her elbow on her knees and covering her face with her hand. I let out a breath, walked to the door, and checked the peephole.

Good. Not Mark.

It was the security Nala had called earlier.

I opened the door. "Hey, everything's fine. No need to worry."

"Oh, alright, Mr. Marlowe."

"If that guy, Mark, comes back again," I said, "call me instead of bothering Eleanor, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alright. Thanks. Have a good evening."

He nodded and headed for the elevator. I closed the door and walked back into the living room, sitting down next to Eleanor.

She didn't look shaken—just... tired. Disappointed. There was a kind of heaviness in the way she leaned back against the couch and stared up at the ceiling with her eyes half-closed.

This whole situation with her brother was clearly wearing her down. As if she didn't already have enough problems, she also had to deal with a gambling addict who owed money to the wrong people. I couldn't even begin to guess what was going through her head.

"You should try to sleep or something," I said. "Your eyes are red."

"I know... it's just..." She sighed. "I've been having panic attacks, Evan. And with everything going on with my brother... I barely sleep at night."

"You should still try," I said, giving her a small smile.

I shifted closer and placed my arm around her shoulders, gently pulling her toward me.

"Mm..."

She didn't resist. She leaned into me, resting her head on my shoulder and closing her eyes.

I didn't know how that argument had ended, but I hoped that this time, Mark had actually used the money I gave him to pay off his debt.

I mean... how could someone be stupid enough to lose everything twice?

Right?

△ △ △

I blinked, the harsh morning light stinging my eyes.

Damn, I hadn't realized how wiped out I was. When I finally drifted back to consciousness, I found myself sprawled on Eleanor's couch. The storm had cleared, leaving the city quiet under a fresh layer of white, and the clock on the wall was already ticking past nine. I sat up, rubbing the grit from my eyes, and caught the savory scent of bacon hitting a hot pan.

Eleanor was in the kitchen, her back to me as she worked the stove. She glanced over her shoulder and offered a small smile. "Oh, hey. Morning, Evan."

"Morning," I croaked, my voice thick with sleep. "I really crashed out, huh?"

"We both did," she chuckled, sliding a spatula under some eggs. "I'm making bacon and eggs. You want in?"

"Sure."

She was already dressed for the day in a simple t-shirt and tight pants, looking like she was gearing up for a shift. Even though Stingy Ladies usually thrived at night, it looked like she had morning duties too. I thought about asking her if she'd seen Isabella around lately, but I caught myself. I didn't want to drag her into my mess this early in the day.

I padded into the bathroom and flicked on the light. After splashing some cold water on my face to kill the last of the grogginess, I headed back to the kitchen just as she was plating the food. I leaned one hand on the table, pulling my phone from my back pocket to check the damage.

My heart sank a little. Jasmine and Nala had called a total of sixteen times yesterday. They must have been spiraling, hearing the shouting from downstairs and then getting nothing but radio silence from me.

"Ah... shit."

"Oh... I answered your phone, by the way. But I put it back, don't worry," Eleanor said casually.

I froze, looking up at her. "What?"

She brought two steaming plates to the table and sat down. "I, uh... I fell asleep on your shoulder yesterday. Then I woke up to your phone buzzing a few hours later. It rang once, then twice... then it just wouldn't stop. I couldn't take the noise anymore, so I picked up. Someone named Jasmine was on the other end asking about you."

"Yeah... they were definitely worried."

The Heart System - Chapter 510[1,171 words]

Chapter 510: Chapter 510

"I told them you were sleeping and that everyone was okay," Eleanor said, nodding toward the chair across from her. "Come on, sit. Eat."

"Right." I slid into the chair and picked up my fork. "Thank you. For handling that."

"I don't like poking into other people's business, but they were persistent. I was either going to shut the phone off or answer it... I figured answering was the nicer move."

"You did the right thing," I said, digging into the eggs. "They probably thought I'd been stabbed or something with all that yelling yesterday."

She smirked, though there was a bit of a flush on her cheeks. "Was our... fight... really that loud?"

"Hey, you can hear everything upstairs, and we can hear everything downstairs," I reminded her with a grin.

"Right... god, you have some stamina, Evan. I've gotta give you that."

"I try. You really should just join us next time, Eleanor. Save yourself the trouble of listening through the floorboards."

She shrugged, leaning back. "I'd like that. Group stuff isn't usually my thing, but for you? Sure."

My phone buzzed again right there on the table. I picked it up without checking the ID, expecting Jasmine again, but the voice on the other end was softer. It was Mendy.

"Evan," she said, her voice sounding a little small. "Hey. Sorry if I woke you up."

"Hey, morning," I replied, leaning back in the chair. "What's up?"

"I just... wanted to check in," she said. There was a long pause. "About the other night. We didn't really talk afterward."

"I know. And I'm sorry. I've just been slammed with work and... everything, honestly," I said, trying to keep my voice low so Eleanor wouldn't catch every word. "My bad."

"It's okay. I didn't call to make you explain yourself," she gave a quick, nervous chuckle. "Um... Penelope and I were going shopping today, and she asked... well..."

"Asked what?"

"W-when we were doing... um... doggy style... you grabbed my waist pretty hard. It left some marks there, Evan. Penelope saw them and immediately knew I'd had sex."

I winced slightly. "Oh. Damn. Sorry about that."

"I told her it was you. I tried to lie at first, I swear, but then she kept pressing me and I just... I couldn't keep it in."

"Shit. Sorry, Mendy."

"She was... I don't know," she said, her voice sounding a bit puzzled. "I think she was actually okay with it?"

"Of course she is, Mendy. She isn't your mother. She's your friend."

"I know, but still." She chuckled again, that same nervous energy coming through the line. "Anyway, I should get going. I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Yeah," I said, glancing at Eleanor, who was watching me with an amused expression. "See you, Mendy. Hopefully... soon."

"Yeah... hopefully soon," she echoed. She cleared her throat quickly. "Um... bye."

"Yep. Bye."

I ended the call and set my phone back on the table, then went back to my breakfast.

Yeah... I was kind of a jerk. I hadn't even called Mendy once. Especially after everything that had happened between us. She still wasn't even sure about our little "thing" in the bedroom, and I had just... left it there.

Still, I hoped she was okay with it. Maybe she'd come over again next time. Just knowing she had been there that night had done something to me. It was like... she trusted me. It felt strange, but not in a bad way. More like something new that I hadn't figured out yet.

We ate in silence after that. The only sound in the room was the quiet clink of forks against plates. After a few minutes, once we were done, I was the first to stand up.

I took my plate to the kitchen, rinsed it under some water, and placed it in the dishwasher.

"I should get going," I said. "Work won't wait."

"Same," Eleanor said, nodding.

"I can drop you off if you want," I offered. "It's a bit out of my way, but I could use the drive to wake up."

"No need," she said. "You go. Isabella is picking me up."

Isabella?

Right... so Eleanor knew her too. That could be useful. If what Charlotte told me wasn't enough, I could always ask Eleanor about her. Still, that would be a last resort. She already had enough on her plate—I didn't need to add more.

Eleanor grabbed her coat from the rack and opened the door. I stepped out with her, and just as she was about to leave, I stopped the door with my hand and leaned back inside to grab her keycard from the small table.

She laughed under her breath and took it from me.

"Wow. I almost forgot it again."

"Yeah," I said. "Lucky you had me."

She smiled, this time more genuinely. "Yeah... I guess I'm lucky to have you."

"I'll take the stairs," I said. "I need to change first. See you, Eleanor."

Instead of replying, she leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. Then she stepped back, waited for the elevator, and I headed toward the stairs with a small smile still on my face.

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: 29 / 40 ★

Amelia: Interest: 12 / 20

Esme: Interest: 60 / 80 ★★

Huh. Four points from her. Not bad. Slowly but surely, I was getting closer to forty.

I took the stairs and made my way up to my floor, then walked down the hallway and knocked on my door.

A moment later, it opened. Minne stood there, looking a little better than yesterday, though still a bit tired.

"Oh... welcome home, Master," she said.

"Hey," I replied as I stepped inside. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," she said softly. "Mrs. Tessa took care of me."

"Good," I said. "Where are the others?"

"They already left for work."

"Got it." I nodded. "I'll change and head out too. You should rest today."

"I'm fine, I can—"

"No," I cut her off gently. "You're sick. Take the day off. And take off the maid outfit, alright? You shouldn't be working today."

"Y-yes, Master..."

"If anything happens, call me," I added.

"I will."

I stepped closer, then leaned down and pressed a soft kiss against her belly.

"Take care of my little baby too," I said.

Minne instantly flushed red, her face turning bright with embarrassment. I gave a small smile, then walked past her into the master bedroom and closed the door behind me.

God, she was really the cutest, I swear...

△ △ △

The Heart System - Chapter 511[1,068 words]

Chapter 511: Chapter 511

The system chimed in the back of my mind, a subtle digital pulse that reminded me I was sitting on a decent stack of SC from the On a Roll streak. It flashed a prompt, asking if I wanted to cash them in now or keep rolling the dice. Honestly? I wanted to rack up a few more Special Coins before hitting the exchange. The higher the risk, the higher the reward, and I wasn't in the mood to settle for the low-tier loot today.

I leaned back in my office chair, the leather creaking under my weight as I stared at the ceiling. I'd skimmed through my Daily and Normal Quest logs, but nothing felt worth the effort. Dealing with K's cryptic bullshit or tracking down Eleanor's deadbeat brother? Nah. Not today. I'd rather take things slow for once and just breathe.

"Evan."

Nala's voice drifted out from her private office. Her door was cracked open, a sliver of warm light spilling into the hallway. "Can you come here for a sec?"

"Sure," I called back, pushing off from my desk.

I walked in and closed the door behind me with a soft, solid click. Nala was standing by her large mahogany desk, but she didn't look like the composed CEO she usually was. She looked up at me, then her gaze darted to the ceiling fan, then down to the pattern of the Persian rug. She was clearly on edge, her fingers tapping a restless rhythm against her thigh.

She walked toward me, letting out a heavy exhale that seemed to deflate her shoulders. I just stood there, folding my arms across my chest, waiting for whatever she had to say. If Nala was this jittery, it had to be important.

"Can you help me check the room?" she asked, her voice dropping. "I need to know if there are any more hidden cameras."

"Nala, the security team already swept the entire floor—"

"I know!" she cut in, her eyes flashing with a mix of frustration and genuine fear. "But I don't even trust my own security team anymore, Evan. I can't shake the feeling. Can you just... please?"

I looked at her for a heartbeat, seeing the vulnerability behind the boss-lady persona. I softened, offering her a small smile. "Sure, sure. If it'll relieve you, I'll help. We'll flip this place upside down if we have to."

"Great." She exhaled again, this time with relief. "I'll take the left side of the room, behind the desk. You take the rest."

I let out a short, incredulous chuckle, gesturing to the sprawling office space that included the lounge area, the bookshelves, and the floor-to-ceiling windows. "Wait, you're taking the smallest search area? That's not even fair."

"That's because I'm the boss and whatever I say goes," she shot back, a hint of her usual fire returning to her voice. "Now get to work, Mr. Marlowe."

"Wow. Boss of the century over here."

We got to work. I started by the bookshelf, pulling out heavy law volumes and checking the gaps behind the wood. It was quiet, the only sound being the rustle of paper and the soft thud of books being replaced. Every few minutes, I'd glance over at her. She was bent over behind her desk, checking the wire casing and the underside of the drawers.

The tension in the room started to shift from paranoid to something a bit thicker. Nala was wearing a slim-fitting pencil skirt that hit just above her knees, and as she reached up to check the frame of a painting on the wall, the fabric rode up her thighs.

I moved toward the lounge area, kneeling down to check the underside of the coffee table. From my angle, I had a perfect view of her as she stood on her tiptoes to inspect the crown molding. I didn't even try to hide it; I just stayed there, my gaze lingering on the smooth curve of her legs and the way the silk of her skirt hugged her hips.

"Find anything yet?" she asked, her back still to me.

"Just a very impressive view," I muttered.

She turned around, catching me red-handed. She didn't pull her skirt down immediately, but her cheeks turned a soft, dusty pink. "Evan! Focus. This is serious."

"I am focusing," I said, standing up and walking toward her.

As I passed her to check the curtain rods, I didn't miss the opportunity. I leaned in and delivered a firm, playful smack to her ass. The sound echoed in the quiet office.

Nala jumped, letting out a small, sharp gasp. She turned to face me, her eyes wide, trying to look angry but failing as a small, bashful smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "What if someone sees, you idiot? The door is closed, but still..."

"You just said you don't trust the security team," I teased, stepping into her personal space. "Maybe I'm just checking for 'tactile' anomalies."

"You're a... ugh," she whispered, her hand resting on my chest for a second before she pushed me back toward the windows. "Keep searching. And keep your hands to yourself, Mr. Marlowe, or I'll have to file a formal complaint."

"I look forward to the hearing," I grinned.

We spent another twenty minutes meticulously checking every nook and cranny. I climbed onto a chair to unscrew a vent cover while Nala crawled under the side table near the sofa. I caught another glimpse of her under the table, her skirt bunched up as she poked at the floorboards, and I just shook my head. The 'Villain' in me wanted to drag this out, but the 'Good Boy' points I'd bought earlier were keeping me on task.

Eventually, we both stood in the center of the rug, breathing a bit harder from the physical effort. The office was slightly disheveled—books misaligned, cushions tossed aside—but it was clean.

"Nothing," Nala said, wiping a stray hair from her forehead. "Not a single wire, lens, or bug."

"Told you," I said, walking over and giving her shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "Your team did their job, Nala. You're safe in here. No one is watching."

"Yeah..." She leaned into my touch for a second, the tension finally leaving her frame. "I guess I just needed to hear it from you. Thanks, Evan."

"Anytime, Boss."



The Heart System - Chapter 512[1,076 words]

Chapter 512: Chapter 512

I couldn't wait until I got home. No way.

The restroom on the second floor was a tomb of cold tile and flickering fluorescent lights. It was the one place in the building nobody touched—the hot water pipes had been shot for months, and the sinks only hissed out ice-cold streams that discouraged anyone from staying long. It was the perfect, desolate sanctuary for what I needed.

I was seated on the closed toilet lid, my back against the cold ceramic tank. Jasmine was straddling me, her office skirt hiked up to her waist, her hands braced firmly against the metal partitions of the stall. She was jumping on my cock with a frantic, desperate energy, the thud of our bodies meeting echoing off the sterile walls. We hadn't even fully undressed; my pants were pooled around my ankles and her stockings were bunched at her knees. It was a tactical, high-stakes fuck, driven by the constant threat of the heavy restroom door swinging open.

"You couldn't wait, could you?" Jasmine whispered, her voice a jagged, breathless rasp as she hammered down on me. "You had to have it right now. I think we've spoiled you, Evan. You've turned into a literal animal. You can't even go a few hours without feeling a pussy around your dick."

"I fucking love it," I moaned, my head thumping back against the wall.

I reached up, my palm flat against her shoulder to push her torso forward, forcing her to arch her back and expose herself even more. I reached behind her, my thumb finding the tight, puckered entrance of her asshole. I pressed in, feeling the heat of her against the cool air of the stall.

"Oh, fuck. Look at that. Look how much you're taking."

"You wanna cum inside me that bad?" she moaned, her head falling back as she picked up the pace, her internal muscles clamping down on me like a vice. "Wanna get me pregnant like you did Minne? Like you did to Delilah? Like Kim?"

"Yes..." I muttered, the words thick with a dark, primal need. "I wanna fuck that pregnant pussy while I drink your milk, Jasmine. I want to fill you up until you can't take a single drop more."

I slid a second finger in, the stretch making her let out a sharp, high-pitched gasp that she quickly muffled by biting her lip. The taboo of the setting; the empty stalls, the risk of a janitor walking in—was acting like high-octane fuel for my own arousal.

"You're so greedy," she hissed, her fingers digging into the top of the cubicle walls, her knuckles white. "A literal horny monkey. Is that what you want? To turn us all into your little breeders?"

"I want you to belong to me," I said, my hips snapping upward to meet her every descent. "I want everyone in this building to know who owns you just by the way you walk."

The friction was becoming unbearable, a white-hot buildup that made my vision swim. Jasmine was reaching her limit; I could feel the way her thighs were starting to tremble, her breathing turning into a series of shallow, panicked hitches. She was grinding her clit against my pubic bone with every surge, her eyes glazed over as she lost herself in the sensation.

"Evan... Evan, I'm... I'm gonna break," she sobbed, her movements becoming frantic and uncoordinated.

"Go for it, Jas. Give it to me," I urged, my hands moving to her hips to pull her down even harder.

She let out a long, shattered cry that echoed off the tiles, her entire body going into a violent lockdown. She squeezed me so hard it felt like she was trying to milk the soul out of me. The sensation of her internal walls pulsing against me was the final straw. I let out a low, guttural roar, my hands gripping her waist as I exploded deep inside her.

Then, I couldn't hold it in any longer.

I poured into her, a frantic, endless flood of heat that filled her to the absolute limit. Jasmine slumped forward, her chest heaving against mine, her forehead resting on my shoulder as we both tried to find our breath in the suffocating silence of the stall.

We stayed like that for a long time. My dick was still buried deep inside her, pulsing with the remnants of the orgasm. Jasmine didn't move; she just draped herself over me, her skin slick with sweat despite the cold air in the room. I reached up and stroked her hair, kissing her temple as the world slowly started to come back into focus.

Suddenly, the system flickered in the corner of my eye.

ON A ROLL QUEST: 50SC

Convince Jasmine to pull up
her panties while your cum is
still inside her vagina.

I stared at the text, a dry chuckle catching in my throat. Damn, unhinged system, I thought. It really wants me to be a complete villain today.

I pulled back slightly, looking into Jasmine's dazed, beautiful face. Her makeup was slightly smudged, and her eyes were still soft from the release.

"Hey, Jas?" I whispered.

"Mmm?" she hummed, her eyes barely opening.

"I want you to do something for me. Something... a little different."

She blinked. "What? You want another round? Evan, my legs are like jelly, I can't—"

"No, not that," I said, my voice dropping. "I want you to pull your panties back up. Right now. While my cum is still in there. I want you to wear it for the rest of the day."

Jasmine stared at me, her mouth hanging open in a mix of shock and disbelief. "What? Are you serious? No... Evan, that's disgusting. It'll leak, it'll ruin my clothes... I can't go back to the office like that."

"Come on, Jas," I urged, my hand sliding down to squeeze her butt. "Just for me. I want to know that every time you sit in a meeting or talk to a client, you can feel me inside you. I want you to remember this restroom every time you feel that wetness."

"You think you're marking me or something?" she whispered, a flush crawling up her neck that wasn't just from the sex. "My god... Tessa was right. You really are a horny monkey. This is completely unhinged, Evan."

"Is that a no?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

The Heart System - Chapter 513[1,068 words]

Chapter 513: Chapter 513

She looked at me for a long beat, her breathing still a bit heavy. I could see the conflict in her eyes—the professional woman battling the part of her that belonged entirely to the chaos I brought into her life. Finally, she let out a long, defeated sigh and rolled her eyes.

"Fine," she muttered, a small, twisted smile playing on her lips. "But if I have to throw these silk panties away, you're buying me three new pairs. Expensive ones."

"Deal," I grinned.

I slowly slid out of her, the sound a wet, heavy pop. Jasmine didn't reach for the tissues. Instead, she stood up on shaky legs, reaching down to grab the thin lace of her panties. She looked me right in the eye as she pulled them up, the fabric immediately soaking up the evidence of what we'd just done. She smoothed her skirt over her hips, the wetness already creating a dark, hidden patch that only we would know about.

I stood up and delivered a sharp, stinging smack to her butt, the sound echoing in the stall.

"Good girl," I whispered.

Jasmine just shook her head, fixing her hair in the tiny mirror on the wall. "You're going to be the death of me, Evan Marlowe. Now get your pants on. We have work to do."

I buckled my belt, feeling a surge of satisfaction as the system pinged, confirming the 50SC had been added to my balance. The day was just getting started.

ON A ROLL COMPLETED

CASH OUT OR SAVE IT?

CURRENT SC: 225

I checked my interface again, and, surprise, surprise, still zero EXP.

The notification mocked me. I'd just pulled off an unhinged quest, basically marking Jasmine in the middle of a corporate office, and the system was still holding out on me. This Villain tag was starting to become a real double-edged sword. On one hand, the penalties were a bitch; on the other, the perks, like that Hypnotize skill, were the only reason I'd managed to take down Chase and keep my head above water. If I was going to unmask this "K" person and end the shitshow, I needed that power. Maybe I was actually starting to like being the bad guy.

From my spot on the toilet lid, I watched Jasmine fix the hem of her skirt. The fabric was already darkening where the silk met her thighs, a damp patch blooming right where I'd left my mark. It was a perfect, filthy view. EXP or not, seeing her like that made my blood boil all over again. My dick was already straining against my fly, throbbing with a second wind I didn't expect to have so soon.

"I think I'll fuck Tessa next," I muttered, my voice low and raspy. "This wasn't enough. Not even close."

Jasmine let out a short, breathless chuckle as she smoothed her hair. "Hey, your boss is Nala. My boss is a man named Henker. You can afford to sit here all day and play king, but I have a department to run. You can just say, 'Hey, I'm re-arranging Jasmine's guts in the second-floor restroom, okay, Nala?' but I can't."

"I know, I know. You only had a ten-minute break," I said, grinning as I reached out to squeeze her hip one last time. "You go back to your spreadsheets. I'll call Tessa down here and finish what you started."

"Good... why not Kim?" she asked, leaning against the stall door.

"She's on break," I replied easily. "I actually called her first, but she told me she was busy, so I called you."

"WHAT?" Jasmine's eyes widened, her mouth dropping open.

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding," I laughed, catching her hand before she could swat me. "I saw her on the way over. She told me she was heading out for lunch."

She punched my shoulder—hard. I actually winced; she had some serious strength behind that blow. Kayla’s gym app was clearly doing wonders for her muscle tone. Between her and Sophia, I was going to end up covered in bruises if I didn’t watch my mouth.

"Idiot," she muttered, shaking her head. She gave me one last lingering look, then slipped out of the cubicle.

I stayed where I was, listening to the heavy thud of the restroom door closing behind her. I pulled out my phone and sent a quick, blunt text to Tessa: '2nd floor restroom. The cold water one. Love ya.'

While I waited, I scrolled through the news, but the headlines about the blizzard and the local politics couldn’t hold my interest. I hopped over to my hidden folder and tapped on the latest set of nudes Delilah had sent me. Seeing her arched over her bed, looking back at the camera with that "bad mother" smirk, didn’t help the ache in my crotch.

A few minutes passed. The silence of the restroom was broken only by the hum of the ventilation. Then, the main door creaked open. Footsteps, sharp, rhythmic clicks of heels on tile, approached my stall and stopped right in front of the door.

I looked up as the door swung inward.

Tessa stood there, looking every bit the professional powerhouse. She was wearing a sleek pencil skirt that hugged her curves, paired with sheer black stockings that made her legs look miles long. Her white blouse was tucked in perfectly, not a single wrinkle in sight. Her eyes dropped immediately to my lap, where I was sitting with my cock hard and ready, pulsing in the dim light.

"Wow," she said, her voice dripping with dry amusement. "Really, Evan? Didn’t you literally just finish with Jasmine? I passed her in the hall—she was walking like she had a secret and she smelled like... well, like you."

"Hey, I missed you," I said, leaning back and gesturing for her to come closer.

Tessa stepped into the cramped space, her presence immediately making the air feel warmer. She tilted her head, a skeptical smile playing on her lips. "Did you? Or did you just miss having a pussy to sink into?"

"Just close the door and come in, Tessa."

She let out a soft sigh, reaching back to slide the bolt into place. She looked at me, then at the toilet lid, then back at my face. "An animal... you’re a literal animal, Evan Marlowe."

The Heart System - Chapter 514[1,084 words]

The metallic click of the stall door locking back into place was the only signal I needed. I didn't wait for a witty remark or a slow build-up. I stood up from the toilet lid, my space suddenly feeling half its size with Tessa's proximity. She smelled like expensive perfume and the high-pressure energy of the executive floor, a scent that only made the "Villain" in my blood hum louder.

I didn't say a word. I reached out, my hands finding her waist and spinning her around. Tessa let out a small, surprised "oh!" as I pressed her chest against the cold tile of the wall, right above the toilet.

"Evan—" she started, but the protest died in her throat as I hiked her sleek pencil skirt up to her hips.

Her black stockings were held up by lace garters, a detail that made my pulse spike. I didn't bother taking her panties off; I just hooked my fingers into the edge of the silk and slid them firmly to the left, exposing her. She was already damp, a glistening heat that radiated against the chilly air of the second-floor restroom. I knelt on the floor, the cold tile biting into my knees, and buried my face between her thighs.

The moment my tongue made contact, the world blurred.

- Critical Success: Tessa

It was like an electric shock went through both of us. My tongue found her clit with the precision of a fucking heat-seeking missile, and the system roared in the back of my mind. Tessa's entire body went rigid. Her fingers, which had been trying to find a grip on the grout of the wall, suddenly clawed at the tiles, her nails screeching against the ceramic.

"Oh! Oh god—Evan! Wait—"

She didn't get to finish the sentence. Her orgasm hit her like a freight train, far faster and more violent than anything she'd expected. Her internal muscles began to pulse frantically, and she let out a long, high-pitched wail that echoed off the stalls, her knees buckling so hard I had to wrap my arms around her legs to keep her from collapsing onto the floor. She shook with a raw, primal intensity, her breath coming in ragged, broken sobs as the "Critical Success" forced every nerve ending to fire at once.

I pulled back after a few seconds, breathing hard, my face wet with her. I stood up, adjusting my weight as I looked down at her trembling frame.

"Wow," I panted, a smug smirk tugging at my lips. "I thought you were here to please me, Tess. You didn't even last a minute."

Tessa turned her head back, her face flushed a deep, frantic crimson, her hair messy and falling over her eyes. She looked completely wrecked, her chest heaving as she tried to regain her composure.

"Oh, shut up... shut up and fuck me, you animal," she rasped, her voice thick with need.

I didn't need to be told twice. I stepped up behind her, my hands gripping her hips with a possessive, heavy force. I lined myself up with her soaking entrance and drove home in one deep, relentless surge. The sensation was incredible—the friction of her stockings against my thighs and the tight, pulsing heat of her afterglow wrapping around my cock like a vice.

"Fuck, Tessa... you're so hot," I growled, my voice dropping into that dark, gravelly register.

I began to fuck her with a steady, punishing rhythm. Every time my hips slammed into her, her forehead thumped against the wall, a rhythmic thud-thud-thud that played over the sound of our heavy breathing. Tessa wasn't just taking it; she was leaning back into the impact, her hand reaching back to tangle in my hair, pulling me closer so she could catch my lips in a messy, desperate kiss over her shoulder.

"More... give me more," she whispered against my mouth, her eyes glazed and dark.

I increased the pace, my movements turning into a blur of friction and heat. I was deep in the zone, the Villain tag finally feeling like it was earning its keep. The taboo of the setting, the scent of her climax, and the way she was shaking under my touch—it was a perfect storm. I was seconds away from hitting my own peak, my muscles coiling for that final explosion.

Then, my phone started screaming in my pocket.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

I tried to ignore it, burying my face in the crook of Tessa's neck and driving into her even harder, but the persistent vibration was a mood-killer. I snarled under my breath, reaching into my pocket and pulling the device out without breaking my rhythm. It was the front desk. Security.

"Yeah?" I barked, hitting the speaker mode and tossing the phone onto the flat top of the toilet tank.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Marlowe," the man's voice came through, sounding strained and professional. "But that guy is here again. The one from the incident earlier. He's

making a scene in the lobby, claiming he's 'the father' of someone on the staff and demanding to be let up."

I froze, my cock still buried deep inside Tessa. My jaw tightened so hard I thought my teeth might crack. Eleanor's father. Or whatever that crazy bastard called himself.

