

## The Heart System - Chapter 561[ 1,124 words ]

*Chapter 561: Chapter 561*

I knocked on the door and waited, the two large pizza boxes in my hands filling the hallway with their delicious, greasy scent. A few seconds later, I heard shuffling inside. The door swung open and Esme greeted me with half-lidded, sleepy eyes. Her hair was a wild mess, one strap of her thin tank top had slipped off her shoulder, and she was wearing nothing but a pair of black panties that were riding up high, giving an insane cameltoe.

Her eyes widened the moment she saw the pizzas. Without a single word, she snatched both boxes from my hands and rushed straight to the kitchen. I shook my head with a small laugh and stepped inside, closing the door behind me. When I looked right, Esme had already flipped open one of the boxes and was devouring a slice like she hadn't eaten in days.

"Hello to you too, Esme," I said.

"Helloooo!" she replied through a mouthful of pizza.

"Where's your sister?"

"Outside," she mumbled, chewing happily. "Mm. So good."

I walked over and dropped onto the couch. From this angle I had a perfect view of Esme sitting at the dinner table. Her black panties had slid down a little from how she was slouched, the thin fabric barely covering anything. I could almost see everything. My cock twitched in my pants, slowly starting to harden at the sight.

"Jeez, Esme," I muttered. "You should've worn something... modest, at least. Don't ever open the door for anyone wearing just your panties."

"I saw you through the peephole," she shrugged, mouth still full. "If it was someone else, I would've put something on."

"Oh... right. Well, still."

"Mmh... want a slice?"

"Nah, thanks," I said.

"Your loss..."

I pulled out my phone and called Cora. The line started ringing. Almost immediately, I heard the faint sound of a phone ringing right outside the door. I arched an eyebrow, stood up, and walked over to open it.

There she was, Cora, standing in the hallway with two heavy grocery bags in her arms, frozen mid-motion as she tried to put her keys in the lock. Her face instantly turned bright red.

"E-Evan!" she stammered. "Oh... um... h-hey."

"Hey," I replied with a small smile. "Let me help."

Cora shyly held out the grocery bags. I took all of them from her, then turned and carried them into the kitchen, setting them down on the counter.

Esme greeted her sister with a simple nod, still focused on demolishing her pizza slice.

Cora stepped inside and quietly closed the door behind her, cheeks still burning red as she avoided looking directly at me.

Esme got up from the dinner table and walked into the kitchen. She opened the fridge and leaned inside, her black panties riding up high between her cheeks. Her round ass was completely on display. God fucking damn. It was hypnotizing me.

Cora noticed exactly where I was looking. Instead of saying anything, she just exhaled and shook her head.

"Wear normal stuff, you idiot!" Cora scolded.

"Yeeees..." Esme replied lazily.

Esme finally grabbed a bottle of coke from the fridge, poured herself a glass, and walked back to the dinner table, sipping as she went.

Cora joined me near the kitchen counter. Her cheeks were still a little pink as she grabbed one of the grocery bags and started emptying it. I stepped closer.

"Need any help?" I asked.

"Umm... s-sure," she said softly. "Can you put the stuff I take out into the refrigerator?"

I nodded and started helping. One by one, I took the items from her hands and placed them neatly inside the fridge. When she moved on to the second bag, it was full of fresh fruits. I took those and arranged them in the fruit drawer at the bottom.

Esme had already finished the entire first pizza box and was now working on the second one. Jeez, that girl could eat.

"Um..." Cora said once we were done. "It's good to see you here, Evan."

"Likewise," I smiled. "Yeah..."

Fuck. How was I supposed to ask for a favor now? I needed Cora to dig up more info on Jack Kuinn, maybe follow him and snap some photos of him with his boyfriend. But she clearly thought I had just come over to visit. Sure, I wanted to see them... but the main reason I showed up with pizza was to ask for her help.

God, I felt like a jerk. Still, I had to do it.

"You're going to hate me," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "But I'm here because I need your help, Cora."

"Help?" Her expression turned serious instantly. "Is something wrong?"

"There's this guy. Jack Kuinn," I explained. "He's threatening the people I care about."

"Who is he?"

"Half of Uptown apparently belongs to him," I said. "And he's a regular at a sex shop there. I can send you the location."

"Okay... what do I need to do?"

"He has a boyfriend. And his family are overly religious Christians," I continued. "I need you to snap some photos of them together."

"I can do that," she nodded without hesitation.

"I'm sorry," I added. "It probably looks like I only came here to call in a favor because I brought pizza."

She chuckled softly. "It's fine. I was getting bored anyway."

"Yeah..."

"Um..." Cora muttered, suddenly looking nervous. "M-may I ask something in return as well?"

"Sure," I smiled. "Who's the lucky fella I'm stalking?"

She smiled nervously, twisting her fingers together. "Um... I... it's better if I showed it. Could you... follow me?"

"Oh... sure."

Cora glanced toward the dining table to check on Esme. Her sister was completely invested in the second pizza box, eating like the world was ending.

Satisfied, Cora turned and walked down the hallway. I followed right behind her.

She stopped halfway down the corridor and pulled out her phone. I stepped closer, standing directly behind her as she unlocked the screen.

Cora opened a website and showed me a basic, mid-range PC. Nothing special.

"Esme needs a computer for college," she said, her voice shaky and nervous. "Um... can you help us buy it? I already saved up 300 dollars. I just need another 700..."

I couldn't help but smile and nod. "Tell you what... I'll buy her a better one. And you don't have to spend anything. Think of it as a gift from me."

"I... I can't allow that," she muttered, looking down.

I wrapped my arms around her from behind and kissed her softly on the cheek. "Yes you can... right?"

She blushed hard, a small shy giggle escaping her. "Um... hehe... y-yes..."

"Good girl."

