

## The Heart System - Chapter 551[ 1,008 words ]

*Chapter 551: Chapter 551*

I exhaled, wiping the sweat from my brow. The idea of calling Eleanor was tempting, but I didn't want to be a jackass. She was going through a lot, and I wasn't sure if her earlier offer was just politeness or genuine hunger.

Tessa leaned over and whispered something in Minne's ear, all while her feet kept up a rhythmic, expert friction on my shaft. Despite the exhaustion, I felt myself starting to stir again. Tessa definitely knew exactly which buttons to push.

"Fine," I said, reaching for my phone. "I'll text her. If she's okay with it, we can—"

A sudden, heavy knocking at the penthouse door cut me off. I arched an eyebrow, gently moving Tessa's feet so I could stand up. I cleared my throat, adjusted my stance, and walked toward the door. I checked the peephole and blinked in surprise.

I swung the door open. Eleanor stood there, arms crossed, looking radiant despite the late hour. Her gaze dropped immediately, landing on my half-hard cock where a stray drop of cum was still clinging to the tip. It was about as awkward an entrance as one could make.

"Told you to call me when you guys started," she exhaled, stepping past me without waiting for an invitation. "What's the matter? Am I not hot enough to be part of the mess?"

"AH! Eleanor!" Tessa cheered from the couch. "I told them we should've called!"

I rubbed the back of my head, feeling the cool air of the hallway. "I just didn't want to bother you, Eleanor. Thought you might need the rest."

"Hey," she said, nudging my arm playfully as I closed the door. "I need all the distraction I can get right now. Like... ALL the distraction I can get."

She walked into the living room with a confident smirk, kicking off her high heels. Mik, sensing the new arrival, peeked around the hallway corner, stretched her little body, and then wandered back to her bed.

Eleanor surveyed the living room; the discarded clothes, the damp patches on the coffee table, and the flushed faces of the girls. She nodded in approval. "Wow. You guys really went for it out here. Look at this mess."

I chuckled, following her into the living room. "Girls' fault, Eleanor. I'm just the victim here. Trust me."

"Hey, you're the last one, though," Kim said, stepping toward me. "It's my turn. I was promised."

"Jeez, Kim, I'm not going to steal him. Calm down," Eleanor laughed.

"Tell that to her," Kim pointed at Jasmine. "She's a total space-hog, I swear."

Kim didn't wait for a rebuttal. She smiled and just lunged at me out of nowhere. I caught her just in time, hoisting her up. She wrapped her legs tightly around my waist, locking her feet behind my back and pressing her chest firmly against mine. She leaned in, capturing my lips in a deep, desperate kiss. It was a clash of tongues, sweet and frantic, but the interruption at the door had left me lingering at half-mast.

"Aw... boo. Not hard," Tessa teased from the couch, giving me a literal thumbs down. "Boo! Boo this man! Boo! BOO!"

"Well, consider this a warm-up for me," Eleanor chuckled. She sank to her knees in front of me, her eyes locked on mine while I continued to hold Kim in the air.

She gathered a bit of saliva and spat onto her palm, smearing it over my shaft. She leaned in, her lips swirling around the head of my cock before she took me deep into her throat.

Tessa nudged Minne, pointing at the display. "See that, little maid? That's how you do the thing I showed you. Pay attention."

The sensation was a total overload. Above, Kim was devouring my mouth, her breasts crushing against my chest as we traded hot, breathless moans. Below, Eleanor was working with a rhythmic, expert suction, her tongue dancing around the sensitive skin. The combination was lethal. I felt the blood rushing back, my cock thickening and hardening until it was straining against the back of Eleanor's throat.

Eleanor let out a muffled moan of satisfaction, feeling the change. She pulled back, my cock popping out of her mouth with a wet sound. She looked up at me and smiled, her lips glistening.

"There," she whispered. "Now he's as ready as he's ever going to be."

Eleanor reached up, her fingers finding the heat between Kim's thighs as she remained locked around my waist. Kim let out a sharp, jagged moan, her head falling back. Eleanor used her other hand to guide me, aligning the tip of my cock with Kim's soaking entrance.

"Now," Eleanor urged.

I adjusted my grip on Kim's hips and gave one powerful, upward thrust. I slid home in one smooth motion, burying myself deep inside her. Kim's eyes flew open, a long, shattered cry escaping her as she gripped my shoulders, the room finally spinning back into focus.

I began moving.

I wasn't holding back; I was driving into her with a relentless pace, feeling the way her body struggled to accommodate the depth of every thrust. It was a raw, kinetic experience, the friction creating a heat that seemed to radiate from our point of contact and fill the air.

Eleanor, meanwhile, had shed her clothes. She was dressed in a thin, oversized black t-shirt that barely skimmed the top of her thighs and a pair of frayed denim shorts that left her legs bare. She didn't stay a spectator for long. She moved behind Kim, her presence adding a new layer of intensity to the room. She wrapped her arms around Kim's waist from behind, her chest pressing firmly against Kim's shoulder blades, turning the two of them into a single, focused target for my movements.

"God, you feel so good, Evan," Kim whimpered, her voice vibrating against my neck. She turned her head, her eyes glazed with a mixture of exhaustion and mounting pleasure. "Harder... don't stop. Just keep going."

## The Heart System - Chapter 552[ 1,024 words ]

### *Chapter 552: Chapter 552*

I didn't need to be told twice. I leaned my head over Kim's shoulder, my face inches from Eleanor's. She tilted her head, her eyes dark and inviting, but just as our lips were about to brush, I pulled back an inch, a sudden thought hitting me.

"Wait, hold on," I muttered, my breath hitching as I maintained the steady, punishing rhythm inside Kim. "I almost forgot. I don't really want to taste myself on you, Eleanor."

Eleanor blinked, her predatory smolder flickering into a look of pure confusion. "What?" she asked, a stray laugh escaping her. "Seriously? Evan, most guys wouldn't care—or they'd actually be into that."

"Yeah, well, I'm a stickler for the details," I grunted, my hips snapping forward as Kim let out a ragged moan. "Call me old-fashioned, but let's keep the flavors separate."

From the couch, Tessa let out a theatrical, exhausted exhale and pushed herself up. "Oh, for the love of... you and your standards," she teased, though her eyes were sparkling with mischief. "Fine. Come on, Eleanor. I'll get you a cup in the kitchen so you can use some mouthwash. We can't have the gentleman's palate being offended."

Eleanor threw her head back and laughed, a rich, genuine sound that cut through the heavy tension of the room. "Wow. This guy. I swear, he's a piece of work," she chuckled,

shaking her head as she followed Tessa toward the hallway. "Fine, give me thirty seconds!"

While they disappeared, I didn't let the momentum die. I adjusted my grip on Kim's hips, my knuckles white, and increased the pace. Kim's head fell back, her hair brushing against my arms as she groaned, her body vibrating with every deep, heavy thrust. "Evan... god, just... don't stop," she whimpered, her fingers digging into my shoulders.