"Fuck!" I hissed, the word a jagged explosion of breath. "Dammit!"

"Mr. Marlowe? Are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm here," I said, my eyes narrowing as I looked at the back of Tessa's head. "Okay, hold him there. Don't let him past the elevators. I'm coming downstairs right now."

"Understood, sir."

The line went dead with a click. I stayed still for a heartbeat, the frustration boiling in my gut. I looked down at Tessa, who had gone quiet, her shoulders slumped in a mix of exhaustion and annoyance. With a final, angry grunt, I gave her one more deep, punishing thrust—the kind that bottomed out and made her let out a sharp gasp—but I didn't cum. I couldn't. I had to go.

I pulled out of her with a wet, heavy sound, the sudden loss of heat making the air feel freezing.

"Who is that guy?" Tessa asked, her voice shaky as she reached back to pull her skirt down and straighten her blouse.

"A crazy bastard," I muttered, my fingers fumbling with my belt as I buckled my pants. "He's a goddamn parasite, and he's giving me blue balls. I fucking hate him already."

The Heart System - Chapter 515[1,195 words]

Chapter 515: Chapter 515

I ran a hand through my hair, trying to look somewhat human again. I felt the tension radiating off me, the blue-ball ache a dull throb in my lower abdomen. Tessa turned around, fixing her stockings and smoothing out the wrinkles in her skirt. She looked at me, seeing the storm behind my eyes, and a small, sympathetic smile touched her lips.

"Jesus, cowboy," she teased, stepping closer and patting my cheek. "You can always finish this back at the penthouse later tonight. Calm down before you give that guard a heart attack."

I sighed, the anger slowly deflating into a weary frustration. I looked at her—wrecked, beautiful, and still smelling like the mess we'd made—and I felt a twinge of guilt.

"Ugh... sorry for having you come all the way down here, Tessa," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "I thought it'd be hot... a quick thrill... but, yeah. Sorry the ending got ruined."

Tessa stepped into my space, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me down for a soft, lingering kiss. She tasted like the afternoon I'd wanted to have.

"Hey," she whispered against my lips, her eyes sparkling. "At least you made me cum. I'm not complaining. And plus, you basically 'ordered' me to come here, right? Like a fucking king."

"Hey, you could've refused."

"How could I? I live in your penthouse, dumbass." She exhaled. "I have to take your dick in every time you want. Or you throw me out."

"Woah, woah, woah. I was just acting like, like, I don't know, tough guy for shits and giggles. If you think of me like that about me I..."

"Yeah. There's the real you." She said, disappointed a little. "A wuss. 'Bathroom. Now.' my ass."

"My fucking god, Tessa. I knew it."

"Look at me! I'm Evan Marlowe, the toughest guy in the whole world." She chuckled.

"Hey, Tess. Bathroom. Now. I'm gonna fuck you with my pee-pee."

"Gaah. Shut up!"

I couldn't help but smile at that. I gave her one last squeeze on the ass, feeling the firm curve of her through the fabric of her skirt.

"Anyway," she said. "Like I said, we can continue this tonight. Okay?"

"True," I said. "I'll make it up to you tonight. Promise."

"I'll hold you to that, Marlowe."

We both stepped out of the stall, the cold air of the restroom hitting us. I checked my reflection in the mirror, splashed some cold water on my face to kill the flush, and then we both walked out of the men's bathroom, heading toward the elevators to face the mess waiting downstairs.

The elevator ride felt like an eternity, the steady hum of the motor doing nothing to soothe the frantic, unfulfilled throb in my veins. I adjusted my jacket, checking my reflection in the polished steel doors one last time.

The doors slid open with a soft chime, and I stepped out into the expansive, high-ceilinged lobby of the corporate wing. The air here was different, scented with expensive floor wax and the hushed, busy energy of people who made too much money.

To my right, near the reception desk, Jasmine was deep in conversation with a department lead, her posture professional and commanding. She looked up as I approached, her sharp eyes scanning my face and then dropping to the slight disarray of my collar. She excused herself with a polite nod and walked toward me, a knowing, wicked smirk tugging at her lips.

"What, you already finished with Tessa?" she whispered as she reached me, her voice dripping with dry amusement. "You're a bit of a quick-shooter today, aren't you, Evan? I thought she'd keep you busy for at least an hour."

I shook my head, my jaw tight. "Nah. I didn't even get to finish. Some crazy bastard is here again making a scene. I had to cut it short."

Jasmine's expression shifted instantly, the playfulness vanishing. She stepped closer, her voice dropping into a serious, guarded tone. "The guy you told us about? The one... with the hidden cameras? You think this is the 'K' person you've been looking for?"

I nodded slowly, my gaze drifting past her toward the massive automatic glass doors that led to the street. "Maybe. He's persistent, he's unstable, and he's obsessed with the people in this building. It's a lead I can't just ignore, even for a fuck."

"Be careful, Evan," she murmured, her hand briefly brushing my arm. "If he is connected to the cameras, he's more dangerous than he looks."

"I know," I muttered.

I left her standing there and started toward the entrance. Through the glass, I could see the silhouette of the man standing on the sidewalk, framed by the bright, cold light of the afternoon. Sure enough, it was Jack—the same disheveled, wild-eyed guy who had cornered me before, claiming to be Amelia's father.

I pushed through the automatic doors, the sudden gust of freezing city air hitting my face and helping to clear the lingering heat of the restroom. Two of our security guards were already there, looking bored but firm. One of them had a solid, grounding grip on Jack's wrist, keeping him anchored to the spot while the other stood as a barrier between him and the door.

Jack was agitated, his head twitching as he looked around, but the moment he saw me step out onto the pavement, his entire body went rigid. His eyes locked onto mine with a terrifying, singular focus.

"You!" he croaked, his voice cracking against the wind. "You're the one! I know you're the one holding her!"

I stopped a few feet away, exhaling a cloud of white mist into the air. I folded my arms, looking him up and down with a cold, detached boredom that I didn't entirely feel.

"We need to talk, Jack," I said, my voice low and dangerous. "And this time, you're going to tell me exactly who sent you."

"Who sent me?" he muttered. "Just let me see my Amelia."

"There's no 'your Amelia,' you moron," I said, my voice coming out a bit louder than I intended. "You couldn't even get her surname right."

"Just let me talk to her," he insisted. "You'll see. Just... just get her down here. Are you keeping her against her will or something? Can't you call her and ask her to come downstairs?"

"I could," I said. "But I won't." I turned to the security guards. "You two can head inside. I've got this."

"Are you sure, Mr. Marlowe?" one of them asked.

"Yeah. Thanks."

They exchanged a look, then went back inside. The automatic doors slid shut behind them. The area outside was empty now—looks like they had already cleared everyone out. Good. No audience.

I looked back at him.

"Why the cameras?" I asked.

"Huh?"

"The cameras," I repeated. "Why did you set them up?"

"Kid, I have no idea what you're talking about," he said. "What cameras?"

"Don't bullshit me," I said, stepping closer. "Just tell me the truth."

Persuasion Attempt: Jack

□□□□□

Remaining Chances: 0/4

Good. Honeyed Words triggered.

The Heart System - Chapter 516[1,090 words]

Chapter 516: Chapter 516

He didn't look like anyone's father. If anything, he looked like the definition of a deadbeat. The kind of guy you'd expect to find under 'what not to become.'

Attempting Persuasion

"Why lie, man? Just tell me the truth."

Base Chance: 40%

Honeyed Words: +55%

Final Chance: 95%

Upon Succeeding:

"Why lie? Just tell me the truth."

"I am telling you the truth, you idiot!" he snapped. "I don't know anything about any cameras. What are you even talking about?"

I frowned. That wasn't a failure. Which meant he really didn't know anything about the cameras in Nala's office. Damn it. I had been sure he was the one behind it. But if not him... then who? I stood there thinking for too long, going over it in my head.

Then the system shut off. Great. So there was a time limit on Honeyed Words. Good to know. Would've been nice to learn that before wasting it.

Persuasion Attempt: Jack

Remaining Chances: FAILURE

"You're her stepfather," I said. "Not her real father. Why lie about that?"

"Step or not," he muttered, "I'm her father. That shouldn't matter." He narrowed his eyes. "How do you even know that?"

"We're friends," I said. "We talk. Like normal people. And she doesn't want to see you, Jack. So stop coming here."

"Then tell her I'm here!" he snapped. "I couldn't talk to her last time, but now I can. I just need—"

"How did you even get in here?" I cut in. "You need to leave. Now. And don't come back. Next time, I'm calling the cops."

"Please!"

"No. Go."

I grabbed him by the shoulder and shoved him back a step.

"Get out."

He glared at me, then pointed a finger like he was trying to threaten me.

"You're all the same..." he spat. "You'll see."

He turned and stormed off down the stairs.

I watched him go, following him with my eyes as he crossed through the parking garage entrance and disappeared into the street.

I let out a breath and ran a hand through my hair.

"Fucking hell..."

△ △ △

I knocked on Maeve's door, and when she told me to come in, I stepped inside.

I needed more from her, which meant using Hypnotize again. The first time I questioned her, I didn't have much to go on. Now, though, I had something.

I activated Hypnotize. Her eyes shifted into that faint pink-purple hue.

I walked over to her desk, picked up the A4 sheet with Jack's photo on it, the one I had printed from the security footage, and held it in front of her. She looked at it with blank eyes, then lifted her gaze back to me without moving from her chair.

"Is he Jack Kuinn?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "He is not."

"Is he the one who set up the cameras?"

"No. He is not."

"How can I find Jack Kuinn?"

"You cannot find him unless he wants to be found."

I frowned slightly. "How old is he?"

"Twenty-five."

"Where does he work?"

"I don't know."

"What's his problem with Nala?"

"Revenge."

I narrowed my eyes. "Revenge? What the hell does that mean?"

I crumpled the paper in my hand, my thoughts running faster now. Something wasn't adding up.

Just as I was about to ask another question, a system notification popped up.

Right.

Using Hypnotize again had pushed me deeper into the Villain side. I thought I had enough room left before it got worse, but clearly not.

I crumpled the A4 paper and then stared at her for a few seconds. Then, just when I was about to ask the next question, the system notification chimed in. Fuuuuck me. Since I used Hypnotize skill, I dipped even lower than Villain once again. I thought I had enough room for 'bad stuff' without dipping that low. But I guess I was wrong.

REPUTATION SYSTEM

MONSTER  VILLAIN

Current Reputation: Sadist

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

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)
- Control your partner's orgasm.

Earning good points will result in

various punishments.

I exhaled quietly. Whatever. I couldn't stop now. I needed this skill, even if it meant taking the hit.

"What kind of revenge?" I asked.

"Jack Kuinn was Guy's friend."

"Guy? Nala's brother?" I said, trying to piece it together. "So Jack and Guy... are they working together?"

"I don't know."

"Does anyone else know who K is?"

She looked straight at me. "Nala Nolin."

I blinked. "Nala?"

She nodded. That made my stomach tighten.

"Does she know K's real identity?" I asked carefully. "Does she know who he actually is?"

"Yes."

"And she's hiding that from me?"

"Yes."

I ran a hand through my hair, letting out a frustrated breath.

Why would she hide something like that from me?

I shook my head and started pacing around the table.

So Nala knew who K was and hid it from me? That didn't make any sense. If she wasn't going to tell me on her own, then I would have to use Hypnotize again. I didn't like relying on that skill, but I wasn't going to sit around while she kept something like this from me.

I left the room without saying anything and walked straight to the elevators, still trying to figure out why she would do this. I pressed the button, and the elevator arrived almost immediately. I stepped inside, pressed the lower floor, and waited through the short ride down.

When I got out, I looked toward her office. She wasn't there.

That was odd. It wasn't her break time, and even if she could take one whenever she wanted, she usually didn't just disappear.

I walked to my desk, sat down, and called her. The phone rang a few times, but instead of her answering, I heard the ringtone coming from her office. I frowned and ended the call. She had left her phone behind.

A moment later, I saw her walking down the corridor, her hands still slightly damp. She must have been in the restroom. She smiled as she passed by me, but I didn't react. I just sat there, watching her.

Her smile faded. She slowed down and stopped in front of my desk, looking at me more carefully.

"Evan? What's wrong?"

"Your office. Now."

She blinked. "Wait... what's going on?"

"Move."

The Heart System - Chapter 517[1,053 words]

Chapter 517: Chapter 517

I stood up and walked past her without waiting for a response. I opened her office door and went straight inside. I stopped in front of the window, crossed my arms, and stared outside, trying to keep my temper in check.

She had hidden something big from me. Jack Kuinn wasn't just some random name. He was the one behind everything we had been dealing with, and she had known about him from the start. That meant all of this—her asking for help, the confusion, the searching—might not have been as real as I thought.

The door closed behind me. I heard her step inside, but I didn't turn around.

"You lied," I said.

"Wait..." she started. "I—"

"Not. Another. Lie." I turned to face her. "Who is he?"

She rubbed her face and let out a breath before sitting down on the couch. I walked closer but stayed standing, looking down at her while she tried to gather her thoughts.

"He was my ex," she said finally. "My brother introduced us. He's rich. He backs a lot of businesses in Uptown."

"And you didn't tell me?"

"We went out for two days," she said quickly. "Then I broke it off. We didn't even hold hands. He was... off. His fantasies were messed up. I didn't want anything to do with him."

"So he's the one who set up the cameras?" I asked. "I searched his name everywhere, Nala. Nothing came up. If he's that rich, how is he not known?"

"He doesn't own anything officially," she said. "He funds businesses and takes a cut. Probably laundering money too. I don't know."

I let out a short, frustrated breath and stepped closer.

"So let me get this straight. You knew who Jack was from the beginning, and you decided to hide it while he had OUR FUCKING VIDEOS?"

She flinched slightly when I raised my voice.

"Why hide it?" I asked.

"I made a deal with him," she said. "Don't worry."

"What deal?"

"He wants my nudes," she said, forcing the words out. "If I send them, he deletes the videos."

"WHAT?"

"That's why I didn't tell you!" she snapped, standing up and pushing a finger into my chest. "You wouldn't understand!"

"Are you serious right now?" I shot back. "You think he's going to delete anything after you send that?"

"He will."

"Nala," I said, shaking my head, "I didn't think you were this easy."

She froze for a second, then shoved me hard. "Easy? Are you calling me a fucking whore?"

"You know what I mean," I said. "You're about to hand him exactly what he wants."

"I DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE!" she yelled. "He said he would leak everything. Do you have any idea what that would do to the company?"

"YOU COULD HAVE TALKED TO ME!" I shouted back. "WHY HIDE IT?"

"Because I knew how you'd react!"

"OF COURSE I'D REACT!" I snapped. "YOU ARE NOT SENDING HIM ANYTHING!"

"What are you going to do?" she shot back. "Take my phone?"

"YOU—"

"This is my company, Evan," she said coldly. "I can do whatever I want. Now get out. I don't want to see you again. You're fired."

I stepped closer before she could move away and grabbed her face with both hands, forcing her to look at me.

"Know your place," I said quietly. "I put you in this position. I took down Guy. I took down Chase. I took down that whore who was messing with Delilah. Do you really think you stand a chance against me?"

Her eyes widened, filling with tears, but she didn't say anything.

"You're not allowed in the penthouse anymore," I continued. "Take your shit and leave. Do whatever you want after that. Send your pictures, sell your body, I don't care. We're done."

I let go of her, pushing her head aside as I stepped back.

Then I turned, walked out of the office, and grabbed my coat from my desk.

She was really going to go through with it. Send him what he wanted and hope he kept his word. That wasn't desperation—that was stupidity.

And I wasn't the same person I used to be.

I wasn't going to accept that.

No way.

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: -99 / 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 ★★

△ △ △

Fuck.

After that argument, I had hit the absolute bottom in terms of reputation. That alone was bad enough, but getting rid of this tag would mean buying so many Good Boy points from the shop that I might as well go bankrupt doing it.

REPUTATION SYSTEM

MONSTER  VILLAIN

Current Reputation: Sadist

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

boosts EXP gain.

- Pleasure boost.
 - Magic Ability (Hypnotize)
 - Control your partner's orgasm.
 - Double EXP gains
-

Earning good points will result in various punishments.

Still, I had bigger problems right now. Even after everything I said to Nala, I couldn't just sit back and let her send Jack Kuinn her nudes. That wasn't happening.

At the same time, I could understand why she was even considering it. She didn't want to risk the company's future, and I got that. But hiding something this important from me? That part I couldn't accept.

"What the fuck is going on?" Tessa asked as she walked in, slipping her keycard into her pocket. "Why did you call us all here?"

"Seriously," Kim added as she stepped inside. "You rushed us back to the penthouse and won't say anything. What's going on?"

"You're scaring me, Evan," Jasmine said, setting her bag down. "Talk to us."

"Master?" Minne called from the kitchen. "Oh... I would've prepared dinner earlier if I knew you were coming home this soon. I'm sorry."

Okay... this was going to be awkward.

The Heart System - Chapter 518[1,143 words]

Chapter 518: Chapter 518

I didn't answer right away. I walked to the table, pulled out my cigarette pack, and lit one. The others slowly gathered around, all of them watching me.

"Nala and I had a fight," I said finally. "You all know about the K situation, right?"

"Yeah," Jasmine said, sitting down. "You fought over that?"

"It turns out Jack Kuinn is her ex," I said. "And she knew the whole time. She hid it from me. On top of that, he's blackmailing her into sending him her nudes."

Tessa's expression hardened. "That creep. She can't seriously be considering that."

"She is," I said. "She said she'd do it for the company."

"For the company?" Tessa scoffed. "That's insane."

"She also fired me," I added. "And I told her she's not allowed in the penthouse anymore."

"Damn," Kim muttered. "You two really went at it."

"Mrs. Nolin is... gone?" Minne asked quietly.

"Yeah," I said. "It got bad."

"So what are you going to do?" Kim asked.

"I'm not letting Jack get what he wants," I said. "I'll find him first. After that... I'll figure it out."

"How?" Jasmine asked.

"I'll think of something," I said. "For now, I need you guys to talk to her. Try to stop her from doing something stupid."

Kim crossed her arms. "Desperation makes people do stupid things. I get why she's doing it."

Yeah, that sounded like Kim. She had done the same thing before, thinking she was protecting everyone.

"This is still stupid," Tessa said, shaking her head. "Sending nudes to some blackmailing freak? Come on."

Jasmine nodded. "And firing you on top of that? That makes no sense."

"I'd say fuck her." Tessa continued. "And let her do what she wants. You basically put her in that CEO position, Evan. She cannot fire you. Like, what's it called, biting the hand that feeds you?"

Jasmine exhaled. "I agree."

"No," Kim said firmly. "We're not giving up on her. She's our friend."

"W-we can't give up on Mrs. Nolin," Minne added. "Please..."

Kim looked at me. "We're helping her, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah. We are. But this doesn't fix everything. We stop her from making a mistake, and that's it. Things between us aren't magically going back to normal."

Tessa shrugged. "I'm just saying, man."

I crushed the cigarette into the ashtray and stood up, walking toward the window. The rain was still falling, streaking down the glass.

Not a single day went by without something going wrong. I couldn't even relax anymore. I missed the days when my biggest problem was a boring shift at the gas station. Now everything felt like one mess after another.

Guess this was what people meant when they said success came with problems.

Yeah.

Lucky me.

△ △ △

I swear, Carrie Beldenwar had some sort of radar in her noggin or something. Just when the shit hit the fan and my reputation hit the lowest point possible, she came crawling

back. She texted me that she was back from her vacation like she hadn't been gone for weeks.

I stared at the message on my screen while sitting on the sunbed, the glow of the phone the only light on the balcony. It had been a day since that blow-up with Nala. She'd actually listened to me—she hadn't even come back to the penthouse to grab her things. Seeing that minus reputation notification from the system earlier really stung. I really said all those things to her, huh? I was a complete idiot. I needed to learn to keep my mouth shut for once.

But I couldn't just sit there and watch while she sent those nudes to some random guy. There was no way I was letting that slide. I had to intervene, but I guess my choice of words was as bad as it gets.

"Fuck."

Carrie... she was rich. She had pull, right? Maybe she could actually help me track down Jack Kuinn. It was worth a shot, if not for one small, messy problem.

I'd hate-fucked her more times than I could count. I'd treated her like a dog, maybe worse, and she'd loved every second of it. But asking for a favor after that? It felt off. Still, I was running out of options. At the dinner table, I'd acted all tough and told the girls I'd handle Jack. In reality, I didn't have a single clue how to find him.

"Evan?"

I turned my head and saw Jasmine standing in the doorway. She was wearing a crimson silk nightgown that left very little to the imagination. The thin straps looked like they might snap if she breathed too hard, and the deep V-neck dipped almost to her navel. The fabric was so sheer and light that her nipples had gone hard instantly from the cold air, poking through the red silk like two sharp points. The hem was short, barely covering her hips, showing off those long, toned legs she'd been working so hard on.

"Hey," I said, offering a tired smile.

"It's two in the morning. What are you doing out here?" she asked, walking over and taking a seat on the edge of the sunbed.

"Dunno. Thinking, I guess," I shrugged, shifting over to make room. "What about you? You're usually dead to the world by now."

"Kayla's stupid gym app," she scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Apparently, I need to eat two whole bananas at this exact hour for some 'metabolic window' bullshit."

"What? You're joking."

"Don't ask me," she said, looking annoyed. "Stupid app. It keeps buzzing until I log the snack."

"You're taking that way too seriously, Jas," I said with a soft laugh. "Why not just delete it? It sounds like a massive hassle."

"Hey, wanting to be healthy and look good for you isn't a hassle, you old man," she teased, though her voice was soft.

"Eh. Maybe you're right."

I reached out, putting my arm over her shoulder and pulling her down. I lay back on the sunbed, taking her with me. She settled in easily, resting her head on my shoulder while hooking one leg over mine. Even though the glass panels were closed, the balcony still held a winter chill. She shivered slightly and slid her hands under my t-shirt, her palms warm as she rubbed them gently over my abs.

I could feel her hard nipples pressing right against my chest through the thin silk. Her breath smelled like mint, a sharp, clean contrast to the faint scent of old cigarettes that always lingered out here.

"I know you're worrying about Nala," she whispered, her hand stilled over my stomach for a second.

I kept quiet, staring out at the city lights.

"You could use a distraction, handsome," she murmured.

I looked down at her and smiled. "You think so?"

The Heart System - Chapter 519[1,094 words]

Chapter 519: Chapter 519

She bit her lip, her eyes locking onto mine with a dark, heavy intent. She gave a slow nod, and I felt her hand move. She reached down, her fingers sliding under the waistband of my shorts and grabbing my half-hard cock. She squeezed, her thumb tracing the head with a slow pressure that made my brain go fuzzy.

The glass panels of the balcony held back the worst of the winter wind, but the air out here was still sharp enough to make every touch feel like a lightning strike. Jasmine's hand was a furnace against my skin as she gripped me, her thumb sliding over the head of my cock with a slow, heavy pressure. I let out a long, jagged exhale, my head thumping back against the sunbed's cushion.

"You're always so ready for me," she whispered, her voice dropping into that low, smoky register that made my blood boil. "Even when you're moping about Nala, this part of you knows exactly what it wants."

"Hard not to be ready when you're walking around in a gown that's basically a red mist," I grunted, my hands finding her waist and pulling her closer.

She didn't answer with words. Instead, she slid off my lap and knelt between my legs on the narrow sunbed. She reached out, her fingers catching the hem of my shorts and tugging them down past my hips until I was fully exposed to the cold. I felt my cock twitch and thicken, standing at attention as she leaned in.

She didn't hesitate. She wrapped her lips around the head, her tongue swirling in a wide, wet circle before she took me deep. I groaned, my fingers tangling in her hair, guiding her as she began to move. The heat of her mouth was incredible compared to the chill of the balcony. She was focused, her eyes looking up at me through her lashes, watching my reaction with satisfaction. She sucked the air out of the room, her throat working as she took as much of me as she could, her hands reaching back to knead her own thighs as she worked.

"Fuck, Jas... you're getting too good at that," I muttered, my hips hitching involuntarily.

She pulled back with a wet, lingering sound, a string of saliva connecting us for a brief second before she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She smirked, her face flushed and her eyes dark with intent.

"I told you, I've been practicing," she said, her voice a sultry dare. "Now, get that shirt off. I want to feel you."

I pulled my t-shirt over my head and tossed it onto the tiled floor. The cold air hit my chest, making my skin prickle, but the moment Jasmine crawled back over me, the chill vanished. She straddled my lap, the sheer silk of her red nightgown bunching up around her waist. She reached down, guiding me to her entrance, which was already soaking, her heat radiating against me.

She lowered herself down, an inch at a time, her eyes never leaving mine. I felt her internal muscles stretch to accommodate me, a tight, crushing fit that made me hiss through my teeth. Once she was bottomed out, she stayed still for a heartbeat, a long, shaky breath escaping her lips.

"Oh god... Evan... you're so big today," she whimpered, her hands moving to my chest, her nails digging into my pecs.

"Maybe I just missed you," I moaned, my hands sliding down to her ass.

I gripped the fleshy mounds of her cheeks, my fingers digging in deep as I began to help her move. She started a slow, grinding motion, her hips swaying as she tried to catch every nerve ending. I reached up, my hand sliding under the thin silk of her gown to find her breast. I captured her nipple between my thumb and forefinger, kneading the stiff peak with a firm, constant pressure. She let out a sharp gasp, her head falling back, exposing the long, elegant line of her neck to the moonlight.

"Yes... just like that," she sobbed, her pace picking up.

I watched her move, the city skyline of the penthouse floor stretching out behind her like a sea of diamonds. It was a surreal moment—fucking a woman like Jasmine on a private balcony high above the world.

"Look at us, Jas," I muttered, my voice thick with lust. "We really moved up in the world, didn't we? From those shitty apartments to... this."

"Don't talk about the past," she hissed, her movements becoming more frantic, more desperate. "Just stay right here. Inside me. Make me forget everything else."

I shifted my grip, my palms landing flat against her ass, and I delivered a sharp, stinging slap that echoed off the glass panels. The sound was like a gunshot, and it sent a jolt of pure electricity through her. She cried out, her hips snapping down onto me with a new, violent energy.

"Fuck... I love this cock..."

"And I love this pussy." I chuckled.

I didn't hold back. I began a relentless, heavy assault, my hips slamming into hers with a force that made the sunbed creak and groan under our combined weight. I reached around her, my fingers finding her clit and adding a buzzing, frantic pressure that acted like an accelerant. She was falling apart in my arms, her breathing turning into a series of short, panicked hitches.

"Look at me, Jasmine," I commanded, my voice thick and low. "Look at the city. Look at how high we are while I'm inside you."

She gripped my shoulders, her nails digging into my skin as she forced her eyes open, glancing over the glass railing at the shimmering lights of the skyline before her gaze snapped back to mine, blown out and glazed with heat. "I can't... I can't even think about the city, Evan. All I feel... is you."

I shifted my weight, driving upward with a shallow, fast motion that made the wet sounds of our bodies echoing off the balcony glass even louder. I leaned in, my teeth grazing the shell of her ear as I whispered, "You're so tight, Jas. Like you were made just to hold me. You feel how much you're shaking?"

"I'm... I'm losing it," she sobbed, her hips hitching in a desperate attempt to find a faster pace. "Don't stop. Don't you dare stop."

Damn. This Pleasure Skill was wonderful. Maybe being a 'monster' wasn't so bad, huh?

Naah.

The Heart System - Chapter 520[1,029 words]

Chapter 520: Chapter 520

I reached up, my hand sliding under the crimson silk to capture her breast again, squeezing the soft weight of it while my thumb flicked over the stiff nipple. Every time our bodies collided, a small, broken sound escaped her throat—a mix of a moan and a plea. I could feel her internal muscles starting to twitch, that familiar, electric tension building in the air between us.

