

The Heart System #Chapter 51 - Read The Heart System Chapter 51

Chapter 51: Chapter 51

I slid back in without warning, hard and deep, twisting my fingers as I thrust. She gasped so loud it echoed. Her pussy clenched like it wanted to milk me dry even though my cock wasn't inside her. I worked her clit at the same time, relentless, keeping her teetering.

Her voice climbed, higher, more desperate. "I'm—please—I'm gonna—"

I pulled free again.

Her scream cracked, raw, vibrating with rage and need. She slammed her fists against the table, legs kicking. "Evan! You can't—fuck—you can't keep doing this to me!"

I smirked, watching her ass clench, juices dripping freely now, slicking her thighs. "Oh, I can. And I will. Until you break."

She shook her head violently, sweat dripping from her chin. "No—I won't—"

But her body said otherwise.

I leaned over her, pressed one hand to the small of her back to pin her down, and slid inside again, deeper, faster. Her cries turned into helpless moans, her hips grinding back against me now, desperate to meet my thrusts.

Her pussy was soaking, dripping onto my wrist, coating my fingers. I curled, stroked, circled her clit ruthlessly. She bucked and writhed, crying out, riding the edge again and again.

And again, just when her walls clenched the hardest, just when her voice hit that breaking pitch—

I denied her.

She collapsed forward, chest heaving, sweat dripping between her tits onto the towel. "Evan, please," she sobbed, her pride cracking. "I can't—god, I can't take this—"

I pressed my slick fingers to her lips, smearing her own taste across them. "Then tell me what I want to hear."

Her eyes fluttered shut, her tongue darting out to taste without thinking. When she realized, she groaned, shoving her face into the towel.

"You'll never... make me..." she muttered, muffled.

I grinned, circling her asshole with one finger while sliding another into her dripping pussy. "We'll see about that."

The denials stacked one on top of another. I built her up, drove her higher, then left her shaking, screaming, begging into the table. Six times I dragged her to the brink, six times I pulled away, watching her unravel.

By the last, she was gone. Her legs spread wide, trembling, pussy glistening and swollen, ass high like she was offering herself to me. Sweat rolled down her back, her voice hoarse from moaning and crying out.

Her hand shot back, gripping at my wrist, nails digging into my skin. "Okay..." she muttered, breathless, broken. "I... will... okay. Please... just... let me... cum."

I leaned close, lips brushing her ear, my cock throbbing hard against my pants as I held her there on the edge of madness.

"Good girl."

"P-please..."

The moment she broke, the moment she whispered those words, I stopped playing nice. I slammed two fingers back into her, middle and ring, stretching her out, plunging deep. Her pussy welcomed me with obscene wet squelches, juices coating my hand instantly.

Kayla's voice cracked into a scream. "Ohhh fuck—yes—yes!"

I pumped my fingers hard, ruthless, dragging wetness from her with every thrust. My knuckles slammed against her swollen lips, the sound echoing off the room, slick and wet and dirty.

Her huge ass bounced wildly, jiggling with each thrust, cheeks rippling every time my hand rammed into her. She pushed back against me, grinding, spreading herself wider, desperate to take every inch of my fingers. Oil gleamed across her skin, sweat dripping down her thighs, the whole sight obscene.

She was gone, drowning in it.

Her moans got higher, sharper. Her legs trembled, hips jerking uncontrollably, body slamming against the table as I fingered her raw.

Then she shattered.

Her scream filled the room, loud as fuck, desperate. Her pussy clenched hard around my fingers, then released in a flood. She squirted, gushing all over my hand, down the table, dripping to the floor in hot splashes.

"Fuckkk—" I groaned, watching her convulse, her ass shaking uncontrollably as she came harder than she ever had in her life.

But I didn't stop.

"OH GOD!" she moaned. "Oh... OH..."

I kept going, fingers pistonning in and out, spreading her pussy wide as more slickness sprayed out, soaking the towel beneath her. Her body jerked and shook, her cries breaking into incoherent babbles, her thighs trembling so violently I thought she might collapse off the table.

When I finally pulled my hand free, it glistened, dripping wet. I brought it to my lips without hesitation, licking my fingers clean, savoring the taste. "Delicious," I muttered.

Kayla was still trembling, her arms barely holding her up, her chest pressed to the table, tits squashed and heaving as she tried to catch her breath.

I stepped around the table, unzipping my pants, tugging them down until my cock sprang free, thick and throbbing, precum already leaking from the tip. I stood in front of her, so close she could smell me, her face only inches away from the hard flesh.

"You know," I said casually, voice dripping with sarcasm, "I don't even have a girlfriend. She left me. So really... wouldn't be cheating if we fuck, right?"

Her glassy eyes flicked up to mine, sweat dripping down her face, lips parted as she panted.

I smirked, pressed the head of my cock against her forehead, dragging it across her skin, smearing precum onto her. A slick line shone across her brow, sticky and warm.

Without a word, she opened her mouth.

I slid in immediately, groaning as her lips wrapped tight around me, her tongue flicking instinctively against my throbbing cock.

Her lips closed tighter around me, tongue swirling, spit coating everything. I groaned, holding the back of her head, guiding her rhythm. Every time I slid deeper, her throat tensed around the tip, her muffled moans vibrating straight into my cock.

"Fuck, Kayla," I muttered, teeth gritting. "Your mouth... better than I ever imagined."

She gagged once when I pushed a little too far, strings of spit dripping down her chin, making her face shine. When I pulled back, the entire length was glistening wet, her tongue lolling out to lick up the precum that smeared her lips.

I let her breathe, pulling out with a wet pop. She gasped, eyes half-lidded, then leaned back, turning onto her back, head dangling off the edge of the table. Her tits spilled toward me, soft, round, nipples hard as hell.

I grinned, stepped forward, and slid myself back into her mouth from above. Each thrust made her tits sway, bouncing beautifully with the motion. My hands weren't idle either—I kneaded her breasts, squeezing handfuls, pinching her nipples, even slapping them so they jiggled.

Her tongue flattened against my shaft, spit pooling and dripping down her neck, making her chest slick. She gagged again when I drove deep, throat working around me. Her eyes watered, tears streaking down her cheeks.

I felt myself getting too close. My stomach tightened, balls heavy. With a sharp breath, I pulled out, cock slick and shining with spit.

Kayla coughed, chest heaving, spit trailing from her lips to her chin. I slapped my cock lightly across her mouth, once, twice, three times, the wet smacks filling the air.

"Time for the main course," I said with a wicked grin.

Her eyes widened slightly, but she didn't speak.

I circled the table, grabbed her by the hips, and dragged her toward me. She let out a small yelp as her ass hit the very edge, her legs dangling until I hoisted them both up onto my shoulders. She was sprawled out, tits rising and falling with every shaky breath, her pussy glistening and needy, ass perched perfectly for me.

I smacked her ass, the sound echoing. "Always wanted to fuck you after seeing that ass," I growled.

Kayla rolled her eyes, still panting. "All you men think about is fucking..." she muttered.

I pressed my cock against her slick entrance, rubbing slow, teasing. "Says the girl whose cunt is a fucking river."

She gasped when I slid my length across her folds, juices smearing over me. Her pride wouldn't let her admit how badly she wanted it.

I grabbed the oil again, poured some into my hand, slicked my cock until it shone. Then I pressed it against her again, sliding up and down her pussy, coating her lips with the wet sheen.

"Beg," I ordered.

Her eyes narrowed. "Don't force your chance, Evan."

I pressed harder, rubbing in circles over her clit, dragging the tip along her slit, spreading her open but never entering. Her whole body jolted, thighs trembling. She tried to stay composed, but her hips betrayed her, rising up to chase me.

"Beg," I repeated.

Her face flushed crimson. "Ah—fuck it," she gasped, finally breaking. "Just fuck me already!"

A slow grin spread across my face.

"That's more like it."

I shifted my hips, angled myself, and in one steady motion slid deep into her dripping pussy.

Her legs were draped over my shoulders, thighs trembling as I pressed into her. She clenched around me immediately, tight and wet, making me groan. The heat of her pussy wrapped me completely, slick and hungry, gripping me with every inch I sank in. Her ass bounced lightly against my hips, soft but firm, as I adjusted my angle, pressing deeper.

"Ugh... get it over with," she muttered sharply, voice quivering just enough to betray her body's reaction. Her nails dug into the table, gripping the edges like she could hold herself together through sheer willpower.

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I smirked, pressing my hips harder against her. "You're soaked and still acting like you don't want it," I teased, grinding into her slick warmth. Her back arched instinctively, tits bouncing with the rhythm of each thrust.

Her hips bucked, trying to move against me, her body betraying her words. I leaned down, letting my lips trail along her inner thighs, tasting the slick, teasing the edges of her pussy with the tip of my tongue. She shivered violently under me.

"Shit... Evan, you're disgusting," she muttered, sharp but breathy.

"And you love it," I said, thrusting harder. My hands slid up to her tits, kneading, pinching, slapping until they bounced with every push. Her back arched again, hips lifting into me. Her nails dug into her own skin, chest heaving, body betraying every ounce of composure she tried to maintain.

Her pussy clenched around me, walls tightening as the first orgasm hit. She screamed, juices gushing down my cock and pooling onto the towel. Her hands clutched the edges, but her voice stayed clipped, sharp: "God, you're such a pervert."

I pressed down along her hips, grinding slowly as she trembled beneath me, shivering. My thumb brushed her clit, teasing her further while my cock stayed buried deep inside. Her thighs quivered against my chest, her ass rocking involuntarily. She gasped, half moaning, half muttering curses.

I leaned closer, licking along the inner curve of her ass, teasing the rim gently with the tip of my tongue. Her hips jerked against me, her pussy clenching uncontrollably as she rode the aftershocks of her first orgasm.

"Stop teasing me," she muttered, low, prideful, but her hips continued lifting against my movements.

I smiled, pulling back just enough to enjoy the view, then shoved forward again, fingers brushing her clit. Her walls tightened instantly, clamping around me as she came a second time, hips bucking, back arching off the table. Her hands roamed over her stomach, pressing down against her slick as if she needed to feel herself.

This oil was just... fuck. Perfect!