## The Heart System - Chapter 562[ 1,062 words ]

### *Chapter 562: Chapter 562*

I lifted her up from behind, turned her around in my arms, and gently pressed her back against the hallway wall. Cora immediately linked her legs behind my back, holding onto me tightly.

"Fuck," I muttered, voice low. "I missed you, Cora."

"M-me too..."

Our lips met in a hungry kiss. Cora slipped her phone back into her pocket, then we kissed again, deeper and sloppier this time. Our tongues tangled messily, soft moans escaping into each other's mouths.

I shifted slightly and peeked around the corner of the hallway wall. Esme was still sitting at the table, fully focused on devouring the pizza, completely unaware.

I smirked.

Without breaking the kiss, I reached down and quickly pushed my pants and boxers down. My cock sprang free, already half-hard. Cora didn't hesitate either. She shoved her own pants down just enough, then slid her panties to the side, exposing her wet pussy.

Damn... seeing her like this... I was now rock hard.

I gripped her ass with both hands, lined up my throbbing cock with her slick entrance, and pushed in slowly. Inch by inch I slid into her tight, warm cunt, being extremely careful not to make any loud sounds. The hallway was quiet except for the distant sound of Esme chewing pizza. Cora's breath hitched sharply against my lips as her walls stretched around me. She was soaking wet, her pussy gripping me like a vice.

Once I was buried all the way inside her, I started fucking her with slow, deep, controlled thrusts. Every movement was quiet, we couldn't risk Esme hearing us too soon.

Cora leaned forward and buried her face in the crook of my shoulder, her arms wrapping tightly around my neck in a possessive hug. She clung to me desperately, like she was afraid I might disappear.

"Mine..." she whispered hotly against my skin, her voice trembling with that intense yandere edge. "You're mine, Evan. Even when you fuck the others... you're still mine. Say it."

"I'm yours, Cora," I murmured back, keeping my rhythm steady and deep.

This girl, I swear...

She let out a soft, needy whimper and tightened her legs around my waist, pulling me even deeper. "Good... because I'd lose my mind if you ever tried to leave me. I'd do anything to keep you. Kill for you if I had to."

Her possessive words sent a rush of heat through me. I drove into her a little harder, still trying to stay as silent as possible. The wet, filthy sound of my cock sliding in and out of her dripping cunt was barely masked by our heavy breathing.

Maan, I had to be a crazy fool getting horny from hearing her talking like that.

"You're such a dirty girl," I said quietly into her ear. "Getting fucked against the wall while your sister is eating pizza just around the corner. Does that turn you on? Knowing she could catch us any second?"

Cora nodded frantically, her hot breath fanning over my neck. "Yes... it makes me so fucking wet. Hehe..."

I kept thrusting slow and deep, grinding against her clit with every stroke. "Your pussy is so tight for me. Greedy little pussy, squeezing me like you never want to let go."

"Because I don't," she hissed possessively, nipping at my neck with her teeth. "This pussy belongs to you, but you belong to me. I don't care how many girls you fuck... at the end of the day, you always come back to me. Say you'll always come back to me."

"I'll always come back to you, Cora," I whispered, picking up the pace just enough to make her tremble. "This tight cunt is too good to stay away from."

Cora's nails dug into my back as she clung tighter. Her breathing was getting faster, more desperate. "Faster... please... but don't let her hear yet. I want to cum on your cock while she's still eating like nothing's happening."

I angled my hips to hit that perfect spot inside her with every thrust. Cora's walls started fluttering around me, her pussy getting even wetter, juices coating my balls. The risk of getting caught only made everything hotter.

"You're getting close already, aren't you?" I breathed against her ear. "I can feel you pulsing around me. Such a needy little yandere slut for my cock."

"Yes... I'm yours... only yours..." she moaned softly, voice breaking. "Even if I have to share... I'll make sure you never forget who you really belong to. Fuck me... claim me..."

I kept fucking her with long, deliberate strokes, the pressure building between us. Cora's body started shaking in my arms. Her legs locked even tighter around my waist as her orgasm approached.

"I'm gonna cum..." she whimpered, barely able to keep her voice down. "Evan... I'm cumming—"

Cora suddenly tensed hard. Her pussy clenched violently around my cock as her climax hit her. She tried to muffle it, but she couldn't hold back completely.

"Ah... Evan!" she cried out, a sharp, high-pitched moan escaping her lips louder than intended.

The sound echoed down the quiet hallway.

A second later, Esme's voice drifted from the dining area, casual but dripping with amusement.

"Oh my god... fucking behind my back? Wow..."

She paused for a moment, then added with her mouth full, "You two are disgusting... but whatever." The sound of her chewing the last slice of pizza followed right after.

We looked at each other, eyes wide for a second, before both of us broke into quiet, breathless chuckles.

I kept pushing slowly into Cora, savoring the way her pussy fluttered around my cock after her orgasm. Before we could say anything, soft footsteps approached from the dining area.

Esme walked toward the hallway, one remaining slice of pizza held between her teeth. Her half-lidded eyes landed on us, completely unbothered. She stopped a few steps away, still chewing lazily.

Without a word, Esme hooked her thumbs into her black panties and slid them to the side, exposing her smooth, already glistening pussy. Her sleepy gaze lifted to meet mine.

The sight of her standing there so casually, panties pulled aside while she ate pizza, made my cock twitch hard inside Cora. Fuck, she was turning me on way more than she should.

Cora exhaled deeply and slumped her shoulders in defeat.

## The Heart System - Chapter 563[ 1,019 words ]

### *Chapter 563: Chapter 563*

I slowly lowered Cora to the ground, my cock slipping out of her with a wet sound. She stepped aside, still flushed and breathing hard.

"Esme," Cora said, voice tired but firm. "You need to find your own man now. That time with Evan and me was only a warm-up."