A few moments later, the scent of cool peppermint drifted back into the living room before Eleanor even appeared. She stepped back into the fray, her breath fresh and a triumphant smirk on her face.

"Better?" she challenged, stepping in close and once again hugging Kim from behind. She pressed her front against Kim's back, bridging the gap between all three of us.

"Much," I rasped.

I leaned over Kim's shoulder again, and this time, there was no hesitation. I met Eleanor's lips in a deep, hungry kiss, the taste of mint clashing with the heat of the room. It was an overwhelming sensory experience—the cool sting of her breath, the feeling of her chest against Kim's back, and the constant, relentless friction as I buried myself in Kim.

Eleanor reached down between us, her hands wandering over the sweat-slicked curve of Kim's ass. She didn't waste any time, delivering a sharp, stinging slap that made Kim cry out, the sound muffled against my shoulder.

"She's so ready for you," Eleanor whispered against my lips, her fingers now rubbing the reddened skin she'd just marked. "Look at her. She's vibrating."

"I can feel it," I rasped, my breath coming in jagged hitches. "She's clamping down on me so hard I can barely move."

"Then break her rhythm," Eleanor urged, her hand sliding between them to find Kim's clit, adding a frantic, buzzing friction to my heavy pace. "Make her forget where she is."

Kim's head fell back, her eyes rolling as the double assault took its toll. The room was thick with the scent of sweat and raw heat. I was the anchor for both of them, my hips snapping forward with a mechanical force. I could feel the tension in Kim's legs as they locked tighter around my waist, her heels digging into the small of my back as she tried to pull me even closer.

I shifted my grip, my knuckles white as I hoisted her slightly higher to change the angle. I began to move again, a fast, shallow vibration that sent Kim into a frenzy. Eleanor was right there, whispering into Kim's ear, telling her how loud she was being, how much she was shaking for everyone to see.

"You love this, don't you?" Eleanor murmured, her teeth grazing Kim's earlobe. "Having us both handle you like this."

"Yes... yes! I can't... Evan!"

The friction was building to a fever pitch. I could feel the heat radiating off Kim's skin, her internal muscles beginning to quiver with the onset of an uncontrollable climax. My own blood was thundering in my ears, the pressure in my gut reaching a point of no return, but I ground my teeth and kept the pace steady. I wanted to feel her shatter first.

"Now, Evan!" Eleanor commanded, her fingers working Kim with a blurring speed. "Finish her!"

I let out a guttural sound, delivering a series of powerful, bottoming-out thrusts. Kim let out a long, high-pitched scream that tore through the room. Her body went rigid, her spine arching as she exploded. Pulse after pulse of her release washed over me, her internal walls clenching in a violent, rhythmic dance that nearly pulled my own climax out of me.

Kim went limp against my chest, her breathing coming in ragged, sobbing breaths. She was completely spent, her head resting heavily on my shoulder, her body still humming with the aftershocks.

I slowed down, eventually coming to a halt, though I stayed buried deep inside her. I was still rock hard, throbbing with the need for my own release, but I held it. The ache was intense, a heavy weight in my balls that demanded a finish, but I just watched her recover.

Eleanor pulled back slightly, her face flushed and her lips swollen. She looked down at Kim, then up at me, a triumphant smirk on her face. She reached out and ran a hand through my hair, her eyes dark.

"Nice control," she whispered. "I thought you were going to go right then."

I let out a shaky breath, my heart hammering. "Don't get used to it. I'm about five seconds away from losing it."

Tessa stood up from the couch, her robe falling open. "Then let's get Kim to the sofa. I think it's time we shared the load."

The Heart System - Chapter 553[ 1,093 words ]

I carried Kim over to the couch, her head still buried in the crook of my neck, while Eleanor followed behind us. The adrenaline was still coursing through me, making my skin prickle. Every movement felt amplified—the way Kim’s hair brushed against my cheek, the way Eleanor’s eyes tracked my every step, the way the dim light caught the perspiration on their skin.

I laid Kim down carefully, but she clung to me, her fingers digging into my shoulders, refusing to let go. She was still shivering, the remnants of her orgasm ghosting through her nerves.

"Don't leave yet," she murmured, pulling my head down so I was hovering over her again.

Eleanor circled the couch, her oversized t-shirt slipping off one shoulder. She knelt by Kim’s head, her eyes fixed on me. "She’s not going anywhere, Evan. And neither are you."

Tessa and Jasmine had joined us, crowding around the sofa. The air was heavy, crowded with the smell of sex and the hum of their combined anticipation. I looked from face to face—Tessa’s teasing smile, Jasmine’s dazed, heavy-lidded expression, Eleanor’s predatory calm, and Kim’s wrecked, satisfied gaze.

"You promised us," Tessa said, her voice dropping into a low, smooth cadence. "You promised you’d tire us out."

I laughed, a dry, ragged sound. "I think I’m doing a pretty good job so far."

"You’re doing great," Jasmine agreed, running a hand down my arm. "But we’re just getting warmed up."

I felt the weight of them pressing in, the demands of the night still waiting to be met. I looked down at Kim, who was slowly beginning to recover, her eyes focusing back on me with a renewed, hungry intent. I knew I wouldn’t be able to hold back for much longer. The pressure in my gut was too high, the desire to finish what I’d started too strong. But before I did, I wanted to see them all—I wanted to see them all desperate, all begging, all completely undone before the night was through.

The penthouse felt smaller, the walls closing in as the energy shifted again. I was the focus, the center, and I was going to push this as far as it would go. I reached out, my hand finding Jasmine’s waist, pulling her closer as I prepared for the next wave.

"Come on, cowboy." Tessa smirked. "Show us what you got."



The living room looked like a total fucking disaster zone. The early morning light was just starting to bleed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, turning the space into a cathedral of gold and wreckage. The clock on the wall ticked past six, marking the end of a marathon that had pushed everyone past their limits. The air was heavy, thick with the smell of sweat, spent energy, and that lingering, metallic scent of a long night.

The girls were scattered everywhere, looking like beautiful, exhausted ruins. Jasmine was draped over the velvet armchair, her legs hanging over the side and her eyes closed as she breathed in the morning air. Kim was curled up on the rug near the coffee table, her hair a wild halo and her skin glowing with a faint sheen of perspiration. Tessa lay sprawled across the double couch, one arm covering her eyes to block out the rising sun, while Minne was tucked into the corner of the sofa, her face flushed and her small frame finally still. Every one of them was marked, the visible dampness of spent climaxes glinting on their thighs, a dead giveaway of how hard I'd worked them.

In the center of the floor, the only two still moving were Eleanor and me.

The plush carpet was soft beneath my knees as I gripped Eleanor's hands behind her back. I had her pinned in a deep, punishing doggy style, my pace steady but heavy with the weight of pure exhaustion. Eleanor was panting, her forehead pressed against the floor, her back arched to meet every thrust. The friction was a dull, thrumming heat now, a constant vibration that had been going on for so long it felt like part of our heartbeats.