"You're unbelievable," she whispered, voice sharp but breathless, "ugh... all men are the same."

"Not me," I said, smacking her ass lightly, making her jolt. "You're mine right now."

I kept a steady rhythm, pressing my thumbs against her clit and rim, teasing the edge of her asshole again. Her ass bounced and quivered with every thrust, her body trembling under the overstimulation. The third orgasm ripped through her with force, spine arching, tits bouncing violently, body shaking from head to toe. She let out a breathless, "Fucking... bastard," half-laugh, half-curse, pride still intact.

I didn't slow. My lips trailed down her inner thighs, tasting her wetness, teasing her asshole lightly with spit. I pressed her hands onto her own slick stomach, letting her feel every pulse and squirt. Her body convulsed, pussy clamping hard, fourth orgasm slamming through her with sharp, wet spasms. Her back arched, legs shaking on my shoulders, breath ragged, and her fingers dug into the towel beneath her.

I pressed my chest to her hips, sliding in and out, letting her squirm beneath me, teasing her clit and asshole with alternating strokes. She whimpered, prideful words falling from her lips in short bursts: "Ugh... ridiculous... how... can you make me... oh fuck. I'm gonna..."

But her body betrayed her. Her fifth orgasm hit like a storm, squirting over my cock, dripping across her stomach and the towel. Her body shook violently, tits bouncing, ass jiggling. She bit her lip, eyes half-lidded, letting out sharp, short gasps, hands dragging over her body, smearing her own fluids across her skin as she tried to maintain composure.

I didn't stop. I pressed forward, thrusting into her slick heat, letting my lips trail along her thighs, tasting, licking, teasing her asshole lightly while my hands kneaded her breasts. Her moans escaped despite her attempts at prideful words: "God... stop it..."

I leaned closer, pressing my palm over her stomach, feeling the warmth of her juices mixing with her sweat. Her body trembled uncontrollably beneath me, and even though she kept her voice sharp and sarcastic, her shivers and clenching pussy betrayed her total submission.

Her hands wandered weakly over her slick skin, dragging her own fluids across her stomach as I pressed my hips harder into her. I groaned low in my throat, feeling my own release build.

"Fuck..." I muttered. "I'm gonna cum."

"Outside, you fucking idiot!" She yelled. "Outside!"

"Ugh... OH, FUCK. OH..."

"OUTSIDE!"

With a final, deep thrust, I pulled my cock and spilled over her stomach, thick ropes of cum mixing with sweat and her own juices. Her body shuddered under me, tits bouncing with every last pulse, ass still jiggling from my movements. I stroked out the last of it, letting it pool and shine across her skin.

She twitched under me, chest heaving, body trembling from the overload. Her voice stayed clipped, sarcastic, prideful: "You're... disgusting."

"Maybe," I said, smirking, standing back to look at her. "But look at you... five times. Mine on top."

Her hands dragged weakly over her stomach, tracing the wet mix across her skin, body still shaking from the overstimulation. She huffed, half-laughing, half-glaring, still trying to salvage a hint of pride: "Ugh... lucky I'm too tired to punch you."

I let out a low laugh, brushing a strand of sweat-soaked hair from her face. Her body was a mess of slick, trembles, and cum, tits and ass bouncing from every movement, yet she still tried to hold herself together with her words.

I leaned down once more, trailing kisses along her thighs, pressing wet, teasing licks against her asshole, her clit, her slicked-up folds. She squirmed, hips lifting into me automatically, but only muttered, "Stop... ugh..."

I grinned, pressing my cock lightly against her folds again, feeling her clench reflexively despite her prideful tone. I ran my hands down her sides, over her stomach, across her tits, keeping her body writhing beneath me, teasing, tasting, driving her further.

Every thrust, every flick of my tongue, every press of my thumb against her clit or rim brought her closer, even as she spat sharp, sarcastic comments between gasps. Her fifth orgasm's aftershocks still pulsed through her, her body a continuous quiver of pleasure.

I let myself enjoy the view—the way her slick clung to me, how her tits bounced, her ass jiggled, how her hands moved over herself, and how her prideful voice tried and failed to cover the ecstasy flooding her body.

Finally, I exhaled, letting her catch her breath, cock still slick with her juices, standing above her trembling, soaked form.

Even then, she whispered, breathless, pride still barely intact: "You... you're insane."

I smirked, leaning back to admire the aftermath. "Maybe," I said softly. "But you'd never admit you liked it."

Her nails scraped the towel lightly as she adjusted, still trembling from overstimulation, sweat and slick dripping from every curve, hair stuck to her forehead. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, back still arched slightly from the intensity of it all. She let out a short laugh, sharp and prideful: "Fuck you."

I chuckled. "That's the plan, no?"

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kayla

EXP Gained: +10

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

My cock throbbed with life. Fuck... was that Libido skill? All the points I dumped into it finally coming into play. Every nerve in my body screamed with hunger.

I grabbed her face and kissed her, hard. She stiffened at first, but then exhaled, lips parting just enough to let me in. Her breath spilled against mine, hot, shaky, tasting like sweat and faint sweetness. My tongue slid over hers, messy, wet, my cock twitching like crazy against her thigh.

I broke away only to drop my mouth lower, sucking on her tits like a man starved. The heat of her skin filled my mouth, my teeth scraping across her nipple while I groaned into her chest. She gasped, fingers twitching against the table, but her words came out sharp.

"Jesus... you're like an animal. Calm down."

"Can't," I muttered against her skin, squeezing her tits hard, letting them spill between my fingers.

I shifted her, guiding her onto her side. She braced on her right elbow, ass jutting slightly to the side. Perfect. I kissed the swell of her ass, biting it just enough to make her yelp, then soothed it with another wet kiss. Her skin tasted salty with sweat, smooth but firm under my teeth.

I spread her cheeks slowly, exposing her tight rim, and without hesitation, I leaned in and licked.

"Stop it!" she snapped, voice sharp, but shaky. "It's dirty!"

"I don't care," I breathed against her, licking again, dragging my tongue up and down, circling that tight spot while my hands gripped her thick hips. My cock throbbed against her thigh, dripping precum.

I kissed up her back, her shoulder, and finally her lips again, pushing my tongue into her mouth, groaning against her. "You taste so fucking good."

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For the briefest moment, I caught it—the corner of her lips twitching upward, a faint smile. She killed it quick, forcing her expression back to flat, annoyed, sharp. But I saw it.

I smirked. "Your turn to move," I said softly, daring her, daring her pride.

I hopped up onto the table, lying back. My cock stood up hard, veined and slick with precum. My chest rose and fell as I looked at her.

She exhaled, long and slow, almost like she was trying to push out a sigh that never ended. Then she stood, climbed onto the table, and walked between my legs. The sight alone almost made me bust—her tits swaying, thighs rubbing, that huge ass right in front of me.

She turned her back toward me, lowering herself slowly until my cock nestled right against the meat of her ass. I groaned, grinding up against her, the oil from earlier making my shaft slide against her skin like silk.

I grabbed the last of the bottle, squeezed it out onto my cock, and smeared it with my hand, slick and dripping. Then I let go, letting her handle it.

Kayla lowered herself more, hips rolling just slightly as she angled me against her pussy. My tip slid between her folds, wet and hot. Then, with a slow exhale, she sank down.

"Mm..." she muttered, low and throaty. "This is... different."

Her walls clung instantly, tight and hot, dragging over every inch of me as she lowered further. My head tilted back, teeth grit as she took me deeper.

"Fuck..." I groaned, grabbing her hips, holding her steady.

She sank lower, inch by inch, until her ass pressed against my hips and my cock disappeared fully into her cunt. The feeling was insane—tight walls clutching me, hot and soft, like her pussy was trying to milk me already.

"Holy shit..." I muttered, eyes rolling back as her heat swallowed me whole.

Her walls clutched me like a vice, so hot and wet I thought I'd melt into her. My cock pulsed inside her, oil and slickness making every inch feel like fire. Kayla sat there on my lap, chest rising and falling, trying to act like it was nothing.

"Well," she muttered, voice flat, almost bored. "You wanted this... so go on. Just get it over with."

I laughed low, tightening my grip on her hips. "Get it over with? You're dripping on me already."

She shot a glare over her shoulder, but it was ruined by the way her thighs quivered. Her pussy clenched again, milking me even though her mouth said otherwise.

I groaned, thrusting up once, hard enough to make her ass bounce against me. She gasped—quick, sharp—then covered it with a scoff. "Tch. Don't think that means anything."

"Yeah?" I smirked, sliding my hands up her waist, palms over her tits, kneading them. Her nipples were stiff, poking against my fingers. "Feels like it means something."

She ignored me, bracing one hand on my thigh as she started to move. Slow at first, rolling her hips, letting my cock grind deeper inside her. Every shift made a slick squelch as the oil mixed with her wetness. I bit my lip, watching the way her ass swallowed me up.

"Fuck..." I muttered, eyes rolling.

Her voice came sharp again. "You're too loud. Calm down."

But her breathing was ragged, uneven. She lifted herself, pussy dragging up my shaft, then dropped back down with a wet slap. My vision blurred from the sudden squeeze.

"Goddamn..." I groaned. "Hmm..."

She grunted softly, hips lifting and falling in a rhythm she probably wanted to pretend was mechanical, detached. But her ass bounced every time, smacking against my hips, oil glistening across her skin under the candlelight.

Her thighs trembled first, then her pussy tightened like a fist. I knew it was hitting her.

"You're close," I muttered, biting her neck.

"No," she snapped, but her voice cracked. "Shut up."

I thrust up to meet her drop, grinding my cock deep inside her. That did it—her body stiffened, then shook violently as she came. Warm wetness spilled down my cock, dripping onto my thighs. She groaned low in her throat, trying to swallow it, but couldn't stop the shaky moans that slipped out.

Her pride kept her mouth sharp. "D-damn it... why am I cumming this... easy?"

"Because you love me?"

She shifted, panting, trying to regain control. But her hips betrayed her, rolling down harder, taking me deeper.

Her cunt was like a furnace, every squeeze dragging precum from me. I groaned louder, thrusting faster, letting her ride me. The slick sound filled the room, obscene, wet.