"Aw..." Esme mumbled around the pizza slice. "I want Evan. No one else."

"Damn... if you say it like that," I said, my cock twitching visibly in the air. "How am I supposed to calm myself down?"

Esme chuckled softly, then shoved the entire remaining slice into her mouth in one go. She chewed once and swallowed. "Heeey, Evan... come on. Fuck me."

Cora rubbed the back of her head. "Okay, but not here. Use the bed, Esme."

"No! I want to be in the same position."

"Esme..." Cora replied, sounding worried. "That is a dangerous position. What if you fall? You're still a newbie."

"Please?"

Cora looked at her younger sister for a long moment, then exhaled in defeat. "Fine... Evan, please don't drop this idiot, okay?"

"Don't worry."

I knelt down and hooked my fingers into Esme's panties, sliding them all the way down her legs and off her feet. Then I quickly pushed my own pants and boxers completely off, kicking them aside.

I grabbed Esme by the backs of her thighs and lifted her up easily. Cora, still nervous, stepped behind her sister and supported her back to help keep her steady.

I pressed Esme's back against the hallway wall, holding her up in the same standing position I'd just fucked Cora in.

I turned my head toward Cora. "Hey... help me fuck your sister, Cora. Put it inside her."

Cora knelt down without argument. She wrapped her fingers around my slick cock, leaned in, and spat directly onto the head. She rubbed the spit along my length with her hand, making me even slicker and shinier.

Then she guided the tip to Esme's entrance, rubbing it up and down her wet folds a few times before pushing the head inside.

Esme groaned loudly, her arms immediately wrapping around my neck in a tight hug as I sank deeper.

"Less painful, right, honey?" I said softly once I was fully buried inside her tight cunt.

"It is... different from my first time. Yes..." she moaned, voice breathy. "Evan..."

"Cora," I said, still holding Esme up. "Remove her t-shirt and bra."

Cora reached up and pushed Esme's tank top higher. Esme obediently raised her arms so Cora could pull it off completely. Next, Cora unclasped her sister's bra and slid it off, letting Esme's perky breasts spill free.

I kept moving slowly inside Esme, careful thrusts that made her whimper softly with every stroke. I leaned down and licked one of her nipples, swirling my tongue around the hardening bud before sucking it into my mouth. I moved to the other breast, licking and gently biting, savoring the way her body twitched in my arms.

Esme let out a shaky moan, her arms tightening around my neck. "Evan... it feels so full... I can feel every inch of you moving inside me..."

"That's it, honey," I murmured against her breast, voice low and soothing. "Just relax and let me take care of you. I've got you."

Cora stayed right behind her sister, supporting Esme's back with both hands, her voice soft and comforting. "You're doing so good, Esme. Just breathe through it. Evan's being really gentle with you. Feel how slow he's going?"

I started thrusting a little deeper while still keeping the pace slow and steady so Esme could adjust properly. Her tight pussy clenched around me with every movement, warm and incredibly wet. The standing position made everything feel even tighter, her weight completely supported between Cora and me.

"Does it hurt at all?" Cora asked gently, brushing some messy hair away from Esme's flushed face.

"N-no... it's just... really deep," Esme breathed, her half-lidded eyes fluttering. "I like it though... don't stop, Evan. Please..."

I kissed her neck softly while I rocked into her with long, smooth strokes. "You feel amazing, Esme. So tight and warm around my cock. Your pussy is gripping me so nicely, like it doesn't want to let go."

Esme whimpered at my words, her legs trembling slightly in my hands. Cora continued comforting her, rubbing slow, soothing circles on her back. "You're taking him so well, little sis. Look at you... getting fucked against the wall like this. You're being such a good girl for Evan."

I picked up the rhythm just a bit, giving her longer, deeper strokes. The wet, rhythmic sound of my cock sliding in and out of her soaked cunt filled the hallway, mixing with Esme's soft, needy moans. I could feel her getting wetter with every thrust, her juices coating my shaft and dripping down.

Cora leaned closer and kissed Esme's shoulder tenderly. "See? It gets better when you relax. Let Evan fuck you nice and deep. He knows exactly how to make you feel good."

"Evan..." Esme moaned my name, her voice getting higher and breathier. "It's starting to feel really good... deeper... please go a little deeper..."

I adjusted my grip on her thighs and started thrusting a little harder, still careful not to be too rough. Each time I bottomed out inside her, her perky breasts bounced lightly between us. I leaned down again and sucked on her nipple harder, flicking my tongue over the sensitive bud while I fucked her with steady strokes.

"You're so pretty when you moan like that," I said, voice low and husky. "Your pussy is getting so slippery for me. You like being held up like this, don't you? Being fucked while your sister holds you?"

Esme nodded quickly, her face burning red. "Y-yes... I like it... I feel so small in your arms... it's embarrassing but... it turns me on..."

Cora smiled softly and kept supporting her sister's weight. "That's right. Just enjoy it. Evan's cock is stretching you so nicely. You're doing perfect, Esme. I'm so proud of you."

## The Heart System - Chapter 564[ 1,050 words ]

### *Chapter 564: Chapter 564*

I kept a steady, deep pace, grinding against her clit with every thrust. Esme's breathing was getting faster and more desperate. Her moans turned into needy little whimpers that she tried to muffle against my shoulder. Her walls started fluttering around my cock, telling me she was getting very close.

"Feel that?" I whispered hotly against her ear. "Your pussy is squeezing me so tight. You're going to cum soon, aren't you, honey?"

Esme nodded frantically, eyes half-closed in pleasure. "I... I think so... it's building so much... I can't hold it..."

Cora reached around and gently rubbed Esme's swollen clit with her fingers in slow circles while I kept fucking her. "Cum for him, Esme. Let it all out. We've got you safe. Just let go."