I finally felt my muscles begin to protest the sheer duration of the night. My grip on her wrists loosened, and I let her hands go, sliding my palms forward to brace myself against the ground. I moved closer, collapsing the distance until my chest was pressed firmly against the sweat-slicked skin of her back. The sensation was visceral—our bodies meeting was an electric, grounded heat that made the hair on my arms stand up.

I leaned down, my tongue tracing a slow, salt-tinged path up the center of her spine, licking the sweat from her skin. Eleanor let out a long, broken moan that vibrated through her entire frame. I moved higher, burying my face in the crook of her neck, inhaling the scent of her exhaustion. I kissed the sensitive skin just below her ear, my teeth grazing her lobe as I rumbled a low, dark truth into her ear.

"Look at them, Eleanor," I rasped, my voice sounding like it had been dragged through gravel. "I fucking broke every single one of them. And you're the only one left who can still take it."

"Barely..." she sputtered, her voice a fragile thread. "You... you didn't leave a single drop for anyone else."

I pulled back slightly, straightening my posture as the final surge of adrenaline hit me. The pressure in my gut was reaching a critical mass, a white-hot ache that signaled the end of the line. I looked down at her ass, the skin a vivid, angry red from the hours of

attention it had received. With one hand, I delivered a sharp, stinging slap that echoed through the silent penthouse, making the girls on the furniture stir in their half-sleep.

I didn't wait for her to recover. I reached down with both hands, my fingers digging into the soft, heavy curves of her cheeks. I squeezed her with a possessive, bruising force, pulling her hips back toward me to ensure there wasn't a millimeter of space left between us.

"I'm close, Eleanor," I moaned, my vision starting to tunnel. "I'm going to fill you so fucking full you won't be able to walk to the shower for a week."

"Do it," she challenged, her voice catching as she felt the change in my rhythm. "Give me everything. Don't you fucking dare... hold back now."

"I wouldn't dream of it..."

"Oh, fuck... cum inside me, Evan..."

## The Heart System - Chapter 554[ 1,075 words ]

### *Chapter 554: Chapter 554*

I shifted the angle, my knuckles white as I held her in place. I began to move with a frantic energy, the friction turning into a burning heat that threatened to consume us both. Every thrust was a jagged, desperate thing, a final attempt to reclaim the energy we'd spent. Eleanor was wailing now, her head shaking from side to side, her body a trembling mess of nerves and raw response.

The world narrowed down to the point where we were joined. I could feel the tell-tale ripples of her own climax starting to gather, her internal walls beginning to quiver in anticipation.

"AGH... fuck, fuck... I'm cumming..."

I delivered one final, soul-crushing thrust, burying myself to the hilt and holding it there. The release hit me like a physical blow, a violent, pulsing surge that felt like it was draining the very life out of me. I let out a guttural roar, my eyes rolling back as I rode the wave of the orgasm. Pulse after pulse of heat filled her, the sensation so intense that I felt my knees buckle.

Eleanor's reaction was instantaneous. As she felt the rush of my seed, she shattered. Her body went completely rigid, her spine arching in a silent, high-pitched scream of pure, unadulterated release. Her internal muscles clamped down on me like a dying man's grip, pulsing in a frantic, rhythmic dance that echoed my own.

We stayed like that for what felt like an eternity, locked together in the center of the floor as the sun climbed higher, turning the room into a cathedral of light. The climax seemed to go on forever, a slow, agonizingly beautiful drain that left me lightheaded and hollow.

Eventually, the pulsing slowed. The heat began to dissipate, replaced by the cool air of the morning. I slowly, carefully withdrew, the sound of our parting a wet, definitive end to the night. I collapsed onto my back beside her, my chest heaving, my limbs feeling like they were made of lead.

Eleanor stayed where she was for a moment, her face still buried in the carpet, before she slowly rolled over to look at me. She looked wrecked—her hair a mess, her makeup gone, her skin a map of the night's intensity. But there was a smile on her lips, a dazed, satisfied thing that told me I'd succeeded.

"Six in the morning," she whispered, glancing at the clock. "You're a fucking maniac, Evan."

"And you're still here," I replied, reaching out to brush a stray hair from her face.

On the couch, Tessa opened one eye, looking at the two of us on the floor. She let out a small, tired giggle. "Is it finally over? Can I go to sleep without the sound of someone hitting the floorboards?"

"It's over, Tessa," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "For now."

I looked around the room at all of them—the beautiful, broken mess I'd made of the night. I felt a quiet sense of pride. I'd tired them out, just like I promised. And as the city began to wake up below us, the five of us drifted off into a deep, dreamless sleep, finally giving in to the exhaustion.

---

---

Sexual Activity Completed

---

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +925 (x2)

Villain Bonus: +50 EXP

Star Rating: 4.7

---

Bliss Multiplier: 2850c

---

---

I stood there for a second, staring at the translucent screens flickering in my vision. I didn't get nearly as much of a bonus as I'd hoped. I guess being "gentle" by my standards didn't move the needle for the system's higher multipliers. Still, I had to count myself lucky, at least the damn thing didn't penalize me for being too soft on them. At the very least, I walked away with some EXP and a handful of credits to my name.

---

---

Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

---

EXP: 1900 / 31500

[██████████]

---

Current Credits: 2850

Current SC: 225

---

---

Just as the status window flickered, a new notification pinged. It was another On a Roll quest. The reward was twenty-five Special Coins, and the objective was easy as hell: I just needed Eleanor to clean me up with her mouth.

Since that was already the plan, I accepted it without a second thought.

I pushed myself up from the carpet, wiping the sweat from my brow. Looking out the floor-to-ceiling windows, I saw a bright, sunny day waiting for us. There wasn't a single cloud in the sky, and while the morning chill was still clinging to the glass, the light looked warm.

"Eleanor," I muttered, looking down at her with a smirk. "Suck it clean."

She didn't need to be asked twice. She crawled toward me on her hands and knees, her hair a mess but her eyes bright. She took me into her mouth, working with a rhythmic, steady suction.

"Do you take some kind of supplement?" she asked after a moment, popping out to look up at me, her lips glistening. "Because your cum actually tastes... good. Like, surprisingly good."

"Nope," I replied, leaning back and enjoying the view. "Just natural 'talent.'"

Eleanor let out a muffled giggle and went back to work, her tongue swirling around the head before she moved down to lick my balls. She glanced toward the couch, her eyebrows arched. "I don't believe him. Tessa, does he take some kind of medicine?"

"Nah," Tessa replied from her sprawled position, her voice thick with exhaustion. "I think the guy is just cursed with being perfect in the worst ways. I don't know how male biology works, but he's definitely an outlier."

Eleanor chuckled. "Yeah. Aren't we all?"

The system chimed. Quest Completed.