"Fuck, Kayla..." I muttered, squeezing her tits again, twisting her nipples until she gasped. "Your pussy's—shit—it's eating me alive."

She tried to spit something back, but it melted into another moan as I slammed upward again. Her nails dug into my thighs now, leaving red trails as she tried to balance.

Her second orgasm hit even faster. She clenched so hard I saw stars, juices running down her thighs. She fell forward a little, bracing on her hands now, her back arched, tits swaying. I held her hips steady, pounding up into her as she trembled.

"God, stop," she muttered weakly, though her hips kept moving. "You're... too much."

"Not stopping," I hissed, grinding deep, slapping her ass with one hand. "Not when you're this wet."

She whimpered, biting her lip to keep from crying out again. But her walls told the truth, milking me like she needed it.

I slowed only to let her catch her breath, dragging my cock out to the tip before pushing back in. Her body shook, muscles weak, but she still tried to act unfazed.

"You're an asshole," she muttered, head tilted back, sweat dripping down her face.

"And you're coming apart," I said, thrusting again.

Her third orgasm ripped through her hard, her body stiffening before breaking into shakes. She moaned louder this time, couldn't bite it back. Her pussy squirted around me, wetness splashing my stomach, dripping down onto the table.

I held her by the waist, fucking her through it, cock grinding against every pulse of her cunt.

She panted, voice faint. "I-I can't..."

"You can. And you will."

I shifted, gripping her arm, leaning up. In one move, I flipped us—her back against the table now, me standing over her, cock still buried inside. She yelped, glaring up at me, tits heaving with every breath.

"What the hell are you—"

I cut her off by crouching, putting her legs on my shoulders. Her slightly in the air, pussy wide open and glistening, drenched in oil and cum.

I spat in my hand, smeared it on my cock, then shoved back inside hard. The impact echoed, wet and sharp.

She cried out, grabbing the table edges.

"Fuck," I groaned, pumping faster, harder, turning into a machine. My hips pistoned, slamming into her with wet smacks, the oil making me glide deeper, faster, harder than before. It was brutal, relentless, her body jerking with every thrust.

Her head tilted back, hair wild, tits bouncing violently. She was moaning without control now, sharp gasps that broke into long cries.

I leaned down, growling into her ear. "Where do you want my cum?"

She shook her head, trembling, eyes glazed. "I'm close—don't stop—don't stop!"

I slammed harder, my cock throbbing inside her. The whole fucking table shaking. "Say it, Kayla. Where?"

Her legs wrapped tight around me, locking behind my hips. She squeezed me inside her, shuddering. "Inside—fuck it—just do it inside!"

That broke me. My body seized, cock pulsing deep in her cunt. Hot cum erupted, spilling inside her, filling her up as her pussy milked every drop.

She came with me, back arching off the table, a scream tearing from her throat as her orgasm crashed over her. Her body convulsed, walls clenching, squirting even as my seed filled her. We shook together, tangled, every thrust mixing cum and oil until it spilled out around us, dripping down her ass onto the floor.

I groaned, shuddering, pressing deep, burying myself to the hilt. Her legs clung tighter, ankles digging into my back as if she didn't want to let go.

When the spasms finally faded, I collapsed against her chest, sweat mixing with hers, both of us gasping. Her tits rose and fell against my face, hot and sticky.

"You..." she panted, eyes half-closed. "You're a fucking disaster."

I laughed weakly, pulling back just enough to look at the mess between us. Cum leaking from her pussy, her thighs glistening, the towel ruined.

"Yeah," I said, smirking, kissing her shoulder. "But you came with me."

She scoffed, rolling her eyes, but her body shivered under mine. "Don't get cocky."

"Too late," I grinned, brushing her sweaty hair back. "I already did."

She sighed, exasperated, but her lips twitched again—the faintest smile before she buried it.

And I just lay there, cock still softening inside her, thinking I'd never seen anything hotter.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kayla

EXP Gained: +10

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Fuck this Performance Assist thing...

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 55 / 311

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Richard slowed the car to a stop, gravel crunching under the tires as we rolled up by the curb. A puff of smoke left my lips, curling against the glass before the breeze sucked it out through the crack of the passenger window. I flicked the ash, watching it scatter, then dragged my hand down my face.

"Fingers crossed, man." Richard muttered, half a sigh, half a prayer.

"Yeah." I nodded. "If you make up with her... no cheating next time, okay?"

"Fuck no," he shot back instantly, shaking his head. "Never."

"Good."

We bumped fists, quick and solid, and then he opened the door and stepped out. The slam echoed against the quiet street. I leaned back in the seat, watching him cross the little strip of cracked sidewalk. Guess this was it—the big moment. Would Mendy forgive him for being a dickhead? Would this whole stupid "quest" actually count as completed? Honestly, I half-expected Kayla to backpedal, twist her words, and screw me over, but she hadn't. Props to her.

This place itself was... peaceful. Rural, almost. Rows of two-story houses lined up like they'd been copy-pasted, each with their little porch, a yard half-wild with green. Some had laundry lines stretched out, others just small gardens overrun with weeds. Trees swayed gently, their leaves whispering in the breeze, and the whole block smelled faintly of grass after a fresh cut.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, snapping me out of it. I pulled it out, saw the name, and answered.

"Ivy?"

"Hey," she said, voice light, curious. "So... how did it go?"

"What go?"

"The massage with Kayla?" Her tone tightened. "God, Evan, she was so pissed about me. Saying I tricked her and shit."

I chuckled under my breath. "It went well. Don't worry. I didn't see you there, though."

"Because I booked it," she replied flatly.

"Sheesh. Could've said hello at least."

"Yeah, yeah." She brushed it off, clearly not caring. "Say, is she your, you know, girlfriend?"

"Fuck no." I barked a laugh. "That... arrogant woman? No, no, no, no. Nope. Nuh-uh. Naah."

"Huh," she hummed, like she knew something I didn't. "Got it."

"What?"

"Nothing," she said quickly. "Then... why did you wanna meet her?"

"To talk," I answered, keeping my voice even. "Look, it's best if you let this go. It's complicated, I'll tell you about it sometime."

"Fine," she relented after a beat. "How about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow works. After my morning shift ends. We meet at Burney's at six?"

"Yep." She smiled through the line—I could almost hear it. "See you when I see you."

"Hmm. Bye. And thanks again."

I ended the call and let the silence return, leaning my head back against the seat. The smoke in my lungs felt heavier now. I turned to my left.

There they were. Richard and Mendy, standing in the front garden of one of the houses. Her house.

Mendy looked like the kind of girl who didn't need much to shine—long dark hair tied back in a messy bun, skin smooth with just a natural glow, wearing nothing fancier than a soft sweater and leggings. Pretty in that effortless, girl-next-door kind of way.

They were hugging. No yelling, no slapping, no storming off. Just... hugging. Her arms locked around his shoulders, his face buried in her neck. They made up.

Quest Completed

Title: Peace

Reward: 25 EXP

"Good," I muttered, watching them sway slightly in each other's arms. "Quest completed. And that puts me..."

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 80 / 311

"Nice," I breathed out with a grin. "Getting closer to level five."

Richard turned, calling back over his shoulder with a big, sloppy wave. I half-raised my hand and gave him one in return.

"No, you idiot!" he shouted, louder than he needed to. "This is a 'come here' gesture. Not wave."

"Oh..." I said, lowering my hand and trying not to laugh.

I stepped out and stretched my arms. The evening air hit like a cold slap—grass and wood smoke, the kind of quiet that makes everything feel smaller. I flicked the butt to the gravel and crushed it with the toe of my shoe, grinding the ember out until it went dead. Then I walked up the cracked path toward them.

They were on the little front lawn—Richard with his hands shoved in his pockets, Mendy standing there with her arms crossed.

"Hey," I said. "Mendy, right? I'm Evan."

She gave me a that-again look, like she was trying to place me. "We... already met," she replied slowly. "When you were drunk."

"Oh..."

"You came into my house and drank with Richard," she continued, eyes narrowing slightly as she remembered.

"Oh..."

"Then you threw up onto my TV." Her tone was flat but amused.

"Oh..."

"And headbutted my window. Cracked it." She actually looked me over like she expected to see a scar. "How's that wound, by the way? It didn't leave a scar, right? I mean it didn't bleed?"

Shit. A memory of the headache hit me full force. "That's why I felt a nasty one two weeks ago," I muttered. "Shit, you're right."

Richard laughed, a loud, proud chortle. "We were... drunk off our minds. LET'S DO IT AGAIN, BABY!"

"Nope," Mendy said flatly, deadpan as anything. "We eat. That's why I told Richard to get you."

"Eat?" I brightened instantly. "Perfect. I was hungry as a wolf. What's on dinner?"

She smiled. "Mom made spaghetti."

Richard elbowed Mendy and grinned. "And your knees get weak when you're with me in your bedroom, remember?"

I arched an eyebrow at him, so did Mendy. Richard coughed, embarrassed by the bit of intimacy he'd just put on display.

"You know which song I was referencing," he said, sheepish.

I folded my arms and adopted my best fake-serious voice. "You can still break up with him, Mendy." I nodded like a dad reminding a kid to eat their greens. "It's not too late."

"You're right," she said finally, softer. "I'm having second doubts now."

Richard grinned like he'd won the lottery. "Ah, bite me, you two. I'm happy, and no one can break that. Come on—let's eat."

Mendy sighed, the tension in her shoulders easing as she let a small smile slip. Richard took her hand like he meant it, tugged her gently toward the porch, and I hung back a second longer, watching them move inside. The little domestic picture—two messy people trying to make good on something—felt oddly satisfying.

I nodded to myself, flicked my jacket straight, and followed them up the path.

The three of us walked up the narrow steps and Richard swung the door open like he owned the place. The smell hit me first—tomato sauce, garlic, fresh bread—and then the sight of a lived-in home that screamed family.

The living room spread out in front of us, cozy in that rural, mismatched-furniture kind of way. A two-seater sofa that had seen better years sat angled toward a fat old TV

perched on a cabinet with doilies under the flower vases. Next to that, a dinner table already set, plates stacked, silverware shining under the yellow ceiling light. A couple of family photos lined the walls, smiling faces, some Polaroids pinned beside them, and a cross hanging above the door frame. The kind of place you couldn't fake, it had history in the wood.