The extra stimulation from Cora's fingers pushed Esme over the edge fast. Her whole body suddenly tensed up hard in my arms.

"Evan!" Esme cried out sharply, her voice breaking. "I'm... I'm cumming. I'm... oh, fuck. Ahh!"

Her pussy clamped down violently around my cock as her climax hit her hard. She squirmed and shook uncontrollably between us, her legs trembling wildly in my grip. A sudden powerful gush of hot fluid sprayed out around my cock, squirting hard down my

thighs and onto the floor in strong, messy pulses. She kept squirting again and again, soaking both of us as her intense orgasm tore through her body.

"Oh fuck... Esme..." Cora whispered in surprise, still holding her sister steady from behind.

Esme's head fell forward onto my shoulder, her entire body going limp and trembling in my arms. She was breathing heavily, completely exhausted now, her pussy still fluttering weakly around me as the last waves of her powerful orgasm slowly faded.

She looked utterly spent, eyes barely open, body slack and tired against me.

Esme's head rested heavily on my shoulder, her body still trembling from the intense orgasm. I leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips, tasting the faint salt of sweat on her skin.

"How was that, honey?" I asked gently, still holding her up.

Esme's cheeks flushed deep red as she pulled back just enough to look at me. "It was... awesome," she whispered, voice shy and breathless. "I've never felt anything like that before."

I smiled and kissed her again. "You were awesome too, honey. Now get on your knees for me. I'm going to cum."

I carefully let Esme down. Her legs were shaky, but she managed to slide down the wall until she was kneeling on the floor. Cora moved beside her without hesitation and dropped to her knees as well, right next to her sister.

Cora looked up at me with a soft, knowing smile and slowly let her tongue slip out, waiting. Esme glanced at her older sister, hesitated for a second, then did the same, sticking her tongue out shyly, mirroring Cora.

The sight of the two sisters kneeling side by side on the hallway floor, tongues out and waiting for me, hit me hard. It was incredibly taboo, two sisters, so close in blood, both on their knees for the same man. The forbidden nature of it made my cock throb even harder in my hand.

I wrapped my fingers around my slick shaft and started jerking off quickly, stroking from base to tip while looking down at them. My balls tightened as I got closer.

"Get ready..." I groaned, voice rough. "Oh, fuck... I'm gonna cum."

The pressure built fast. With a deep groan, I exploded. Thick ropes of cum shot out of my cock, landing across both of their faces. The first spurt hit Cora's cheek and nose, the second landed on Esme's tongue and chin. More followed, painting their lips, cheeks, and

even a little on their tongues. I kept stroking through the orgasm, milking every drop onto the two sisters kneeling before me.

When I finally finished, I looked down at them, breathing hard. Both girls had my cum splattered across their pretty faces, Cora with a thick streak across her cheek, Esme with some dripping from her tongue and chin.

Cora and Esme shared a quick look. Then Esme smiled shyly and leaned over, kissing Cora softly on the cum-covered cheek.

Cora chuckled quietly, then leaned in and licked a streak of my cum off her sister's cheek, swallowing it without hesitation.

"We should do this more often," I said, fixing my t-shirt.

"You bringing pizza for me?" Esme asked as she slowly got up, still a little shaky. "Yep. We should."

"I'm headed for the shower," Cora said, wiping a bit of cum from the corner of her mouth.

"I'll head out too," I replied. "Gotta talk to that sex shop owner again."

Cora nodded, a small shy smile on her face. "Um... b-bye, Evan."

I smiled back. "Bye."

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No rewards. Fuck. I was too gentle with Esme and the system didn't like that...

Whatever.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside, the familiar chime above it ringing softly. The place smelled the same as always, a mix of plastic, cheap perfume, and something faintly sweet that tried a little too hard to make the whole shop feel "welcoming." It didn't really work, but people didn't come here for the atmosphere anyway.

There were a few customers inside this time. A couple, from the looks of it.

They stood near one of the central displays, browsing through dildos and strap-ons like they were picking out groceries. The woman had that confident posture, shoulders back, chin slightly raised, while the guy next to her looked... well, a little out of place. Not weak exactly, but hesitant. The way he stood slightly behind her, the way he kept glancing at her for approval—it was pretty clear who was leading that relationship.

Not that it was my place to judge.

I'd called Tom a wimpy bastard once, and look how that turned out. The guy nearly turned Kim into someone she didn't even recognize anymore. Appearances didn't mean shit.

Layla was with them, her back turned to me as she explained something, holding up one of the items from the shelf. Her tone was professional, but there was a slight strain in it, like she was running on fumes.

## The Heart System - Chapter 565[ 1,012 words ]

*Chapter 565: Chapter 565*

I cleared my throat lightly and moved to the right side of the store, pretending to browse. Rows of fluffy pink handcuffs caught my attention, hanging neatly on hooks. I picked one up, turning it in my hand while keeping an ear on their conversation.

"My god," the woman said with a grin, nudging her partner slightly. "Does your husband not get angry that you work here, girl?"

Layla let out a small, awkward chuckle. "Oh... I, uh... h-he doesn't."

I frowned slightly to myself.

Who even asked something like that? In a place like this, of all places. Some people really had zero sense of boundaries. Standing there, shopping for toys, and suddenly deciding to dig into someone's personal life like it was small talk.

Layla recovered quickly enough, though. She continued explaining the features of the toys, pointing things out, keeping her voice steady. As she turned slightly, she caught sight of me near the handcuffs. Her eyes widened for a fraction of a second, recognition flashing across her face, but she masked it almost immediately and kept going like nothing happened.

The couple drifted closer to where I stood. The woman grabbed one of the fluffy cuffs and inspected it.

"Do you have a normal one?" she asked. "Without all this... extra stuff."