"You're the best thing in this penthouse, you know that?" I said, my hands moving to her waist to steady her as I increased the power behind every strike. "Better than the view, better than the money. Just you, right here."

"Evan... oh god, Evan," she gasped, her head tossing back as she gripped my forearms for dear life. "I'm right on the edge. It's too much... it's so much..."

"Take it, Jas. Take every bit of it," I urged, my own pulse thundering in my ears. I shifted my thumb over her clit, rubbing with a fast, heavy pressure that made her entire frame shudder. "Show me how much you want this."

Her breathing turned into a series of frantic, shallow hitches, her chest heaving against mine. The friction was becoming unbearable, a white-hot buildup that made my vision swim. She was falling apart in my arms, her body beginning to spark with the first signs of the coming wave.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna break, Evan! I can't... oh god!"

"Give it to me, Jas! Cum for me!"

I wasn't being gentle. I wanted her to feel every bit of the frustration I'd been carrying since the fight with Nala. I kneaded her breasts, my thumbs flicking over her nipples until they were sensitive to the point of pain, while my lower half continued to ravage her. She was a blur of crimson silk and pale skin, her hair flying wildly as she rode me toward the edge.

The climax hit her like a physical blow. Her entire frame went rigid, her back arching so far I thought she might snap. She let out a long, shattered cry, her internal muscles going into a violent, crushing lockdown that felt like a thousand tiny fingers squeezing the life out of my cock. She rode the wave for what felt like an eternity, her head tossing from side to side as she sobbed my name into the cold night air.

The sensation of her release, combined with the sheer, agonizing tightness of her peak, was the final straw for me. I felt the pressure in my gut turn into a white-hot explosion. I gripped her hips, my thumbs digging into her hipbones, and I drove into her one last time, my head falling back as I emptied myself deep inside her.

The orgasm was a total system failure, a series of electric pulses that felt like they were being milked out of my very soul. I poured into her, a frantic, endless flood of heat, while Jasmine slumped forward, her chest heaving against mine, her sweat-slicked skin cooling instantly in the balcony air.

We stayed like that for a long, heavy minute, our synchronized, wrecked breathing the only sound in the penthouse. I could feel the cooling evidence of our session between us, the red silk gown now a ruined, damp mess against her skin.

Slowly, Jasmine lifted her head, her eyes glazed and unfocused, a small, triumphant smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. She leaned in and gave me a soft, lingering kiss, tasting of mint and the intensity of the last twenty minutes.

"Better?" she whispered, her voice a mere ghost of its usual strength.

"Much," I panted, wiping a stray hair from her damp forehead. "Definitely better."

"Good," she murmured, resting her chin on my shoulder as she looked out at the city. "Because I'm not letting you go back inside until you've forgotten every other woman's name."

The sunbed was becoming too small for the energy between us, a cramped stage for the fire Jasmine was lighting in my gut. I didn't want her just sitting on me anymore; I wanted to see her against the backdrop of the city she worked so hard to conquer.

I gripped her waist, my fingers digging into the soft flare of her hips, and hoisted her up. Jasmine let out a startled gasp, her legs dangling for a second before I set her feet on the cold tile. I stood up with her, the night air hitting my sweaty skin like a splash of ice water, but the heat radiating from her kept me grounded.

"Over there," I said, nodding toward the thick glass panel that looked out over the sprawling, glowing grid of the city.

Jasmine didn't hesitate. She walked to the edge, her crimson silk gown fluttering around her thighs, and leaned forward. She pressed her palms flat against the cool glass, her back

arching into a deep, elegant curve that made my mouth go dry. I stepped up behind her, looking at the view.

I reached down and guided myself back into her from behind. The angle was different; deeper, more invasive. Jasmine let out a long, shuddering moan that fogged the glass directly in front of her face. I gripped her hips, my thumbs hooking into the front of her hipbones to anchor her as I began to drive into her with a heavy, rhythmic force.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

The sound of our bodies meeting was dull against the glass. Below us, the streetlights and car headlamps looked like a slow-moving river of gold, but up here, it was just us and the wind whistling against the penthouse exterior.

"Look at that, Jas," I whispered, leaning over her so my chest pressed against her bare back. I reached around, my hands capturing her breasts, kneading them firmly while I continued the assault. "The whole city is right there, and they have no idea what I'm doing to you."

"Evan... oh, god," she choked out, her fingers splayed wide against the panel. "It's so... high. I feel like I'm falling."

"I've got you," I promised, my pace increasing. "I'm not letting you go anywhere."

The Heart System - Chapter 521[1,144 words]

Chapter 521: Chapter 521

I shifted my grip, moving one hand from her breast to the back of her neck, my fingers tangling in her hair to pull her head back. I wanted to see her face. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her lips parted as she fought for air. I began to fuck her with a relentless, predatory focus, each strike bottoming out with a wet, heavy slap.

The "Villain" in me loved the sight of her like this—broken down, stripped of her corporate armor, and reduced to nothing but sensation. I reached down between her legs, my fingers finding her clit again, rubbing with a frantic, buzzing pressure that made her knees tremble.

"Is this what the 'old man' is supposed to do?" I teased, my breath hot against her ear. "Am I still a hassle, Jasmine?"

"Shut up!" she sobbed, her hips hitching back to meet me, her movements becoming uncoordinated and wild. "Just... keep going. Don't stop. Please, Evan, don't stop."

I didn't. I doubled down on the intensity, my muscles coiling and snapping with every thrust. The sheer silk of her nightgown was caught between our bodies, acting as a thin, friction-filled barrier that only made the sensation more electric. I could feel the tension in her legs reaching a breaking point, her calves tightening as she tried to stay upright.

"You're so close," I muttered, my teeth grazing the cord of her neck. "I can feel you twitching around me."

"I am... I'm right there... it's too much!"

She was right. The combination of the height, the cold air, and the friction was pushing her over the edge. I slipped my hand from her hair and moved it back to her hip, pulling her back against me so hard there wasn't a millimeter of space left between us. I began a fast, shallow vibration at the very entrance of her pussy, my thumb working her clit in a frantic blur.

Jasmine's head snapped back against my shoulder. Her fingers clawed at the glass, leaving long, frantic streaks in the condensation.

"Evan! Now! Please!"

She shattered.

It started as a long, high-pitched wail that seemed to carry out into the night. Her entire body went into a rigid, vibrating lockdown. I felt her internal walls collapse inward, squeezing me with a rhythmic, crushing force that felt like it was trying to draw the very life out of me. She shook with a raw, primal intensity, her forehead thumping against the glass as the orgasm tore through her.

"That's it, Jas... give it all to me," I urged, continuing to move inside her even as she peaked, wanting to prolong the sensation for her as much as possible.

She rode the wave for what felt like minutes, her breath coming in jagged, broken sobs. Her knees finally gave out, and if I hadn't been holding her waist so tightly, she would have slumped to the floor. She was a spent, trembling mess, her skin glowing in the moonlight, her crimson gown now a ruined afterthought.

I slowed down, my thrusts becoming long and lingering until I finally came to a halt. I stayed buried deep within her, my chest heaving against her back as we both looked out at the city. The silence of the night settled over the balcony again, broken only by our wrecked breathing.

Jasmine slumped forward, her forehead resting against the cool glass. She looked completely drained, her eyes half-closed as she watched the flickering lights below.

"Wow," she whispered, her voice a mere ghost of itself. "I think... I think I forgot my own name for a second."

I let out a soft, satisfied chuckle and kissed the top of her head. "Mission accomplished, then."

I slowly pulled out of her, the sound a wet, heavy pop in the quiet air. Jasmine let out a small whimper at the loss of the heat, her legs still shaking as she tried to stand straight. I reached down and picked up my t-shirt, handing it to her.

She took the shirt with a weak hand, offering me a look of pure, exhausted adoration. "You're a monster, Evan Marlowe. A total monster."

"And you're the one who came out here for bananas," I reminded her with a smirk.

I watched her pull the oversized shirt over her head, her movements slow and heavy. I was still throbbing, the blue-ball ache starting to settle back in, but seeing her so thoroughly wrecked was a reward of its own.

"Come on," I said, putting my arm around her shoulder and guiding her back toward the sliding door. "Let's get inside before we both freeze to death."

Jasmine leaned into me, her head resting on my chest. "I'm going to have to report you to the board for being a superhuman freak."

I laughed, the sound echoing off the penthouse walls as we stepped back into the warmth of the living room, leaving the city and the cold glass behind us. "Well, I'm fired, remember? So good luck with that."

"Oh... right."

The sliding glass door clicked shut, sealing out the freezing bite of the night, but the heat between us didn't dissipate. If anything, the transition from the sterile, cold balcony to the warm, dim luxury of the living room made the blood in my veins feel like molten lead. Jasmine was still shivering, her breath hitching in small, rhythmic gasps, but her eyes were wide and dark with a hunger that hadn't been sated by her climax on the glass.

I didn't let her get as far as the bedroom. I steered her toward the massive, L-shaped velvet couch that dominated the center of the room.

"On your back, Jas," I commanded, my voice a low growl that vibrated in the quiet apartment.

She didn't argue. She collapsed onto the cushions, her crimson silk nightgown hiked up to her waist, the fabric damp and ruined. She looked up at me, her hair spread out like a dark halo against the fabric, and then she reached down. She grabbed her own ankles,

pulling her knees toward her chest and then spreading her legs wide to the sides, exposing every inch of her soaking heat to the dim light of the penthouse.

It was an invitation that didn't need words. I stepped between her thighs, my shadow stretching long across the rug. I looked down at her, the way her chest heaved, the way her internal muscles were still twitching from the balcony... fuck. She was so hot. I lined myself up and drove home in one heavy push.

Jasmine let out a choked cry, her fingers digging into her own ankles to hold the position as I began to work her. Every time I thrust forward, her legs swayed with the momentum, her heels hovering near her ears.

Creak. Thud. Creak.

The Heart System - Chapter 522[1,068 words]

Chapter 522: Chapter 522

"Fuck, you're still so tight," I muttered, my hands moving to the headboard of the couch to give myself more leverage. "Even after all that."

"I... I can't get enough," she sobbed, her head tossing from side to side. "Just... don't stop. Please."

I was deep in the zone, the friction building into a white-hot blur, when I heard a door click open down the hall. A second later, the soft padding of footsteps approached the living room. I didn't stop. I kept my pace, my hips slamming into Jasmine's with a wet, heavy slap that echoed through the open space.

Tessa rounded the corner, stopping dead in her tracks as she took in the scene. She was wearing a loose silk robe, her hair slightly messy from sleep, but her expression shifted from surprise to a dry, weary amusement within seconds.

"Jeez," Tessa sighed, leaning against the doorframe and crossing her arms. "At two in the morning? Really, guys? Some of us have an early meeting with the legal team."

I didn't break my stride. I looked over my shoulder at her, a smug grin spreading across my face as the couch continued its rhythmic protest. "Let me guess, Tessa... you're here for a banana?"

Tessa froze, her jaw dropping slightly. She looked at me, then at the fruit bowl in the kitchen, then back to my face. "Wait... how the hell did you know that? Are you reading my mind now, you freak?"

I let out a short, rough chuckle, my sweat-slicked back glistening in the low light. "Call it a hunch. Jasmine here is a loyal disciple of Kayla's app. I figured the 'metabolic window' was a house-wide emergency."

"Stupid app," Jasmine gasped out, her eyes squeezed shut as I hit a particularly sensitive spot.

Tessa shook her head, muttering something under her breath about "fitness cults," and walked into the kitchen. She grabbed two bananas from the bowl, peeled one of them, and then, instead of going back to her room, she wandered over to the living room. She stood just a few feet away from the couch, leaning against the back of a nearby armchair, watching us with a predatory, thoughtful glint in her eyes.

She took a slow bite of the banana, her gaze fixed on the way Jasmine's legs were pinned back.

"You know, Jas," Tessa said, her voice dropping into a dangerous, playful purr. "Seeing you like this... it reminds me of a very specific night in the bedroom last month. You remember, don't you? What you did to me?"

Jasmine opened her eyes, her pupils blown out and swimming in ecstasy. She looked at Tessa, her breathing shallow. "Huh?"

Tessa smirked, taking another slow bite of the fruit as she moved closer to the edge of the couch, right where my hips were working. "You remember. How you took charge. How you fucked me with that strap-on until I couldn't walk."

Jasmine let out a soft, wavering moan, her grip on her ankles tightening. The memory seemed to hit her just as hard as I was hitting her now.

"Well," Tessa continued, her smirk widening as she stepped into the space between us, the banana held casually in her hand. "Since you're so busy being a 'good girl' for Evan right now... maybe it's time for a little payback."

Tessa didn't look like a woman who had just woken up; she looked like someone who had been waiting for an excuse to cause trouble.

She took a bite, chewing slowly as she watched my hips drive into Jasmine. The velvet couch groaned under the rhythmic assault, the sound of skin slapping against skin punctuating the quiet of the penthouse. Jasmine's legs were still pinned back, her ankles clutched in her own hands, her crimson nightgown a crumpled mess around her chest.

"You know," Tessa murmured, her voice thick with a dark, playful edge. "Kayla's app says these are for potassium. But I think they have a much better use for a 'metabolic window' like this one."

She swallowed the last of the first banana and then crouched down. She didn't stay back; she crawled on her hands and knees, moving like a cat until she was right under me, positioned between my moving legs and the edge of the couch where Jasmine's ass was pressed firmly into the cushions. She picked up the second banana, the yellow skin gleaming under the dim recessed lighting of the ceiling.

Tessa didn't push it in. Not yet. She just leaned forward and began to rub the smooth, cool curve of the fruit against the tight, puckered heat of Jasmine's asshole.

Jasmine's head snapped up, her eyes wide as she let out a jagged, shocked gasp. She tried to pull her legs back, but the position I had her in made it impossible to move without losing the friction she was addicted to. "Oh... don't you even try that, Tessa! I'm gonna kill you if you do that! Evan, tell her!"

I didn't tell her to stop. If anything, the sight of Tessa's smirk reflecting in the glass balcony door made my pulse hammer even harder. I slowed my pace just a fraction, my cock sliding deep and lingering against Jasmine's internal walls, making her whimper.

"Hey," I muttered, my voice a gravelly rasp. "I think I'd actually want to see that. It's been a long night, Jas. Let her play."

"Not you too, Evan! Tessa, I swear to god—" Jasmine's protest was cut short as I slammed back into her, the force of the impact making the couch slide an inch across the floor.

Tessa didn't let up. She looked up at me with a wink, then leaned in close to Jasmine's ear. "Payback is a bitch, isn't it? You remember how you made me beg? Well, now it's my turn to see how much you can handle."

Tessa pulled the banana back for a second. Then, with a sudden, wet sound, she spat directly onto her own palm and rubbed the moisture over the tip of the banana and Jasmine's entrance. The slickness made the yellow skin glide over the sensitive skin with an agonizingly slow friction.

"Tessa... please..." Jasmine moaned, her anger finally melting into a confused, high-pitched desperation. "It's too much... Evan is already... oh!"

"Shh," Tessa whispered. "Just relax. Let the banana do the work."

The Heart System - Chapter 523[1,129 words]

Chapter 523: Chapter 523

Tessa began to push. It wasn't a fast motion; the banana was thick, the skin providing a blunt, heavy pressure that Jasmine wasn't prepared for. I watched from above, my hands

gripping the back of the couch as I kept up a steady, grinding rhythm inside her pussy. The dual sensation was clearly blowing Jasmine's mind. She was caught between the hot, wet friction of my cock and the cool, invasive stretch of the fruit behind her.

The banana barely went in at first, the resistance of her muscles fighting against the intrusion. Tessa grunted, putting her shoulder into it, her fingers gripping the base of the fruit as she forced the first few inches past the rim.

"God, you're so tight, Jas," Tessa teased, her voice muffled by the proximity to Jasmine's thighs. "Maybe you need more 'stretching' in your workout routine."

"Fuck you!" Jasmine screamed, but the words lost their bite as her back arched, her internal walls clamping down on me so hard I nearly lost my footing.

Tessa finally got it in deep enough to stay, and then she began to move it. She didn't just push; she twisted it, using the natural curve of the banana to hit spots that Jasmine had never felt before. I picked up my speed again, my hips becoming a blur of motion as I hammered into her front while Tessa worked her back.

The living room was filled with... strange sounds, the frantic creak of the couch, the wet, squelching friction of the dual intrusion, and Jasmine's shattered, incoherent rambling. She was completely gone, her mind fractured by the sheer sensory overload. She was clutching her ankles so hard her knuckles were white, her head tossing back and forth against the velvet.

"Evan! Evan! I'm breaking! I'm breaking!" she sobbed, her voice echoing off the high ceilings. "FUUUCK! FUCK, FUCK!"

"That's it, Jas! Take it all!" I roared, my thumbs digging into her hipbones as I gave her everything I had left.

Tessa was laughing now, a low, triumphant sound as she pumped the banana that matched my own. She was watching Jasmine's face, savoring every flinch and every sob of pleasure. The "Villain" in me was eating it up—the sight of two of the most powerful women in the city reduced to this mess on a Tuesday morning.

The tension in the room reached a snapping point. Jasmine's entire body went into a violent, rigid lockdown. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and a long, shattered wail escaped her throat—a sound so raw it didn't even sound human.

She came so hard. It was a massive, full-body explosion that sent her internal muscles into series of crushing pulses. The release was so violent, the pressure of her climax so intense, that the banana in her asshole was literally ejected. It flew out with a wet, audible thwack, bouncing off Tessa's shoulder before sliding across the hardwood floor like a yellow projectile.

Tessa fell back onto her heels, letting out a bright, genuine chuckle as she looked at the fruit resting three feet away. "Holy shit! You actually launched it, Jas! That's a new record!"

Jasmine slumped back into the cushions, her legs finally falling to her sides, her chest heaving like she'd just run a marathon. She looked completely wrecked, her eyes glazed and her skin glowing with sweat.

"You bastard..." she wheezed, her voice a mere ghost of itself. "I... fuck... my asshole... Tessa, I'm going to kill you when I can move again..."

I didn't stop. The sight of her spent and broken only made my own climax roar toward the surface. I was right on the edge, the blue-ball ache from the restroom finally turning into a white-hot surge of release.

"Fuck..." I growled, my jaw clenched so hard it ached. "I'm close... I'm right there, Jas. Don't you move."

I gripped the sides of the couch and began a final, relentless sprint, my hips slamming into her with a desperate, heavy force that made the whole frame tremble. I didn't care about anything. I just needed to empty myself into her.

I didn't stop. The sight of Jasmine spent and broken, her legs still twitching from the 'assault' of the banana, only made my own climax roar toward the surface. I was right on the edge, the blue-ball ache from the restroom and the visual overload of the living room finally turning into a white-hot surge of release.

I gripped the sides of the velvet couch, my knuckles turning white as I began the final sprint. My hips slammed into her with a desperate, heavy force that made the whole frame tremble and slide across the hardwood. I didn't care about the neighbors, the time, or the mess. I just needed to empty myself into her.

"Fuck..." I said, my jaw clenched so hard it ached. "I'm close... I'm right there, Jas!"

With one final, lunging thrust that bottomed out deep against her cervix, I felt the dam break. My entire body went rigid, my head snapping back as I finally exploded inside her. It was a massive, violent release, pulse after pulse of heat filling her up, milking every bit of frustration from the entire night out of my body. I poured into her, an endless flood that felt like it was being drawn from my very marrow.

Because she was already so slick and overstimulated, the sheer volume of the climax couldn't stay contained. As I stayed buried deep, I could feel the heat overflowing, a steady, warm stream of cum spilling out from where we were joined and running down the curve of her thighs onto the couch cushions.

"OHH... FUUUCK! Jasmine... oh..."

I slowly pulled back, the sound a wet, heavy pop in the quiet room. I slumped against the back of the couch, my chest heaving as I tried to remember how to breathe.

Tessa, still crouching on the floor, watched the aftermath with a predatory glint in her eyes. She reached out, her fingers catching a bit of the overflow, before she leaned over and picked up the unpeeled banana that had previously been launched across the room.

Slowly, she peeled the yellow skin away. Tessa didn't eat it. Instead, she looked at me, then at the mess between Jasmine's legs, and offered a wicked, silent smile.

She leaned forward, and while Jasmine was still dazed and staring at the ceiling, Tessa pushed the peeled banana into Jasmine's soaking pussy. She used the fruit like a sponge, swirling it around to gather the fresh, thick cream I'd just left behind. She coated the entire length of the banana until it was glistening and white.

"Hey, Jas," Tessa whispered, pulling the fruit back out.

The Heart System - Chapter 524[1,051 words]

Chapter 524: Chapter 524

Jasmine's eyes flickered open, unfocused and heavy with sleep. She looked up just as Tessa moved the cum-coated banana toward her face.

"Eat up," Tessa teased, her voice a low, dirty purr. "Double the protein for your metabolic window, no? Kayla would be so proud of your dedication."

I let out a rough, exhausted chuckle, watching the two of them. Tessa was completely unhinged...

Jasmine looked at the banana, then at me, then back at Tessa. A small, defeated "ugh" escaped her lips, but she didn't push it away. She was too far gone to care about the absurdity of it all. She reached up, finally letting her legs drop from her chest to the couch, and opened her mouth.

She took a large bite of the banana, her tongue catching the taste of me and the fruit at the same time. She chewed slowly, her eyes drifting shut again as she swallowed the strange, high-protein snack.

"You both... are going to hell," Jasmine muttered around a mouthful of banana, though a small, satisfied smile was finally touching her lips.

"We'll see you there, Jas," I grinned, leaning down to kiss her forehead as she finished the rest of the fruit. "We'll see you there."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine

EXP Gained: +1700 (x2)

Villain Bonus: +750 EXP

Star Rating: 4.6

Bliss Multiplier: 6225c

△ △ △

Yesterday had been... something else. What Tessa did with Jasmine and everything around it. I could've gone further, sure. I could've pushed harder and gained more experience points. But honestly, I couldn't do that. Jasmine was trying to help me. I wasn't going to take advantage of that.

I was lucky to have her.

I checked my credits again. 34,864.

If I wanted to take down Jack Kuinn, I needed to be stronger. The fight with Chase proved that much. I only made it out because I had invested heavily into strength. I wasn't going to risk another close call like that.

Without overthinking it, I bought twenty ability points, spending 3,000 credits.

"Nice."

I leaned back on the couch and stretched, letting out a breath. The girls were all at work, and here I was, doing nothing in the middle of the morning. It felt strange. I wasn't used to this kind of downtime after working nonstop for so long.

Still... I needed it.

"Master," Minne said from behind me. "Would you like me to prepare some tea?"

I turned toward her. She was standing at the kitchen counter, looking at me.

"Yeah," I said. "Make some for yourself too and come sit with me."

She nodded and started preparing the tea.

I shifted my focus back to the system. With the twenty points I had just bought, I now had thirty-four in total, since I already had fourteen saved up. Oh and plus three since I leveled up.

Good.

Without hesitating, I reset my Strength stat. It dropped back to one, but the cap increased to thirty. Since resetting refunded half the points, I now had forty-four unspent ability points.

I put twenty-nine points straight into Strength and confirmed it.

A notification popped up.

"A new skill?"

I leaned forward slightly and opened it.

Crushing Presence.

It was a passive ability. That alone made it useful. I read the description carefully.

"People nearby feel smaller, weaker, more submissive."

There were no numbers attached to it, so I couldn't measure it exactly, but it sounded strong. If it worked the way it implied, it could give me a serious advantage, especially against someone like Jack Kuinn. The fact that I could toggle it on and off made it even better.

At least I wouldn't turn into one of those cringy "alpha" types all the time. That was good.

I opened the shop again and bought five Mastery Points.

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: 31069c

"Now... let's put those points into play."

CURRENT STATS

◆ Strength: 30

↳ Crushing Presence (||||)

◆ 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

8 Unused Ability Points

"Good."

Then the pain hit. It was like someone was stabbing me with needles left and right.

It started in my arms and stomach, then spread everywhere. I tensed up, gripping the edge of the couch as my muscles tightened. I tried to stand, but my legs didn't cooperate.

"Fuck... what is this..."

My head spun, and I dropped back onto the couch, pressing a hand to my forehead and shutting my eyes. The pain pulsed through my body for a few seconds before it slowly began to fade.

I took a breath and opened my eyes again. Something felt... different. I pushed myself up and looked down at my arms. They were bigger.

Not by a little either. My muscles looked thicker, more defined. I lifted my shirt and stared at my chest. My pecs were noticeably more developed, my whole frame looking tighter, stronger. It wasn't nothing crazy, of course. But I definitely changed.

"Nice."

"Master?" Minne called from the kitchen. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing," I said, turning toward her. "Everything's fine."

She looked at me more closely now, her eyes widening slightly.

"Master... I didn't realize you were this fit before," she said. "Wow... have you been using Mrs. Kayla's app?"

"Nah," I said with a shrug. "Just working out on my own."

"Hehe... I wish I was that fit."

I smiled at her. "You're carrying my baby. You don't need to be."

She froze for a second, then her face turned bright red.

"B-baby?" she stammered. "I-I-I mean—I mean, not now! I mean... one day! Of course! I would like to... get pregnant by you, Master!"

I blinked at her. She didn't... remember it?

"...What?"

Then it happened.

The Heart System - Chapter 525[1,151 words]

Chapter 525: Chapter 525

She sat with her legs crossed, the heavy wood creaking under her weight. I'd always known she was built differently, but seeing her here, in the flesh, was something else. She was thick, properly thick, with hips that seemed to defy the laws of physics and an ass that made Kayla's look modest by comparison. Her short brown hair was neatly combed, framing a face that was as beautiful as it was cold.

She wore a red dress that was aggressively short, the hem riding so high up her soft, heavy thighs that the slit of her pussy, a plush pink against a landing strip of dark brown hair, was almost entirely visible. The fabric was thin, clinging to the slight, soft curve of her belly and straining over her massive breasts. The material was practically see-through at the peaks, her dark, stiff nipples poking through the red silk like twin warnings.

"Mana..." I muttered, my voice sounding small in the vacuum of the room. "What's happening? Why are you here?"

"I thought I would offer you a little clarity," she said, her voice like velvet sliding over glass. She shifted, her massive thighs rubbing together with a soft sound. "Other goddesses... we have our methods. I didn't want you getting all heated when you realized the math wasn't adding up."

"Huh? What math?"

"The little seeds you've been planting," she said, a cruel, lazy smile touching her lips. She snapped her fingers. "Poof. They've been reclaimed."

The air left my lungs. "The fuck do you mean? Reclaimed? What are you talking about?"

"I have... 'integrated' them," she explained, leaning back on her palms so her breasts strained even harder against the red fabric. "A new life, Evan... you have no idea the raw, unrefined energy a beginning soul contains. To you, it's a 'baby.' To us? It's a concentrated battery of potential. I've simply siphoned that essence into my own reservoir."

"You... you killed them?" I whispered, the horror of it sinking in. Kim, Delilah, Minne...

"Don't be so dramatic," she sighed, waving a hand dismissively. "They weren't even fully formed. A soul at that stage is like a blueprint without a building. It hasn't gathered memory, or ego, or sin. It's pure, distilled power. Why let it waste away in a mortal womb for nine months when I can use that spark right now to maintain the fabric of this reality? You're a mortal—a literal dog in the grand scheme. You wouldn't understand the economy of the heavens."

"Mana..." I stepped toward her, my fists clenching. "Give them back. Right now."

"They're gone, Evan. Digested. Part of me now." She uncrossed her legs, giving me a deliberate, lingering view of her wet heat before standing up. The dress barely covered her as she stepped toward me. "But look on the bright side. Keep doing what you're doing. Keep pumping these women full of your potential. Get them pregnant again. Every time you do, you're essentially handing me a gift. And the more powerful I become, the more 'perks' I can drop into that little system of yours."

"That's fucked up... that's the most twisted shit I've ever heard."