I now had a solid stack of Special Coins. A notification flashed, asking if I wanted to cash them out or keep rolling. Given that Mana, that absolute psycho, had recently wiped my credits and reset my progress, I was basically starting from zero. I hit YES and waited for the conversion.

---

---

ON A ROLL CASHOUT

---

Reward: 1000c

---

---

A thousand credits. It wasn't the jackpot I was dreaming of, but it was better than nothing. If I wanted the real rewards, I'd have to string together a much longer streak of quests. For now, this would have to do.

---

---

Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

---

EXP: 1900 / 31500

[██████████]

---

Current Credits: 3850

## The Heart System - Chapter 555[ 1,019 words ]

### *Chapter 555: Chapter 555*

Eleanor finally finished her job and stood up, her joints popping as she stretched her arms over her head. She was visibly wiped out; her legs were wobbly, and she looked like she was about to keel over. We were all in the same boat. It had been one hell of a busy night.

"Well, boys and girls... I'm out," Eleanor muttered, running a hand through her tangled hair. "I am officially pooped."

"Come again!" Tessa piped up with a lazy, half-asleep grin. "Or... cum again? Get it? Because of the sex?"

Kim, still lying on the rug, reached out with a foot and gave Tessa's head a gentle, mocking nudge. "That was terrible, Tessa. Go to sleep."

Tessa chuckled, her eyes slipping shut. "Oh, trust me... I'm trying."

"Shower first, though," I said, looking at Eleanor. "Don't go putting your clothes back on while you're covered in... well, everything."

"You're right," Eleanor sighed, looking down at her sweat-slicked skin. "If it isn't too much trouble, I'd love to use the shower."

"You wouldn't be a trouble at all, Eleanor. You're practically a permanent guest at this point."

She tilted her head, a playful spark returning to her eyes. "Okay then... well... you wanna join? I might need someone to scrub my back."

I nodded immediately. "How am I supposed to say no when you ask like that?"

She laughed, stepping toward the hallway. "How exactly did I ask?"

"Like you were actually hoping I'd say yes," I quipped.

"I'm just being environmentally conscious, Evan," she teased, throwing a wink over her shoulder. "Trying to save on the water bill by doubling up. It's the responsible thing to do."

"Right," Jasmine chuckled from the armchair, her voice dry. "I'm sure the environment is the first thing on your mind right now."

Eleanor shook her head with a tired smile. "Lead the way, Evan. Before I fall asleep standing up."

I led the way toward the master bedroom, the heavy door clicking shut behind us and finally sealing out the exhausted murmurs of the living room. The room was bathed in the soft, early morning light, but we didn't stop to admire the view. We walked straight into the attached bathroom, a massive space of white marble and glass that felt like a sanctuary after the chaos of the night.

She was a total vision... a classic, high-end MILF with deep, dangerous curves. Her breasts were full and heavy, swaying slightly as she moved, and her hips had that generous width that promised a perfect fit. She was a masterpiece of soft skin and mature confidence.

I reached into the walk-in shower and turned the handle. The water hissed to life, steam quickly beginning to fog up the glass partitions. We stepped inside together, the warm spray hitting our tired muscles and making us both let out a long, synchronized sigh of relief.

We began to wash each other, our hands slick with expensive, sandalwood-scented soap. I ran my hands over her shoulders and down her back, feeling the tension bleed out of her. Eleanor, in turn, focused on me. She knelt down in the spray, her hands moving with an intimate rhythm as she cleaned my dick. Her touch was firm, her fingers sliding over the sensitive skin until I felt the first stirrings of blood returning to the surface.

I pulled her back up, my hands finding the junction of her thighs. I began to clean her, my fingers sliding into her heat. The water washed away the remnants of the night, but as I worked a finger inside her, a fresh slurry of cream and spent cum spilled out, swirling down the drain. I felt her muscles clench around my digit, her breath hitching against my chest.

Eleanor looked down at the floor, then back up at me with a knowing chuckle. "You really don't like using a condom, huh, Evan?"

I smiled, my hands never stopping their work. "Fuck no. Skin should touch skin. Why put a wall between us?"

"In before you get HIV or some other messed up shit," she teased, though her eyes told me she didn't really mind the recklessness.

I just shrugged. If there was any risk of that, the system would have flagged it immediately, just like it had back at that bar. But I wasn't about to explain the mechanics of a digital HUD to her. Instead, I decided to shift the focus.

Without a word, I reached behind her and pressed a finger against her asshole.

Eleanor jumped slightly, her feet nearly leaving the tile as she let out a startled gasp. She spun around and slapped my hand away, though she was grinning. "Hey! At least let a girl know before you start doing weird stuff!"

I chuckled, the steam making my skin glow. "Sorry," I said right as I pressed a second finger inside the tight, puckered heat.

Eleanor's eyes went wide, a shocked laugh escaping her throat. "'Sorry,' he says, as he puts the second one in! You're a menace."

"Well, the third one is coming," I murmured, my voice dropping into a low, predatory register. "This time, I'm actually letting you know."

She gasped dramatically. "Don't you—"

She didn't finish the sentence. I slid the third finger in, the stretch making her gasp and lose the strength in her knees. She let herself go, slumped against my chest as I held her steady by the shoulder. I moved my fingers inside her with a slow, rhythmic pressure, watching the way her face contorted with a mix of shock and mounting heat. She let out a series of long, low moans that echoed off the marble walls, her body vibrating against mine.

Down below, my cock stirred in earnest, throbbing with a renewed hunger that defied the hours of sex we'd already had.

Eleanor noticed it immediately. She reached down, her small hand wrapping around the thick, pulsing length of me. She looked up at me and smirked, her lips wet from the spray, before pulling me into a deep, bruising kiss.

## The Heart System - Chapter 556[ 1,082 words ]

*Chapter 556: Chapter 556*

I pulled my fingers out of her with a wet pop and turned her around. I pressed her front against the cool, wet tile of the shower wall. Eleanor didn't need instructions; she bent over, planting both hands firmly against the marble and arching her back until her spine was a deep, inviting curve.

Her ass was spread wide, the skin still pink from the night before, and her asshole was slightly gaping from the attention of my fingers. I reached down, my palms cupping her heavy cheeks and pulling them apart to expose her even more.

I leaned in and spat directly onto the tight heat of her. Then, I leaned my weight forward, rubbing the head of my cock against the entrance, the friction of the wet skin making my head swim. I was right on the verge of taking her in a way she wouldn't forget.

The water was coming down in a heavy, rhythmic pulse, turning the shower stall into a chamber of steam and heat. I looked down at the curve of Eleanor's back, the water beading off her skin and disappearing into the deep cleft of her ass. I wanted her, but I wanted the tightest part of her. I wanted to hear her scream in this marble box until her voice gave out.

I positioned myself behind her, the head of my cock pressing against that tight, puckered entrance. I gave a firm, determined shove, but I hit a wall. Eleanor's breath hitched, her fingers clawing at the grout between the tiles as she felt the pressure.