"We don't, unfortunately," Layla replied. "But you could always cut the fabric off with scissors if you prefer the metal."

The woman hummed thoughtfully, then turned to her partner. "What do you think, hon? Think it'd look good on you?"

"I like pink," the guy said with a small, almost shy smile. "Let's get it."

"Perfect," Layla nodded, already moving toward the counter. "I'll ring that up for you."

They followed her, and I casually put the cuffs back, lingering a moment before drifting toward the counter as well, keeping a bit of distance.

Layla moved through the process quickly. She scanned the item, named the price, and bagged it without any unnecessary chatter. The woman paid without hesitation, clearly satisfied with her purchase. A receipt printed out with a soft whirr, and Layla handed it over along with the bag.

"Have a nice day," she said.

"You too," the woman replied, already turning toward the door.

The bell chimed again as they left, their voices fading as they stepped outside.

Silence settled over the shop.

I waited a second, just to make sure they were gone, then walked up to the counter. Layla had already lowered herself onto the stool behind it, one hand resting on her belly as she exhaled slowly.

"You're here again," she said, looking up at me. "Hope it's for a good reason."

"You look bad," I replied bluntly. "Didn't sleep?"

"I... did," she answered, though the hesitation gave her away.

"Yeah, sure."

I glanced around the shop as I started pacing slowly, hands in my pockets. The shelves were neatly arranged, everything in its place, but the atmosphere felt... off. Quiet in a way that wasn't comforting.

"Any cameras here?" I asked, stopping and pointing toward one mounted in the corner.

"Like that one. Can I check the footage?"

"It deletes everything after two days," she said. "Even if there was something, it's probably gone."

"Really..." I muttered, running a hand through my hair. "That was the whole reason I came here."

"Yeah... I'm sorry about it."

That lead, gone just like that. Great.

I let out a quiet curse under my breath and turned back toward her. "If you hear anything about Jack, anything at all, let me—"

Her eyes suddenly fluttered. Then rolled. Before I could even finish my sentence, her body tilted forward.

"Hey—"

She slipped off the stool, her head heading straight for the edge of the counter.

Instinct kicked in. Without thinking, I pulled up the system and spent the credits.

Time stopped.

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Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

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EXP: 3175 / 31500

[  ]

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Current Credits: 5262

Current SC: 0

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Everything froze mid-motion. Layla hung there in the air, inches away from smashing her face against the counter.

I stepped forward quickly and caught her, easing her back upright. Her body was limp in my hands as I carefully adjusted her, making sure she sat properly on the stool again. As I did, something smeared under my fingers.

I frowned and pulled my hand back slightly, looking at it.

Makeup. I glanced at her face again, focusing on where I'd touched her.

The layer had shifted just enough.

And underneath it.... There was a bruise. A dark, ugly black eye, half-hidden beneath poorly applied makeup.

"What the hell..."

My gaze sharpened. I hesitated for a second, then moved around slightly, lifting the back of her shirt just enough to check.

Another mark. Damn.

A fresh cut, shallow but recent, running along her back. I lowered the fabric slowly, my jaw tightening. So it wasn't just exhaustion. Someone had done this. Her husband? Someone else?

I stepped back, running a hand over my face. For a brief moment, the thought crossed my mind to do something about it right now. To ask, to push, to get involved. But then everything else hit me at once. Brok. Jack. Nala.

Everything was already piling up.

I couldn't afford another problem.

Not right now.

With a quiet exhale, I moved back to where I had been standing before and let time resume.

The world snapped back into motion.

"Woah there," I said quickly. "You nearly fell. You okay?"

"I... y-yeah," she muttered, blinking rapidly as she steadied herself. "I don't... have the camera stuff. Could you... please leave? I need to rest."

"Yeah. Yeah, of course."

I took a step back, giving her space. "Take care of yourself, Layla."

She only gave a small nod, already looking drained.

I turned and walked toward the door, pushing it open and stepping out into the street again. The bell chimed behind me, fading quickly as the door shut.

I exhaled, rubbing the back of my neck.

"Fuck..."

Another day.

Another problem waiting to explode.



## The Heart System - Chapter 566[ 1,015 words ]

*Chapter 566: Chapter 566*

Something was definitely wrong.

The woman who worked at the sex shop, Layla, seemed to be getting abused by her husband. But I had run a background check on her through Greg, Tuck's cop friend. According to Greg's wife, who had bought toys from Layla multiple times, Layla wasn't married. She had been once, but the divorce papers were filed months ago.

I didn't even know why I was getting involved in Layla's life. It wasn't my business, and I had promised myself I wouldn't get dragged into unnecessary drama until the whole mess with Brok and Jack was over. Still... curiosity was getting the better of me, and I hoped it wouldn't bite me in the ass later.

"Seriously..." Eleanor panted heavily. "Why the hell are we doing so many squats?"

Tessa smirked, not missing a beat. "Look at her! She can't even move that fat ass anymore. Hah-hah!"

I was sprawled lazily on the couch, flipping through channels on the TV. The girls had pushed the dinner table aside to make space. Jasmine, Tessa, Minne, Eleanor, and Kim were all following along with a workout video on the phone. And guess who got stuck holding the phone up like a human tripod? Me.

"Don't move the phone, you useless selfie stick," Tessa complained, still squatting. "You're making me nauseous."

"Hey," I shot back, "why don't you just put the phone on the table? Balance it against a plate or something?"

Tessa laughed breathlessly while continuing her squats. "We're working our asses off to earn money, you jobless bum. You wake up at two in the afternoon, so at least hold the damn phone like a good little boy."

I let out a long sigh. "Oh, boy..."

Minne gasped, legs shaking. "I... I can't... I'm done..."

"Mik!" Tessa called out dramatically. "Attack Minne! She's giving up!"