"Maybe," she shrugged, her thick hips swaying as she turned away. "But it's the game we're playing. Now I see why Karamine was so interested in you. You're a high-yield producer, Mr. Henrik. A very efficient little stud."

"That's—"

"Bye, Evan."

"WAIT!"

I blinked.

The purple haze vanished.

Delilah, Kim, Minne... the lives we were supposed to be building. Just erased? Just used as fuel for some goddess's power trip? I stood there in the center of the room, my skin crawling. Mana claimed she was the most powerful, and if this was how she operated, what the hell were the others doing?

I looked down at my hands. It wasn't just a game. We were being farmed. And the worst part? I didn't know if I could ever stop.

Evan Marlowe [Level 20]

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 76 kg

EXP: 448/ 19901



Mana... she was insane. Completely unhinged.

Delilah wasn't pregnant anymore, which meant she and Ivy had moved past that whole situation. Literally forgetting about the pregnancy. Their relationship was still messy, but at least they were on somewhat better terms now. Not fully, though. I was pretty sure Ivy still resented her mother for butting her nose in her life and pushing everything that led to Chase being exposed.

I sat there quietly, sipping my mocha while waiting for Ivy. The weather was perfect for once. No rain, no snow, just clear skies and sunlight. It almost felt like the world was mocking me. With everything going on in my head, I couldn't enjoy any of it.

Mana's words kept circling back. Eating baby souls to get stronger? Or whatever the hell she meant. I didn't even know if she was serious, but the way she said it... it stuck. It made my stomach turn.

"Evan."

A hand touched my shoulder, pulling me out of my thoughts.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Ivy said as she sat across from me.

"Hey. It's fine," I replied.

She studied my face for a second. "You look pale. What happened? Don't tell me you found another psychopath."

"Nothing like that," I said with a weak smile. "I just... don't know."

"Mm," she hummed. "So why did you call me?"

"I, uh... you know. Just wanted to talk."

She raised an eyebrow. "Whenever you say 'you know,' it means you're lying. Try again."

"Alright," I said with a sigh. "I got fired. Figured I needed some fresh air."

She blinked. "Wait. Your girlfriend got you that job, right? Nala? The CEO?"

"Yeah," I said. "She fired me."

"What? Why?"

"We broke up," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "So... yeah. That's that."

"Damn," she muttered, leaning back. "What happened?"

"I don't know," I said. "Things just... went bad."

She looked at me for a moment, then tilted her head. "Have you been working out?"

"Huh?"

"You look different," she said. "Like... a little bigger."

"Ivy, seriously," I said. "I just broke up with my girlfriend. Can we not focus on that?"

"Fine," she said, raising her hands. "But you're not telling me anything useful either. How am I supposed to react here?"

"I told you, I don't know," I said.

"You've been saying that a lot lately."

"Because I am lost," I replied, shaking my head. "Everything's a mess right now."

She let out a small breath. "Yeah... looks like both of us are going through it. Chase on my side, your girlfriend on yours."

"We should start a podcast," I said. "Call it Miserables. Sounds about right."

She snorted. "Yeah, we'd just sit there crying the whole time."

We both laughed, though it didn't last long.

The Heart System - Chapter 526[1,009 words]

Chapter 526: Chapter 526

Honestly, we really were miserable. None of this was in our control, though. Chase turned out to be a complete psychopath, and Nala decided to sacrifice herself to protect her company.

And somehow, I was stuck in the middle of all of it.

"Hey," she said. "I actually found one of those pregnancy test things in my mother's bedroom while cleaning."

"O-oh..." My voice came out a little shaky. "Wow. So... she's pregnant?"

"I confronted her," Ivy replied. "She said she had no idea how those got there. I told her I didn't believe her. You don't just take a test for no reason."

"She actually took it?"

"Yeah. And no, she's not pregnant." Ivy gave a small shrug. "She swears she doesn't know where they came from. Thinks it was some kind of prank."

Fucking Mana. There was no way I could explain that to Ivy, though. I'd just let it go for now and deal with Mana later, if she ever showed up again. I had too many questions for her.

"Maybe one of her coworkers messed with her," I muttered, taking a sip of my matcha.

"She hasn't had anyone over since she moved in with me... except you." Ivy tilted her head with a faint smile. "Maybe you're the culprit?"

"Yeah, you got me. Brilliant detective work."

"Obviously."

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and saw a message from Carrie: 'hey can we meet?'

I stared at it for a few seconds, unsure how to respond. Meeting her would be awkward, but I needed information about Jack Kuinn. She might be useful.

I kept looking at the screen, weighing it out. A simple "yes" should've been easy, but even that felt off.

"Jeez, what are you staring at?" Ivy leaned forward, trying to peek.

I quickly gave a thumbs up and slipped the phone back into my pocket. "Mind your business, Mrs. Komb."

"Oh, come on." She leaned back again. "Was it Nala?"

"No, and let's not talk about Nala right now." I waved that off. "Actually, I want an apology."

She blinked. "For what?"

"For Chase. For not listening to me and trusting that guy instead of your friend."

"I already apologized, Evan. Don't start again."

"Do it properly."

I activated Crushing Presence, mostly out of curiosity. I didn't really care about the apology itself. I just wanted to see how the skill worked.

A number appeared above her head. Four. Then five translucent dice formed in my vision. Oh... I put five points into that skill, so I would get five chances? Neat.

The first rolled and landed on one. A small X appeared. The second rolled and landed on five. A green checkmark flashed with SUCCESS.

Interesting.

Ivy let out a breath. "Fine. I'm sorry. Again."

"Nice. Thank you."

"Fuck you."

"Promise?"

"Shut up." She shook her head, but there was a smile there. "God... what a week. I just want to sleep and wake up when all of this is over."

"Same."

"I don't know." She rubbed her arm lightly. "I just feel drained. Honestly, I wish I could find someone like you. Like, I mean, relationship-wise."

"Sorry, Ivy Komb. I'm taken..." I paused. "Well, not anymore."

"You just missed the biggest opportunity of your life, Marlowe." She pointed at me. "A CEO slipped right through your fingers. You're an idiot. I-d-i-o-t."

"Ouch."

She glanced at her watch. "I should go. Promised my mom we'd go shopping, even though we still can't stand each other."

"So you're on better terms now?"

"I... don't know."

"Well, that's something."

She stood up. "See you, jobless idiot."

"Very funny."

I watched her stretch for a second. As she passed by, she bumped my shoulder lightly with a playful smirk before heading out.

"Damn," I muttered. "What a day... what a fucking day."

△ △ △

Carrie fucking Beldenwary. The one woman the public adored—the same woman I'd degraded and fucked right under her adopted son's nose. Meeting her now, as if we were just two socialites catching up over a vintage vintage, felt surreal. Doing it in a restaurant

that screamed luxury with every step I took onto the polished marble? That was going to be interesting.

I arrived early, hoping to acclimate to the sheer opulence of the place. The restaurant, perched on the topmost floor of a glass-and-steel skyscraper, offered a panoramic view of the city that made the streetlights below look like a bed of dying embers. A live string quartet played somewhere in the corner, the music a soft, mourning hum that barely rose above the polite clink of crystal and silver. The patrons were the city's elite—men in tailored three-piece suits and women draped in jewelry that probably cost more than my first apartment.

"Alright... what's the worst that could happen, huh?" I muttered to myself.

The elevator door chimed, and a liveried attendant, whose sole existence seemed to be opening doors for the ultra-wealthy, bowed as he stepped aside.

There she was. Carrie Beldenwary. Man... this was going to be weird.

Well... Carrie Beldenwary. The woman who tried to steal Kim from me for her damn son. And now, I was going to ask her a favor. great.

She looked as stunning as ever, her short brown hair styled in a chic, sharp bob. She had a voluptuous silhouette, thick in all the right places and carrying herself with icy grace. She wore a backless cocktail dress of deep emerald silk that clung to her curves like a second skin, the hem stopping just high enough to tease. Large, dark sunglasses masked her eyes, adding a layer of celebrity mystique to her arrival.

Heads turned instantly. Waitresses faltered in their steps, and even the high-rolling patrons paused their conversations to steal a glance. Carrie offered a brief, regal greeting to a man in a stiff uniform, likely the owner, before her gaze locked onto mine. I gave a slow, measured nod; she mirrored the gesture with a tilt of her head.

The Heart System - Chapter 527[1,214 words]

Chapter 527: Chapter 527

After a moment of small talk with the owner, she began the long walk toward my table. I stood, moving to the other side of the booth to pull back the heavy chair for her. She remained silent as she sat, her movements fluid and silent. I returned to my spot, resting my elbow on the white linen tablecloth. So far, so good. I'd expected it to be a train wreck of awkwardness, but we were both playing the part of "civilized" perfectly.

A waitress appeared at the table like a ghost, her voice a hushed whisper. "Good evening. May I take your order, or perhaps start you with a bottle from our cellar?"

Carrie didn't even look at the menu. "The Beluga caviar to start, followed by the wagyu tartare. And a bottle of the '45 Krug."

The waitress scribbled furiously, then turned to me. I glanced at the prices, numbers that looked like phone extensions, and cleared my throat. I mean, I could afford it, sure, but... naah. Fuck that noise.

"I'll just... have a sparkling water. For now."

"Right away, sir."

I let out a slow exhale once she vanished, nodding to myself. "You seem good, Carrie. Rested."

"Yes. I took some time off from everything," she replied, her voice cool and steady. She finally slid her sunglasses off, revealing eyes that were sharper than I remembered. "I guess you could say I discovered a different side of myself during the hiatus."

"Glad to hear it... I guess," I replied.

"Mm."

I shifted in my seat, suddenly aware of the eyes on us. A few tables over, a woman was pretending to check her makeup in a compact, but the lens of her phone was aimed straight at Carrie—and by extension, me. My skin crawled.

"I, uh," I began, leaning in closer to keep my voice low. "I have a favor to ask—"

"I called in someone as well," she interrupted, cutting me off with a flick of her wrist. "Someone who was quite adamant about meeting you."

I frowned. "Okay... who is he?"

"She," Carrie corrected. "Her name's Luna. I met her while I was staying at my summer house."

"Right..." I mumbled. "Why the hell does she want to meet me?"

"She saw... the recordings," Carrie stated flatly. "The ones I took of us. In that hotel room."

My heart skipped a beat, and not in the good way. "Recordings? What recordings?"

"I thought I'd record our sessions to... well, I don't know. Sentiment? Curiosity? I didn't tell you because I knew your ego wouldn't like being on camera without a script," she explained, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

"You masturbated to them, didn't you?" I asked, my voice flat.

She exhaled sharply, clearing her throat as a faint, rare flush touched her cheeks. "Maybe. That is neither here nor there."

"Wow. Unhinged."

"Anyway," she continued, regaining her composure. "Luna saw them. It was an accident."

"An accident?"

"I was showing her a picture of the new velvet couch I'd bought on my phone," Carrie explained, her eyes darting toward the hallway. "I swiped to the right and... that video played. It was on full volume. I nearly died of embarrassment, but she... well, she didn't seem appalled. In fact, she took it quite well."

"Okay... that is easily the wildest shit I've heard all week," I said, rubbing my temples. "Is she actually coming here tonight?"

"She's already here. She just went to check her makeup. She was standing right behind me when I walked in."

"Hmm..." I leaned back, my mind racing. If this Luna had seen what I did to Carrie and still wanted to meet me, she was either a saint or just as twisted as the rest of us.

"Speak of the devil," Carrie whispered.

I looked toward the restroom corridor, wondering just what kind of woman considered a leaked sex tape an appropriate introduction.

I shifted my weight as a figure emerged from the corridor, cutting through the golden ambiance of the dining room like a streak of moonlight against the dark wood. She was striking like a high-end vision in silver. Her hair was a long, shimmering curtain of platinum that cascaded over her shoulders, framing a face that remained unnervingly calm.

She was tall, carrying herself with an effortless, liquid grace in a dress that left very little to the imagination. The silver silk was cut dangerously low, the thin straps barely holding the fabric over her heavy curves, while a thigh-high slit revealed a glimpse of lace at the top of her stocking every time she took a step. It was a look that didn't just command attention—it demanded total silence. Even the emerald silk on Carrie Beldenwary seemed understated compared to the way this woman filled out the revealing lines of her gown.

As she reached the table, I stood up, the legs of my chair scraping softly against the marble. I pulled back the seat next to Carrie, gesturing for her to sit.

"Thank you," she said, her voice a low, steady hum that felt like it resonated in her chest.

"Luna, this is Evan. Evan, meet Luna," Carrie introduced, her tone light, though her eyes remained fixed on me to catch my reaction.

"Nice to meet you," I said, offering a curt nod as I settled back into my spot. Luna simply inclined her head, her expression unreadable.

"Likewise."

I cleared my throat, leaning forward and resting my forearms on the table. The luxury of the room felt like a distraction I couldn't afford.

"I actually had an important matter to discuss, Carrie. I need a favor from you. An urgent one."

Carrie arched a perfectly groomed eyebrow, reaching for her water glass. "A favor? You usually just take what you want, Evan. This is a change of pace."

"Jack Kuinn," I said, ignoring the jab. "Does the name ring any bells?"

Carrie paused, her glass halfway to her lips. "Yeah... the Uptown chick. I know of her, though we've never actually spoken."

"Wait, 'her'?" I frowned, my mind flashing back to the disheveled man I'd seen in the lobby.

"What do you call her type? A femboy?" Carrie shrugged, her emerald dress shimmering as she shifted. "She's a man, basically, but she plays the part of a girl when it suits her. Very 'Uptown' aesthetic."

"Huh... I see," I muttered, the pieces of the puzzle shifting.

"What do you want from her?" Carrie asked, her gaze sharpening.

"I just want to talk, is all," I replied, keeping my voice level.

Carrie let out a dry, melodic chuckle that drew a few eyes from the neighboring tables. "I didn't know you liked cute boys, Evan. Is there something you haven't told me?"

I felt a flash of irritation and leaned in, my voice dropping an octave. "He... she... whatever. Jack is threatening a very dear friend of mine. Trying to coerce her into sending nudes. I can't let that happen. It ends now."

"Ah... yes. She is twisted like that," Carrie said, her flippant tone chilling. She leaned back, tapping a manicured nail against the tablecloth. "But, as it happens, I also have a favor to ask. A trade, if you will."

The Heart System - Chapter 528[1,195 words]

Chapter 528: Chapter 528

I sighed, knowing there was always a catch with her. "Alright. I'm listening."

Carrie didn't answer. Instead, she gestured toward the woman in black. "You can take it over, Luna."

Luna shifted in her seat, the movement silent and fluid. She fixed her dark eyes on mine, her calm expression never wavering. "I'd like to rent you for an hour, Evan."

The word hung in the air, clashing with the sophisticated music of the string quartet. I blinked, sure I'd misheard. "Rent me? I'm sorry, am I a tuxedo now?"

"Yes," Luna said, her voice calculated and cool.

"For... what, exactly?"

"For a good reason," she replied, her gaze moving slowly over my shoulders as if she were appraising a piece of furniture.

I felt the "Villain" tag prickle at my neck. "Okay? Look, as long as there's no weird shit involved."

Luna tilted her head slightly. "Define 'weird shit,' please."

"No strap-on play. No weird femdom kinks. I have a reputation to maintain, believe it or not."

"Nothing like that," Luna assured me, her lips twitching into the ghost of a smile.

"Alright then." I shrugged, leaning back. "If it gets me to Jack, I'm game."

"Good." Luna stood up abruptly, her long black dress swirling around her ankles like a pool of oil. "Follow me to the restroom."

"Wait, right now?" I asked, looking between her and the half-empty dining room. "We haven't even had the caviar."

"I'll come as well," Carrie said, pushing her chair back with a predatory glint in her eyes. She smoothed down her emerald dress, looking more alive than I'd seen her in weeks. "This is going to be very interesting."

I stood up, feeling like I was walking into a trap, but with Jack Kuinn's shadow hanging over the girls at the penthouse, I didn't have much of a choice. I followed the two women toward the back of the restaurant, the eyes of the elite following us every step of the way.

Carrie didn't even break her stride as we neared the back of the restaurant. She caught the eye of the owner, a man who looked like he'd been carved out of expensive granite, and held up a single, commanding finger.

"The women's restroom," Carrie stated, her voice as sharp as a diamond. "I want it cleared. No one enters for the next hour. Do I make myself clear, Marcus?"

The owner didn't even blink at the absurdity of the request. He simply bowed his head, his hands clasped behind his back. "As you wish, Ms. Beldenwary. I shall personally ensure you are not disturbed."

We stepped inside, and the heavy, soundproofed door clicked shut behind us, cutting off the quartet's music. The place was a palace of porcelain and gold. The floors were a seamless expanse of white Calacatta marble, and the air smelled of expensive lilies and ozone. A row of vanity mirrors stretched across one wall, illuminated by a soft, warm glow that made everyone look like a movie star. It was cleaner than most hospital operating rooms and twice as large as my first three apartments combined.

Luna didn't waste a second. She reached into her small, black clutch, pulled out a high-end smartphone, and handed it to Carrie. Without a word, she walked toward me and turned her back, her long silver hair cascading down the black fabric of her dress.

Carrie adjusted her grip on the phone, the camera lens already aimed at us, a predatory glint in her eyes. "Recording. Don't mind me."

"Now," Luna said, her voice dropping into that calm, terrifyingly flat register. "Strangle me with your arm."

I stood there for a beat, my mouth falling half-open as I looked from the back of her head to Carrie's smirk. "What? Did I skip a page in the script? What do you mean 'strangle you'?"

"Put me in a chokehold, Evan," she repeated, her shoulders square, her tone as casual as if she were ordering a coffee.

"What is this, the WWE? I'm not here to audition for a wrestling gig," I snapped, my hands lifting up slightly in a defensive gesture.

Luna turned her head just enough to look at me over her shoulder. Her expression was hauntingly serene. "Put me in a chokehold. Tighten it until I pass out. When I'm knocked out..."

She nodded.

"I want you to fuck me. I want to wake up to a mess."

I stared at her, a chill running down my spine that had nothing to do with the air conditioning. "Jesus fucking hell, Luna. Can we just have a... you know, a normal fuck? Maybe a little bit of dirty talk and some rhythm?"

She turned around fully now, her hair swirling. She looked disappointed, her dark eyes scanning my face with a dull sort of pity. "I've tried 'normal.' It doesn't move the needle, Evan. It doesn't get me anywhere. I only ever cum when I watch these kinds of videos."

"The fuck you mean by 'these kinds of videos,' Luna?"

"I have my own collection... videos where I hang myself from my doorknob until the world goes black. I wake up and masturbate to the recording of my own struggle."

My brain was screaming. Maniac. Absolute headcase. What the fuck did I walk into? I looked at Carrie, who was just watching through the screen of the phone, her thumb steady on the record button. She wasn't shocked; she was fascinated.

"Strangle me," Luna whispered, stepping into my space, her chest almost brushing mine.

"How about," I began, my voice hardening as the "Villain" in me finally pushed back against the madness. "You try it my way first? As it turns out, I have a special... thing for people like you."

Luna exhaled, a long, weary sound, and her shoulders dropped in a sigh of pure boredom. "If we fuck right now, Evan, I'll be as dry as sand. I need something out of this world. I need to be on the verge of the void."

"Trust me," I said, stepping closer until I could smell the clove and rosewater on her skin. I reached out, my fingers grazing the cool skin of her jaw. "You'll be out of your mind when this hour ends. You won't need a doorknob or a chokehold to find the void. I'll take you there myself."

Luna stared at me for a long beat, searching my eyes for the lie. Finally, she gave a slow, reluctant nod. "Fine. I'll try it your way. But if I don't feel anything, the deal is off. Be rough. There is no safeword. You can use the back door as well. I'm clean."

I internally braced myself. I was dealing with a high-level masochist who had a death wish, but I had a few tricks of my own—and a "Hypnotize" skill that was itching to see just how deep this chick's rabbit hole really went.

But... nah. I wasn't going to use that skill.

"Good," I muttered, my hand sliding down to the back of her neck. "Carrie, keep that camera rolling. You're going to want to see this."

The Heart System - Chapter 529[1,071 words]

Chapter 529: Chapter 529

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: 31054c

I reached into my pocket, my fingers brushing against the cold glass of the Sensual Oil I'd just bought from the Shop. It hummed with a faint glow as I palmed it. Without a word, I

lunged, my hand snapping around Luna's throat like a steel trap. I shoved her back, the sheer force of my Strength skill sending her staggering into the nearest stall. She hit the closed toilet lid with a heavy thud, her hair splaying across the porcelain.

"This is it?" she exhaled, her voice still eerily, maddeningly calm. "This is what you call being rough? I've had better from a doorknob, Evan."

"Shut up," I said, the Monster tag in my brain pulsing. "Remove the dress."

"I won't," she challenged, her dark eyes flat. "I'm bored already."

"Are you, now?"

I didn't give her a choice. I gripped the collar of her high-end dress and yanked. The fabric shrieked as it tore down the center, exposing the pale, heavy curve of her breasts. I kept going, ripping the lace and silk until she was sitting in a ruin of black threads. Whether it was the cheap material or my boosted stats, I was shredding her composure along with her clothes.

She gasped, a flicker of genuine shock crossing her face. Then, suddenly, she lunged upward and delivered a stinging slap across my cheek. Her expression remained stoic, but I saw the flare in her pupils. She wasn't just taking it—she was feeding on it.

I didn't hesitate. I backhanded her with enough force to snap her head to the side, then swept her leg. She collapsed back onto her knees, her head hitting the lid. I flipped the lid up in one motion and shoved her face toward the bowl. I hit the flush, and the roar of the water filled the stall as it splashed over her head, soaking her hair and the remains of her dress.

"Sluts like you need a proper punishment," I hissed, my hand firm on the back of her neck.

"Evan..." she sputtered, the water dripping from her nose.

I uncorked the oil with my teeth and poured the shimmering liquid down the length of her spine. The moment the enchanted oil touched her skin, she let out a loud, visceral moan. I could see the sudden, frantic wetness gushing from her, soaking the tiles. I tossed the bottle aside, ripped away her bra and laced panties, and yanked her hips into a high, desperate doggy position.

I didn't bother with foreplay. I smeared the oil from her back onto my cock and drove inside her pussy in one jagged thrust. She was already impossibly slick, the oil acting as a chemical accelerant for her lust.

"Strangulation, huh?" I asked, my pace turning into a heavy, punishing rhythm. "How about I just drown your sorry ass in here?"

I hit the flush again. She tried to yell, but the sound was swallowed by the churning water. I fastened my pace, my hips slamming into her with a violence that made the porcelain creak. In less than twenty seconds, she hit a massive climax, her internal walls clamping down on me like a vice. I didn't let up. I began spanking her ass, once, twice, ten times, until I lost count. Her skin turned a vivid, angry red, a slight graze from my watch drawing a bead of blood on her hip.

I yanked her head back by the hair, forcing her to look at her own ruined reflection in the chrome. Then, I shoved my fingers deep into her mouth, gagging her until she choked. She retched, spit coating my hand, which I immediately smeared across her face, ruining her makeup and sending her fake lashes fluttering to the floor. She looked pathetic. She looked perfect.

"You shouldn't have slapped me, bitch," I whispered into her ear.

"What... is happening?" she rasped, her calm facade finally fractured.

"I told you," I smiled. "I'd bring you to the void. Welcome, I guess."

She was panting like crazy. "Uh... I... I just... I don't..."

I pulled out of her wet heat, my eyes fixed on her puckered, trembling asshole. It was time to see just how much this headcase could actually take. I made a fist, the knuckles white, and pressed it against her entrance. She was too tight; the muscle didn't give an inch.

I looked over at Carrie, who was standing just outside the stall, the phone steady in her hand as she recorded every second of the carnage.

"Piss on this fucking dog, Carrie," I commanded.

"Ooh. I'd love that," Carrie purred. She slid her emerald dress to the side, hooked her thumb into her panties, and stepped into the stall. She aimed her hips high, a steady stream of gold splashing over Luna's back and head. Luna just gasped for air, her face pressed to the porcelain, her mind clearly struggling to process the humiliation.

As Carrie finished, I spat onto my fist, mixing it with the oil and Luna's own pussy juices until my hand was a glistening weapon. I positioned myself again. One push. Two. Three. She was fighting it, her body instinctively bracing.

"Fucking slut. Open up."

I threw my entire weight into the next thrust. With a wet, tearing sound, my fist punched through the resistance, burying itself inside her. Luna let out a scream that probably echoed all the way to the lobby. I didn't stop. I pushed further. Further. I was nearly elbow-deep in her, the sensation of her internal muscles stretching to their absolute limit vibrating up my arm.

With my free hand, I clamped down on her throat, squeezing just enough to make her vision swim. I began to move my fist in a fast, churning motion.

"What the fuck are you, huh?" I barked.

"A... fuck!"

"Answer me! What are you!"

"A slut!" Luna screamed, her voice breaking. "I'm a whore! Use me!"

"Good girl. But you don't get to cum without my permission, understand?"

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum!"

"What? Already? When I'm elbow-deep in your ass?"

"SHI—IIIT!"

The Heart System - Chapter 530 [1,088 words]

Chapter 530: Chapter 530

She exploded. The force of her climax was so violent that a spray of fluid nearly hit the vanity mirror behind me. As she went limp, I slowly, carefully withdrew my hand. Her asshole was wrecked—prolapsed and pulsing a deep, angry crimson, the delicate internal tissue now exposed and throbbing with the aftershocks of her release.

I took a deep breath, the "Monster" in me feeling a dark sense of accomplishment. I knelt behind her and, without a second of hesitation, shoved my dick straight into that ruined, pulsing heat.

The sensation was unlike anything I'd ever felt. The prolapsed tissue was incredibly soft and sensitive, wrapping around me with a desperate, swollen grip. It was tight, yet yielding, the friction amplified by the raw exposure of her insides. I began to fuck her, my movements heavy, each thrust sending a new jolt of electricity through her shattered nervous system.

Luna wasn't just taking it anymore; she was sobbing with a twisted kind of joy, her head hanging over the toilet as I claimed what was left of her. I felt the pressure building, the fucking 'void' calling to me too. With a final, agonizingly deep surge, I emptied myself inside her, the heat of my cum filling her wrecked canal.

Luna let out one last, shaky breath, her body finally going completely still as she drifted into the blackness she'd been searching for.

I looked at Carrie and pointed my dick. She immediately understood, kneeling before me to begin cleaning me off, while Luna lay slumped against the stall, her world completely tilted.

"Well," I rasped, looking down at Luna . "I'd like to think that I was better than a doorknob right?"

"This... I... how?" Luna whispered, her voice shattered. "You... are a... a monster."

"So as the system says," I muttered. "Jack Kuinn, Carrie. Don't forget. I want those names."

"I won't..." she managed a weak, submissive smile. "I'll tell you... everything. Every-little-thing."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Luna

EXP Gained: +12700 (x2)

Villain Bonus: +9600 EXP

5 Mastery Points Gained

Star Rating: 5 (PERFECT!)

Bliss Multiplier: 52500c

△ △ △

That... actually happened, right?

That was my first time getting a perfect star rating. And the EXP I earned? Thirty-five thousand. What the hell. The Monster tag was straight-up broken. There was no way I was ever removing it. This was too good.

I had a ton of credits now, and I needed to spend them. I had just leveled up again too, which made it even more important. If I let the Monster tag penalties hit while I was sitting on this much, I'd lose a chunk of it for nothing. I had to be smart.

"What is this?"

A notification popped up as I hit level twenty. Another translucent box appeared right under it, explaining that I had reached a milestone and that shop prices would change. There was a countdown as well.

Two minutes.

"Oh, shit."

I leaned forward immediately. I needed to buy as much as I could before the prices changed. At least the system gave me a warning instead of switching everything instantly, thankfully. I just needed to be fast. I could do that.

Without thinking too much, I tried to buy one hundred ability points. I didn't even check how many credits that would leave me with. I just went for it and exhaled, leaning back slightly.