"God, Evan... wait," she gasped, her voice echoing off the glass. "It's... it's too much. You're too thick."

I tried again, gritting my teeth and putting my weight into it, but it was like trying to force a pillar through a needle's eye. The skin was too dry, the friction too high despite the water. I wasn't going to get anywhere like this except for a sore cock and a frustrated woman.

"Hold on," I muttered, my voice thick with a mix of irritation and mounting lust.

I reached for the bottle of expensive, oil-based body wash sitting on the marble ledge. I flipped the cap and squeezed a generous amount of the sandalwood-scented liquid into my palm. It was thick, slick, and designed to moisturize—exactly what we needed to turn her into a sliding door. I reached down and smeared the soap over the head of my cock, coating it until it was glistening and dangerously slippery. Then, I reached for her, my fingers spreading the slickness over her asshole, working it in until the area was a glistening, lubricated mess.

"Better?" I asked, my voice dropping an octave.

"I think... I think you're about to find out," she whispered, her head hanging low, her breathing shallow and frantic.

I gripped her hips, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her waist to anchor her. I leaned in, the heat of the shower making my skin feel like it was on fire. I lined myself up again and pushed. This time, there was no resistance. With a wet, heavy slide, I felt the tight ring of her muscle give way. I slid inside her, the sensation so intense and constricting it felt like I was being swallowed whole.

Eleanor let out a sharp, jagged cry that was half-shriek, half-moan. Her back arched even further, her chest pressing flat against the wet tile as she took the full length of me.

"Fuck," I hissed, my eyes rolling back for a second. "You're so tight, Eleanor."

"You're... you're stretching me apart," she choked out, her voice trembling. "Keep going. Don't you fucking dare stop now."

I started to move, the pace slow and agonizingly slow. Every time I pulled back, the suction was incredible, and every time I pushed forward, the slick soap made the transition smooth but incredibly intense. The sound of our bodies meeting was a wet, rhythmic slapping that competed with the roar of the shower.

"Is this what you wanted?" I moaned, my hands moving from her hips to her shoulders, pinning her against the wall as I increased the speed. "Having me take you like this while the others are passed out in the next room?"

"Yes!" she wailed, her head thrashing from side to side under the spray. "I want to feel every bit of you. I want you to ruin me, Evan. Just fucking break me!"

I didn't need any more encouragement. I shifted my stance, planting my feet firmly on the wet floor for better leverage. I began to pound into her, my movements becoming more primal and aggressive. Each thrust was a deep, bottoming-out strike that sent a jolt of pleasure straight to my brain. I was holding nothing back now, the "gentle" Evan from the living room long gone.

"You're such a greedy woman, Eleanor," I muttered into her ear, my teeth grazing the skin. "Demanding more when you can barely take what I'm giving you."

"I can take it!" she screamed, her voice cracking. "Give me more! Fuck me harder!"

The steam was so thick now I could barely see her face in the mirror, but I could feel her. I could feel the way her internal muscles were starting to quiver and spasm, struggling to keep up with the relentless pace. My own heart was hammering against my ribs, the adrenaline and the heat making me feel invincible.

I reached around her, my hand finding her clit, adding a frantic, buzzing friction to the heavy rhythm of my hips. The double assault was too much for her. I felt her entire body begin to vibrate, a fine tremor that started in her legs and moved up her spine.

"Evan! I'm—oh god, I'm going to..."

"Not yet," I rasped, though I knew I couldn't hold her back for long. I increased the speed even more, my thrusts becoming a blur of friction and wet heat.

Eleanor's voice broke into a long, shattered wail that filled the entire bathroom. Her body went rigid, her fingers slipping on the wet tile as she climaxed with a violence that took my breath away. I felt the tell-tale ripples of her release, her asshole clenching around me in a series of frantic, pulsing contractions that felt like they were trying to crush my cock.

I could stop her, since I had the ability to control orgasms... but naah.

## The Heart System - Chapter 557[ 1,101 words ]

*Chapter 557: Chapter 557*

She stayed like that for what felt like an eternity, her body vibrating against the wall as she rode the wave of the orgasm. I didn't stop, though I slowed the pace, continuing to grind into her while she shuddered and sobbed under the spray. The sensation was incredible, the heat of her release washing over me, but I held firm. I wasn't ready to let go yet.

The pressure in my gut was heavy, a dull ache that promised a massive finish, but I wanted to savor this. I wanted to feel her go limp, to feel the way she surrendered everything to me in the steam and the noise.

"Fuck, Eleanor," I whispered, my voice sounding distant even to my own ears. "You really are a piece of work."

She didn't answer, her head resting against the tile, her breathing coming in ragged, uneven gasps. She was completely undone, a beautiful, wrecked mess of a woman, and I was still buried deep inside her, throbbing and ready for the next round. I pulled back slightly, the suction making a wet, popping sound, before pushing back in with a slow, possessive grind.

The sun was fully up now, the light reflecting off the chrome fixtures and the white marble, but in here, in the heat of the shower, the night was still very much alive. I looked at the curve of her back, the reddened skin of her ass, and the way the water washed the soap and sweat away, and I knew I wasn't letting her out of this shower until I'd had my fill.

The steam had become a thick, opaque veil, clinging to the marble walls and turning the master bath into a humid tropical box. I was still locked into Eleanor, my hands anchored firmly on her hips, driving into her with a slow, heavy grind that made the oil-based soap foam white against her skin. Every time I bottomed out, I could feel the vibration of her moans through my own chest.

The heavy click of the bathroom door was nearly drowned out by the roar of the shower, but the sudden shift in air pressure was unmistakable. I glanced back, my breath hitching as the frosted glass door swung open.

Jasmine, Kim, Minne, and Tessa stood there, a line of naked, exhausted, yet curiously revived women. They looked like they'd just crawled out of a pile of silk sheets, their hair messy and their eyes heavy-lidded.

"I knew I heard something over the water," Tessa said, her voice a low, raspy drawl as she leaned against the doorframe, her eyes immediately dropping to where I was buried in Eleanor. "And here I thought you two were actually trying to save the planet by sharing a shower."

"Wow," Kim muttered, stepping further into the room and letting the steam coat her skin. "You really didn't waste any time, did you? Straight for the tightest spot."

Jasmine whistled low, her gaze fixed on the way Eleanor was arched against the tile. "She looks like she's about to melt into the floorboards. You're really putting in the work, Evan."

I didn't stop. If anything, the audience made my rhythm sharpen. I looked over my shoulder, a slow smirk spreading across my face as the warm spray hit my back. "The water's warm and there's plenty of soap to go around. Why are you all standing out there catching a draft? Get in here."

They didn't need a second invitation. One by one, they stepped into the oversized walk-in shower, the space suddenly feeling a lot smaller and a hell of a lot hotter. The scent of sandalwood and wet skin intensified as they crowded around us, the water splashing off our shoulders and onto them.