Minne panicked. "No, Mik! Don't! Eek!"

"Who's Kayla, by the way?" Eleanor asked between heavy breaths.

"Oh, she has the biggest ass known to mankind," Jasmine replied, wiping sweat from her forehead. "She told us she uses this app to stay in shape, so... we're doing the same."

My phone buzzed on the coffee table. I leaned forward and grabbed it. The receptionist was calling at this hour? "Hello?"

"Hold the phone steady!" Tessa protested again.

"Hey, Mr. Marlowe. Sorry for calling so late," the receptionist said. "Two boxes of cargo just arrived. One for your guest, Eleanor, and one for you."

"Oh, the pepper sprays," I muttered. "Yeah, we'll pick them up tomorrow."

"Of course, Mr. Marlowe. Have a good evening."

"Thanks. Bye."

"Who was that?" Kim asked, still panting.

"The pepper sprays you girls ordered finally came," I replied.

"Oh, good," Jasmine breathed out. "You should always carry one when you go outside, Eleanor."

"I... I will..." Eleanor managed, clearly exhausted. "Oh god... break. Let's take a break. I'm done."

"Only two more minutes left, ladies!" the energetic woman on the workout video called out cheerfully. "Hang in there!"

Those two minutes felt like an eternity. When the video finally ended, I immediately dropped the phone onto the coffee table and rolled my aching shoulder. My arm was killing me after holding it up for ten straight minutes. The girls were clearly taking this workout app way too seriously.

I turned back and glanced at the girls. They were completely pooped from the workout.

Jasmine was slumped in one of the dining chairs, legs spread lazily as she fanned herself with both hands. "I'm so done... my thighs are burning," she groaned.

Tessa leaned against the kitchen counter, gulping down water like she'd just run a marathon. "Holy shit, I'm dying. Why did I suggest this stupid app?" she complained, wiping sweat from her neck.

Minne sat on the floor near the couch, looking utterly exhausted. "I can't feel my legs... I'm never doing squats again," she whined softly, trying to catch her breath.

Eleanor, the curviest of the group, had collapsed onto another dining chair. She was fanning her flushed face with her hand, chest heaving. "I'm too old for this... my ass is on fire," she panted with a tired laugh.

Kim stood by the fridge, pouring cold water over her neck and collarbone to cool down. "I'm pooped. Like, officially dead. Someone carry me to the couch," she groaned dramatically.

Only Tessa's outfit was particularly revealing, her tight red micro shorts had ridden up during the workout, creating a very noticeable cameltoe that she didn't seem to care about at all.

I pushed myself up from the couch and stretched my arms overhead, rolling my stiff shoulders.

Just then, my phone buzzed on the coffee table. I picked it up and opened the message. It was from Esme.

She had sent a photo of the two empty pizza boxes I brought earlier. Below the picture, she had written:

'Hungry.'

I quickly typed back: 'I'll get you more, don't worry.'

A thumbs-up emoji came back almost instantly.

I shook my head with a small smile.

"I swear," I muttered. "This girl..."

I walked toward the balcony and slid the glass door open, the faint sound of it gliding along the rail cutting through the quiet of the room. Stepping inside, I pulled it shut behind me again. The balcony was sealed off with glass panels from floor to ceiling, so even though I could see the city clearly, none of the cold wind or drizzle outside reached me. It felt like standing in a quiet bubble, separated from everything.

Perfect.

I pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a slow drag, letting the smoke settle in my lungs before exhaling toward the glass. It fogged slightly for a second, then cleared again, revealing the dull gray sky and the wet streets below. People moved like ants down there, umbrellas up, cars passing by with their headlights cutting through the early evening gloom.

With one hand in my pocket, I took out my phone and scrolled for a second before tapping Mendy's name.

It rang a few times.

Then she answered.

## The Heart System - Chapter 567[ 1,046 words ]

*Chapter 567: Chapter 567*

"Evan?"

"Hey," I said, taking another drag. "Mendy. How are you?"

"I'm good," she replied, though her voice came out uneven, slightly breathless. "I'm actually with Kayla right now. There's this app she's been talking about..."

"Oh, not you too," I muttered, exhaling smoke with a small shake of my head. "I have a theory, Mendy. Kayla is secretly the creator of that app, and she's just using all of you as free marketing."

She laughed lightly, a soft, airy sound despite her breathing. "Hey, it works... but it's kinda tiring."

"Yeah, I bet," I said, leaning my shoulder against the glass and looking outside again. "You sound busy, though. I can call you later if you want."

"No, no," she said quickly. "I've got my earbuds in. I can talk."

In the background, Kayla's voice drifted through faintly.

"Move your right leg up. Yeah, like that. One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four."

I couldn't help but smile.

"Jeez," I said, glancing down at the street below. "She's putting you through it, huh?"

"She... is," Mendy admitted between breaths.

I let out a quiet chuckle and tapped ash into the small tray by the railing. "Hey, random question. Do you also wake up in the middle of the night and eat bananas?"

There was a tiny pause.

"Y-yeah... that's part of the program," she said, sounding a little embarrassed but amused at the same time. "How did you know?"

"Lucky guess," I said with a grin.

Honestly, it was starting to feel less like a guess and more like a pattern.

"Um... so..." she continued, her tone softening a bit. "Thanks for calling me, by the way. It's been a while since we talked."

"Yeah," I admitted, watching a car splash through a puddle below. "Things have been... messy lately. A lot going on."

"Kayla mentioned something," she said. "About that... weirdo. The one who was driving his patients to suicide."

I exhaled slowly, the cigarette burning between my fingers.

"Yeah," I said. "That guy."

"Is your friend okay?" she asked. "I forgot her name... she was his girlfriend, right?"