Before I could take more in, a figure moved into the scene. She was setting a plate down on the table, bending slightly forward, and that was when my brain hit the brakes.

Her tits. Jesus Christ. I'd seen big, I'd seen heavy, I'd even seen the kind of size that makes you question gravity—but these? These were bigger than my fucking head. Each one. Perfectly round, taut under the thin tank top she wore, nipples pressing faintly against the fabric as if daring anyone not to notice. They dominated her frame, like her body had been built around them. Short brown hair cut to just under her jawline framed a face that was oddly soft, almost cute if you ignored the engineering miracle hanging off her chest. She was shorter than me by a few inches, toned thighs sticking out from tiny hotpants that didn't leave much to imagination.

Richard didn't even blink. Just walked past like it was Tuesday. Which meant he knew her. He had to know her. No way he hadn't noticed those.

"Yes," the stranger said dryly, glancing up at me as she set the plate down. "My tits are fake."

I opened my mouth, maybe to deny staring, maybe to apologize—but nothing came out.

"Penelope!" A sharp voice cut through the room. An older woman shuffled in from the hallway, gray hair tied back in a bun, her steps sure even if her body looked worn thin. Her face had lines of both sternness and worry, the kind you get from raising kids while working too many jobs. She wore a simple cardigan over a flower-print dress, apron tied around her waist. Arms crossed, she gave the girl a withering look. "What are you saying!"

Penelope barely flinched, muttering, "Sorry, Ms. Olel," before ducking back toward the kitchen.

Richard, of course, took charge of introductions like he was the local tour guide. "Ms. Olel," he said respectfully, then turned to me. "This is my friend Evan. Evan, Ms. Olel—Mendy's mother."

Her eyes snapped toward me like a hawk's, narrowing into immediate suspicion. "Why is this... this 'gaping man' in our house, Mendy? Get out of here!"

I froze mid-step. "'Gaping man'?"

"It was Al, mother," Mendy said quickly, her tone clipped, like she'd rehearsed this one. "That woman tricked me. Told me she was in love with him and tried to... play some tricks."

Richard's head whipped toward her, voice rising. "Did you make your mother watch that video!"

"Yes," Mendy shot back without hesitation. "She took my phone and saw it. But anyway, it was fake. I'm glad she actually didn't see you... that way."

If only she knew.

Chapter 55: Chapter 55

Meanwhile, my brain refused to let go of what I'd just witnessed. Penelope. God fuuuuucking damn it. That was... what even was that? Walking human earthquake? Those tits were cartoon physics made flesh. Yeah, fake. She said it herself. Silicone, plastic, whatever—they were built. But did I care? Did it make them less hypnotic, less obscene, less perfect? Not one fucking bit. I was already replaying the sight in my head, trying not to drool like a caveman.

"Take a photo. Jeez," Penelope's voice rang out again from the kitchen, casual as you like, as if she hadn't just derailed the entire night.

Richard laughed nervously, then gestured between us. "And this is Penelope. Mendy's childhood friend."

"Y-yeah," I stammered, throat suddenly dry as sand. I tore my eyes away from the kitchen doorway and cleared my throat. "I, uh... I should wash my hands."

And maybe my brain while I was at it.

"Where's the bathroom?"

Mendy pointed down the short corridor. "Last door on the left," she said without looking up from the plate she was balancing.

"Thanks."

Still thinking about Penelope, I walked toward the bathroom and exhaled. Boy—what kind of a woman was she? How could she even walk with that giant rockets?

"Need to calm down." I muttered as I stepped inside.

The bathroom was small but clean—white tiles a little scuffed, a small frosted window, a pedestal sink, a round mirror with a thin chrome frame, and a towel hook where an old

terry hung. The kind of place that smelled faintly of lemon cleaner and someone's cheap aftershave. I flicked the light on and leaned over the sink.

I splashed water on my face first, then washed my hands, rubbing the soap between my fingers the way you do when you're trying to slow your thoughts. I caught myself in the mirror. The charm points I'd poured into my face paid off: the jaw looked sharp, the stubble sat right, my eyes still had that tired, dangerous gleam. I ran a hand through my hair and exhaled.

"Okay..." I said to my reflection. "Damn... those tits."

My dick twitched like it had a mind of its own. I felt the heat in my trousers and the stupid, all-too-familiar pressure in my pants. If I popped a boner out there—God, that would be a scene. Better to handle it now and come back nonchalant.

I sat on the closed toilet lid, popped my fly, and went for my phone, clicking on an anal video.

I thought of Jasmine's tight cunt, of Tessa's breathy noises when I'd pushed her pussy, the taste of both of them in my mouth. My cock throbbed harder, hips involuntarily arching as the memories pushed me closer. The warmth behind my eyes told me I wasn't going to last long.

A loud knock on the bathroom door made me jerk so hard I nearly lost my grip. For a second I forgot how long I'd been in there.

"Yo," Penelope called, voice carrying down the corridor. "Get out already. Dinner's ready."

I slammed the phone shut and shoved it back into my pocket, scrambling to zip up. "I... yeah," I said, forcing my voice steady. "I was having a—phone call. Sorry."

"Phone call," she repeated skeptically as footsteps faded away. I could hear her mutter something—probably about liars—and then she was gone.

Blue-balled...

I had to fuck the shit out of Kim tonight.

Sorry, Tom,

I leaned back on the couch, beer in one hand, cock in Kim's mouth. She was on her knees between my legs, slurping and moaning like she was starving for it. Wet sounds

filled the room, her tongue swirling around my tip before sliding me deep down her throat.

The TV flickered across the room, though it wasn't sitting on a stand—it was balanced on Tom's back. Poor bastard was on all fours, blindfolded, ball gag stuffed in his mouth, his little cock twitching in the cage, dripping like a broken faucet.

"Come on, man," I muttered, nudging the bottle to my lips. "Keep it steady. I'm trying to watch the news."

"Shhhrooy..." Tom's muffled voice came out weak and shaky.

Kim popped me out of her mouth with a wet gasp, tongue hanging as she glanced up at me. "I wanna drink too."

I tilted the bottle, letting beer spill past her lips. Foam dribbled down her chin as she swallowed hard. "I'd give you the bottle," I said, smirking, "but I don't feel like tasting my own dick."

She grinned, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, then shoved me back inside. Her throat tightened, swallowing me down with a noisy slurp.

Behind her, Tom groaned through his gag, hips shaking as his cage clinked.

"Don't shake it," I muttered again, looking over his trembling back. "Come on. How hard can it be, huh?"

Kim popped off me for half a breath. "You'll make him cry," she said, smirking, before sinking back down.

I chuckled. "Fine, fine."

"He's so weak," she teased, stroking my shaft with her spit-slick hand while her lips kissed my head. "You have to be softer with him."

I grunted as she went back to sucking, sloppy and eager, her lips dragging down my cock like she wanted to pull the cum right out of me.

On the TV, two sisters flashed across the screen, Carrie and Liz, performing in some packed stadium in Korea.

Kim pulled me out again, snapping her head toward the screen. "Those two again? They really are popular, huh?"

"Yeah," I said, taking another swig. "They make good songs."

"Eh," she muttered. "I guess."

Then she shoved me right back in her mouth.

Behind her, Tom's cock twitched violently in the cage, precum already spilling out the slit.

I leaned back on the couch, beer still half-cold in my hand, and watched Kim crawl across the carpet on all fours. The TV light flickered against her bare ass, against Tom's blindfolded face where he knelt like a pathetic mutt in front of the screen. The ball gag muffled his shallow breathing. He couldn't look at me, but I could see his cock twitching in that cage, drooling like he'd been edged for days. Maybe he had.

EVENT

Kim's Interest +5

Guess she was enjoying this.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 12 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6/20

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

"Enough sucking now," I said, brushing the back of my hand over Kim's cheek as she glanced up at me with that smug little grin. "Let's get to the fucking."

Tom stiffened like I'd slapped him. He made a noise behind the gag, muffled panic mixed with excitement. Poor bastard didn't know if he wanted me to stop or keep going.

Kim smirked wider, turned her face toward her boyfriend, and then crawled over until she was right in front of him. She knelt down, hands on the floor, ass arched high in the air, face hovering so close to Tom's that I could see his nostrils flare. She tilted her head, eyes locked on mine, not his, as if to say this is yours, not his.

I crouched down behind her, my cock thick and already aching from the blowjob she'd given me earlier. I pressed the head between her slick folds but didn't push in yet. I let the heat kiss me, let it pulse, let Tom see the way Kim's body trembled with the promise.

He groaned through the gag, and I chuckled, leaning a hand against Kim's back. "You hear that, buddy? That's the sound of your girlfriend begging without a single word. Her body knows what it wants. It wants me."

Kim let out a low, breathy laugh. "He's drooling in there, isn't he? I can feel his breath on my face."

I slid my cock just a little inside her, enough to make her gasp and clutch at the floor. Then I pulled out. I didn't give her what she wanted, not yet. "Easy, girl," I muttered. "Not so fast. We're gonna take our time. Make sure he sees every second."

Tom jerked his head, like he wanted to scream, but the gag muffled it to nothing. I tapped the back of his head lightly. "Steady. Don't ruin the view."

I slid my cock up and down her cunt, letting the tip drag against her clit. She twitched each time I grazed her, little gasps slipping out of her mouth. Her fingers clawed weakly at the carpet, her ass pushing back against me without her even realizing it.

"God... Evan," she breathed, voice trembling. "Please... stop teasing. I need it."

"You hear that, Tom?" I said, dragging the head of my cock across her folds, soaking it with her slick. "She's begging me. Not you. She never begs you, does she?"

I let the tip press just barely inside, then pulled back out again, making her whimper. She was so wet it left me glistening, slick strands stretching between us.

Tom's muffled whine cracked through the gag, his whole caged body trembling. I leaned closer, angling my voice right into his ear. "This is what a real man gets, buddy. Not that sad little twitching thing between your legs."

Kim's hips pushed back against me harder, her breath catching. "Evan, please," she whispered. "Don't make me wait anymore. Just... fuck me."