Jasmine didn't hesitate. She saw the way Eleanor was struggling to keep her knees from buckling and moved in to help. She knelt down on the wet tile directly beneath Eleanor's arched frame, pressing her back against the cool marble for stability. She reached up, her hands gripping Eleanor's thighs to keep her steady, acting as a human brace.

As I drove forward again, bottoming out with a wet slap, a fresh slurry of my earlier cum and Eleanor's own heat oozed from her pussy, caught in the downward flow of the shower water. Jasmine leaned forward, her eyes locked on mine for a second before she began to lick the mess clean, her tongue tracing the curves of Eleanor's inner thighs and center, catching every drop before it could hit the drain.

"God... Evan..." Eleanor choked out, her head hanging low as Jasmine's touch added a new, electric layer to the friction I was providing from behind. "I can't... there's too much going on..."

"Just take it," I muttered, my voice dropping into a rough command. I reached forward, my hands sliding over her ribs to cup her heavy breasts, squeezing them in sync with my thrusts. "You wanted the distraction. Now you've got it."

Kim moved to my side, her slick skin rubbing against my arm as she reached out to stroke Eleanor's hair out of her face. She leaned in, whispering filth into Eleanor's ear that made the older woman shiver. "Look at you, Eleanor. You've got all of us watching you take him. You look so fucking good like this."

Tessa was behind me, her hands sliding over my shoulders and down my chest, her fingernails lightly grazing my skin. She wasn't trying to pull me away; she was pushing me closer, her body heat a constant pressure against my back. "Keep going, Evan. Don't you dare slow down now. I want to see how much she can actually take."

Minne, ever the shyest, stayed near the edge of the spray, her eyes wide as she watched the display. But even she couldn't stay away. She reached out, her small, soft hand finding the small of Eleanor's back, rubbing soothing circles into the skin even as I continued to pound into her.

The dialogue in the shower turned into a low, frantic hum of encouragement and desire.

"You're stretching her so wide, Evan," Kim whispered, her hand moving down to guide my hips. "I can see how much she likes it. Look at her twitch."

"Fuck, you're so tight, Eleanor," I groaned, the soap making the friction feel like velvet and fire. "I feel like I'm going to break you."

"Do it," Jasmine muttered from below, pausing her tongue only long enough to speak. "Break her for us. She's been asking for it all night."

## The Heart System - Chapter 558[ 1,139 words ]

### *Chapter 558: Chapter 558*

The pace was becoming unhinged. I was breathing like a marathon runner, my heart hammering against my ribs. Eleanor was a mess of moans and gasps, her fingers scratching uselessly at the tile as the combined attention of five people centered entirely on her pleasure. Jasmine's tongue was relentless, Kim's whispers were intoxicating, and my own body was a relentless engine driving her toward the cliff.

"I'm... oh, fuck, I'm going again!" Eleanor wailed, her voice cracking as the second climax of the morning began to boil over.

"Don't hold back," I rasped, my own control fraying at the edges. I delivered a final, rapid-fire series of thrusts, my hips snapping forward with everything I had left.

Eleanor shattered. Her body went completely rigid, her back arching so hard I thought she'd snap. She let out a long, high-pitched cry that drowned out the sound of the water. Her internal muscles clamped down on me in a desperate, pulsing rhythm, her entire frame shaking with the force of the release. Jasmine held her thighs tight, drinking in the result of the climax, while the other girls pressed in close, their hands and voices a chaotic symphony of praise.

I felt the pressure in my own gut reaching the red line, but I wasn't finished. Not yet. I wanted her to feel the absence of me before I gave her the final reward.

I suddenly pulled out. The sound was a loud, wet pop that echoed in the small space.

Without the anchor of my body and the support of my hands, Eleanor's legs finally gave out. She let out a soft, defeated whimper and began to slide down the wall. Jasmine, still kneeling below, was ready. She reached up and caught Eleanor, pulling the spent, shivering woman into her arms.

Eleanor fell forward, her head resting on Jasmine's shoulder, her breathing coming in ragged, uneven gasps. She was completely undone, a beautiful, wrecked heap of a woman. Jasmine hugged her tight, a triumphant, gentle smile on her face as she smoothed Eleanor's wet hair back.

"Got you," Jasmine whispered, her voice sweet and victorious. "We've got you, Eleanor."

I stood over them, my chest heaving, my cock still hard and glistening with soap and juice in the morning light. The other girls were looking at me, their eyes dark with a renewed hunger, and I knew that despite the sun being up, the day was only just beginning.

The steam in the master bath had reached a fever pitch, thick enough to hide the walls and turn the group into shifting silhouettes of skin and heat. I was standing there, chest heaving, watching Jasmine cradle the exhausted Eleanor, when I felt a small, hesitant tug on my arm.

I turned back, the water from the showerhead slicking my hair and running down my face. Minne stood there, her small frame shivering not from the cold, but from the raw intensity of the room. Her face was a deep, burning crimson, and her eyes were fixed firmly on the wet tiles at my feet. Slowly, her gaze drifted up to meet mine, her pupils blown wide.

Without a word, she turned around and pressed her palms flat against the marble wall, echoing Eleanor's position. She arched her back, her small, pert ass lifting toward me in a silent, desperate invitation.

"M-me too... Master..." she whispered, her voice barely audible over the roar of the water.

My cock throbbed at the sight of her, a renewed surge of heat hitting my gut. She looked so delicate against the cold marble, yet the way she was offering herself was anything but timid.

"Oh, gladly," I rasped, stepping in close behind her.

Kim and Tessa moved in like twin shadows, their eyes gleaming with the chance to assist. They didn't just watch; they were active participants in Minne's unraveling. Kim reached

for the bottle of sandalwood body wash, squeezing a generous dollop into her palm. She knelt behind Minne, her fingers working the slick, scented oil over Minne's tight, puckered entrance, prepping her with a methodical, expert touch.

"She's so tight, Evan," Kim murmured, her fingers disappearing briefly into the heat. "She's going to feel every inch of you."

Tessa's hands wandered over Minne's chest, her thumbs grazing the girl's nipples, keeping her centered in the pleasure even as the tension built below.

I lined myself up, the head of my cock glistening with the soap Kim had applied. I pushed forward, the resistance immediate and breathtaking. Minne let out a muffled whimper against Tessa's mouth, her fingers scratching at the grout as I began the slow, agonizing process of sliding home.

"Easy, Minne," I whispered into her ear, my hands finding her waist to anchor us. "Just breathe through it."

It was a slow, heavy inch-by-inch transition, the slickness of the soap fighting against the incredible tightness of her. But eventually, the muscle gave way, and I seated myself deep inside her with one final, definitive thrust. Minne's back arched into a perfect bow, her head falling back against my shoulder as she let out a long, shattered moan.

"Fuck, Minne... you're like a glove," I hissed, my eyes rolling back.

"I... I can feel you... everywhere," she gasped, her voice breaking. "Mas... agh... Master..."