"Ivy," I replied. "She's... getting better. Slowly."

"That's good," Mendy said, her voice carrying a bit more steadiness now. "What he did was horrible. I can't even imagine... but thanks to you, he won't be doing that anymore. You might not realize it, but you probably saved a lot of people, Evan."

I let out a quiet breath, watching it fog the glass again.

"I don't know about that," I said. "I just did what I had to."

There was no point digging into that. Not right now.

"Anyway," I continued, pushing myself off the glass. "I won't keep you. All I hear is you struggling over there."

She laughed softly. "Sorry... yeah, I think I need a break soon."

"Take one before you collapse," I said.

"Yeah... I will," she replied. There was a small pause before she added, a little more shyly, "We should... hang out sometime."

"We should," I agreed. "When things calm down."

"Okay," she said, sounding genuinely happy about that. "Take care, Evan."

"You too, Mendy."

"Bye."

"Bye."

The call ended, and I lowered the phone slowly.

For a moment, I just stood there in the quiet, looking out at the city through the glass. The rain had picked up slightly, streaking the surface in thin lines.

I ran a hand through my hair and exhaled.

At least for a few minutes, things felt... normal.

△ △ △

Another lead.

Cora had already gotten to work, doing her thing like she always did. I didn't even know how she managed it this fast, but somehow she had tracked Jack Kuinn down to a bar. Not one of those high-end places he could easily afford either. This one was small, tucked away, the kind of place people went when they didn't want to be seen.

That alone told me enough.

I pulled the car over and stepped out, the cold hitting me immediately. Snow drifted down in slow, lazy flakes, the kind that didn't bother rushing anywhere. Every now and then, a gust of wind cut through the street, sharp enough to make you zip your jacket up a little higher.

"Cora!"

She stood across the street, right in front of the bar's entrance. When she heard me, she turned and waved, a small smile forming on her lips. I crossed over, boots crunching lightly against the thin layer of snow that had already settled.

It was late. Two in the damn morning... way too late for normal people. The kind of hour where the city felt different, quieter but also a little more dangerous. The street itself wasn't exactly welcoming either. Dim streetlights flickered overhead, casting uneven shadows along cracked pavement. A couple of sketchy-looking figures lingered near a corner store down the block, and there was graffiti sprayed across the brick walls like no one ever bothered cleaning it up.

The bar behind Cora fit right in.

A worn-out neon sign buzzed above the door, half the letters flickering like they were about to give up any second. The windows were tinted just enough to hide most of what was going on inside, but you could still catch glimpses of movement, silhouettes shifting under warm lighting.

"Sorry for calling you this late," Cora said, her voice a little soft as she tucked her hands into her coat. "I thought you'd want to know."

"It's fine," I replied with a small smile. "Couldn't sleep anyway. So... tell me. He went in there?"

"Y-yes," she nodded. "But he was alone."

"Hmm."

That made things easier and harder at the same time.

I glanced at the entrance, then back at her. "Why didn't you go inside?"

She hesitated, her shoulders tensing slightly. "I... I got a little nervous."

I couldn't help but let out a quiet chuckle. "Yeah, figured."

Straightening up, I offered my arm to her. She looked at it for a second, then smiled sheepishly and hooked her arm through mine, holding on gently.

"Come on," I said. "Let's not keep our boy waiting."

We walked toward the entrance together. No line, no crowd. Not surprising. This wasn't the kind of place people lined up for.

The Heart System - Chapter 568[ 1,045 words ]

*Chapter 568: Chapter 568*

The bouncer stepped forward as we approached, one hand resting against the doorframe. He looked us over, then focused on Cora.

"ID for the girl," he said simply.

Cora quickly pulled her wallet out and handed it over. "Here."

He glanced at it, gave a short nod, and stepped aside. "Alright. Have fun."

"Thanks," I said, pushing the door open.

Warm air hit us immediately as we stepped inside, along with the low hum of conversation and soft music playing somewhere in the background. The place wasn't loud like a club. It was calmer, almost cozy in a worn-down kind of way.

Dim lights hung from the ceiling, casting a golden glow over the wooden interior. The bar counter stretched along one side, lined with stools that had clearly seen better days. A few small tables were scattered around, most of them occupied by quiet groups or lone drinkers minding their own business. The smell of alcohol and old wood lingered in the air, mixed with faint cigarette smoke that clung to everything.

And there he was.

Jack Kuinn.

He sat at the bar, slightly hunched forward, a drink in his hand. A cap was pulled low over his head, probably to keep himself from being recognized too easily. Still, I would've spotted him anywhere. The way he carried himself, that quiet confidence... it stood out.

I nudged my head slightly toward an empty table. "There."

Cora followed my gaze, then nodded. We moved over and took our seats, keeping just enough distance to avoid drawing attention.

A waiter approached us after a moment, notepad in hand. "What can I get you?"

"Beer," I said.

"Same," Cora added quietly.

"Got it," he nodded and walked off.

Cora leaned in slightly once he was gone, her voice dropping. "Is he... a bad person?"

I glanced toward the bar, watching Jack take a slow sip from his drink.

"Yeah," I muttered. "He is. And I need to take him down."

She nodded, though I could see the uncertainty in her eyes.

A few minutes passed. Nothing unusual at first. Then a woman slid onto the stool next to Jack, leaning in like she was trying to start a conversation. Jack turned his head slightly, said something I couldn't catch.

The woman's expression shifted almost immediately. She scoffed, rolled her eyes, and got up, walking away without another word.

I let out a quiet breath. "Not interested, huh."

Our drinks arrived shortly after. I gave a quick thanks and took a sip, the bitterness settling in. Leaning back slightly, I ran through options in my head.

Time Stop would make this easy. Too easy. But it was expensive now. Way too expensive to waste on a gamble. And Jack didn't strike me as the kind of guy who'd keep anything important on him anyway. If he had something on his phone, it'd be locked down tight.