Chapter 56: Chapter 56

I smirked, gave her ass a sharp slap, watched it jiggle beneath my hand. She gasped but didn't move away—her body angled itself closer, like she wanted more. "God, you're beautiful," I muttered, slapping her again, then kneading her cheek as I ground my cock along her slit.

Tom's head dropped forward, drool spilling past the gag. His cage leaked constantly, precum running down his thighs. He was on the edge just from watching, ruined without a single touch.

I let myself push half an inch inside her, slow and steady. Her walls clenched immediately, so hot and tight I had to grit my teeth. She moaned, loud and helpless, her back arching.

"That's it," I growled, dragging back out and slamming into her ass with my palm. The sound echoed sharp in the room. "This pussy's mine. And you—" I glanced down at Tom, who was rocking pathetically on his knees. "You'll never feel it. Never."

Kim's arms shook, her cheek pressed to the carpet, eyes fluttering shut. "Yes," she whispered, voice trembling, raw. "I'm yours. Please, Evan. Don't hold back anymore."

I lined myself up again, her wetness coating me, her body practically sucking me in already. One more taunting grind across her clit made her moan out loud, needy and broken. I smirked, holding myself steady, letting Tom take in every second of her begging.

"You want it, huh?" I said, stroking myself along her folds one last time. "Then you're gonna take it. Every inch."

And I slammed forward, burying myself deep, her scream of relief filling the room while Tom whimpered like his whole world had just shattered.

Tom squirmed, chest heaving. His cock was purple and angry behind the metal, leaking like a faucet. I knew he was close without even being touched. Just watching us was enough.

I teased Kim for minutes, sliding in a little, pulling back, rubbing circles around her clit with the head, never giving her more than a taste. Each time she made a sound, I looked at Tom. "Poor boy."

Finally, I pushed deeper, slow, until half my cock was inside her. Kim moaned despite herself, her arms trembling, head hanging low between her shoulders. She was so damn tight I had to grit my teeth not to lose it right there.

"Fuck," I hissed. "She's squeezing me like she wants to rip it off." I looked at Tom, smirking. "She ever do that for you? No? Guess she saves the good stuff."

Kim let out a sharp breath. "Ohhh..."

I started to move, pulling out and sliding back in, slow, steady strokes that made her ass clap softly with each impact. She whimpered each time I bottomed out. Tom groaned louder than both of us, muffled but desperate, rocking on his knees as if his body couldn't handle it.

I leaned over Kim's back, whispering in her ear loud enough for Tom to hear. "He's losing his mind. Watching me fuck you while he's caged up. You like that, don't you? Knowing he can't stop this."

Her nails scraped the carpet. She didn't answer, but her pussy clenched around me harder, soaking me. That was all the answer I needed.

I picked up the pace, thrusting harder, letting the sound of skin on skin echo in the room. Kim's moans slipped out now, no matter how hard she tried to keep them in. She looked straight at Tom, lips curling in a taunting little smirk between gasps. "You like this view, baby?"

Tom shook his head frantically, but his cock twitched so violently in that cage it smacked against the metal. He wanted it. Needed it.

I laughed, thrusting harder. "He loves it. Loves watching you take every inch of me. Probably imagining it's him... but he knows it never will be."

Finally, my body burned. That familiar heat was coiling low in my gut, building with every brutal thrust. Sweat dripped from my temples, my grip tight on Kim's hips, fingers digging deep enough to leave red marks on her pale skin.

"I'm close," I hissed, my voice raw, teeth gritted.

Kim's head whipped around, eyes glassy and wide, lips trembling. She didn't try to hide it now, didn't bother with pride. "Yes—please," she gasped. "Don't stop, Evan. Please don't stop."

That tone hit me harder than anything. Begging, needy, the sound of a woman giving herself over completely. I slammed into her faster... harder.

In front of us, Tom whined pathetically, rocking forward on his knees. His cock was dribbling nonstop inside the cage, little strings of precum dripping to the floor. He looked like he was on the edge of crying, torn apart between humiliation and arousal.

I leaned forward, wrapped an arm around Kim's stomach, and dragged her higher so I could hammer her at a brutal angle. My mouth pressed near her ear, voice rough and deep. "Where do you want it?" I growled. "Tell me, Kim. Where do you want my cum?"

Her breath hitched, her walls squeezing me so tightly I almost lost control right there. "Inside," she whispered, voice breaking. "Cum inside me. Fill me, Evan. Please."

That was it. I laughed darkly, more of a groan than a laugh, and drove myself into her harder than ever, hips smacking against her ass so fast it was a blur. "Hear that, Tom?" I snarled, looking down at him. "She wants it in her. Not you. Not ever you. Me."

Kim's body trembled beneath me, her pussy clamping down like a vice. She was so sensitive from all the edging that she couldn't hold back anymore. Her moans spilled out, loud and desperate, her legs locking behind me as if she was terrified I'd pull out before it was done.

I grunted, one last savage thrust burying me to the hilt. Heat ripped through me in violent waves, my cock jerking as I spilled deep inside her, pulse after pulse, filling her until I felt it run back out around me. My head fell back, jaw clenched, every muscle in my body shuddering with release.

Kim gasped, her whole body shaking with overstimulated aftershocks. She didn't cum, not fully, but she shivered like she'd been struck by lightning, clenching around me as if she could keep me inside forever. Her voice cracked in a whisper. "Yes... oh God... yes..."

And Tom? He broke right then. His gagged whimper turned into a choked cry as his cock twitched violently in its cage, streaks of white leaking out between the bars and dripping down his thighs. He came untouched, ruined by nothing but the sight of me filling his girlfriend.

I held inside her for a moment, panting, sweat dripping off me onto her back, her pussy milking me for every last drop. Then I exhaled slowly, a grin tugging at my lips. "That's how it's done."

I pulled out slowly, cum dripping from Kim onto the carpet. My chest heaved, sweat running down my neck. I glanced at Tom, still shivering, tears at the corners of his blindfold.

"Pathetic," I muttered, grabbing my beer and taking a long swig. Foam burned down my throat while Tom sagged in place, his head hanging, drool wetting his chest. "Couldn't even last through her not cumming."

Kim collapsed forward on the carpet, chest rising and falling, hair sticking to her damp forehead. Then she tilted her head just enough to give me a sly look over her shoulder, lips curled in a smirk. "You broke him."

"Good." I slumped back against the couch, cock still slick and heavy between my legs, every muscle in my body loose from release. I reached down, fished the lighter from the table, and sparked up a smoke. The first drag hit my lungs sweet, burning away the leftover edge. I exhaled slow, letting the haze curl above me. "That's the point."

Tom whimpered, slumped on his knees, ruined. His little cage glistened in the dim light, precum smeared down his thighs. He didn't even lift his head—just twitched when Kim moved.

She rolled onto her side, laughing under her breath, and stretched her leg out toward him. "C'mon, look at you." Her toes grazed the metal of his cage, then pressed harder, rubbing the swollen shaft through the bars. He flinched, sucking in ragged breaths, a muffled sob caught behind the gag.

I blew smoke at the ceiling, enjoying the sight. "Keep him there," I said, flicking ash into an empty bottle. "Make him remember."

Kim giggled, teasing him harder with her foot, grinding it against his cock until his whole body shook. He couldn't do anything but take it. Couldn't stop himself from leaking more.

I drained the rest of my beer, let the bottle clink onto the table, and leaned my head back. For a moment, the room faded—Kim's laugh, Tom's pathetic whines—all of it replaced by a different face in my head.

Anotta.

I'd promised Susan I'd take care of her. Give her that massage, help her out. She trusted me with it. And here I was, blowing smoke into a filthy motel room, covered in sweat and Kim's scent, while her boyfriend twitched on the floor in a cage.

I tapped ash off the cigarette, jaw tight. "Shit," I muttered to myself. "I still gotta deal with that."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +18

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Your partner

didn't climax.

Chapter 57: Chapter 57

Man. Those damn tits. Penelope... I shook my head, trying to push the thought out before it swallowed me whole.

Burney's place was packed, like always. A modern sort of cozy—white walls, steel beams painted black, and plants hanging in woven baskets up near the ceiling. Right in the middle sat an aquarium the size of a coffin turned sideways, lit with a soft blue glow. Tiny silver fish darted around inside, weaving through fake coral, drawing the eyes of anyone sitting close enough.

Tables circled the tank in neat rows: polished wood slabs on black metal legs. Some college kids typed on laptops, headphones in, nursing iced coffees. Two guys in suits whispered numbers to each other by the window. A couple made out in a booth like the world didn't exist.

Behind the counter, baristas barked out orders while the espresso machine screamed. And above it all, dangling from wires tied to the ceiling, were block letters spelling out SMILE. Cute. Burney always had some shit like that. Bathrooms were tucked down a hallway near the counter, a glowing sign pointing left. Thirty people easy in here, but it didn't feel cramped—just alive.

I dropped into an empty table near the back and exhaled, letting the noise wash over me. Then I flicked the menu open in my head.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 98 / 311

"Good. Getting there. Slowly."

Another screen blinked up.

Daily Task:

Compliment 7 women

Reward: 32 XP

"Sick of these daily tasks..." I muttered.

Seven women? Not today. Credit was what I needed, not XP. The massage promise weighed heavy—Susan had thrown me that bone, and if I didn't pull it off, I was fucked. Literally out on the street. Oil wasn't free either, and I had nothing but pocket lint.

I flicked the quests menu open, scrolling down with my finger. Except—halfway through, I realized I wasn't touching the screen anymore. My thoughts were dragging it down by themselves. A couple people glanced my way, frowning.

"Shit," I muttered, dropping my hands to my knees. Weird. But useful.

Then one popped up:

Quest Available

Title: Kiss on the cheek

Task: Kiss Ivy on the cheek

Reward: +10 EXP

20c

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Kiss Ivy? That was tame. Hell, compared to some of the fucked-up quests I'd seen, this one looked innocent.

I hit [Yes].

And waited. Been a while since I last saw her—fresh face, but familiar enough to not feel like a stranger.

The door opened. Street noise spilled in before it clicked shut again. And there she was—Ivy. She stopped by the door, hair tie between her teeth while she gathered her hair into a ponytail, eyes scanning the café. Damn. Because of Kim, my eyes went straight to her armpit. Smooth, pale, too fucking sexy for something so ordinary. My brain was fried.