I was sitting at the dinner table, a cigarette burning slowly in the ashtray. The girls were all in their rooms. The mood in the penthouse had been low ever since the fight with Nala. It affected everyone, whether they admitted it or not.

"What?"

I frowned at the screen. It only let me buy twenty-seven points. So there was a cap now. I didn't like that at all, but it was better than nothing.

I bought the twenty-seven and checked my total. With the points I already had saved, I now had thirty-eight unused ability points.

I considered putting more into Strength, but thirty was enough for now. Instead, I decided to boost Pleasure.

I reset the stat. It dropped, and I got half the points back. Fifteen from that, plus the thirty-eight I already had. Fifty-three total.

"Nice."

I dumped thirty-nine points into Pleasure, bringing it up to forty.

With the Monster tag bonus, that pushed it to ninety.

"Damn..."

That was insane.

"Now... mastery points."

I quickly spent five Mastery Points on Endless Vigor without overthinking it, then opened the shop again. The countdown was still ticking down.

I didn't have time to hesitate.

"Fuck it."

I bought five Mastery Evolves and dumped them straight into Crushing Presence.

CURRENT STATS

◆ Strength: 30

↳ Crushing Presence (████████)

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 20

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 40 (+50)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (▣▣▣▣▣)

◆ Luck: 10

◆ Passive Skill: On a Roll

14 Unused Ability Points

"Alright... next... random skill..."

But I was too late. The countdown hit zero, and the prices changed.

"Eh... could be worse."

At least I managed to grab a decent amount before it happened.

Evan Marlowe [Level 20]

EXP: 15547/ 31500

[████████████████████]

Current Credits: 72004

Current SC: 225

"Let's see the damage."

SHOP [Page 2]

- Hypnotic Perfume (100c)
 - Time Stop (500c)
 - 500 Dollars (150c)
 - 1 Ability Point (500c)
 - 1 Mastery Point (600c)
 - Desire Aura (200c)
 - Reputation Point +30 (300c)
 - Mastery Evolve (2500c)
 - Random Skill (4000c)
 - Dungeon (80000c)
-
-

"Dungeon? What even is that?"

That one caught my attention immediately, but I didn't dwell on it too much.

Honestly, the new prices weren't that bad. I could still afford most things. But for now, I was done spending. Not because I wanted to save, but because I was exhausted.

I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my face. I felt drained. Completely spent. My body still hadn't fully recovered from earlier, and it was catching up to me now. I stared at the ceiling for a moment. The things I was doing lately... the way I was acting...

Was that really me? Or was the Monster tag changing something inside me? I didn't have an answer. And that was the worst part.

"Yeah... I'm done for now."

The Heart System - Chapter 531[1,013 words]

Chapter 531: Chapter 531

The door was knocked on quietly, which made me raise an eyebrow. At this hour? It was just shy of ten, and I wasn't expecting anyone.

I got up and walked to the door, leaning in to look through the peephole.

Eleanor.

And she looked worse than yesterday.

There was a dark bruise forming around her left eye, swollen and ugly, like someone had hit her hard. My stomach tightened immediately.

I unlocked the door and opened it.

She looked up at me for a second, then her gaze dropped. Her lips trembled, and before she could say anything, she broke down. She stepped forward and collapsed against me, crying.

I wrapped my arms around her without thinking, holding her steady as her shoulders shook. Her tears soaked into my shirt while her quiet sobs filled the hallway.

"Eleanor?" I asked, keeping my voice low.

"Evan..." she choked out. "Oh god... Evan..."

I guided her inside and shut the door behind us. The noise must have carried, because Jasmine peeked out from the master bedroom, and Tessa stepped out from the hallway near the kitchen. Both of them froze when they saw her clinging to me, crying.

We moved into the living room, and I helped her sit down on the couch. Jasmine and Tessa followed close behind. The moment they got a clear look at her face, they exchanged a glance.

Yeah. They saw it too.

"The hell happened?" Tessa asked, her voice tightening. "Who did that to you?"

Eleanor tried to speak, but her voice broke. "My... he... I just... god..."

"Alright, hold on," I said. "I'll get water and tissues."

I headed to the kitchen, grabbed a glass, filled it with water, and pulled a box of tissues from the counter. When I came back, Jasmine was already moving.

She disappeared briefly into the bathroom and came back with a small towel and something cold wrapped inside it. She knelt in front of Eleanor and gently pressed the cold pack against her bruised eye.

"This might sting a little," Jasmine said softly. "Just hold still."

Eleanor nodded weakly, still sniffing.

I set the water and tissues on the coffee table and watched quietly. Tessa sat down next to Eleanor and placed a hand on her shoulder, giving it a firm, reassuring squeeze.

"You're safe here," Tessa said. "Take a breath first."

Jasmine kept working carefully, adjusting the cold compress and dabbing around the swollen area.

After a minute or two, she leaned back slightly. "That's the best we can do for now. It'll need time."

I stepped closer, then sat down on the edge of the coffee table in front of Eleanor. I reached out and gently lifted her chin so she would look at me.

"What happened, Eleanor?"

She swallowed, her eyes still wet.

"My brother..." she said, her voice shaking. "He lost all the money."

My jaw tightened.

"And those men came while I was at work," she continued. "They said they couldn't find him... so they came to me instead."

"What?"

"They grabbed me," she said, her voice breaking again. "They said I could pay it back with my body..."

The room went quiet.

"Our security stepped in. Sophia handled them," she went on. "She beat them, but... one of them still managed to hit me before they got dragged out."

"Shit," I muttered under my breath. "Who the hell are these guys?"

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "I'm so tired of this... I'm just done..."

Whoever those guys were, I needed to learn more about them. Since Melvin and I were going to Stingy Ladies because of Isabella, I could talk to Sophia while I was there and try to get more out of her. As if I didn't already have enough problems, now this got added on top.

NEW MAIN QUEST

Title: Gamble Away

Task: Deal with the thugs.

Reward: 20000c

I shook my head and got up, walking toward the window near the dinner table. Tomorrow was going to be a long day. A very long day. I still had no clear idea how I was supposed to deal with those thugs, but I would figure something out. I had the system, and now I had Crushing Presence too. That had to count for something.

Another knock came from the door. I frowned and turned my head toward it. Who now? There was no way it was the thugs; security wouldn't let them anywhere near this floor. For a second, I thought it might be Nala, maybe coming back to fix things.

I walked over and opened the door.

"Huh?" I blinked. "Emma?"

"Yo," she said, looking up at me like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Emma. Nala's friend. Short green hair, half-lidded eyes, same unreadable expression as always. Seeing her here, this late, caught me off guard.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Nala sent me," she replied. "She wants some of her stuff. You two broke up, huh? That was fast."

"Yeah... something like that."

She leaned slightly to the side and glanced past me. Her eyes landed on Eleanor sitting on the couch, still shaken, Jasmine beside her and Tessa hovering nearby. The bruise was hard to miss.

Emma raised an eyebrow. "Damn. Bad timing?"

"It's fine," I said, stepping aside. "Go ahead. Master bedroom's on the left."

"Got it," she muttered and walked in without hesitation. "She said charger and some clothes. I'll grab them and leave."

I closed the door behind her and exhaled quietly.

Honestly, I never really understood how she and Nala became friends. Emma sold feet pics online and spent half her time cosplaying, while Nala was running a company. Somehow, it worked for them. Not my problem right now anyway.

I glanced back toward the living room, where Eleanor was still trying to calm down while Jasmine checked her eye again.

"Yeah..." I muttered under my breath, rubbing the back of my neck. "One step at a time."

△ △ △

The Heart System - Chapter 532[1,004 words]

Chapter 532: Chapter 532

I pulled the car up in front of the bar and stepped out, the cold air hitting my face right away. Melvin got out after me, hands buried deep in his coat pockets as he hurried to catch up. We headed toward the entrance together, boots crunching lightly against the pavement.

Sophia was right where she always was, standing near the door like a statue. The moment I got closer, I noticed the bruise on her chin. It wasn't big, but it stood out against her skin. One of those thugs must have gotten a lucky hit in.

I slowed my pace as I approached her. Her posture straightened almost immediately, shoulders tightening, eyes locking onto me like she was expecting trouble. Yeah, she definitely didn't like me. Not that I cared anymore.

Up close, she looked as intimidating as ever. Buzzcut, old scars running across her arms, muscles tense under her sleeves. She looked like she could take a punch and return it twice as hard.

"I'll keep it short," I said. "Do you know who came here yesterday? The ones who went after Eleanor?"

"Brok," she answered without hesitation. "Russian. I know him."

"Brok," I repeated, letting the name settle. "Where can I find him?"

She narrowed her eyes slightly. "You got a death wish?"

"Eleanor's a close friend," I replied evenly. "Just tell me where he is."

Her gaze shifted to Melvin for a second, then back to me. She let out a quiet breath. "Pawn shop. Few blocks from here. Name's 'Kachinka.'"

"I don't know it yet," I said. "But I will. Thanks."

"What are you planning to do?" she asked.

"Pay him a visit."

"Alone?"

"I'll manage."

She clicked her tongue. "I'm coming with you, Marlowe."

"Make that three!" Melvin jumped in, grinning like this was some kind of adventure. "No idea what's going on, but I'm in!"

I rubbed my face. "Melvin, I can drop you off after this."

"No way, man! I'm staying."

I let out a quiet sigh, then looked back at Sophia. "Is Isabella here?"

She tilted her head toward the door. "Inside. Messing with the drums."

"Got it. Thanks."

We stepped inside.

The bar hit me the same way it always did. Dim lights, a mix of warm orange and neon reflections bouncing off bottles behind the counter. The air smelled like alcohol, smoke, and something faintly sweet. Music played low in the background, more like a hum than anything else.

My eyes moved around the place until they landed on the stage.

There she was. Isabella. Sitting behind the drum set, leaning forward slightly as she adjusted something on the snare. A drum key in her hand, tapping lightly, tuning by ear. Focused. Calm. Like nothing else in the room mattered.

Behind the counter, Emilia noticed me. Our eyes met, and she gave me a small nod.

I nudged Melvin with my elbow. "That's her."

He swallowed and nodded quickly.

"You know the plan," I continued. "She likes music. Talk about bands, instruments, anything. Just don't stand there like an idiot."

"I won't," he muttered, though he already looked like he might.

"I'll join you in a minute. Gotta talk to someone first."

"Be quick," he said.

"I will. Go."

He took a breath and walked toward the stage, trying to look confident. I watched him for a second, then turned and made my way to the counter.

As I approached, something bright caught my eye on the wall behind Emilia. A bold, colorful sign hung between rows of bottles:

HAPPY SHOT!

The letters were big and loud, painted in neon colors with little doodles around them. Under it, smaller text read: "One shot, good mood guaranteed." Yeah... sure.

I let out a quiet breath and pulled out a stool, sitting down. "Hey," I said. "You look better."

"Evan," Emilia replied, taking a small breath. "Yeah. I am. Thanks to you, I guess."

"And Tuck," I added.

She tilted her head slightly. "Tuck?"

"He helped me find you."

She nodded slowly, like she was piecing things together. "Mm. Right."

I placed some cash on the counter and pointed at the sign. "I'll take one of those. Happy Shot. And get one for yourself too."

She glanced at the sign, then back at me with a faint smile. "Bold choice."

She grabbed the money and turned around, reaching for a couple of bottles. I watched as she mixed something quick and precise, then poured two small glasses. The liquid had a faint pink tint to it.

She slid one toward me and kept the other.

"Cheers," she said.

"Cheers."

We knocked them back in one go. It burned a little going down, then left a strange, warm sweetness behind.

I leaned back slightly, resting my arm on the counter. Seeing her like this, steady, normal—felt... good. Like something had actually gone right for once.

"Who's the new guy?" she asked, glancing toward the stage.

I followed her gaze. Melvin was already there, talking. Or trying to. His hands were moving, a little too much. Isabella barely looked at him, still focused on tightening a drum.

"Guy from work," I said. "He's into her. I'm trying to help."

Emilia let out a short laugh. "That guy? Yeah... not her type."

"I know," I said, exhaling. "Still trying... uh, hey, can I ask something?"

She leaned forward slightly. "What did you want to ask?"

"Were you here yesterday?" I asked. "When those guys showed up?"

She shook her head. "No. Charlotte told me about it though. Sounds bad. Poor Eleanor."

"Yeah," I muttered.

I glanced back again. Melvin was struggling. Talking, pausing, trying again. Isabella gave him a short response without even looking up, then went back to the drums.

I shook my head slightly.

"Alright," I said, pushing myself off the stool. "Time to save him."

Emilia smiled faintly. "Good luck."

"Yeah. I'll need it. See ya."

"Yup."

I gave her a small nod, then turned and started walking toward the stage.

The Heart System - Chapter 533[1,089 words]

Chapter 533: Chapter 533

I walked closer to the stage, the low hum of the bar fading out a little as the sound of metal taps and drum adjustments took over. Melvin was already there, standing awkwardly to the side, mumbling something about a band. His hands moved too much when he talked, like he didn't know where to put them.

Isabella barely looked at him.

She was focused on the drum set, leaning forward slightly as she tightened something on the snare. When she finally did turn, her eyes slid past Melvin and landed on me instead.

"Oh," she said, a faint smirk forming. "The almighty hero himself. Hello, Evan."

I gave her a small nod. "Hey."

Up close, her outfit stood out even more under the stage lights. She was wearing a loose, cropped tank top that hung just enough to tease what was underneath whenever she moved. The fabric was thin, clinging slightly, and the neckline dipped low enough to draw attention without trying too hard. Her shorts were just as bold—short, frayed at the edges, riding high on her hips. Combined with the way she moved, it all felt deliberate without looking forced.

Then there was Melvin.

Clean jacket. Buttoned shirt. Everything neat, ironed, in place. Like he was heading to a job interview instead of a bar. The difference was almost painful.

"Hey, uh," I began, keeping my tone steady. "Were you here when those guys came in yesterday?"

"I was," she replied, spinning one of the drumsticks between her fingers. "One of them was speaking in a different language. I don't know." She shrugged. "You should've seen Sophia, though. She wrecked them. It was almost funny."

"Yeah," I said. "She's tough."

"For real, for real."

"They were here for Eleanor, right?" I asked. "What was going on with her?"

"She was terrified," Isabella said, her expression flattening a little. "Like, actually shaking. Poor thing." She absentmindedly scratched just under her top, the fabric lifting slightly before falling back into place. "One of the waiters and I grabbed her before things got worse. We dragged her into the bathroom and locked the door. Figured it was the safest place until it was over."

"And then?"

"Cops showed up. The usual mess after that." She shrugged again. "Not exactly a fun night."

"Yeah," I muttered. "Sounds like it."

"You have no idea," she added, giving me a look.

"I—" Melvin suddenly cut in, stepping forward. "We're actually going to deal with that guy today."

Isabella turned her head slowly toward him. "Deal with him?"

I already felt where this was going. "Melvin..."

"Sophia, Evan, and I," he continued, completely ignoring me, "we're going to his place. Brok, right? We're gonna beat him up."

Isabella raised an eyebrow and looked back at me, clearly waiting for confirmation.

I cleared my throat and clapped my hands once. "We're going to talk. That's all."

Melvin frowned. "No, we're going to—"

"Let's go, Melvin," I cut in quickly. "We're going to be late."

"But—"

"Let's go."

He hesitated, then his shoulders dropped. "Yeah... okay."

He gave Isabella a small, awkward wave. "Uh... see you."

She didn't respond to him. Just turned back to her drums.

I gave her a nod. "See you."

"Bye, Evan," she replied casually, already back to adjusting the kit.

We turned and walked away from the stage, Melvin dragging his feet a little as we headed for the exit. The cold air hit us again the moment we stepped outside.

"I didn't even get to talk to her properly," Melvin groaned.

"Because you went off-script," I said, unlocking the car. "I told you to talk about music. Keep it simple."

"I did!" he protested. "I mentioned this band I like. Their song was in an anime, so I thought—"

"Anime?" I looked at him. "Does she look like she watches anime?"

"You never know," he said defensively. "She called me a weeb, though."

"Yeah, I wonder why."

He sighed. "Man... I messed that up, didn't I?"

"Gah... well, uh... a little," I admitted. "But it's fixable. Just don't overthink it next time."

Sophia straightened up as she approached. She had clearly been waiting.

"We'll try again another day," I added.

"Yeah..." Melvin muttered.

"Come on. I'll drop you off."

"If he wants to come," Sophia muttered as she opened the passenger door and got in, "let him."

The door shut with a solid thud. I stood there for a second, then exhaled and walked around to the driver's side.

"God..." I muttered under my breath as I got in. "What am I going to do with these two..."

△ △ △

The pawnshop looked completely out of place, like it had been dropped into the neighborhood and left to rot. The buildings around it were clean enough, small businesses with proper signage and decent lighting, but this place was different. The paint on the exterior walls was chipped and faded, the sign above the door barely hanging on, with a

few letters missing from its name. The windows were dusty, cluttered with random items that didn't seem to belong together.

Across the street, there was a small grocery store with bright lights and people casually walking in and out. A couple of parked cars lined the curb, and further down, a café had people sitting outside like it was just another normal day. The contrast made this place stand out even more. It felt like a stain in the middle of something otherwise ordinary.

I closed the car door and took a slow breath, my eyes scanning the inside through the dirty glass. There were a few customers moving around, browsing shelves, talking quietly.

"This is the place," Sophia muttered beside me. "So what's the plan, Evan?"

I glanced at her, then at Melvin. "Melvin, I get why you're here. But you?" I looked back at Sophia. "Why'd you come?"

Her expression hardened. "That bastard took a swing at one of my girls. I'm not sitting this one out."

"Wow..." Melvin muttered, looking at her like she was some kind of superhero. "That's actually cool."

"Alright," I said, exhaling slowly. "We go in, we talk to Brok. Ask about Eleanor's brother and the debt. If we can settle this peacefully, we do that."

"And if we can't?" Sophia asked.

I rubbed the back of my neck. "Then we'll figure it out."

"What a plan," she muttered.

We walked up to the door and stepped inside.

Sophia pulled the door shut behind us with a quiet click.

The Heart System - Chapter 534[1,050 words]

Chapter 534: Chapter 534

The inside of the shop was even worse than it looked from outside. The air felt heavy, thick with dust and something metallic. Shelves were packed with random junk—old radios, watches, tools, cheap jewelry, things that looked stolen more than pawned. A glass display case near the counter held a mix of rings and small electronics, all scratched and worn.

The lighting was dim, a few flickering fluorescent tubes casting a dull glow over everything. In the back, a thin curtain separated the main area from whatever was behind it.

One of the customers handed over some cash to the man behind the counter and left without saying much. The door shut behind him, and just like that, it was only us.

The guy at the counter looked up.

The moment his eyes landed on Sophia, his expression changed. Recognition hit instantly, followed by something darker. Yeah, he had definitely been at the bar.

"Bastard," he muttered, leaning forward slightly. "Why are you here, you whore?"

"Watch your mouth, fuck-o," Melvin snapped before I could say anything. "Or I'll wash it with soap."

The guy blinked, clearly not expecting that.

Before anything else could be said, the curtain at the back was suddenly pushed aside.

Four men stepped out. Big. Broad shoulders. The kind of presence that filled the room without effort. They didn't rush, didn't speak, just spread out slightly as they walked forward, eyes locked on us.

I leaned slightly toward Melvin and spoke under my breath. "Melvin... shut the fuck up."

"Yeah," he whispered back quickly. "Yeah, I will."

I took a step toward the counter and kept my voice steady. "Where's Brok?"

"I don't know," the man replied without hesitation. "And I advise you to fuck off, friend."

"I just want to talk to him about Mark," I said. "The guy who owes him money. I think we can reach an agreement and end this whole mess."

Before he could answer, the curtain behind him shifted again. A man stepped through, and the air in the room seemed to change with him. One of his eyes was completely white, useless, and the other studied us carefully. He was bald, broad-shouldered, and dressed in a worn brown jacket and pants that looked like they had seen better years. A strong mix of alcohol and cigarettes clung to him. He didn't look old, maybe around forty, but he carried himself like someone who had been through too much and didn't care anymore.

"Mark?" the man said, his accent thick. "Now that we can talk about. Who are you?"

"Evan," I replied. "And you?"

"Brok." He stepped closer to the counter and rested his elbow on it. "Nice to meet you. Have you come here to pay his debt?"

"Maybe," I said. "How much does he owe?"

"Two million."

I frowned immediately. "What the fuck? Two million?"

"It was fifty at first," Brok said calmly. "With interest, now two million."

"That's insane," I replied. "I'm willing to pay the original amount. Fifty. We settle this, and everyone walks away. Clean."

"Two million," he repeated, as if I had said nothing at all. "I don't take less."

"Be reasonable," I said, exhaling slowly. "No one here can come up with that kind of money. You know that. Just take the original amount and move on."

"You come into my shop," he said, his tone sharpening, "and tell me what to do?"

"I came here to negotiate," I answered, lifting my hands slightly to show I wasn't looking for trouble. "You know Mark won't pay you anything. You can threaten him all you want, but that doesn't change reality. I'm offering you something real."

The system stayed silent. No help from Honeyed Words this time.

Fine.

I activated Crushing Presence and stepped closer. I felt it kick in immediately. It wasn't visible, but it pressed down on the room, subtle but heavy. Brok's posture shifted just slightly as he straightened up, like he felt it too.

I extended my hand. "Fifty. Take it. We both walk away satisfied."

Above him, the system reacted. Two translucent dice appeared in my view. I had to reach twelve. It wasn't going to be easy.

And it seemed I had five chances in total. I had already invested five points into the skill, which logically meant I would get to roll five times, but with only one die per roll. When I added the sixth point, the system rewarded me with an extra die that I could use once across those five attempts. Since I ended up with ten points in total, that meant I could roll two dice on each of my five attempts.

"Why would I do that?" Brok asked, watching me carefully.

The first attempt rolled in my vision. Six and four. Crap.

"Because it makes sense," I said. "You get paid instead of chasing someone who has nothing."

Another attempt. Double four. Ah, come on.

"Two million is worth more than your offer," he replied. "Why would I settle for less?"

I kept my expression steady even as the system rolled again. Six and five... damn it.

"Because you're not getting two million from him," I said. "You know that. I know that. This is your best option."

The next roll failed again. Three and one...

Brok's lips curled slightly. "I like my chances."

One last attempt. The numbers came up short once again. Two and six.

Well, fuck me sideways.

I lowered my hand slowly. So that was it.

"I'd rather take my chances," he continued, then his gaze flicked past me toward Sophia. "Or that whore, Eleanor, could always offer me... heh-heh, 'something' instead."

I clenched my jaw. "Don't talk about her like that."

"I'll talk however I want," he said. "Now get the fuck out of my shop."

I held his gaze for a moment longer, then nodded once. "Fine."

I turned back toward Sophia and Melvin. Melvin looked like he regretted every life decision that had led him here. His shoulders were tense, his eyes darting around the room. Sophia, on the other hand, stood still and composed, her attention locked on Brok and his men.

"Let's go," I said.

"Y-yeah," Melvin muttered quickly. "Let's... L-Let's just get out of here."



The Heart System - Chapter 535[1,071 words]

Chapter 535: Chapter 535

Man, this Brok guy was either stubborn as hell or just plain stupid. He really believed Mark would somehow come up with two million. There was no way. Mark was a wreck. The money I gave him before had disappeared into his gambling habit in no time.

Unless that wasn't the point.

I leaned back in my chair and exhaled slowly, staring at nothing in particular. Maybe Brok wasn't expecting Mark to pay at all. Maybe he was aiming for Eleanor instead. That thought made my jaw tighten. The bastard probably thought he could drag her into this and use the debt as leverage. Like real life worked the same way as some cheap fantasy. It didn't. And if that was really his angle, he was going to regret it.

"You look like the shit I took days ago," Tessa said from the couch, glancing at me. "What's up, stud?"

I stubbed out my cigarette in the ashtray and leaned back, resting one hand on the table. "Nothing good."

"Great answer," she said with a short laugh before going back to her phone. "Missing Nala already?"

"You don't?" I asked.

She shrugged without looking up. "I don't know. I'm just glad I still have a job."

"Fair enough."

Jasmine, curled up on the other couch, was painting her nails with careful strokes. She had one leg tucked under her and the other stretched out, resting her chin on her knee while she worked. "This job pays way too well to complain," she added. "Like, actually insane."

"You guys see Nala today?" I asked.

Kim, sitting next to Tessa, shook her head. "No. She was in her office, but we didn't go in. I wanted to, but these two shut me down."

Tessa scoffed quietly, still scrolling. "For good reason."

I pushed my chair back and stood up, stretching my arms before heading to the fridge. I grabbed a carton of orange juice, poured myself a glass, and took a long sip before heading back to the table.

Right then, Minne walked in from the hallway. Her hair was still damp from a shower, strands clinging slightly to her neck and shoulders. She moved quietly into the kitchen and started loading dishes into the machine, careful and focused.

Tessa spoke up without even turning her head. "What about you, Maid? You miss Nala?"

Minne hesitated for a second, placing a plate carefully into the rack before answering. "A little. Mrs. Nolin is... a good person."

I didn't respond right away. I just took another sip of my drink and let the silence sit for a moment. Yeah, she was. That wasn't the problem. The problem was what she was willing to do now. The thought of her actually going through with that plan made my stomach twist.

I drained the rest of the glass, set it down, and walked into the living room. I dropped onto the couch next to Jasmine. She glanced up at me, smiling faintly, then shifted and rested her head on my lap. One of her legs stretched out along the armrest, her freshly painted toes catching the light.

"It's kinda quiet without her," she said, looking up at me. "No late-night squads. No random energy bursts."

"Yeah," I said, letting out a small breath. "Too quiet."

"Hey, Jas," Tessa chimed in with a grin. "Want me to get you a banana?"

Jasmine didn't even look at her. "Say one more word and I'm throwing you out the window."

"What? I'm just offering help."

"What happened?" Kim asked, leaning forward. "I feel like I'm missing something."

Tessa got up, moved over to Kim, and leaned in to whisper. Whatever she said, Kim's reaction was immediate. Her eyes widened, then she burst out laughing.

"A banana? No way," Kim said between laughs, slapping her thigh. "I wish I saw that."

"Can you all shut up?" Jasmine groaned, covering her face.

"I'm just saying," Kim added, still smiling. "Efficient."

Minne let out a small, quiet laugh from the kitchen, trying not to draw attention.

I smiled faintly at the noise, then leaned my head back and looked toward the window. It was clear outside. No rain, no snow. The air looked calm, almost warm for this time of year. New Year's was getting close.

And somehow, everything felt off. I didn't want to go into a new year like this. Not with things left like this with Nala. I needed to find Jack Kuinn.

Right as that thought settled in, my phone started ringing. I reached into my pocket and saw Carrie's name on the screen.

Finally.

I gently lifted Jasmine's head and shifted it onto the couch before standing up.

"What happened?" she asked, blinking up at me.

"Carrie," I said, already answering the call. "She might have something on Jack."

"Oh shit," Tessa said, sitting up a little. "Carrie's back?"

I put the phone to my ear and leaned against the armrest. "Hey, Carrie."

"Evan," she replied. "I found Jack Kuinn. I set up a meeting for tomorrow evening. Same restaurant as before."

That got my full attention. "Good. Really good. Thanks."

"I don't have the exact time yet," she continued. "I'll text you tomorrow when it's confirmed."

"Alright," I said. "I'll be ready."

This was it. Finally, something was moving forward.

I hung up, and the second I did, my phone buzzed again. This time it was a text from an unknown number. I frowned and tapped it open. There was a fifteen-minute video attached.

I waited for it to download. As soon as it finished and I opened it, a woman's scream filled the living room.

I froze.

It was the video Carrie had taken of Luna. The angle, the sound... everything. I shut it immediately and let out a breath, trying to act normal. Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa were all looking at me now. Even Minne had paused in the kitchen.

Tessa clapped once and leaned back with a grin. "Wow. Watching porn now?"