I didn't waste any time. I began to move, the pace building from a cautious grind into a relentless, driving rhythm. The sound of our bodies meeting was a wet, heavy slap that filled the small space, amplified by the marble walls. Kim stayed close, her hands rubbing Minne's thighs and occasionally reaching around to find her clit, ensuring the girl was being hit from every possible angle.

As the heat in the shower reached a boiling point, I felt a sudden, primal surge of horniness that bypassed my brain entirely. I wanted to feel her weight, to have her completely under my control.

I reached down, my hands sliding under Minne's knees. With a surge of strength, I hoisted her up off the floor, keeping myself buried deep inside her asshole the entire time. I stepped back, bracing my shoulders against the glass partition for stability.

The position was incredible. Minne was suspended in the air, her back pressed flat against my chest, her legs hooked over my arms. I was holding her like a prize, her small frame dwarfed by mine as I began to pump into her from below. Every thrust was a bottoming-out strike, her weight acting as a natural resistance that made the sensation ten times more intense.

"Oh god! Master!" Minne wailed, her head thrashing against my shoulder. "It's too much... I'm going to... MASTER!!"

"You're doing so good, baby," I said, my teeth grazing her ear. "Just take it all. Show me how much you wanted this."

## The Heart System - Chapter 559[ 1,052 words ]

*Chapter 559: Chapter 559*

Tessa and Kim were right there, their hands wandering over Minne's stomach and thighs, their voices a constant, low hum of encouragement.

"Look at her," Kim whispered, her eyes dark with hunger. "She's completely lost in it. You're ruining her, Evan."

"She's taking it like a pro," Tessa added, her hand sliding down to help guide my rhythm. "Harder, Evan. Give her everything."

I didn't need the prompt. I was seeing red, the friction of the soap and the tight, pulsing heat of her release starting to gather. My pace turned into a blurring, frantic vibration. I was pounding into her with a raw, unbridled force that made the shower glass rattle in its frame.

"I'm close, Minne!" I roared over the spray. "I'm going to fill you up!"

"Yes! Please! Give it to me!"

The pressure in my gut reached the breaking point. I felt Minne's entire body go into a violent, spasming shock. Her internal muscles clamped down on me like a vice, pulsing with the force of an earth-shattering climax. She let out a long, high-pitched scream that tore through the bathroom, her head falling back as she shattered into a thousand pieces.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. I let out a guttural, primal sound, my body going rigid as I began to cum deep inside her. Pulse after pulse of white-hot heat filled her, the release so powerful it felt like it was draining my very soul. I buried my face in the crook of her neck, riding the wave of the orgasm as the world dissolved into nothing but the sensation of us being joined in the steam.

We stayed like that for a long, quiet minute, the only sound the heavy patter of the water and our synchronized, ragged breathing. I slowly lowered Minne back to her feet, her legs so weak they barely held her weight. She turned around in my arms, her face a mask of pure, dazed bliss, and collapsed against my chest.

I held her tight, the water washing the sweat and soap away, feeling a deep, quiet sense of satisfaction. The night was over, the morning was here, and I had officially kept my promise. Every single one of them was spent, broken, and completely mine.

I slowly lowered Minne back to the tile floor, her legs trembling so violently she could barely find her footing. As soon as her feet touched the ground, she slid down the marble wall, her back pressing against the cool surface as she gasped for air, her skin flushed a deep, radiant pink from the heat of the water and the intensity of the finish.

The roar of the shower was the only sound for a heartbeat, but the silence between us was heavy. I wiped the water from my eyes and straightened up, the steam swirling around my shoulders like a shroud.

I looked around the oversized stall. Kim was leaning against the glass, her chest heaving, eyes dark and expectant. Jasmine was still supporting a dazed Eleanor, but her gaze was fixed on me, sharp and hungry. Tessa stood to my left, her hair plastered to her neck, a slow, predatory smirk playing on her lips as she watched the water bead off my chest. Minne, even in her state of total collapse, was looking up at me with wide, adoring eyes that practically begged for the cycle to start all over again.

They were all there. Five of them, completely naked, slick with soap and water, and despite the fact that the sun was already up and we'd been at this for hours, none of them were moving toward the door. They were waiting. They were circling.

I looked at my own reflection in the fogged-up glass for a split second, then back at the circle of women who had decided I was the only thing that mattered this morning. A slow, lopsided smirk spread across my face as I felt the familiar, heavy thrum of my pulse beginning to quicken again. My body was tired, my muscles were screaming for rest, but looking at the five of them, the idea of sleep seemed like a distant, boring memory.

I shook my head, a low, dry chuckle vibrating in my throat.

"Oh, boy..." I muttered, my voice echoing off the marble. "Looks like I'm not finished yet."

Tessa's smirk widened into a full-blown grin, and she stepped forward, her hand reaching out to trail a wet finger down the center of my abdomen. "Good," she whispered, the steam catching the mischief in her eyes. "Because we haven't even tried the bathtub yet."



---

---

Sexual Activity Completed

---

Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +625 (x2)

Villain Bonus: +25 EXP

Star Rating: 4.5

---

Bliss Multiplier: 1912c

---

---

Man, last night had drained the life out of everyone. The girls were wild, I wasn't exactly innocent either, and now it all came crashing down at once. Nobody had the energy to move, let alone function like normal human beings. Eleanor had even stayed over instead of going back downstairs, saying she didn't have it in her to deal with anything else. Fair enough. We were all completely wiped.

I woke up with a groan, eyes cracking open slowly as my body protested every little movement. My neck was stiff, my back sore, and for a second I had no idea where the hell I even was. Then I felt something warm shift on top of me.

Mik.

She was sitting on my chest like she owned the place, calmly licking her paw. The moment I moved, she paused, looked at me, and let out a soft meow before hopping off the couch.

I pushed myself up into a sitting position, rubbing my eyes as I followed her with a half-dead stare. The little gremlin trotted straight toward her food bowl, which was sitting near the kitchen counter. Empty, of course.

She tapped it with her tiny paw. Once. Twice. Then looked back at me and meowed louder, like she was filing a formal complaint.

"Right..." I muttered, dragging a hand down my face. "Everyone's dead asleep, huh?"

---

---

Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

---

EXP: 3175 / 31500



Current Credits: 5762

Current SC: 0

---

---

## The Heart System - Chapter 560[ 1,430 words ]

*Chapter 560: Chapter 560*

I forced myself up from the couch and shuffled toward the kitchen. The apartment was quiet, way too quiet compared to last night. I opened one of the lower cabinets near the fridge where Minne usually kept Mik's stuff. Sure enough, there was a big sealed bag of dry cat food sitting there, along with a small plastic scoop resting inside a container.

I grabbed the scoop, dipped it into the bag, and filled it up halfway. Didn't want to overdo it and get lectured later. Then I crouched down and poured it into Mik's bowl. The dry pellets rattled against the metal, instantly grabbing her attention.