"Hey!" I called, raising my hand. "Over here."

Her gaze landed on me.

Ivy finally spotted me and made her way over.

She was hard to miss—short sleeveless t-shirt clinging to her chest, fabric stretched tight over tits that looked like they wanted to burst free. Big ass swaying in those light jeans, every step making heads turn her way. She didn't even notice, or maybe she was just used to it.

When she reached the table, I stood up, leaning in. We hugged, her tits pressing into me just enough to make my cock twitch, and I planted a quick kiss on her cheek.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 108/ 311

"Wow, so European," Ivy quipped, sliding into the chair across from me. "What's up?"

"Good, good," I muttered, sinking back into my seat. "How about you? Been a while since we met, huh?"

"Yep." She rested her arms on the table, raising one eyebrow. "So, will you tell me what happened with Kayla, please?"

"Oh, boy." I smiled, shaking my head. "It's a long story. You ready?"

"Yep."

So I started explaining—Richard screwing up, Mendy's reaction, how I somehow got Kayla to swallow her pride and claim the videos were fake. I left out the messy details, of course, and the system stuff? That stayed buried. No one needed to know about that. If I told anyone, they'd just call me insane.

As I spoke, I caught her expression twisting more and more. Her nose wrinkled, lips tight. By the time I wrapped it up, she looked like she'd just swallowed something sour.

"So," she said flatly, leaning back. "You helped a cheater? Is that it? Helped a guy who cheated on his girlfriend."

"Look, he's my friend, okay?" I said, hands raised. "I had to."

"I cannot believe you." She shook her head, eyes rolling. "I cannot believe you, Evan."

"Look, I'm not proud of what I did. But what's done is done." I shrugged. "And plus—they're happy now."

"Yeah. A fake happiness." She folded her arms. "You're an idiot."

"Yeah, yeah." I sighed, reaching for the glass of water the waiter had left on the table.

As she sipped her water, I flicked my eyes down at the menu, opening up the shop.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)

Credits: 20 c

Select item to purchase.

Good. The reward had been added. I really needed that Sensual Massage Oil if I was gonna massage that CEO like I promised Susan. Without it, there was no way I'd pull it off. Still... couldn't help wondering what the other items did. Hypnotic Perfume? Time Stop? Maybe one day, when I was swimming in credits. For now, I had to keep it practical.

I closed the screen just as Ivy set her glass down, brushing her hair back.

"So," she began, almost casually. "I broke up with my boyfriend."

"Oh," I said, blinking. "You... why? Don't tell me he cheated on you, please. I'd feel like a jackass."

"No, no." She shook her head, lips curling into something between a smile and a sigh. "We broke up willingly. Like... we decided it was best for us."

"Okay..." I leaned forward. "Why?"

She coughed into her hand, lowering her voice. "He... you know, turns out he—" she hesitated, then blurted—"he's gay."

I froze mid-sip, glass still hovering near my lips. Let the silence hang a second before swallowing and setting it back down. That... wasn't what I expected. But at least he hadn't broken her heart cheating. She didn't look hurt. If anything, she looked relieved.

"Huh," I said finally. "You were that bad at sex he turned gay?"

"Ah, shut the fuck up." Ivy groaned, cheeks flushing as she slapped my arm. "You can't joke about this shit."

"Fine, fine." I lifted my hands in mock surrender. "Sorry."

"Mmph..." She narrowed her eyes at me, but I could see the corner of her mouth twitch like she was holding back a smile. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"You still single?" she asked.

"I'm working at a gas station, Ivy," I said flatly. "Who the hell would want me?"

"Hey, you never know." She leaned back with a sly smile. "Last time I saw you, you were like—meh. But now? I swear you're glowing. You started some skincare routine, right?"

Thank you, Charm. A million times over. No way in hell I'd ever reset that skill—it was sitting at ten and paying for itself every day. I kept wondering how people would see me once I pushed it past that. Over ten. Had to try it. Had to level up.

"Yeah, thanks," I said, smirking. "Hey, you don't look bad yourself."

"The compliment of the year."

"Yup."

The silence hung heavy for a moment, just the clink of glasses and the low hum of conversation in the café. Then Ivy cut through it.

"So you massaged Kayla and convinced her."

"That's what I did."

"How?"

"With... my awesome massage skills?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Tell me the truth."

Nope. Not happening. There was no universe where I told Ivy I bent Kayla over in that spa room and fucked her until she begged me to finish her. Some details stayed buried.

"Like I said, I'm good with my hands."

Ivy tilted her head, her brows lifting. "How come I never knew that?"

I shrugged, letting my hand drum lightly against the table. "You never asked for a massage, did you?"

She narrowed her eyes at me, leaning forward on her elbows. "Because you never told me you were good at it."

"Hey, that's not all," I said, straightening up and puffing my chest a little, trying not to grin. "You know a woman named Anotta?"

Her lips parted slightly, and she set her glass down with a soft clink. "Of course. Russian businesswoman. CEO of Nuppia. That's a good brand."

"I'm going to massage her."

Her eyes flicked up to me, skeptical. "You're joking."

"Nope. I know the boss of Velouria Retreat. She practically begged me to take the job."

Ivy leaned back in her chair, arms crossing under her chest. A slow smile tugged at the corner of her mouth. "I thought you didn't work there."

"She's... outsourcing."

The waiter appeared out of nowhere, pen poised. "Can I get you folks something to drink?"

"Black coffee," I said, tapping my fingers on the table.

Ivy tilted her head and smiled faintly. "Mocha for me, thanks."

"Coming right up," the waiter said, scribbling down our orders before disappearing back toward the counter.

I reached for my phone and, as usual, it buzzed almost immediately. Unknown number. I frowned, raising an eyebrow.

"Excuse me a sec," I muttered, standing up. Ivy nodded, her attention drifting toward the large aquarium in the middle of the shop, fish gliding lazily past the colorful coral and smooth stones. I stepped outside, the cool air hitting me as I pulled my phone up.

Chapter 58: Chapter 58

"Hello?" I said.

"Hey," a familiar voice said on the other end. "It's Susan. Anotta will be coming here tonight."

"Tonight?" I frowned, running a hand through my hair. "I thought she was—"

"She changed her plans," Susan cut in firmly. "Come here at nine."

"Fine," I said, tucking the phone between my shoulder and ear. "Nine."

"Good," Susan said, her tone sharp. "And do not—I repeat—do not have sex with her. Or your life would be over. So, as my company..."

I rolled my eyes slightly, smirking. "Got it. No having sex with her."

Susan let out a huff. "Oh, and—"

I groaned inwardly. "What now?"

"You didn't even bother to clean the room I 'rented' to you. Your—stains were all over the place."

I scratched the back of my neck. "Oh... right. Things got a little wild back there."

"I don't know how you do it," she muttered, almost exasperated, then exhaled. "Don't forget. Nine. Now, fuck off."

I smiled, shaking my head. "With pleasure."

I ended the call, slipped the phone back into my pocket, and let my eyes wander over the small crowd in the coffee shop before heading back inside. Ivy was glancing at me, eyebrows slightly raised, a subtle smirk tugging at her lips. I grinned faintly, slipping into my seat.

"Who was it?" Ivy asked, tilting her head, one elbow resting on the table.

"Richard," I lied. "Asked me about some stuff."

"Mm. That cheating bastard, huh?" Her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Hey, he learned his lesson," I said quickly, leaning back in my chair. "Okay? Cut him some slack."

She snorted softly, shaking her head. "Guys like him would never learn their lesson. Never."

"Whatever," I muttered, shrugging. "It's not our business."

She exhaled, staring into her mocha like she was weighing something. "Right. It's not..."

The waitress arrived just then, balancing the drinks with a practiced hand. She set the black coffee in front of me and the mocha in front of Ivy, leaving a faint whiff of chocolate and coffee in the air.

I lifted the cup, inhaling the rich aroma. My mind, though, was elsewhere. Anotta. The oil. That woman was going to be... well, let's just say I had a plan. The thought made my gut tighten in anticipation. A CEO, and I was the one who'd be making her melt beneath my hands.

"Should be fun..." I muttered under my breath, letting my gaze drift to the aquarium in the center of the shop, watching the fish glide lazily.

The clock ticked to seven as I knocked on Jasmine's door. A few shuffling noises came from inside before the door swung open, revealing her in a plush robe, water still glistening on her legs.

"Hey," I said, stepping closer, trying not to gape too obviously. "Can I come in?"

"Sure." She tilted her head, a small smile tugging at her lips. "I just made some cookies."

"Delicious," I said, rubbing the back of my neck as the warm, sweet scent of baked sugar hit me.

"Help yourself while I wear something," she said, slipping toward the bedroom.

I stepped inside, closing the door softly behind me. "I mean, I'd rather you not wear anything," I quipped, leaning casually against the doorframe, voice low. "Buuut, fine. Whatever."

She peeked over her shoulder, laughing softly. "Flirty as ever, huh?"

I just grinned, letting my eyes roam over her for a heartbeat longer than polite, imagining what the evening could hold.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +2

Heh. Guess she liked my little joke.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 14 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6/20

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

I dropped onto the couch, phone in hand, scrolling absentmindedly. Still seven. Two more hours before I had to massage Anotta. Plenty of time to kill.

The soft hum of the city outside pressed against the window. I went over, lifted the latch, and slid it open. The cool evening air hit my face as I lit up a smoke, leaning against the sill. I watched the street below, lights reflecting off wet pavement, people moving in little waves, oblivious to me standing here waiting.

Then, movement in the apartment drew my attention. Jasmine appeared, stepping out of the bedroom. Hotpants, tank top. No bra underneath. Her wet nipples showing faintly through the fabric. My eyes flicked up and down, taking her in, but I didn't linger too long. I flicked the cigarette butt off the window, sliding it closed, and returned to the couch.

"Dead tired today," she said, collapsing onto the couch. "Wanna watch a movie?"

"I've gotta be at work by nine," I said, adjusting my position. "But... I can hang and watch some TV with you."

"Great," she said, stretching out. She turned on the TV and sprawled in front of it, long legs curled just slightly toward me. "Come lie with me," she said, patting the cushion beside her.