"What? No," I shot back quickly. "I just clicked a... you know, random link. Melvin sent it."

Kim tilted her head. "Melvin? The 'hopeless romantic' one?"

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "That guy."

Jasmine shook her head with a small smile. "Poor dude. I saw Iseballa. He has no chance."

Tessa let out a short laugh. "Not even a little."

That seemed to settle it. No one pushed further.

The Heart System - Chapter 536[1,008 words]

Chapter 536: Chapter 536

Still, that video caught me off guard. How the hell did Luna even get my number? I was pretty sure we hadn't exchanged anything. Maybe Carrie gave it to her. That woman was trouble. Even back in that restroom, she had me second-guessing myself. Completely unhinged.

I checked the time. There was still a while before we'd call it a night. Eleanor crossed my mind again. After everything that happened, there was no way she was okay. Charlotte had already excused her from work, so she was probably alone.

Might as well check on her.

"I'm gonna visit Eleanor," I said, pushing myself up slightly. "You guys wanna come?"

The three of them exchanged looks.

Kim shrugged first and nodded. "Sure. Why not."

Tessa glanced toward the kitchen. "What about you, Minne?"

Minne kept placing dishes into the machine before answering. "I should finish this. I don't want to leave it undone."

"If we're going, you're coming too," I said, cutting in. "Just change into something casual. We'll wait."

She dried her hands on a towel and hesitated. "I don't want to keep you waiting, Master."

"I'm not going anywhere," I replied, leaning back as Jasmine settled her head on my lap again. "Just be quick."

"Okay," she said softly, then hurried off.

Watching her go reminded me of Mana. What she did... ending Minne's pregnancy like that. That wasn't her place. It wasn't her decision.

For a moment, I wondered if things would've been different if I had stayed with Dierella instead. Maybe she wasn't as unstable as Mana. Ah... didn't matter now. At least the girls were safe from Chase. Just thinking about that guy having more power made my skin crawl.

"Oh, I saw Emma at work today," Kim said, pulling me out of my thoughts.

Jasmine turned her head slightly. "You didn't tell us that."

"I asked her if Nala had sent anything to Jack," Kim continued.

I leaned forward a bit. "And?"

"She didn't," Kim said. "Apparently Emma talked her out of it. Told her guys like that don't stop at one thing."

I let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. "I told her the exact same thing. She didn't listen to me."

"Emma's her friend," Jasmine pointed out calmly.

"What am I, then?" I asked, a bit sharper than I intended. "I'd like to think I'm more than that."

Tessa nodded in agreement. "He's not wrong. She wouldn't even be CEO without him."

Kim raised a hand slightly. "Let's not turn this into a whole thing. All I'm saying is she hasn't sent anything. Yet."

That "yet" sat heavy, but it was still something.

"Good," I muttered. "At least she's thinking straight now."

Tessa leaned back again. "Still doesn't make sense. If he already has a video, basically a sextape, why would he care about getting a nude from her?"

Jasmine spoke without looking up. "It's not about that. It's about control. Making someone do something they don't want to do. That's what people like him enjoy."

Kim nodded slowly. "Yeah... that tracks."

Tessa smirked suddenly and glanced at me. "Like how Evan, when having breakfast, asked us to suck his—"

"Nope," I cut in immediately. "Don't finish that. I asked. I didn't force anything."

Jasmine reached up and grabbed my cheeks, squeezing them lightly. "With that face? You really think we had a choice with those cute-puppy eyes?"

I smirked faintly. "Maybe you really need that banana, Jasmine."

"Shut up," she shot back, flicking my forehead.

"Ow."

"Jerk."

A few seconds later, Minne stepped out of the hallway. She had changed into a plain black t-shirt and a pair of tight pants that fit her frame neatly. Her hair was still slightly damp, falling loosely over her shoulders. She looked more relaxed without the maid outfit.

Kim was the first to move. She pushed herself up from the chair and brushed her hands over her legs. Jasmine followed, and I got up right after her. Tessa slid her phone into her pocket with a quiet sigh and joined us.

I reached for the remote and turned the TV off before heading toward the door. After patting my pocket to make sure the keycard was there, I opened it and stepped outside, slipping into my shoes.

"Let's take the stairs," Kim said as she pulled the door shut behind us.

Tessa groaned immediately. "I'm tired."

"It's one floor, you walking pillow," Jasmine shot back. "Move."

"Yeah, yeah..."

We headed down the stairs. Our footsteps echoed faintly in the quiet stairwell as we descended. It didn't take long before we reached the floor below.

I walked ahead and stopped in front of Eleanor's door, knocking twice.

The girls waited behind me. Tessa stood with her arms crossed. Jasmine leaned slightly into her, resting an elbow on her shoulder. Kim stayed relaxed, watching the door.

No answer.

I knocked again, a bit louder this time. Was she outside? Nah, no way.

A few seconds passed before I heard movement inside. Something shuffled, then slow footsteps approached. The door opened, and Eleanor stood there.

She looked like she had just woken up. Her hair was messy, her eyes a little heavy.

"Oh, hey," I said. "Were you sleeping?"

She rubbed her eye lightly. "Was scrolling on my phone... fell asleep on the couch." Then she glanced past me at the others and gave a small smile. "Hey. Come in."

"Thanks," I said, stepping aside as Jasmine moved in first.

"You look better," Jasmine told her, stepping inside. "That eye's healing."

Eleanor smiled faintly. "Thanks to you. Jasmine, right?"

"Yep. That's Tessa and Kim."

"Nice to see you all again," Eleanor said, then closed the door once everyone was inside.

She led us into the living room. We all settled in naturally. Jasmine and I took the double couch. Eleanor sat in the middle of the larger one, with Kim and Tessa on either side of her. Minne quietly took the armchair near the TV, watching everything with quiet attention.

The Heart System - Chapter 537[1,004 words]

Chapter 537: Chapter 537

The smell hit me immediately—thick, sour, unmistakable. Wine. Not just a glass or two, either. It clung to the air, soaked into the furniture, mixed with the stale bite of cigarette smoke. An empty glass sat crookedly on the counter, a faint red stain clinging to the inside like it had been abandoned mid-thought. Beside it, an ashtray overflowed with cigarette butts, some crushed out halfway, others burned down to the filter.

She really was stressed out of her mind, huh?

Tessa clapped her hands once, breaking the silence. "Sorry we didn't bring anything."

"It's okay," Eleanor replied softly. "Did you guys need something or..."

"Not really," I said. "We just wanted to check on you."

She let out a breath and leaned back slightly. "Yeah... I appreciate that. I just... I don't know, Evan." She shook her head. "Sophia saved me. I keep thinking about that. I hope she's okay."

"I saw her today," I said. "She's fine. Tough as hell, too."

Eleanor nodded with a small smile. "That sounds like her. Why were you there?"

"Just checking things out," I replied. "Doesn't matter. How are you holding up?"

"I'm... okay, I guess." She forced a faint smile. "And honestly, the black eye kind of looks cool."

I raised an eyebrow. "Looks more like someone punched you."

"She's trying to cope, man," Tessa muttered, shaking her head. "Let her."

"Alright, alright," I said, raising my hands slightly. "Just joking."

Eleanor didn't laugh. She looked down for a second, then spoke again.

"They told me the debt is two million now," she said quietly. "Can you believe that?"

I already knew that. Two million dollars, borrowed from fifty thousand. That was outright criminal. How could anyone ever hope to repay such an amount? And aside from the idiotic interest rate, who in their right mind would take that kind of money from a shady-looking character like him? Was Mark really that desperate to gamble? The word "idiot" didn't even begin to cover what Mark was.

"You don't sound surprised."

I exhaled slowly. "I talked to Brok today."

Her head snapped up. "WHAT? Evan, you shouldn't go near someone like him. He's dangerous."

"I offered to pay the original amount. Fifty," I said. "He refused."

"Of course he did," she muttered.

"He doesn't want the money," I continued, leaning forward slightly. "Not really. His aim is somewhere else."

Eleanor went still.

"He's aiming at you," I said bluntly. "He thinks this whole thing works on porn logic. Like if your brother can't pay, you'll step in and 'settle' it yourself. That's what he wants."

The room went quiet.

Eleanor's jaw tightened. "I figured as much." Her voice hardened. "But there's no way. NO WAY I'd ever do that. I'd rather die."

"Tell that to Nala," Tessa muttered under her breath.

Eleanor frowned. "Who?"

"Nothing," Kim said quickly, waving it off. "Forget it. So... it started at fifty, and now it's two million?"

Eleanor nodded slowly.

Jasmine let out a quiet breath. "That's insane."

"Yeah," I said, leaning back slightly, my expression darkening. "Fucking bastard."

Feeling my phone buzz in my pocket, I pulled it out and saw Delilah's name on the screen. At this hour, it had to be important.

"Sorry," I muttered, pushing myself up. "I'll be right back."

There wasn't a balcony here like in the penthouse, so I stepped into the kitchen instead and leaned against the counter before answering. From where I stood, I could still see the living room. Jasmine and Tessa were talking to Eleanor, while Kim and Minne stayed quieter, listening in.

"Hey, you," I greeted. "What's up?"

"Evan, hey," she replied, voice a little uneasy. "There's been some strange stuff going on. I don't even know how to explain it. I might be hacked or something."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I checked my browser history today," she went on. "You remember that Ballinne face mask I told you about? When I typed it in, the search bar autofilled 'baby names, top ten unique ones.' Like I had searched that before. Can you believe that?"

Yeah. I could. I just couldn't tell her why.

"That's... weird," I said, keeping my tone neutral.

"And it gets worse. Ivy found pregnancy tests in my room. I don't even know how they got there." She let out a small breath. "You think someone's messing with me?"

"Could be a prank," I offered, even though the excuse felt weak the moment it left my mouth. "Or maybe something got mixed up? Like someone else's stuff ended up with yours."

"Mixed up?" she repeated, a bit skeptical. "Evan, I don't randomly collect pregnancy tests."

"Yeah, fair," I admitted. "Still, weird things happen."

She sighed. "Ivy didn't believe me, by the way. Made me take the test just to prove I wasn't pregnant."

"And?"

"Negative," she replied. "Obviously."

"Good," I said quietly.

There was a short pause before she spoke again. "We went shopping after that. It was... awkward. But I think we're getting somewhere."

"That's good," I said, nodding to myself.

"You sound off," she added. "Something happen?"

I rubbed my face with my free hand. "You remember Eleanor? The one I told you about."

"Yeah?"

"Her brother owes money to some bad people. He couldn't pay, so now they're bothering her instead. I'm trying to sort it out."

"Damn..." she murmured. "That's messed up."

"Yeah. I'm at her place right now, actually. Didn't want to leave her alone after all that."

"You're too good sometimes, Evan," she said, softer now. "Hope no one takes advantage of that."

I huffed out a quiet laugh. "Too good? That's new."

"I mean it."

"Alright, Ms. Komb," I teased. "Didn't know you had a soft side."

She let out a small chuckle. "Anyway, I won't keep you. You sound busy."

"Yeah. Talk later?"

"Of course."

"I love you."

"I love you too. Bye."

The call ended, and I slipped the phone back into my pocket before heading into the living room.

The Heart System - Chapter 538[1,028 words]

Chapter 538: Chapter 538

Jasmine and Tessa had moved closer to Eleanor on the couch. Kim and Minne were standing behind them, leaning in. Jasmine held her phone out, showing something on the screen.

I stepped behind them and glanced down. It was a small pepper spray, shaped like a keychain.

"I'd recommend this one," Jasmine was saying. "It's on discount, too."

Eleanor scrolled through the reviews, her brows slightly knit. "I've never used one before. Does it actually work?"

"Oh, it works," Tessa chimed in, leaning back. "Spray that shit and they're done. Or you can just kick them in the balls. Even more effective."

Kim shook her head lightly. "This is safer. Maybe we should get one too."

"Yeah," I agreed. "Makes sense. Reviews good?"

"Four point seven stars," Jasmine replied without looking away from the screen. "Over five hundred comments."

"Then buy it," I said, pulling my card out and handing it to her. "Use mine."

She took it and added the item to the cart while I moved to the empty armchair and dropped into it. I rubbed my face again, exhaling slowly.

Brok. Jack Kuinn. Both sitting there like problems waiting to explode. At least I had a meeting with Kuinn tomorrow. Brok was a different story entirely.

Jasmine finished entering the details, then flicked the card back toward me. I caught it mid-air and slipped it into my pocket.

"All set?" I asked.

"Yep," she answered. "Bought five. No shipping cost that way."

"I hate shipping fees," Tessa muttered. "Whoever came up with that, I want a word with them."

"Welcome to capitalism," Kim said with a small laugh as she walked over and sat down with Minne.

"Yeah, yeah. Still bullshit."

Eleanor let out a faint laugh, the tension in her shoulders easing just a little. "You guys are... fun."

"When we're not eating humans and worshipping Satan, yeah, we are fun." Tessa shot back. "You should come over sometime."

Eleanor gave a small shrug. "I thought you wouldn't like me. I mean... with the whole 'entertainment girl' thing."

"Fuck that," Tessa said flatly. "And also, who names their kid Guy?"

I raised an eyebrow. "My math teacher was named Guy."

"That's unfortunate," she replied instantly. "What's next, Dude? Broski?"

That got a small smile out of Eleanor. She glanced over at Minne. "I don't know how you handled him, honestly."

Minne fidgeted with the hem of her shirt. "I... had to. For my mother."

"Oh shit." Tessa suddenly straightened up. "I forgot to feed Mik."

"She's not starving," Kim said. "Relax."

"No, she's on a strict diet," Tessa shot back, already moving. "I'm going."

"Well, we should head out too," I said, pushing myself up from the chair. "Don't want to overstay."

"Or make sure I don't do something stupid?" Eleanor asked with a small scoff.

"You said it, not me," I replied with a faint smile. "But seriously, if anything happens, call me. Anytime."

"Or me," Jasmine added. "You've got my number."

Eleanor stood up with us, her expression softer now. "Thank you. All of you. Really."

"Just being good neighbors," Tessa said, heading for the door. "Now come on, I need to feed that idiot before she riots."

We started moving out, the mood lighter than when we arrived, even if the problems waiting outside hadn't gone anywhere.

△ △ △

Where was I?

Something hot pressed against my back, steady and intense, like I was standing too close to a campfire. It wasn't burning me, but I could feel the heat soaking through my clothes, wrapping around me in a way that made it impossible to ignore. Everything else was pitch black. No walls, no floor, no ceiling. Just darkness and the sound of my own breathing, a little too loud, a little too sharp.

I tried to move, but it felt strange, like my body wasn't fully mine yet. Was I dreaming? No. It didn't feel like a dream. Dreams were hazy, disconnected, slipping through your fingers the moment you tried to focus on them. This felt grounded. Heavy. Real.

Slowly, I forced my eyes open.

I was back there.

The same place I had stumbled into before. A large house, or maybe a villa. It had that expensive, quiet kind of feel to it. The kind where every piece of furniture looked a little too perfect, like someone had spent way too much time deciding where everything should go.

Outside, the storm was raging. Rain slammed against the tall windows, and thunder rolled in the distance, low and constant. The flashes of lightning lit the room every few seconds, casting sharp shadows across the walls.

In front of me, a set of couches sat neatly arranged around a low table. Behind me, the source of the heat, the fireplace, crackled softly, flames dancing and throwing my shadow long and crooked against the walls.

"What?" I muttered under my breath, still trying to make sense of it.

"Hello, Henrik."

The voice came from my right.

I turned and saw her.

Mana.

She stood near one of the windows, leaning casually against the frame, arms crossed. She wore the same short dress as before, barely doing its job, clinging to her figure like it had given up halfway. Her expression was calm, almost bored, like none of this was out of the ordinary.

She pushed herself off the window and walked over to a cabinet filled with bottles. The glass panel reflected the flicker of the fire as she opened it, reached in, and grabbed a bottle of wine. She poured herself a glass, then closed the cabinet and moved to an armchair.

Her movements were smooth, unhurried. She sat down, crossed her legs, and finally looked at me properly, raising the glass to her lips.

"I'm sure you have questions," she said, taking a small sip. "You can ask."

I swallowed, my throat dry. "Delilah, Minne, Kim... they're not pregnant anymore."

"I already explained that," she replied without missing a beat.

"Other gods," I continued, stepping forward slightly. "Do they do that too?"

Before Mana could answer, another voice cut in.

"No."

I turned toward the doorway.

The Heart System - Chapter 539[1,093 words]

Chapter 539: Chapter 539

Dierella stepped in, looking... oddly casual. A simple white t-shirt, hotpants, her wings moving lazily behind her like she didn't feel like putting in the effort. She walked further into the room, stopping a few steps away from me.

"That's something only Mana does," she added, her tone flat.

Mana rolled her eyes lightly. "We are goddesses, Evan. You wouldn't understand what we do for the greater good."

That didn't sit right with me, but I didn't push it. Not yet.

"You had another subject," I said instead. "What happened to him?"

Mana snapped her fingers once, like the answer was obvious. "He forgot everything."

"What do you mean, forgot everything?"

"When I decide someone isn't worth my time," she explained, swirling the wine in her glass, "I take it all back. The system, the memories, me... everything. Clean slate."

I let out a quiet breath. "Damn."

Dierella stepped closer, now standing right in front of me. "How did you get here?"

"I... thought I was dreaming," I said.

"You're not my subject anymore," she replied, narrowing her eyes slightly. "The first time you came here, I assumed it was because of me. But now..." She glanced at Mana. "This doesn't make sense."

"Goddess of Dreams, Dierella." Mana chuckled gently. "Can't control her powers and letting random subjects in here now?"

"This isn't me." She replied. "I'm sure of it. I don't have any control over him since he isn't my subject anymore."

Mana tilted her head, watching me. "Curious, isn't it? Maybe he can just come here whenever he—"

She stopped mid-sentence. Something changed.

The storm outside went silent. Not gradually. Instantly. The rain stopped. The thunder vanished. It was like someone had pressed mute on the world.

Then I heard it.

A voice.

A woman's voice, distant and close at the same time. It sounded like she was begging, but I couldn't make out a single word. It was like listening to a thousand overlapping whispers, all speaking at once, none of them clear enough to understand. The sound pressed against my head, sharp and overwhelming, like static that refused to settle.

I winced, bringing a hand to my temple.

Mana stood up so abruptly her glass slipped from her fingers and shattered on the floor. She didn't even look at it. Her eyes were locked on the window.

Dierella turned as well, her posture tightening.

"What the..." she muttered.

I followed their gaze. There was someone outside.

A figure, suspended in the air beyond the window. A woman holding an umbrella, unmoving despite the fact that there was no wind, no rain, nothing.

"Silk..." Mana whispered, her voice tight for the first time. "How?"

"How is she here?" Dierella took a step back, clearly shaken. "That's not possible."

"Get him out of here," Mana snapped, her composure cracking. "Now."

"I can't," Dierella shot back. "I didn't bring him here!"

My heart was pounding, but something pushed me forward anyway. Curiosity. Instinct. I didn't even think about it. I moved to the window and opened it. Cold air rushed in, though there was no storm anymore. Just stillness.

She was right there.

Silk.

Up close, she looked... unreal. Tall, elegant, her body framed by a long, glowing white dress that moved like it had a life of its own. A slit ran up her leg, revealing smooth skin, and her bare feet hovered inches above nothing.

Her hair fell in a long cascade, nearly reaching her knees. Raven black, smooth, untouched by the nonexistent wind. She always looked like this?

Her face was pale, almost too pale, and her eyes...

Red.

Not just red, but deep, glowing, with silver pupils that seemed to shimmer faintly. They looked tired. Ancient. Like they had seen too much.

She looked straight at me.

"Evan," she said softly.

Her voice cut through the noise in my head, clear and sharp.

"Please... remember me."

I blinked, confused. "What?"

"STOP IT!" Mana's voice cracked behind me. "GET HIM OUT!"

I turned, trying to ask what was going on, but before I could speak, Dierella's hand pressed against my forehead.

Everything went dark.

I woke up with a violent gasp, my body jerking upright as if I had been underwater and finally broke the surface. Sweat clung to my skin, my shirt damp, my breathing uneven and loud in the quiet room.

Morning light filtered through the curtains. Jasmine wasn't in bed. She must've already left for work.

"Holy fucking shit..." I muttered, dragging a hand down my face. "Silk... who the hell is she?"

The image of her wouldn't leave. Every time I blinked, I saw her again. Those eyes. That expression.

"Remember me," I repeated under my breath.

I swung my legs off the bed and stood up, my body still a little shaky. As soon as I opened the bedroom door, Minne appeared, like she had been waiting just outside.

"Master?" she asked, her voice full of concern.

She froze when she saw me properly. The sweat, the way I was breathing, the way I probably looked like I'd just run a marathon.

"Are you okay?"

"I... yeah... water," I managed. "Can you get me some water?"

"O-of course!"

I stumbled into the living room and tried to sit on the couch, but missed it entirely and ended up dropping onto the coffee table instead. I leaned forward, elbows on my thighs, head hanging as I tried to steady my breathing.

The memory wouldn't fade. Silk. Mana's reaction. Dierella's panic. What the hell was that?

Minne returned quickly, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder before lifting the glass to my lips. My hands were shaking too much to hold it, so she guided it for me, letting me drink slowly.

The cold water helped, at least a little. When I finished, I wiped my mouth and took a deeper breath, forcing myself to calm down.

"Thank you," I murmured.

She set the glass aside, her eyes still fixed on me. "What happened?"

"Just... a bad dream," I said, even though I knew that wasn't true. "I'm fine."

"Are you sure, Master?"

I nodded, finally lifting my head to look at her. "Yeah. I'm good."

She hesitated, then gave a small nod. "Alright. If you need anything..."

"I will," I said. "Thanks, Minne."

She stayed close for a moment longer, just to make sure I was okay, before stepping back.

I leaned back slightly, exhaling slowly. That wasn't just a dream. And Silk... whoever she was...

She knew me.



The Heart System - Chapter 540[1,112 words]

Chapter 540: Chapter 540

I stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray and leaned back on the stool, stretching my neck a little until it cracked. Before heading to the restaurant, I figured I'd stop by Stingy Ladies and check on Eleanor. My phone showed eight. The sun had been gone for a while now, and the city had settled a long time ago. Carrie had texted earlier; the meeting was set for nine thirty.

Plenty of time.

The bar was alive when I walked in, louder than usual. Music drifted from the small stage near the back, where a three-man band was playing something slow and bluesy. The guitarist sat on a stool, fingers moving lazily across the strings, while the drummer kept a soft, steady beat. The singer's voice carried through the room, low and rough, blending with the clinking of glasses and the hum of conversations.

Tables were packed. Some people leaned in close, talking over the music. Others just sat back and drank, letting the noise wash over them. A couple in the corner argued in hushed tones, while a group of guys near the stage cheered whenever the guitarist hit a clean riff. The air smelled like alcohol, cigarettes, and fried food, all mixed together into something heavy but familiar.

I took a seat at the counter, near the edge, and ordered a soda. Not exactly the drink of choice in a place like this, but I had to drive later.

From where I sat, I could see Eleanor moving between the tables. She carried a tray in one hand, her posture straight, her smile practiced. It didn't reach her eyes. Anyone paying attention could tell. She laughed when customers said something funny, nodded when they spoke, but there was something off about it. Like she was just going through the motions.

She was supposed to be resting. Charlotte had given her time off, but apparently that hadn't stuck. Of course it hadn't. Sitting alone with your thoughts after something like that? Yeah, no thanks.

A few minutes later, a voice yanked me out of my thoughts. "Drinking soda, man?"

Charlotte's voice pulled me out of it. She walked over, wiping down the counter in front of me with a cloth.

"At least get a beer or something," she added. "Support the place."

"Driving tonight," I said, tapping the side of the glass lightly.

"One beer won't kill you."

"Maybe not, but I'll stick to soda."

She shook her head like I had personally offended her, grabbed my empty bottle, and replaced it with a fresh one after popping the cap off. "You're boring."

"Been called worse."

I lit another cigarette, taking a drag before exhaling slowly. The smoke curled upward, disappearing into the already hazy air. I leaned forward, resting my elbow on the counter, my forehead pressing lightly against my palm. My eyes felt heavy.

Silk.

She was real. She had to be. That wasn't just some random dream my brain cooked up. And the way Mana and Dierella reacted... that wasn't normal. They were panicked. Actually panicked.

What the hell was she?

"You look like you're about to solve the meaning of life," Charlotte said, glancing at me.

"Just thinking."

"Dangerous habit."

"Yeah," I muttered. "How's Eleanor holding up?"

Charlotte followed my gaze toward the floor. Eleanor was handing a beer to a customer, nodding along to something he said.

"As you can see," Charlotte replied.

"Fucking Brok," I added under my breath.

"Who?"

"The guy who caused that mess yesterday. The one who took a swing at her. And Sophia."

Charlotte's expression tightened slightly. "Yeah. Him."

"Piece of shit."

A guy two stools down waved his hand impatiently. "Oi! Beer here!"

Charlotte sighed. "Coming."

I took another sip from my soda and glanced back again. Eleanor was heading toward the counter now, her tray empty. When our eyes met, she gave me a small smile. It was softer than the one she gave the customers. Real, at least a little.

She set the tray down and leaned on the counter, close enough that I could hear her over the music.

"I'm glad you came."

I let out a quiet breath. "Well, I'm not glad you came. You should be home."

She tilted her head slightly. "And do what? Sit there and overthink everything?"

"Better than this."

"Debatable." She gave a faint shrug. "At least here I can distract myself."

"By working?"

"By not being alone."

I didn't argue with that. Couldn't, really.

"Flawless logic," I said instead.

"Always," she replied, a hint of humor slipping through.

"Tray's ready!" one of the other girls called out from behind the counter.

Eleanor glanced back. Two beers, fresh ashtrays, and a couple plates of fries were already set.

She pushed herself upright. "Duty calls."

"Try not to overdo it."

"I won't, don't worry."

She grabbed the tray and moved off again, weaving through the tables with practiced ease. For a second, I just watched her go, my eyes trailing a little longer than they should have. Then I caught myself and looked away, taking another sip.

Enough wasting time.

I slid off the stool and pulled out some bills, placing them on the counter. Charlotte picked them up without a word, stuffing them away like she didn't even want to acknowledge me. Fair enough.

As I turned to leave, Eleanor looked back again from across the room. She lifted her hand in a small wave. I returned it with a nod.

"Leaving already?"

Sophia's voice came from behind me.

I turned and found her standing there, arms crossed, her posture as solid as ever. The bruise on her face was still faintly visible under the dim lights.

"Yeah," I said. "Got somewhere to be."

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "What about Brok?"

"I'll figure something out."

"Better do it fast," she replied. "If that bastard comes back and tries something again, I won't sit around waiting."

"What are you planning?"

She shrugged, but there was nothing casual about it. "I know people. Not the kind you want involved unless you have to."

"Don't," I said, a little more firmly than I intended. "Let me handle it."

"Then handle it," she shot back. "Before it gets worse."

I exhaled slowly. "I will."

She held my gaze for a second longer, then stepped aside.

"Good."

I walked toward the exit, the noise of the bar fading slightly with each step. The music, the chatter, the clinking glasses—all of it blurred together behind me.

Outside, the air was cooler, quieter. The city lights stretched out ahead, and somewhere out there was Jack Kuinn.

Tonight, that was my focus.



The Heart System - Chapter 541[1,014 words]

Chapter 541: Chapter 541

The elevator door slid open with a soft chime, pulled by one of the staff, and revealed the restaurant in a quiet, almost eerie calm. It wasn't completely empty, but close enough that every movement, every clink of glass or low murmur of conversation carried further than it should have. Soft music drifted through the space, something old, maybe from the fifties or sixties, the kind of song that tried to make everything feel relaxed and timeless.

Table eighteen sat near the window, untouched. No Carrie. No Jack. Good. I was early.

"Mr. Marlowe?" a waiter approached, posture straight, voice polite but measured. "This way, sir. Your table is ready."