She didn't even wait. The second the food hit the bowl, she dove in like she hadn't eaten in days.

"Yeah, yeah... you're welcome," I mumbled, standing back up.

I placed the bag and scoop back where I found them, closed the cabinet, and made my way back to the living room. Just as I dropped myself onto the couch again, the master bedroom door creaked open.

Tessa stepped out, hair a complete mess, eyes barely open. Her phone alarm was blaring in her hand, some obnoxious tone that sounded way too energetic for this hour.

"Fuck..." she groaned, squinting at the screen as she turned it off. "Why is that so loud..."

"Morning," I said, leaning back into the couch.

"Yo," she yawned, stretching her arms above her head. "Need to feed the little fucker... oh."

She glanced toward the kitchen, then back at me.

"You already did?"

I nodded. "She woke me up and bullied me into it."

Tessa snorted. "Devious little shit."

She walked over and dropped onto the couch next to me, immediately slouching like her bones had given up.

I glanced toward the clock on the wall.

Three.

"We really woke up at three in the afternoon," I said, blinking slowly. "No work today?"

"Fuuuuck nooo..." Tessa dragged the words out, rubbing her face. "We are not going to work today. Not happening."

"Yeah, I figured," I muttered, running a hand through my hair. "Guess I'll make some breakfast or something."

Tessa immediately turned her head toward me, lifting a hand like she was stopping traffic.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said. "Absolutely not. We're waiting for Minne."

I raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong with me making breakfast?"

She gave me a look, then let out a short laugh. "Kim told me some wild stuff about you, Mr. Marlowe."

"What kind of stuff?"

"You remember when she got kicked out and stayed with you?" she asked.

"Yeah?"

"She said your fridge had three things in it," Tessa continued, holding up fingers as she counted. "Beer. More beer. And even more beer. Maybe a leftover pizza if you were feeling fancy."

I leaned back slightly, considering that.

"That might be accurate."

"Exactly," she said, pointing at me like she'd just proven a theory. "So yeah, no offense, but I'm trusting Minne with our lives here."

I let out a quiet chuckle, rubbing the back of my neck.

"Yeah... now that you put it like that," I admitted, "waiting for Minne sounds like the smartest move we can make."

A few minutes later, the master bedroom door creaked open and Eleanor stepped out, rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. Her hair was still a little damp from the shower, strands clinging lazily to her neck. Since she hadn't brought any spare clothes, she was wearing one of Jasmine's outfits—a snug tank top that didn't quite cover her midriff and a pair of hotpants that hugged her a little too well. It wasn't intentional, probably, but the whole look had that careless, just-woke-up appeal to it.

She lingered by the doorway for a second, palms pressed over her face as if trying to wake herself up properly. Then she stretched, arms reaching above her head, and finally noticed us in the living room.

A small, sleepy smile spread across her face as she started walking over.

"Morning," she greeted, voice still thick with sleep.

"Morning," Tessa and I answered at the same time.

Tessa tilted her head slightly, eyeing her with a smirk. "Slept good? I saw you wrestling the blanket like your life depended on it. Was it that cold or what?"

Eleanor let out a quiet laugh as she dropped onto the couch beside me. "Oh... I move a lot when I sleep. Didn't mean to steal it."

"I'm just messing with you," Tessa waved it off. "You hungry, by the way?"

Eleanor hesitated, glancing between us. "I can just go back to my place and eat there. I don't want to overstay or be a bother."

I chuckled and leaned back. "Actually, we were about to ask if you could make us something. We're starving, and neither of us can be trusted in a kitchen."

Tessa nodded immediately. "Yeah, we'd probably burn water somehow."

"Oh," Eleanor blinked, then smiled a bit wider. "In that case... sure. I usually just make simple sandwiches, though."

"I beg of you," Tessa leaned forward dramatically, reaching past me to place a hand on Eleanor's shoulder. "Mrs. Eleanor. Please. Feed us."

Eleanor laughed under her breath and got up, heading toward the kitchen. Tessa followed right after her, already talking.

"Alright, so bread's over there, fridge here, don't mind the mess, Minne usually keeps it organized but we kinda destroyed it last night..."

Their voices blended into a casual back-and-forth as I stayed on the couch, leaning my head against the backrest. Mik was still at her bowl, munching away like nothing in the world mattered.

From where I sat, I could see into the kitchen. Eleanor moved around with an easy rhythm, opening cabinets, checking the fridge, pulling out ingredients. Tessa hovered nearby, occasionally pointing things out or just leaning against the counter and talking.

Eleanor grabbed slices of bread, laying them neatly on the counter. She opened the fridge and took out some cheese, sliced meat, and a few vegetables. Tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers. Simple stuff, but the way she handled everything made it look... organized. Efficient.

She worked quickly, layering the sandwiches one by one. Bread, cheese, meat, vegetables, then another slice on top. Tessa stole a cucumber slice at one point and got lightly smacked on the hand for it, which only made her laugh.

"Hey, quality control," Tessa defended herself.

"Sure," Eleanor replied, shaking her head with a smile.

A few minutes later, the sandwiches were done, neatly stacked on a plate. Eleanor looked around, opening a cabinet, then another.

"Do you have more bread?" she asked.

Tessa glanced over. "Uh... should be—" she checked another shelf, then paused. "...Okay, maybe not."

Eleanor frowned slightly. "I think that was the last of it."

There was a brief silence.

Then, without missing a beat, Tessa reached forward and grabbed one of the sandwiches off the plate.

"Alright," she declared. "We're settling this the fair way. Rock, paper, scissors. Winner takes it."

I snorted from the couch. "You're unbelievable."

Right then, the master bedroom door opened again.

Minne stepped out, still half-asleep, rubbing one eye as she walked into the living room. She barely had time to process anything before Tessa's head snapped toward her.

"Oh... there she is."

Tessa immediately dropped the sandwiches back onto the counter and bolted toward Minne.

"I FUCKING LOVE YOU, MINNE!"

"E-Eek!"

Minne squeaked as Tessa scooped her up into a hug, lifting her off the ground like she weighed nothing. Minne's arms flailed slightly in surprise as Tessa spun around once before carrying her straight into the kitchen.

Tessa set her down gently but kept both hands on her shoulders, leaning in with exaggerated desperation.

"Feed us, Minne. We're starving. Like... actually dying here. Evan worked us so badly yesterday..."

Minne blinked a couple of times, clearly still waking up, then nodded quickly. "I-I can do that, of course."

Tessa let out a long, relieved breath and stepped back. "Yeah... suddenly I don't want that sandwich anymore."

Eleanor raised an eyebrow at that, then casually picked one up and took a bite.

"So rude," she mumbled through the food, a hint of amusement in her voice.

Tessa stared at her for a second, then scoffed.

There was a brief pause. Then, almost at the same time, everyone burst out laughing. Even Minne, still a little confused, couldn't help but smile as the room filled with the sound.

Well... at least we could start the day now.

Even though it was a little late for that.