I moved behind her, settling on the couch. My cock pressed lightly against the curve of her ass, brushing through the fabric of her hotpants.

"Don't tell me you didn't just get horny," she murmured, teasing.

"When I'm with you, it's kinda impossible. Sorry," I replied, letting my hand rest on the couch beside her, just enough to feel the tension in her back.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +2

"Look at you," she said after a few seconds, eyes glancing at me. "You became truly a casanova, huh?"

"Naah," I said, watching her adjust on the couch, turning on the TV. "Just good with words. Thanks to you."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 16 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Progress:

★★★★☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

Well, I thought I'd have sex with her by coming here. But it looked like she wasn't in the mood. So I wasn't going to act like a horny monkey and force anything. Just watching TV with her casually was enough for me.

"You look tired," she said, her voice soft as she flicked through channels.

"Kinda," I admitted, my chin resting near her shoulder as my eyes lingered on the glowing screen. "Been a busy day."

Without warning, she pressed her ass back against my crotch, grinding just enough to make me tense.

"Busy day, huh?" she teased, giving a little twerk.

"Ohh..." The sound slipped out of me, half-moan, half-groan. "Yeah..." My throat tightened as I swallowed, my hands twitching with temptation.

Jasmine chuckled, shaking her ass more deliberately now, the faint clap of her cheeks muffled by the hotpants.

"Fuck..." I breathed, unable to resist. My hand slid down her hip, sneaking between her thighs, fingers brushing against her pussy through the thin fabric. Damp. Getting wetter the more I touched.

She let out a low hum, encouraging me. "Mmm... see? You're not that tired."

"Hard as hell right now," I muttered against her ear, slipping a finger past the edge of her shorts to tease her slit.

"Good," she whispered, voice full of mischief. "Use it."

She shifted suddenly, turning on the couch so we were face to face, her lips just inches from mine. My breath hitched, heat crawling up my chest.

I grabbed her leg, hooked my arm under it, and slid her hotpants down with one tug. She smirked as I lifted her thigh higher, opening her up right there on the couch.

With my free hand, I wrapped my fist around my cock, pressing the head against her slick folds. The tension snapped the second I slid inside her, a lazy, smooth thrust that made both of us groan.

"Lazy sex," Jasmine muttered, her leg still hooked over my arm, her bare thigh pressing against my chest. She wasn't grinding hard, not riding me into the couch like I half-expected—just lying back, letting me move inside her, almost bored. "I'm gonna call this lazy sex."

I laughed breathlessly, though my lungs already felt tight. My cock was buried in her, every inch of me surrounded by wet heat, and the way her pussy squeezed around me every so often made me clench my jaw to keep from blowing too soon. "Good name," I said, thrusting slowly, savoring the drag of her walls around me.

Her lips quirked into a grin, eyes half-lidded as she reached up and lazily pushed her hair out of her face. "Don't look so serious. You're supposed to relax. This isn't some marathon."

"Easy for you to say," I groaned, hips pressing forward again, cock sliding deeper until our hips met. "You're the one lying there enjoying it."

"Exactly." She arched her back just a little, pushing her tits forward through her thin tank top, nipples straining visibly through the damp fabric. "You do the work, I'll just..." She stretched, a theatrical moan leaving her lips. "...enjoy."

"Tease," I muttered, but my hand slid up her side anyway, fingers hooking the hem of her shirt and tugging it upward. "If you're gonna lie there, least you could do is give me something to look at."

Her smirk widened. "So demanding." But she didn't stop me. The tank top bunched beneath her armpits until her tits spilled free, bouncing softly with each of my thrusts.

My hand closed over one immediately, squeezing, kneading. Her skin was warm, the nipple stiff beneath my thumb. I leaned down and wrapped my lips around it, sucking greedily.

"Fuck," she gasped, her hand shooting up to tangle in my hair. She tugged me closer, grinding her chest into my mouth. "God, you're like a kid in a candy store."

"Can you blame me?" I mumbled against her breast, switching to the other nipple, swirling my tongue around it before sucking hard enough to make her moan again.

She laughed breathlessly, her leg tightening around my arm. "Don't tear them off. They're attached, you know."

I grinned, pulling back just enough to kiss across her chest, leaving a wet trail up to her neck. I bit lightly at the soft spot under her jaw, making her shiver. My hips kept moving, faster now, though uneven, clumsy.

Her nails dragged lightly down my back. "I love your cock."

That hit me like a spark. I growled into her skin, thrusting harder, my cock driving deeper with each push. The couch creaked beneath us, the sound echoing in the quiet apartment.

My hand slid down her stomach, fingers brushing over the waistband of her hotpants before I pushed them further down her thighs. She lifted her hips lazily to help me, and I yanked them off, tossing them to the floor.

Now she was bare beneath me, pussy glistening with every thrust, her wetness coating my cock. The sight made me groan, hips bucking harder.

Chapter 59: Chapter 59

She caught my face with one hand, pulling me into another kiss. Between kisses she whispered, "You sound so desperate. Like you've been dying to fuck me all day."

"I have," I admitted, my voice rough. "The second I walked through that door, all I could think about was this."

Her smirk turned smug. "Of course. Who wouldn't?" She shifted beneath me, pushing her hips upward to meet mine. The new angle made me hiss, my cock hitting deeper inside her.

"Fuck," I moaned, burying my face in her chest again. I sucked hard on her nipple, squeezing her breast roughly with my hand while my hips slammed forward.

"Easy," she chuckled breathlessly, though her moan betrayed her. "You're so damn greedy with tits."

"Can't help it," I muttered, dragging my tongue across her chest before kissing her lips again.

Her leg slid higher up my arm, foot pressing against my shoulder now, spreading herself wider for me. "Better," she whispered, eyes dark as they locked with mine. "Keep going."

I obeyed, thrusting harder. Sweat beaded on my forehead, dripping onto her skin. My lips found hers again, then her neck, then back to her chest, desperate to taste every inch of her.

She groaned, scratching her nails lightly across my shoulders. "You're getting close, aren't you?"

I gritted my teeth, hips faltering for a second. "Yeah."

"Thought so." Her grin was lazy, taunting. "You always make that little sound in your throat when you're about to lose it."

"Shut up, I don't do anything like that," I groaned, kissing her to silence her. She laughed into my mouth, making it worse.

Her pussy clenched tighter around me, her hips grinding upward, and I nearly lost it right there. I broke the kiss, forehead pressing against hers as I panted. "Jasmine..."

"Don't cum inside," she murmured, eyes locked on mine. "I don't feel like dealing with that mess tonight."

I nodded quickly, my thrusts turning sloppy. "Where do you want it?"

She smirked, dragging her tongue across her lips. "Stomach. Mark me up."

Her words sent a jolt through me. I groaned, pulling back until only the tip of my cock was inside before slamming back in, repeating it over and over, faster, harder, until I was trembling.

"Fuck, Jasmine," I gasped, teeth gritted.

She chuckled breathlessly, squeezing my shoulders. "Come on. Show me how bad you wanted this."

That was it. My hips slammed forward one last time before I yanked out, stroking my cock desperately with one hand. My body tensed, and then I spilled across her stomach in thick, hot spurts, groaning her name as I came undone.

Jasmine laughed softly, watching the mess spread across her skin. She dragged a finger through it lazily and smirked up at me. "Messy boy."

I collapsed against the couch beside her, chest heaving, sweat dripping down my back. "Worth it."

She chuckled, pulling her tank top back down half-heartedly. "Lazy sex. See? Not so bad, huh?"

I grinned, still catching my breath, eyes fixed on the streaks of cum shining on her stomach. "Not bad at all."

"Wanna continue?"

I glanced at the clock on the wall. Still had at least half an hour. Too bad I didn't have any Sensual Oil—that would've made things a lot easier.

"No more lazy sex?" I muttered with a smirk.

"Depends on what you call lazy sex," they said, eyes glinting.

She pushed me down, guiding me to lie on my back on the couch. Then, she climbed on top of me, her hand firmly grasping the base of my cock as she knelt above me. Her pussy hovered just above the tip, teasing me, her wetness mingling with my precum.

"Still hard," she murmured, a smirk in her voice. "You're insatiable."

"Only when you're around," I replied.

She leaned forward, tits hanging deliciously in that loose tank top, nipples pressing against the thin fabric. "Then I guess I shouldn't stop."

Her thighs tightened on either side of me as she crouched down, guiding me in. The head of my cock brushed her lips, slick and needy, and she gave this slow, deliberate sigh, like she was making me wait just to feel the tease. Then—finally—she sank down, swallowing me inch by inch, her heat clamping tight around my length.

"Goddamn..." I groaned, head rolling back against the couch cushion. "You feel insane."

Her mouth curved into that smug grin. "I know."

She settled, hips pressed flush to mine, my cock buried all the way inside her. Then she sat still, almost daring me to twitch, enjoying the way my chest rose and fell like I was already drowning. I put my hands on her waist, thumbs tracing over the band of her hotpants still bunched at her thighs. Her skin was warm, still damp from that shower earlier.

Her knees dug into the couch as she started bouncing—slow at first, steady rises and falls that made every inch of me ache in the best way. I watched, entranced, as her tits moved with each motion, the tank top doing nothing to hide the hard points of her nipples. I reached up, sliding both hands underneath, palming her bare breasts.

She let out a soft laugh when my thumbs brushed her nipples. "Couldn't resist, huh?"

"Not a chance," I muttered, leaning up to catch one in my mouth. The taste of her skin, the faint tang of soap still clinging from the shower, made me hum against her. I sucked harder, lips wrapping tight as she kept moving on my cock, her hips making wet sounds every time she slammed down.

"Mm," she breathed, tugging a hand through my hair, not to stop me but to keep me there. "You're learning."

"From the best teacher," I mumbled against her breast, switching to the other, dragging my tongue in circles around the nipple before sucking it in deep. She arched, pushing her chest forward, bouncing harder now.

Her ass slapped against my thighs in sharp little smacks, each one sending another jolt of pleasure through me. I grabbed her hips, fingers digging in, trying to match her rhythm even though she was the one in control.

"Fuck, Jasmine..." I hissed, teeth grazing her nipple.