"Thanks."

I followed him, my steps steady but my mind anything but. The chair gave a faint creak as I sat down. I leaned back slightly, scanning the place out of habit more than anything else.

It was nine past ten. Rain had started on the way here, light enough to ignore but persistent enough to coat the streets in a thin reflective sheen. Through the window beside me, the city lights blurred softly against the glass, each drop stretching them into streaks of color.

I exhaled slowly and rested my arm on the table, fingers tapping once before going still.

Jack Kuinn.

The name alone made my jaw tighten. The guy who thought blackmail was a game. The guy who thought he could corner Nala, push her into something she didn't want. I wasn't letting that happen. Not now. Not ever.

"Damn cunt..." I muttered under my breath.

"Sir?" A waitress approached, her tone careful. "Would you like to order anything while you wait?"

"Water," I answered without looking at the menu. "Just water."

"Right away, sir."

She walked off, heels clicking softly against the polished floor. I leaned forward slightly, resting my elbows on the table now, eyes drifting back to the window.

The rain traced lazy paths downward. Outside, a couple hurried past under a shared umbrella, their figures blurring together under the streetlight. For a moment, I found myself staring too long, mind drifting where it shouldn't.

Silk.

Her face flashed in my head again, pale, those red eyes, the way she looked at me like I was supposed to know her. Like I had forgotten something important.

I clenched my jaw and forced the thought away.

Not now.

The waitress returned with a glass of water, setting it down gently in front of me. "Here you go, sir."

"Thanks."

I took a sip, the cold grounding me a little. When I lowered the glass, I noticed it.

Eyes.

A couple of people, scattered across the restaurant, were looking at me. Not openly staring, but enough to notice. One guy near the bar. A woman seated alone near the far wall. Even a pair at a corner table. Subtle glances, quickly averted when I met them.

Recognition.

Right... I'd been here before. With Carrie.

"Getting famous, eh?"

I straightened slightly in my chair, rolling my shoulders back, trying to look like I belonged here more than anyone else. If they were watching, let them watch.

I checked the time on my phone.

Nine fifteen.

Still early.

My fingers drummed once against the glass before stopping again.

Jack Kuinn...

How the hell did he pull it off? A camera in Nala's office, placed so perfectly it caught everything. That wasn't luck. That was planning. Precision. Either he had help, or he was way more capable than he looked on paper.

And I needed to know which one.

Because if I was going to deal with him properly, I couldn't just walk in blind.

The elevator at the far end of the restaurant gave a soft ding. My head lifted instinctively.

Doors sliding open. Two figures stepped out.

First, Carrie.

My chest tightened before I could stop it.

She looked... composed. Too composed, honestly. Like she had wrapped herself back into that calm, controlled persona she always carried, the one that made it hard to read what she was actually thinking. Her posture was straight, chin slightly lifted, heels clicking softly but confidently against the floor as she stepped into the restaurant. Her hair was neat, her outfit sharp, like nothing in the world could shake her.

But I knew better than that.

Then the second figure stepped out behind her.

Jack Kuinn.

I narrowed my eyes slightly as I took him in.

He wasn't what most people would expect. He had a slender frame, almost delicate, with sharp features that leaned more toward pretty than traditionally masculine. His hair was styled with care, falling just enough to frame his face in a way that looked effortless but clearly wasn't. His clothes were fitted, clean, and intentionally chosen, leaning into that softer aesthetic without overdoing it. There was something androgynous about him, something that blurred the line just enough to make people look twice.

A femboy, sure, but not the harmless kind people joked about.

There was confidence in the way he moved, quiet and controlled. He didn't need to act big to feel dangerous.

His gaze swept across the room once, quick and calculating, taking everything in before settling on me.

Then he smiled.

It wasn't wide, and it definitely wasn't friendly. It was just enough to show that he already knew who I was and that he had been expecting this moment.

Carrie followed his line of sight, and for a brief second, our eyes met.

There was something there, a small flicker beneath her composed expression, something she didn't show anyone else in the room. It was gone almost immediately, replaced by that same calm, unreadable look.

They started walking toward me without hesitation, their steps steady and in sync, like this meeting had already been decided long before I even sat down.

I exhaled slowly, my fingers curling lightly around the glass before I let go. I straightened in my chair, squared my shoulders, and kept my eyes locked forward.

"Alright," I muttered under my breath, keeping my voice low and steady.

Here goes nothing.

The Heart System - Chapter 542[1,167 words]

Chapter 542: Chapter 542

They walked up to the table, both calm like this was just another casual meeting. I pushed my chair back and got up, extending my hand first to Carrie, then to Jack. Carrie's grip was firm and brief, her expression unreadable as always. Jack's handshake lingered a second longer than it should have, his fingers light but deliberate, like he was testing something.

He pulled out the chair for Carrie with a small, almost theatrical gesture. She sat down without a word, and he took his seat right after. I lowered myself back into mine, keeping my eyes on him.

A waiter started approaching, probably to take orders, but I raised a hand slightly without even looking at him. He understood the gesture immediately, gave a small nod, and walked away.

"I'll keep it simple," I said, voice steady. "Delete the videos, Jack."

He tilted his head slightly, lips curling into a faint smile. "Straight to business. I like that about him, Carrie."

"Nala isn't sending you anything," I went on, not taking my eyes off him. "So drop it and leave her alone."

Jack leaned back in his chair, crossing one leg over the other, completely at ease. "And why would I do that? I have a perfect opportunity here, Mr. Marlowe. It would be a waste not to use it."

"Because it's wrong?" I replied, my tone flat. "What kind of answer were you expecting?"

Carrie stepped in before he could respond. "Jack, why Nala?"

He let out a quiet chuckle, tapping his fingers lightly against the table. "It's not really about why. It's more like... why not. Because I can. Because I like her."

I frowned slightly. "So this is how you treat people you like?"

He gave a small shrug. "Sometimes, when the opportunity presents itself."

"Let it go, Jack," I said, leaning forward a bit. "I'm not going to repeat myself."

Carrie spoke again, her tone a little sharper this time. "He took down Guy, in case you didn't know. And he almost turned me into public enemy number one after that."

Jack let out a soft, mocking sound, something between a laugh and a scoff. "Oh, that's terrifying. Really. I'm shaking." He leaned forward then, resting his elbow on the table, bringing his face closer to mine. "But I think I'll take my chances, Mr. Marlowe."

"Are you sure about that?" I asked, holding his gaze. "You really want to go down that road?"

"I'm very sure," he replied without hesitation. His eyes didn't leave mine. "The real question is, are you?"

I held his stare for another second, then pushed my chair back and stood up.

"You'll find out," I said.

Neither of them stopped me.

I turned and walked straight toward the elevator, my steps steady even though my mind was already racing ahead. I didn't wait for a worker this time. I pressed the button myself, the doors sliding open with a quiet mechanical hum.

I stepped inside and hit the ground floor. As the doors began to close, I caught one last glimpse of them still sitting there, completely unbothered.

The doors shut, and I exhaled slowly, running a hand through my hair.

This wasn't something I could avoid anymore. It had already gone too far for that. Brok was one problem, and now Jack was another, and neither of them looked like they were going to back off on their own.

I leaned back against the wall of the elevator, staring at my reflection in the metal surface.

"Shit..." I muttered under my breath.

The doors opened a moment later, and I stepped out into the lobby, my jaw tightening as the weight of everything settled in. Damn, I was collecting enemies like fucking Pokemons.

Two idiots, one after the other.

I rolled my shoulders slightly and started walking toward the exit.

"Fine," I muttered, voice low but steady. "Let's see how far you want to take this."

△ △ △

Another day, another stretch of time stuck at home with nothing to do. I couldn't even pretend I hated it. Not working, not dealing with people, just lying around all day had its charm. It was comfortable in a lazy, dangerous way, the kind that slowly pulls you in before you even notice. Still, my brain wouldn't shut up. It kept circling the same things over and over again. Jack. Nala. Brok. That whole mess refused to leave me alone, and lying in bed, turning left and right like an idiot, wasn't helping one bit.

I let out a long breath and pushed myself up from the bed. "Yeah... this isn't working."

I walked into the bathroom and flicked the light on. The sudden brightness made me squint for a second. I grabbed my phone from the counter and checked the time. Ten in the morning. The girls were already gone for work, of course. Meanwhile, I was here doing absolutely nothing. Great.

I turned on the sink and leaned forward, splashing cold water onto my face a few times. It helped a little, enough to wake me up properly. Droplets ran down my cheeks and chin before I shut the water off and reached for a towel. I dried my face slowly, staring at my reflection for a second longer than I needed to. I looked tired. Not just sleepy, but worn out in that annoying way where your mind refuses to rest.

I stepped back into the bedroom and walked over to the window. Rain hammered against the glass, heavy and relentless. The sky was completely covered in dark clouds, the sun nowhere to be seen. The whole city looked washed out, gray and dull.

"Damn," I muttered.

Perfect weather to stay inside and rot.

I turned away from the window and walked out of the room, closing the door behind me with a soft click. The smell of food hit me almost immediately. Minne stood behind the kitchen counter with her back to me, focused on what she was doing. She was slicing cucumbers carefully, each piece neat and even. The TV in the living room was on, some weather report playing loudly enough to fill the space.

Mik was sprawled out on the single couch, completely still. Her eyes were closed, tail tucked close to her body, looking like she had zero intentions of moving anytime soon. Her food tray sat nearby, empty. Tessa's strict diet plan was clearly in effect. Honestly, it seemed to be working. Mik looked... better. Less like a walking blob and more like an actual animal. Good for her.

"Morning, Minne."

She flinched slightly, shoulders jumping as she turned around. "Oh! Sorry, you scared me, Master. Good morning!"

"Didn't mean to," I said as I walked toward the couches, glancing at the TV for a second before losing interest. "What are you making?"

"Chicken salad," she replied, turning back to the counter. "Mrs. Tessa wanted it, Master."

"Of course she did," I murmured.

The Heart System - Chapter 543[1,065 words]

Chapter 543: Chapter 543

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and noticed the battery was practically dead. With a quiet sigh, I walked over to the dining table and picked the charger up off the ground. The cable was slightly chewed, nothing too bad, but it wasn't supposed to be down there. Mik, probably. I plugged it into the outlet and connected it to my phone. The screen lit up faintly as it started charging. I dropped into one of the chairs, turning slightly so I could still see Minne while she worked.

"What's the cucumber for?"

She smiled faintly, glancing over her shoulder. "Breakfast for you, Master. It will be ready in a few minutes."

"Nice. I'll take it."

She went back to slicing, the steady rhythm of the knife against the cutting board filling the quiet space between us. For a moment, things felt... normal. Simple. No chaos, no problems, just a quiet morning with rain outside and food being made.

Minne hesitated for a second before speaking again. "Um... are you okay, Master?"

I raised an eyebrow slightly. "What do you mean?"

She tilted her head just enough to look at me again, her expression careful. "No more... bad nightmares?"

I let out a small chuckle and leaned back in the chair. "No, no. Nothing like that."

Not exactly a lie, but not the full truth either.

"I'm glad," she said softly, clearly relieved.

I nodded, watching her for a moment before letting my gaze drift toward the window again. The rain hadn't let up at all. If anything, it sounded heavier now, tapping against the glass like it had something to prove.

I rubbed the back of my neck and exhaled quietly.

"Yeah," I muttered to myself. "Let's just hope it stays that way."

Minne moved with quiet efficiency behind the counter, finishing up the last touches of breakfast. She placed a clean plate on the table first, then arranged a simple but neat spread. Sliced cucumbers lined one side, fresh and evenly cut. Next to them, she added a portion of chicken salad, lightly seasoned, the smell mild but inviting. A couple slices of toasted bread followed, still warm, and finally a small glass of juice she must've poured while I wasn't looking.

She stepped back slightly, hands clasped in front of her. "It's ready, Master."

"Thanks," I said, pulling the plate a little closer.

I picked up a slice of cucumber first and popped it into my mouth, the crunch cutting through the quiet. It wasn't anything fancy, but it was good. Simple, clean, exactly what I needed right now. I grabbed a fork and took a bite of the chicken salad, chewing slowly while staring blankly at the table.

For a moment, things felt still again.

Then my phone buzzed.

I glanced over my shoulder. The phone was still on the floor near the outlet, charging where I'd left it. The screen lit up, vibrating slightly against the ground.

Carrie.

Minne noticed it too. Her eyes shifted from me to the phone, then back again, curious but not saying anything.

I let out a quiet breath, grabbed another slice of cucumber, and stood up. I chewed as I walked over, crouching down to pick the phone up from the floor. The screen kept flashing her name.

I answered it.

"Carrie," I muttered.

"Morning," she replied. There was a slight pause before she continued. "Is it a bad time? You sound... off."

"Just eating," I said, swallowing the last piece. "What's up?"

"I wanted to ask what you're planning to do about Jack," she said. "Do you have anything in mind?"

I got up. "I'll handle him," I replied. "He'll regret crossing paths with me. Just like you did, I guess."

"Hey," she said, her tone softening a little. "I'm actually glad we crossed paths."

That caught me off guard for a second. I didn't react to it, though. I wasn't in the mood to unpack whatever that meant, so I let it slide like I hadn't really heard it.

"Anything else?" I asked.

"N-no," she answered quickly. "I just wanted to check on you. That's all."

"Alright," I said. "Thanks again for setting up the meeting. I'll talk to you later."

"Yeah... later."

I ended the call and stared at the screen for a second before letting my hand drop. Then I walked back to the table while rubbing my face.

I picked up my fork and continued eating like nothing happened.

Minne shifted slightly where she stood, clearly holding herself back before finally speaking. "Um... is everything okay, Master?"

"Yeah," I replied between bites. "Carrie called. She wanted to know if I had a plan for Jack."

Minne hesitated. "Do you... have one?"

I stopped for a second, fork hovering just above the plate. Then I gave a small nod, more to myself than to her.

"Yeah," I said quietly. "We'll see."



Apparently, Jack Kuinn had his hands in a lot of businesses around Uptown, and one of them happened to be a sex shop. Funny enough, I'd actually bought a few things from here months ago. Back then, it was just another place. Now, it felt like a lead.

From what Carrie told me, he stopped by here often... very often, to pick up... certain items. That alone made this place worth checking out.

I still remembered the pregnant worker. Layla. The same girl who had accidentally seen Carrie and me in that car. Thinking about it now made me cringe a little. She had seen way more than she should have. Still, she kept quiet, which I appreciated more than I probably ever said out loud. Things could've gotten messy otherwise.

I pushed the door open, a soft chime ringing above me as I stepped inside.

The shop was dimly lit, the kind of lighting that tried to be subtle but ended up making everything feel a little more intimate than necessary. Shelves lined the walls, filled with neatly arranged boxes, bottles, and packages with suggestive branding. Some items were displayed openly behind glass cases, others tucked away more discreetly. There were mannequins in the corner wearing lingerie, posed in ways that clearly weren't accidental. A faint scent of something sweet lingered in the air, probably from candles or oils they sold.

Near the middle of the shop, I spotted her.

The Heart System - Chapter 544[1,023 words]

Chapter 544: Chapter 544

Layla was crouched down, struggling with a stack of boxes. She was trying to lift one, but it looked heavier than she expected. From where I stood, I had a clear view of her posture, and yeah... she wasn't exactly dressed to hide anything.

She wore a tight, sleeveless top that clung to her figure, stretching slightly over her belly, and a pair of short, fitted shorts that rode up just enough to draw attention. The fabric hugged her curves in a way that felt intentional, even if she wasn't trying to show off. Even from the side, the shape of her full tits were noticeable, the neckline dipping just enough to make it hard not to look.

"Let me," I said as I walked up to her.

I reached down and took the box from her hands before she could protest. It was heavier than it looked, but manageable.

She looked up at me with a small smile at first, still crouched on the floor. Then recognition hit, and her expression shifted to surprise.

"Where?" I asked, adjusting my grip.

"Huh?"

"Where do you want me to put this?"

"Oh... uh, behind the counter," she said, pointing.

I carried the box over and set it down carefully behind the counter. When I turned back, she had already gotten up and followed me, one hand resting lightly on her belly as she walked.

There was a brief pause between us. Yeah, it was a little awkward.

"Uh... done?" I asked.

"Yeah," she nodded. "Thanks. I appreciate it. So... how can I help you?"

"By talking," I said, leaning slightly against the counter. "I'm not here to buy anything, Layla."

Her brows lifted slightly. "You remember my name."

"Evan," I replied, pointing to myself. "Nice to meet you. Again."

She gave a small, uncertain smile. "If you're here about Carrie Beldenwary, I'm not going to tell anyone what I saw."

"What? No," I shook my head quickly. "That's not why I'm here. I just need to ask you something."

"Okay..." she said slowly.

She walked behind the counter and sat down on an old stool, adjusting the height with a small lever before settling in. She leaned one elbow on the counter, studying me carefully now, more cautious than before.

"Jack Kuinn," I said.

Her expression shifted instantly.

"I heard he comes here often."

"The shop is his," she replied. "He paid off my debt. If it wasn't for him, I'd still be stuck in that motel."

"So you give him a cut?"

"Twenty percent," she said. "It's fair, considering everything. But why are you asking about him?"

I stepped a little closer to the counter, lowering my voice slightly.

"I need to know more about him," I said. "Anything you can tell me."

She frowned immediately. "Like what?"

"Just... how he operates. When he comes here. Who he talks to. Anything, really."

"No," she said firmly, shaking her head. "I'm not getting involved in whatever this is."

I held her gaze. "I'm not asking you to get involved. Just information. That's it."

"What are you after?" she asked, her tone sharper now. "Because this doesn't sound like curiosity."

I didn't answer right away. I just looked at her, weighing how much I should say.

Then I exhaled quietly.

"He's causing problems," I said. "For someone I deeply care about."

Layla didn't respond immediately. She just watched me, her expression unreadable now, trying to figure out if I was telling the truth or dragging her into something she didn't want any part of.

Persuasion Attempt: Layla

□□□□□

Remaining Chances: 0/5

Good. Honeyed Words triggered. I'd dumped so many points into this skill for moments exactly like this. I had five chances total, five metaphorical boxes to fill, and I only needed four to break her resolve. That meant I had a buffer; I could play it safe, pick the least risky path, and weave the truth around her like a spiderweb

Attempting Persuasion

"I'm just asking a
simple question, Layla."

Base Chance: 50%

Honeyed Words: +55%

Final Chance: 105%

Upon Succeeding:

Wow, over a hundred? The Honeyed Words skill wasn't something I could rely on numbers for. Each person had their own resistance to it, and every option came with different odds. Guess I was just lucky that Layla was easy to talk to... well, or, break to.

"I'm just asking a simple question, Layla."

"I know," she replied. "But Jack is my customer—and the owner of this establishment."

Nice. One box checked. This was going smoothly.

Attempting Persuasion

"Listen to me, Layla. Jack...

he's been trying to blackmail

my friend."

Base Chance: 50%

Honeyed Words: +45%

Final Chance: 95%

Upon Succeeding:

"Listen to me, Layla. Jack... he's been trying to blackmail my friend."

"Blackmail? I... are you sure?"

"Yes. Blackmailing into sending her nudes."

"I don't... I..."

Persuasion Attempt: Layla

☑☑☐☐☐

Remaining Chances: 2/5

Two more, and it'd be over. Since my chances were actually high, I decided to go for the riskiest option, the one that could check off two boxes at once.

A translucent box with the medium-risk option appeared beside her, hovering in the air. Oh, boy. This one was long and a little threatening. I had no idea why it still showed a ninety percent chance. It was clearly bullshit... but Layla was scared. And the system knew that. Crushing Presence probably helped, too.

"And that 'friend' is named... Carrie Beldenwary, Layla. She sent me here to get some information from you. Do you have any idea what she'd do to you if you don't talk?" I asked. "Do you have any idea what's hiding beneath that public 'loveball,' Layla?"

"I'm..."

Nice. Four out of five boxes checked.

"Tell me everything you know about her, Layla," I said. "For your sake and your baby's."

"O-okay, okay," she muttered. "I'll talk. What do you want to know?"

I didn't hesitate.

"Everything," I replied, leaning both hands on the counter. "Start with the basics. How often does he come here?"

The Heart System - Chapter 545 [1,057 words]

Chapter 545: Chapter 545

Layla shifted slightly on the stool, thinking. "Once or twice a week. Sometimes more. He doesn't always buy a lot, but he comes by often."

"Alone?"

"Most of the time," she said, then paused.

I caught that immediately. "Most of the time?"

Her fingers tapped lightly against the counter again. "Sometimes he brings someone."

"Who?"

"I don't know his name," she admitted quickly. "He never introduced him or anything."

"That's fine," I said. "Describe him."

She took a breath, trying to recall. "Taller than Jack. Lean... but not weak. Dark hair, kind of messy, like he doesn't care much about fixing it. His face was sharper than Jack's. More serious."

I nodded slowly. I could already picture the guy.

"And how do they act?" I asked. "Like business partners? Friends?"

Layla shook her head almost immediately. "No. Not like that."

"Then what?"

She hesitated again, then finally said it. "Closer."

I leaned in just a bit. "Closer how?"

"They don't touch much," she explained, choosing her words carefully. "Not in an obvious way. But they stay near each other the whole time. Jack talks softer around him. And that guy... he watches everything. Mostly Jack."

"Watches him how?"

"Like he cares," she said quietly.

That was enough.

"So not just a friend," I concluded. "A boyfriend."

Layla looked uneasy, but she nodded. "That's what it feels like, yeah."

I let that sit for a second, then pressed further.

"Then why hide it?" I asked. "Jack doesn't seem like the type to be shy about anything."

"It's not about him," she said quickly. "It's his family."

I raised an eyebrow. "Explain."

She shifted again, then leaned forward slightly, lowering her voice even though we were alone. "His parents are big in charity circles," she said. "Like, really big. They organize events, donate money, help churches raise funds... that kind of thing. People know them."

"Religious?" I asked.

"Very," she nodded. "Strict, too. The kind that talks about morals all the time. Image matters to them. A lot."

I let out a quiet breath through my nose. "And having a son with a boyfriend wouldn't fit that image."

"Not even a little," Layla said. "If that got out? It would mess things up for them. The charities, the reputation... everything."

"So he keeps it quiet," I muttered.

"Yeah," she said. "They're careful when they come here. No public displays, no names, nothing that could trace back to him. If you didn't pay attention, you wouldn't even think twice."

I nodded slowly, piecing it together.

Jack Kuinn. Clean public image through his family. Private life completely different. And a secret he clearly didn't want out. That wasn't just useful. That was leverage.

I looked back at her. "Anything else? Something small, something odd, anything you remember."

Layla thought for a few seconds, then shook her head. "No... that's really it. He comes, buys what he wants, leaves. And when that guy's with him, they just... stay close."

I studied her for another moment, then straightened up.

"Alright," I said.

She looked at me cautiously, like she was waiting for something else. Instead, I nodded once.

"Thanks," I added. "You helped more than you think."

She blinked, a bit surprised by that.

"I... just told you what I saw," she said.

"Exactly," I replied. "And that's enough."

I stepped back from the counter, adjusting my jacket slightly.

"Sorry for pushing earlier," I went on. "Had to make sure you didn't shut me out."

She let out a small breath. "Yeah... I figured."

I gave her one last look. "Take care of yourself, alright? And... be careful around him."

Her hand instinctively rested on her belly again. "I will."

I nodded, then turned and walked toward the door. The bell chimed softly as I pushed it open and stepped out into the street.

Now I had something real on Jack.

Something he wouldn't want anyone else to know.

△ △ △

The elevator doors slid open, but I didn't step out right away. I just stood there for a moment, arms crossed, leaning back against the glass wall as I rubbed my face. My eyes felt heavy, my head even heavier. I was tired, yeah, no point denying that. But stopping now wasn't really an option.

The doors closed again with a soft hum, and the lights dimmed slightly as the elevator began moving.

Jack Kuinn. Religious parents. Charity faces. Clean reputation. And somewhere behind all that, a carefully hidden relationship he didn't want anyone to see. If that got out, it wouldn't just be awkward for him, it would tear through that polished image his family built. The kind of thing people whispered about at those charity events, the kind of thing that stuck.

The real issue wasn't knowing anymore. It was proving it.

I exhaled slowly, letting my head rest back against the glass. "How the hell do I get evidence..." I muttered under my breath.

I didn't even know where the guy lived. Couldn't exactly knock on his door and ask him to pose for a picture with his boyfriend. Following him might work, though. Someone who knew how to stay out of sight, someone who didn't mind getting their hands dirty.

Cora came to mind almost instantly.

"Ugh..." I groaned, pushing myself off the glass as the elevator slowed to a stop again.

The doors opened automatically. Something felt... off for a second. Not something I could point at, just a faint shift in the air, like walking into a room that had been empty a second ago but suddenly wasn't. I frowned slightly, then shook it off. I was tired. That had to be it.

I stepped out, pulled my keycard from my pocket, and walked up to the door. A quick swipe, a soft click, and I pushed it open.

Then I froze.

Mana.

She was standing right there in front of me like she had always been there, like she hadn't just appeared out of nowhere. Same short dress that barely did its job, same unreadable expression on her face. Calm. Neutral. Like none of this meant anything to her.

I shut the door behind me slowly, my grip tightening on the handle for a second before I let go.

"Mana..." I said, narrowing my eyes slightly. "What are you doing here?"

The Heart System - Chapter 546[1,149 words]

Chapter 546: Chapter 546

She didn't move. Didn't even blink.

"You made me spend a good amount of my power, Evan," she said, her voice flat and controlled. "Getting you out of that realm wasn't easy."

My jaw tightened.

"Silk," I said immediately. "Who is she?"

She ignored the question like I hadn't even spoken.

"You've been penalized," she continued. "I came here to inform you. Nothing more."

"Penalized?" I repeated, frowning. "For what?"

"Goodbye, Henrik."

And just like that, she was gone. No flash, no sound. One second she was there, the next she wasn't. I stared at the spot she had been standing in, my mind trying to catch up.

"What the fuck?"

Penalized? For what, exactly? Because I saw Silk? Because I got too close to something I wasn't supposed to understand? The way both her and Dierella reacted back there... yeah, they were scared. Not annoyed, not irritated. Actually scared.

That alone told me enough.

Then the system flickered into view.

Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

EXP: 0 / 31500

[██████████]

Current Credits: 0

Current SC: 225

"Ah, you've got to be kidding me."

All my experience. Gone. Credits too.

I exhaled sharply and tapped into my stats, the translucent panel popping up in front of me.

CURRENT STATS

◆ Strength: 30

↳ Crushing Presence (████████)

◆ Charm: 20

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (████████)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

↳ Seductive Allure (□)

◆ Libido: 20

↳ Endless Vigor (□□□□)

◆ Pleasure: 40 (+50)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (████████)

◆ Luck: 10

◆ Passive Skill: On a Roll

o Unused Ability Points

"All my points..." I muttered, running a hand through my hair.

She didn't just slap my wrist. She went all in.

I let out a long breath and walked into the living room, dropping myself onto the couch. My legs stretched out, feet landing on the coffee table as I leaned back, staring up at the ceiling for a second.

All this... just because I got close to Silk.

"Great," I muttered under my breath.

Outside, the storm had completely cleared. The sky was dark but calm now, the kind of quiet that followed after chaos. This city never knew what it wanted. One moment it was tearing itself apart, the next it acted like nothing happened.

"Master."

I turned my head slightly as Minne stepped out of the hallway, a cloth still in her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I was cleaning the windows. I didn't hear you come in."

"It's fine," I replied, waving it off. "Come here. Sit with me."

"Of course, Master."

She walked over and sat beside me, careful at first, then relaxed as I draped an arm over her shoulder and pulled her closer. She leaned into me almost immediately, resting her head against my chest. I could feel the warmth of her through my shirt, the slight tension in her body easing as I rubbed her shoulder.

I pressed a light kiss to the top of her head and exhaled, my gaze drifting toward the floor.