She chuckled breathlessly, sweat already starting to bead along her collarbone. "Don't go blowing too fast, lover boy. I'm not done with you yet."

I smirked up at her, though my face was flushed, sweat prickling my own neck. "You saying I don't last long?"

"Mm... I'm saying you're too eager," she teased, rolling her hips instead of bouncing, grinding herself down in slow circles that made my cock throb. "But I kinda like that."

Her words sent a hot rush straight to my gut. I couldn't help it—I pushed up from the couch, wrapping an arm around her back, the other squeezing one of her tits as I kissed her hard. Our mouths crashed together, messy and desperate, tongues tangling as she rode me. She moaned into my mouth, not from surrender but from enjoying the control, her body grinding against me with steady confidence.

Breaking the kiss, I trailed my lips down her jaw, to her neck, biting lightly, sucking at the soft skin just below her ear. Her breathing hitched, but she still smirked, whispering, "Thought you said you had to be at work by nine?"

"Yeah," I murmured against her throat, "but I'll risk being late for this."

She laughed low in her chest, then pushed me back against the couch. Her palms pressed to my shoulders, holding me down as she picked up the pace again—rising higher, slamming back down, each thrust jarring through my spine. I groaned, hands sliding down her waist to grip her ass, kneading the soft flesh, helping lift her as she bounced.

"Fuck, Jasmine... you're killing me."

"You'll live." She winked, sweat dripping now, her tank top clinging to her body. Her tits kept spilling out with every motion, and I leaned forward again, taking them greedily into my mouth whenever I could, licking, sucking, biting just enough to hear her gasp.

Her wetness coated me completely, every plunge slicker than the last. My thighs were damp, her hotpants shoved down but still clinging stubbornly at her knees as she rode me like she owned me. I felt the couch creak beneath us, but I didn't care—my whole world had shrunk to the heat of her pussy and the sound of her breathy moans above me.

"Harder," I muttered, bucking my hips up into her.

She gave me this sly grin. "Oh, now you're giving orders?"

"Eh, maybe?" I admitted, teeth gritted as I thrust up to meet her. The wet slap of our bodies filled the room, louder than the faint noise of the TV still running in the background.

Her rhythm faltered only when I sucked one nipple into my mouth again, tugging it with my lips until she hissed. She slapped my chest lightly, playful, but her hips ground down harder in response.

I couldn't hold back much longer. My stomach tightened, that telltale burn coiling low inside me. "Jasmine—fuck—I'm close."

She slowed just slightly, grinding deep instead of bouncing. "Then pull out. Don't you dare mess up my stomach with your little accidents."

I grinned weakly, panting. "Yes, ma'am."

Chapter 60: Chapter 60

I shoved up into her one last time, burying myself as deep as I could, before I forced my hands to grip her waist and lift her off. My cock slipped free with a wet pop, glistening with both our juices.

"Quick," she urged, voice sharp.

I grunted, stroking myself fast, my cock angled up toward her stomach as she leaned over me, still straddling my thighs, tits hanging down close enough to drive me insane. My breath broke into ragged gasps, and then I let out a strangled moan as I came hard—thick streams painting across her flat belly, dripping toward her navel.

She chuckled, watching me twitch through it, my cum spread messy over her skin. "There you go. Good boy."

I collapsed back against the couch, chest heaving, cock softening in my hand. She stayed perched on me, smirking down at the sticky mess between us.

"Another round?" she asked lightly, wiping a finger through the cum on her stomach and flicking it at me.

I looked over at the wall clock. Still had half an hour before I needed to leave, but my body felt wrung out. I chuckled, shaking my head. "Nah... gotta go. But I'll take that offer tomorrow."

"Make sure you make me cum this time," she teased, leaning close to brush her lips against my cheek. "Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am," I breathed, still grinning like an idiot.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +18

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Your partner

didn't climax.

I stopped at the entrance of the door, leaning against the frame while the smoke curled out of my lips and vanished into the night. My nerves buzzed, not from the nicotine, but from the thought of what was waiting upstairs. Massaging a damn CEO. A Russian chick with a body built like sin wrapped in money. Never thought I'd be standing on the edge of something like this—but here I was, inches away.

I flicked ash into the ashtray by the door, opened up my menu, and checked my balance.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

- Time Stop (90c)

Credits: 5 c

Select item to purchase.

Dirt poor once again. Great. I needed that damn Sensual Massage Oil for tonight, but with five credits left, I'd be better off buying a sandwich. Guess I'd have to grind out more quests tomorrow. Maybe check the daily tasks—if I didn't crash first.

I swiped into my stats page.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 126 / 311

Not bad. A couple more quests and I'd ding level five. And if I scored high in tonight's "performance," maybe I'd walk away with more than just credits. A higher rating, maybe even a skill point.

I took one last drag, the cherry glowing bright in the dark, then flicked the butt into the ashtray. Time to go play professional.

The second I stepped inside, the receptionist shot out of her chair and stormed straight toward me like I'd set off a fire alarm. For a second, I looked behind me to see if she was aiming at someone else, but nope—her glare was all mine.

"Where were you!" she hissed. "We've been waiting. You should've been here ages ago."

"I thought it was nine," I said, palms up. "It was—"

"Shut up."

"...Okay."

Before I could even process, she yanked a small bottle out of her pocket and sprayed me in the chest and neck. I flinched back, coughing, until the expensive scent hit me. Perfume. The kind that costs more than my monthly rent.

"Sit there," she barked, jabbing her finger at the reception chair. "I'll fix your messy hair."

"Fix my hair?"

She didn't bother answering—just shoved me toward the chair. I sat, and her fingers went straight to work, combing, smoothing, fussing like she was sculpting me out of clay. Shit, when was the last time I ran a comb through it?

"Such a mess," she muttered under her breath. "Stay still."

"Right..." I grumbled, then asked, "This Anotta... she really that important?"

"That's Anotov for you. Mrs. Anotov. Don't forget it."

"Right. Mrs. Anotov." I smirked. "She really that important?"

"Oh, I don't know," she fired back, sarcasm dripping. "She's got photos with Goodman's president's daughter. The president's wife. The president's son. And the president himself. What do you think?"

"...Got it."

She gave my head one last pat, stepped back, and nodded. "Done. Go get ready. She'll be here in ten minutes."

"Alright."

Her eyes narrowed at the bag slung on my shoulder. "What's in that?"

"Stuff," I said. "Why?"

"Looks cheap. You should've at least gotten a brand-name."

"Sure. Let me sell a lung and I'll get right on that."

She rolled her eyes, sinking back into her chair. "Why are we even letting some average Joe massage her..."

"Because you've got no one better," I shot back with a crooked grin.

"Room ten," she snapped. "Go."

"Yep. Thanks."

I adjusted the strap of my bag and headed toward the elevator. The lobby was too bright, too polished. Everything in here screamed money. My sneakers squeaked on the marble tiles as I pressed the call button.

Ding.

The doors slid open, revealing mirrored walls that made me look like a fraud from every angle. I stepped in, hit the button for the second floor, and shoved my hands in my pockets. The hum of the lift filled the silence, my reflection staring back at me with messy confidence painted on like war paint.

Another ding.

The doors opened to a carpeted hallway, footsteps muffled by velvet underfoot. Gold numbers gleamed along the doors. "7... 8... 9..."

Finally, Room 10.

I stopped outside, staring at the polished brass digits. My chest rose and fell with a sharp breath. Showtime.

The door clicked, creaked open, and I stepped inside.

Susan was there, waiting.

Her gaze locked with mine instantly, sharp and evaluating, like she could read every dirty thought running through my skull.

"Wear this," she snapped, not even bothering with a hello. "You are late. LATE!"

"You told me it was nine."

"If I say nine, you should already be here by eight," Susan shot back, her voice biting. "God, no work ethics."

"Look, just—"

"Wear this," she cut me off again, stabbing her finger toward the rack near the door.

I turned my head, and there it was—an expensive-looking masseur suit hanging on a padded hanger. Black fabric, smooth as silk, with crisp lines that screamed money. The jacket was cut slim, tailored for sharp shoulders, and the pants had a polished shine to them. Even the buttons gleamed faintly under the warm light. A suit that belonged in a five-star resort, not on some gas station clerk moonlighting as a fake professional.

"Huh," I muttered, stepping closer. "Okay... looks fancy."

"It is fancy," she snapped. "And worth more than the shit on your back. She'll be here in ten minutes."

"Yeah, so I've been told," I said, rolling my eyes.

She planted her hands on her hips, leaning in close. "Look, she is probably the most important client we have. So don't mess this up. Our whole image depends on you."

"Jesus. I got it."

"If you fail this, I swear to God—"

"Fine, fine!" I held up my hands. "Just get out of here and let me get ready. Sheesh."

She gave me one last death glare, then brushed past me and slammed the door behind her.

The silence that followed made the room feel twice as big. I exhaled hard, running a hand through my hair as I shrugged my bag onto the table. "What a mess..." Then, under my breath, I grinned. "Can't wait to fuck her, though..."

I stripped down quick and slipped into the suit. The fabric hugged in all the right places, smooth against my skin, making me look ten times more put together than I actually was. Adjusting the cuffs, I caught my reflection in the wall mirror. Didn't look half bad. For once, I looked like I belonged in a place like this.

From the bag, I pulled out the bottle of Sensual Massage Oil I'd bought earlier. It was all I had—no perfumes, no fancy tricks—just this little vial that could hopefully tip the scales in my favor. I placed it neatly on the side table near the massage bed, lined up like I knew what I was doing.

I sat on the edge of the bed, letting out a long breath. My leg bounced nervously as I pulled out my phone, scrolling through the folder of photos I'd found.

Anota Anotov. Only twenty-seven. Silver hair cropped short around her sharp jawline, eyes that could cut glass, and a body sculpted like temptation itself. Tight ass. Big tits, toned but feminine, with a strict posture that said she took no shit from anyone. No smiles in the pictures—always that stern, no-bullshit look on her face. Power in heels, money in flesh.

My cock twitched just looking at her.

Then—footsteps.

I froze. The heavy thud of shoes against the carpet grew louder, closer. My breath caught, chest tightening, and I forced a shaky inhale through my nose.

The door opened.

And there she was.