"How was your day, huh?" I asked.

"It was good, Master," she answered softly. "How was yours?"

"Eh... it was something," I said. "You mentioned cleaning the windows?"

She nodded against me. "Yes, Master."

"At this hour?" I raised an eyebrow.

She let out a small, embarrassed sigh. "It was Mik. Mrs. Tessa gave her wet food, and she stepped right into it, then ran into my room. There were paw prints everywhere."

I snorted quietly. "Little idiot."

Before Minne could respond, Tessa's voice cut in from the hallway.

"Well, look who's back," she said, leaning around the corner with a lazy grin. "Man of the house. What's up, stud?"

"All good," I replied with a small shrug. "You didn't sleep?"

She walked in, stretching as she moved toward the single couch before dropping onto it sideways, her legs dangling off the edge. "Nah. Had coffee like half an hour ago."

I blinked at her. "You drank coffee... before trying to sleep?"

"I didn't plan to sleep," she shot back, grabbing the remote and turning the TV on. "I just wanted coffee. Now I can't sleep. It happens."

I shook my head, a faint smile tugging at my lips despite everything.

"Hope there's something decent on," she added, flipping through channels.

Minne shifted slightly against me, and for a moment, things felt... normal. Which was funny, considering everything that just went down.

We'd been flipping through channels for what felt like forever, bored out of our minds. A few minutes later, Jasmine and Kim emerged from the master bedroom, both wearing sheet masks that gave their faces a ghostly sheen. Their nails gleamed with fresh black polish. They barely glanced my way at first, chatting casually as they drifted toward the living room.

"I love this color," Kim murmured, admiring her hands.

"Right?" Jasmine agreed, tilting her head. "It's black, but... kinda grayish too. Mysterious."

Kim paused mid-step, then continued with a small laugh. "Oh. Evan. Didn't even notice you there."

"Hey," I muttered, offering a half-smile. "You two look good."

Jasmine dropped onto the double couch and stretched out along the armrest, curling her legs comfortably. Kim settled beside her, crossing her legs and pulling out her phone to scroll idly.

"Met up with Jack?" Jasmine asked, voice light.

"Hmm." I shrugged. "Turns out Jack has a boyfriend. And his parents are super religious."

"Best combo ever," Kim chuckled without looking up from her screen. "Wow."

"I gotta track down that boyfriend."

"Blackmailing the blackmailer," Tessa added from her spot, a sly edge in her tone. "An eye for an eye, right?"

"Exactly."

"God, I can't sleep at all," Jasmine sighed, shifting restlessly. "Why did we even drink that coffee?"

"Hey, I offered," Tessa shot back, defensive but playful. "You said yes. I didn't twist your arm."

Tessa exhaled sharply and clicked off the TV, nothing worth watching anyway. Then she turned to me, eyes darkening with that familiar, hungry look I knew all too well.

"We might as well burn off this energy," she purred, her voice dropping low. "What do you girls think?"

The others exchanged quick glances—even Minne perked up. Kim gave a slow nod. "Yeah. Otherwise we'll be staring at the ceiling all night."

"So... what's the plan?" Tessa asked, rising to her feet with deliberate grace. "Jog outside? Hit the hotel gym?"

"Or..." Jasmine's gaze slid over to me, lingering. "We could work it out doing... something else entirely."

I couldn't help grinning. "Wow."

Tessa bit her lower lip as she crossed the room toward me. "I've got an idea."

"Something naughty, I hope?" I teased.

"Oh, cowboy..." She stopped right in front of me, voice husky. "Way worse than naughty. Very, very, very worse."

The Heart System - Chapter 547[1,014 words]

Chapter 547: Chapter 547

Minne straightened on the couch, her cheeks flushing as a shy little smile tugged at her lips. Jasmine and Kim stood too, stretching languidly. Jasmine peeled off her face mask first, then Kim, both crumpling the sheets and heading to the kitchen to toss them in the trash.

"Well," I said softly, heat already stirring low in my gut, "I'm definitely on board with that idea."

Tessa slid straight onto my lap. She grabbed the collar of my t-shirt, tugging me closer, and pressed a deep, teasing kiss to my mouth. "Oh, I bet you are," she whispered against my lips.

I smirked and rose, gripping Tessa firmly by the waist. She chuckled softly, locking her legs around me as our mouths met again in a hungry kiss. I carried her the few steps to the couch and laid her down, her legs dangling off the edge, chest rising and falling with quick breaths. My hands moved quickly, I tugged her t-shirt over her head, then peeled her pants down her legs, leaving her in nothing but a black bra and matching panties.

Jasmine stepped up behind me, her fingers helping yank my shirt off. I shoved my pants and boxers down, freeing my cock. Precum already dripped onto Tessa's panties. Minne's eyes met mine, her face flushed deep red with embarrassment.

I smiled and gently grabbed her leg, pulling her closer on the couch. "Suck it, honey."

"Y-yes, Master," she whispered.

Minne slid to her knees on the floor, letting out a shaky breath that ghosted warm over my cock. She wrapped her fingers around the base, opened her mouth. Tessa then laughed from where she lay and reached over, placing a hand on top of Minne's head with a wicked grin.

"Do it the way I showed you, you dork of a maid."

"Um... o-okay."

Minne gulped, then spat directly onto my cock. The sudden move surprised me—I didn't expect that from her. She rubbed the spit along my length with her hand before taking me into her mouth, bobbing slowly at first, then finding a rhythm. Damn, she was already getting better.

"That's right..." I groaned, watching her. "Get my dick nice and wet for Tessa."

"Y-yeshh..."

Jasmine crouched beside Minne with a low chuckle, then leaned in underneath and started licking my balls. Meanwhile, Kim stood to my left, stripping slowly, peeling off each piece of clothing one by one. The sight of all three of them like this was almost too much.

Once fully naked, Kim stepped close, rose onto her toes, and kissed me hard. Our lips crashed together while Jasmine worked my balls and Minne sucked me with growing desperation. Barely five or ten seconds later, a notification flashed in my vision.

- Critical Success: Jasmine

"OH..." Jasmine moaned loudly. "FUUUCK!"

Her body shuddered as she came hard, her pants suddenly soaked. Tessa burst into laughter the moment Jasmine's orgasm faded, the sound filling the room. Jasmine panted heavily, forehead pressed against my thigh while she tried to catch her breath. She had just come from licking my balls alone. This Luck skill was fucking insane. I definitely needed to dump more points into it.

"Just from sucking his balls?" Tessa teased, still laughing. "Girl, you are way too easy."

"S-shut up," Jasmine shot back breathlessly. "I don't know what happened..."

"Was it really that tasty?" Kim asked, pulling away from our kiss with a smirk. "Wow. You really are easy, Jasmine."

Jasmine let out a weak groan. "Shut uuuup."

I looked at Minne... fuck, she was so cute.

"That's enough, honey," I said gently, sliding my fingers through Minne's soft hair and easing her mouth off my cock. A wet pop echoed as her swollen lips released me, a shiny string of saliva still connecting her tongue to the throbbing head. She looked up at me with those big, glassy eyes, breathing hard, lips glistening. "Good girl. Now be a sweet little maid and slide Tessa's panties to the side for me."

Minne's cheeks burned even deeper as she nodded quickly. "Y-yes, Master..." Still on her knees, she crawled the short distance between Tessa's dangling legs. With trembling fingers she hooked the edge of the black fabric and gently pulled it aside, exposing Tessa's smooth, dripping pussy completely. The swollen lips parted slightly, shiny with arousal, her clit peeking out and a thin trail of wetness already leaking down toward the couch cushion.

"Fuck, look at that pretty cunt," I said, stepping closer. Tessa's chest rose and fell rapidly, her eyes locked on mine with pure hunger. I bent my knees, gripping the base of my cock and rubbing the thick, precum-smear head up and down her slick slit, teasing her entrance and swollen clit until she squirmed and let out a frustrated whimper.

"Stop playing around and fuck me already, cowboy," Tessa demanded, voice husky and impatient.

I didn't wait any longer. With one smooth, firm thrust I pushed inside her, burying half my length into her tight, scorching heat. Tessa gasped sharply, her back arching off the couch as her walls clenched hard around me.

"Shit... you're so fucking tight and... oh, shit, so wet," I groaned, gripping her hips tighter. I pulled back slowly until just the tip remained inside, then slammed forward again, driving deeper this time until I bottomed out with a loud, wet slap of skin against skin. Tessa moaned loudly, her legs instinctively wrapping around my waist to pull me even closer.

"Yes! Fuck, Evan—your cock feels so good stretching me," she cried out, nails digging into my shoulders. "So thick... I can feel every fucking vein."

I started thrusting steadily, deep and hard, each stroke making her breasts bounce inside her bra. The obscene wet sounds of my cock plunging into her soaked pussy filled the room. Minne stayed right there on her knees, obediently holding Tessa's panties to the side with one hand while she watched every inch of my shaft disappear inside her friend, breathing fast and squirming with obvious need.

The Heart System - Chapter 548[1,611 words]

Chapter 548: Chapter 548

Jasmine, still flushed and panting from her earlier orgasm, quickly stripped out of the rest of her clothes. She tossed her shirt and soaked pants aside, revealing her perky tits and smooth skin, then dropped back down behind me completely naked. Without hesitation she leaned in and resumed licking and sucking my balls, her warm tongue swirling eagerly over the sensitive skin while I kept pounding into Tessa.

Kim, already fully naked, pressed her warm body against my side. Her hard nipples brushed my arm as she rose onto her toes again and kissed me deeply, her tongue sliding into my mouth. One of her hands roamed down to squeeze my ass, urging me to fuck Tessa even harder.

"God, you're destroying her pussy," Kim whispered hotly against my lips between kisses. "Listen to how wet she is for you. That pussy is creaming all over your thick cock."

I groaned into Kim's mouth and picked up the pace, slamming into Tessa with more force. The couch creaked under us. Tessa's moans grew louder and more desperate with every thrust.

"Harder, Evan—please fuck me harder!" Tessa begged, her voice breaking. "I want to feel you so deep... yes, just like that! You're hitting my spot—fuck, own this pussy!"

Minne's free hand timidly reached up, gently cupping and fondling my balls alongside Jasmine's eager tongue, adding another layer of wet heat and pleasure. Jasmine moaned softly against my sack, clearly loving the way it tightened with each powerful thrust into Tessa.

I kept driving into Tessa relentlessly, the angle perfect for hitting that sensitive spot inside her over and over. Her inner walls fluttered and squeezed around my cock, her juices coating me completely and dripping down to my balls where Jasmine and Minne licked and sucked them clean with hungry little sounds.

"You love getting railed right in front of your girls, don't you?" I said down at Tessa, one hand sliding up to pinch and tug her nipple through the thin bra. "Look at them—Minne holding your panties aside like a perfect little maid, Jasmine licking my balls while I fuck you, and Kim kissing me. Such a dirty slut for my cock."

Tessa's eyes rolled back, a broken moan tearing from her throat. "Yes... fuck yes I do! I love them watching you wreck my tight cunt. Don't stop—please, I'm so close already!"

Kim moved from my lips to Tessa's neck, sucking and biting lightly at the sensitive skin while her fingers reached down to rub firm, fast circles over Tessa's swollen clit. Minne stayed perfectly in place, eyes glued to where my cock stretched Tessa open, her own thighs pressed tightly together as she rocked subtly with arousal.

Jasmine pulled back from my balls just long enough to pant, "She's dripping everywhere... your cock looks so fucking good splitting her open." Then she dove right back in, sucking one of my balls into her warm mouth while her fingers teased the sensitive skin behind them.

The combined sensations pushed everything higher—Minne's shy but eager touches, Jasmine's hungry mouth working my balls, Kim's tongue on Tessa's neck and her fingers on her clit, and Tessa's pussy gripping and fluttering around me like it never wanted to let go. I fucked her faster, harder, the wet slapping sounds growing frantic and loud.

"Cum for me, Tessa," I commanded roughly, voice thick with lust. "Let your friends watch how hard you cum on my cock like a good little slut."

Tessa's entire body suddenly tensed. Her walls clamped down around me in powerful, rhythmic spasms as her orgasm hit her hard. "Oh my god... Evan! I'm cumming—fuck, I'm cumming so fucking... OH FUCK, so hard!"

She cried out loudly, back bowing sharply off the couch, her pussy gushing around my cock as wave after wave crashed through her. Her legs shook violently around my waist, juices flooding out with every pulse. I kept thrusting steadily through her climax, drawing it out as long as possible while she moaned and gasped beneath me, completely lost in pleasure.

Finally her body went limp against the couch, chest heaving, a dazed and satisfied smile spreading across her flushed face. I stayed buried deep inside her, my cock still rock hard and throbbing, but I held back. I wasn't ready to cum yet—I wanted to enjoy every single one of them first.

I pulled out of Tessa with a wet sound, my shaft glistening with her juices. Without wasting a second, I reached down and grabbed Minne firmly by the waist. She let out a surprised little gasp as I lifted her easily, her lightweight body trembling in my grip.

"Up you go, honey," I murmured, turning her around. I positioned her directly on top of Tessa, who was still lying flat on her back on the couch. Minne ended up in a perfect stacked position, her chest pressed against Tessa's, their breasts squishing together, while her ass faced me, raised and presented like an offering. Her legs straddled Tessa's hips, knees sinking into the cushions on either side.

Minne whimpered softly, face buried in Tessa's neck from embarrassment. "M-Master... like this?"

"Exactly like this," I smiled, running my hands over her smooth ass cheeks. "I want to fuck you while you're lying on top of her."

Tessa grinned wickedly beneath her, hands sliding up to grip Minne's waist. "Look at this cute little maid all stacked up for you. Her pussy is already dripping onto my stomach."

I lined up my cock with Minne's tight entrance, the head nudging against her soaked folds. She was even wetter than I expected, her juices coating me instantly. With one slow, deliberate push, I sank the first few inches into her, feeling her walls stretch around my thickness.

"Ahh—! Master... it's so big..." Minne moaned, her voice muffled against Tessa's skin.

"Fuck, you're tight," I groaned, gripping her hips harder as I pushed deeper, inch by inch, until my cock was buried to the hilt inside her. The position made her feel even snuggler. I gave her a moment to adjust before I started moving, pulling back slowly and thrusting back in with a firm slap.

Tessa reached down between them and spread Minne's ass cheeks wide apart with both hands, fully exposing her stretched pussy and tight little hole to me. "That's it... look how nicely her cunt swallows your cock. Such a good girl taking every inch."

I slapped Minne's ass hard, the sharp sound ringing out as her cheek jiggled. "You like being fucked on top of Tessa like this, don't you? Like a little stacked toy for me to use."

"Y-yes, Master!" Minne cried out, her body rocking between us with every thrust. "It feels so deep... I can feel you so much..."

I picked up the pace, fucking her with long, powerful strokes. Each thrust pushed her body forward, pressing her harder against Tessa. The wet, filthy sounds of my cock plunging into her dripping pussy filled the room. Jasmine and Kim watched hungrily from the sides, both still fully naked, their hands occasionally roaming over their own bodies or reaching out to touch us.

Jasmine moved closer, kneeling beside the couch so she could lean in and lick along my balls again while I fucked Minne from behind. Her tongue was warm and eager, swirling over my sack with every thrust. Kim stayed on the other side, leaning in to kiss Minne's shoulder and neck, whispering dirty encouragement.

"Listen to how wet she is," Kim purred. "Her little maid pussy is creaming all over your cock. Fuck her harder, Evan. Make her moan into Tessa's tits."

Tessa kept Minne's ass spread wide, occasionally slapping the other cheek with a sharp crack. "Such a naughty maid... getting fucked right on top of me. Does it feel good, Minne? Having Master's thick cock stretching your tight cunt while I hold you open like this?"

Minne could barely speak, only managing broken whimpers and moans. "Yes... ahh... it feels so good... I'm so full..."

I gripped Minne's waist tighter, pounding into her faster. The stacked position let me drive deep, the head of my cock hitting her sensitive spots with every stroke. Her juices leaked out around my shaft, dripping down onto Tessa's stomach and pussy below.

"Fuck, you're clenching so hard around me," I groaned, landing another firm slap on her ass. "This pussy was made for my cock. You're such a perfect little fucktoy, Minne. Taking me so deep while your friends watch."

Tessa laughed breathlessly and slapped Minne's ass again, harder this time. "Hear that? Master's calling you his fucktoy. You love it, don't you? Your slutty little pussy is gushing because of it."

"I... I do..." Minne gasped, her voice trembling with pleasure. "I love being your toy... please don't stop fucking me, Master!"

Jasmine sucked one of my balls into her mouth, humming softly as she worked it with her tongue, adding constant wet stimulation while I railed Minne. Kim moved up and captured Minne's lips in a messy kiss, swallowing her moans while her hand reached under to play with Minne's bouncing breasts, pinching her nipples.

I kept thrusting, the couch creaking under the combined weight. Sweat started to bead on my skin from the effort, but the sight of Minne stacked on top of Tessa, ass rippling with every impact, kept me going. Tessa continued spreading her cheeks, occasionally spitting on my cock as it slid in and out to make everything even wetter and filthier.

"Deeper, Master... please..." Minne begged between kisses with Kim. "I want to feel you all the way inside..."

The Heart System - Chapter 549[1,100 words]

Chapter 549: Chapter 549

"You're going to cum for me like this," I said, angling my hips to hit that perfect spot inside her with every thrust. "I want to feel this tight pussy milking my cock while you fall apart on top of Tessa."

Minne's moans grew higher and more desperate. Her walls started fluttering wildly around me, squeezing tighter with every stroke. Tessa kept slapping her ass rhythmically, the sharp smacks mixing with the wet sounds of fucking.

"That's it, baby," Tessa cooed, spreading her even wider. "Cum on his cock. Show Master how good your little maid pussy feels when you cum."

Jasmine licked faster along my balls, her tongue pressing firmly while Kim pinched Minne's nipples harder. The overwhelming stimulation finally pushed Minne over the edge.

"I'm... I'm cumming—Master!" Minne cried out loudly, her whole body shaking violently on top of Tessa. Her pussy clenched and spasmed around my cock in powerful waves, gushing fresh juices that soaked both her and Tessa below. She buried her face in Tessa's neck, moaning and whimpering through her orgasm as her hips twitched uncontrollably.

I groaned deeply, feeling my own climax building fast from the intense squeezing of her orgasm. My balls tightened, cock throbbing hard inside her as I kept thrusting through her release, drawing it out as long as possible. The pressure was mounting quickly, I was getting dangerously close, every muscle tensing as I fought to hold back.

But I wasn't ready to cum yet. I slowed my thrusts just enough to keep myself right on the edge, savoring the way Minne's pussy continued to flutter and milk me while she came down from her high, panting and trembling between us.

Tessa suddenly lifted one leg, her bare foot pressing firmly against my chest. With a playful but strong push, she shoved me backward. "My turn to watch you get used, cowboy."

I stumbled back, cock slipping out of Minne with a wet pop, and dropped heavily onto the low coffee table behind me. The wood creaked under my weight as I landed on my ass, legs spread wide. Before I could even steady myself, Jasmine moved like lightning. She swung one leg over me and straddled my lap, facing me. Her soft, perky tits pressed

directly against my chest as she settled down, her soaked pussy lips kissing the head of my cock.

"Finally," Jasmine breathed, voice thick with need. She reached between us, grabbed my slick shaft, and guided it to her entrance. With a single smooth drop of her hips, she sank down, taking every inch of me in one go. "Fuuuck... yes..."

Her tight walls gripped me perfectly, hot and dripping. She wasted no time, immediately starting to ride me with eager, rolling movements, her ass bouncing in my lap.

Kim walked around behind the coffee table, her naked body brushing against my back. She grabbed my head with both hands, fingers threading into my hair, and tilted my face upward forcefully. "Look at me," she ordered, her voice low and commanding. Then she leaned down and crushed her mouth to mine in a deep, hungry kiss. Our moans spilled into each other's mouths as Jasmine began jumping harder on my cock, the wet slapping sounds growing louder with every bounce.

"Mmmph—" I groaned into Kim's kiss, my hands instinctively gripping Jasmine's waist to help guide her frantic riding. Jasmine's tits dragged against my chest with every rise and fall, her hard nipples rubbing over my skin.

Kim broke the kiss just enough to speak against my lips. "That's it... let her fuck herself stupid on your dick while I kiss you." She dove back in, tongue sliding deep, moaning loudly as our mouths moved together.

Jasmine picked up speed, bouncing aggressively on my lap. Her pussy clenched and fluttered around my cock with every downward slam. "Oh god... it's so deep like this," she gasped between moans. "Your cock is hitting everything... fuck, I love it!"

I slid one hand up Jasmine's body and cupped her breast, squeezing it roughly while my other hand stayed on her hip, helping her ride me faster. Kim finally pulled back from the kiss, breathing hard, and arched her back, pushing her tits toward my face.

"Suck them," she demanded, voice husky. "Suck my nipples while Jasmine rides you."

I didn't hesitate. I leaned forward and latched onto one of Kim's hard nipples, sucking it into my mouth and swirling my tongue around the sensitive bud. Kim moaned loudly, her fingers tightening in my hair as she held me against her chest.

"Yes... just like that," Kim groaned. "Bite it a little—fuck!"

I grazed my teeth over her nipple, then switched to the other one, sucking harder while Jasmine continued slamming herself down on my cock. The coffee table rocked slightly under us from the force of her movements. Jasmine's moans grew higher and more desperate, her pussy soaking my balls with every bounce.

"Look at her go," Tessa called from the couch, still lying there with Minne on top of her. Both of them watched with hungry eyes. "She's really fucking herself on you, Evan. Make her cum hard."

Jasmine's hands braced on my shoulders as she rode me even faster, her ass cheeks slapping loudly against my thighs. "I'm so close already... your cock feels too good inside me... stretching me so full..."

Kim pulled my head back by the hair and kissed me again, swallowing my groans while I kept one hand on Jasmine's bouncing tit and the other digging into her hip. I thrust up to meet Jasmine's downward slams, driving my cock deeper into her with every stroke.

"Cum on his dick, Jasmine," Kim moaned against my lips. "Flood his cock with that pretty pussy. Let us all hear you scream."

A few seconds later, Jasmine's breathing turned into short, broken gasps. Her walls started clamping down rhythmically around me, squeezing tighter and tighter. "I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum—fuck, I'm cumming on your cock!"

Her whole body shuddered violently as her orgasm hit. She slammed down hard one last time and stayed there, grinding her clit against me while her pussy spasmed and gushed around my shaft. "Oh my god... Evan! Yes..."

I groaned loudly around Kim's nipple as Jasmine's climax milked my cock, the intense fluttering almost pushing me over the edge. My balls tightened dangerously, pressure building fast in my groin. I was getting so close, right on the brink, but I clenched my jaw and fought it back, refusing to cum yet. I wanted more of them first.

The Heart System - Chapter 550 [1,047 words]

Chapter 550: Chapter 550

Jasmine kept grinding slowly through the aftershocks, whimpering softly as her body trembled on top of me, her juices dripping down my cock and onto the coffee table. Kim finally released my hair, breathing heavily, a satisfied smirk on her face as she looked down at both of us.

Tessa chuckled from the couch, her voice lazy and teasing. "Damn, Jasmine. You really went all out. Look at the mess you made on his cock."

Minne, still lying on top of Tessa, lifted her head slightly, cheeks flushed as she watched us with wide eyes.

I kept my hands on Jasmine's hips, gently guiding her as she continued those slow, lazy grinds, her pussy still fluttering around me from the aftershocks. The feeling was incredible, but I forced myself to breathe through it, holding back the urge to let go. My cock throbbed inside her, painfully hard and ready, but I wasn't done playing yet.

Kim leaned down again, pressing soft kisses along my jaw before whispering hotly in my ear, "You're holding back so well... but I can feel how close you are. That cock is twitching like crazy inside her."

Jasmine let out a soft, satisfied sigh and finally lifted herself a little, my cock sliding out of her with a slick sound, coated in her creamy release. She stayed straddling my lap though, her wet pussy resting against my shaft as she caught her breath, chest still heaving against mine.

"Fuck... that was intense," Jasmine murmured, her voice thick and breathless as she pressed a lingering kiss to my lips.

I smirked, the adrenaline still surging through my veins. One hand slid up the curve of her damp back while the other gave her ass a firm, possessive squeeze. "You rode me like you were trying to break the table, Jasmine. Good girl."

Kim moved around from behind my head to my side, her fingers trailing a slow, burning path down my chest. She watched Jasmine with a hungry, impatient grin. "My turn," she prompted, her voice dropping to a low purr. "I want to feel him stretch me next."

"But he's going to cum soon!" Jasmine protested, her hips giving an involuntary twitch that sent a jolt of heat straight to my gut. She looked down at me, her eyes wide and pleading. "Can you hold on a little longer, Evan?"

I let out a rough chuckle, my breath hitching. "No way. I'm right on the edge."

"Then fuck me again," Jasmine muttered, her competitive streak flaring up as she prepared to sink back down.

"It's my turn!" Kim snapped, though there was a playful edge to her frustration. "Go get yourself a dildo or something, Jasmine!"

Jasmine didn't listen. She gripped my shoulders and began jumping on my cock again, her movements frantic and desperate. The friction was overwhelming, the wet heat of her body clamped around me like a vice.

I let out a guttural moan, my head falling back as I felt my control slipping away. I was getting dangerously close, the pressure building until it was a physical weight in my chest.

From the sidelines, Tessa let out a low chuckle, her eyes dancing. "Cheater," she teased, watching Jasmine's desperate rhythm.

I couldn't hold it in anymore. The sensation was too sharp, too perfect. Kim exhaled, resting one hand on her waist in a mock-annoyed stance, but her gaze never left the point where we were joined.

"I'm—!"

I let it all go. I bucked upward, my body going rigid as I began cumming deep inside her. Pulse after pulse of white-hot heat filled her, the sheer volume of the release making my vision swim. Because my Pleasure skill was so high, the sensation of my climax hit her like a physical wave. Feeling the rush of my seed filling her, Jasmine's internal walls clamped down in a violent response. She let out a high-pitched, shattered wail as she climaxed right along with me, her entire frame shuddering as she collapsed against my chest.

The orgasm was... something else. It felt like the world had narrowed down to the point of contact, a blur of friction, heat, and raw release that left both of us drained of everything but the ability to breathe.

Jasmine, slick with sweat and trembling, let herself go completely, her weight pinning me to the coffee table. I held her gently, my arms wrapping around her as I let out a long, shaky exhale. My head rested back against Kim's soft, exposed breasts as she stood behind me, one knee on the table, her fingers reaching down to pat my hair in a soothing, rhythmic motion.

Tessa shifted Minne gently off her and sat up on the couch, her eyes sparkling with a dark, renewed mischief as she surveyed the three of us. "Don't get too comfortable, Evan," she warned, her voice light but promising. "We're just getting started with you."

The girls exchanged quick glances, the air in the penthouse thick with the scent of sex and a sense of anticipation. Even after the release, the pressure in the room hadn't faded. I lay there, trapped between the girls, breathing slow and deep, knowing that the night was far from over.

"Hey," Kim said, looking down and meeting my eyes as I rested my head against the soft heat of her breasts. "Should we call Eleanor?"

Jasmine let out a long, weary exhale, still trying to catch her breath. "She has enough on her plate right now. Let's just give her a break."

"But she specifically told us to call her over when we... get naughty," Tessa reminded them, a mischievous smirk playing on her lips.

"W-we should at least call her," Minne added shyly, her voice barely a whisper. "Right?"

Jasmine finally slid off me, my cock sliding out of her with a wet, heavy squelch that echoed in the quiet room. "I mean, she's in a mourning mood, isn't she? Her life is a bit of a mess right now."

"The hell is a 'mourning mood'?" Tessa asked, shifting her position on the couch. She reached out with her bare feet, resting them against my softening cock and rubbing it absentmindedly with her soles. "Let's just call the girl."