I rubbed the back of my head and took another sip of beer. Maybe I wouldn't find any incriminating evidence, sure. But I could find his boyfriend's phone number, maybe? Or what he looked like? That'd be enough.

"What are you thinking?" Cora asked softly.

"Just trying to figure out the cleanest way to do this," I replied. "I want this to go right."

"I'm sure we can handle it," she said, a little shy but trying to sound confident. "Right?"

I looked at her for a second, then nodded.

"Right."

I slipped my phone out of my pocket and angled it just enough to keep things subtle, snapping a quick photo of Jack at the bar. The dim lighting helped; no flash, no attention drawn. I lowered the phone again and took another sip of my beer, letting the bitter taste settle while I kept him in my peripheral vision.

Before I could think further, someone stepped up to our table.

"Hello, handsome." A woman smiled, holding some kind of orange cocktail. I didn't know the name, just that it looked expensive and strong. "I'm renting, you buying it?"

I blinked, caught off guard. "Huh?"

"Get out of here." Cora's voice cut in sharply.

I turned to her, and for a second, even I was taken aback. Her expression had twisted into something straight out of a horror movie, eyes locked onto the woman with a cold intensity that made the air feel heavier.

The woman let out a small, awkward laugh, clearly not expecting that reaction. "Jeez... fine."

She turned and walked off, quickly finding another man at a nearby table. Cora kept watching her until she was fully gone, then exhaled slowly, her shoulders relaxing.

"Um... you really changed, by the way, Evan," she said, her tone softer now.

"As in?" I asked, glancing at her.

"You're not the same man I saw in that gas station market," she continued, a small smile forming. "A lot cooler now. Hehe... my Evan."

I suppressed a sigh and took another sip of my drink. Hearing her say things like that still felt strange, no matter how many times it happened. I didn't even try to unpack it anymore.

My attention snapped back to the bar as Jack suddenly stood up. He adjusted his cap slightly and turned toward the hallway leading to the restrooms.

I watched him for a second, then set my glass down.

"I'll be back," I said. "Stay here."

"Okay. Be careful," Cora replied, nodding.

I moved casually, not too fast, not too slow, heading toward the men's restroom. The place was crowded enough that no one paid me any mind. When I got close, I stopped just short of the door, leaning slightly against the wall like I was just waiting my turn.

The sound of running water came from inside, followed by Jack's voice. It was muffled through the door and drowned out at times by the noise of the bar, but I could still catch pieces.

"...did that," he muttered. "But they'll be gone. I promise."

The sink kept running for a moment, then shut off. I stayed still, listening.

"They'll be gone, Robert," he continued. "I promise. And, plus, no one would think anything weird. Just two friends hanging out."

I narrowed my eyes slightly.

Robert.

So that was the name.

## The Heart System - Chapter 569[ 1,236 words ]

*Chapter 569: Chapter 569*

"...I know you're worried about me," Jack went on, his voice softer now. "But... yes, I know, I'm usually the careful one. But I'm sick of it. And I missed you. Let's just meet up tomorrow and hang out."

There was a pause, like he was listening.

"I know, I've been selfish," he added. "Always refusing to meet. I know I hurt you. But... just this once, okay? Let's just meet."

Silence followed. A few seconds later, I heard the lock click.

I straightened immediately and turned away, walking back into the main area as if I had just changed my mind about going in. I slipped a cigarette between my lips and approached a random table where a couple sat with two beers.

"Hey, sorry to bother," I said with an easy smile. "Got a lighter?"

"Yeah, man," the guy replied, pulling one out and lighting it for me.

"Thanks."

"No problem."

I nodded and stepped away, taking a quick drag as I glanced toward the bar again. Jack had returned to his stool, sitting exactly where he had been before, like nothing had happened.

Robert. Tomorrow. Meeting up.

That was something.

I let the cigarette hang from my lips for a second as I thought it through. I didn't have a location, but I had a name and a time frame. That was already more than I had before.

I turned and made my way back to our table, sliding into my seat across from Cora.

"Well?" she asked quietly, leaning forward a little.

"I heard enough," I replied, taking a sip of my beer. "He's meeting someone tomorrow. A guy named Robert."

Cora blinked. "Robert?"

"Yeah. Sounded... close," I added, choosing my words carefully. "Not just a friend."

Her eyes widened slightly as she caught on. "Oh..."

"Exactly," I said. "And he's been hiding it. Probably because of his family."

"So... what now?" she asked.

I leaned back in my chair, exhaling slowly.

"Now we follow him," I said. "Tomorrow. I want you to keep an eye on him again. The moment he moves, you call me. Wherever he goes, whoever he meets, I want to know."

Cora nodded without hesitation. "Okay. I can do that."

"Good," I muttered. "If we can find where they meet... we might finally have something solid."

She gave a small, determined nod, hands wrapping around her glass.

"We'll get him," she said softly.

I glanced back at Jack one more time, watching him sit there like he owned the place, completely unaware.

"Yeah," I replied. "We will."

Now... I just had to wait.

△ △ △

I couldn't get any sleep after everything that happened. Instead of doing the sensible thing and actually trying to rest, I ended up sprawled on the couch, a movie playing in the background while I smoked one cigarette after another and worked through a bag of

chips. I wasn't even paying attention to what was on screen. Scenes passed, characters talked, things happened... but none of it stuck. If someone asked me what the movie was about, I wouldn't even be able to guess.

Still, it filled the silence, and that was enough.

At some point, I glanced at the clock on the wall. Five in the morning.

The snow had stopped hours ago, replaced by steady rain tapping against the windows. Every now and then, a gust of wind would roll through, making the glass rattle just enough to remind me how late, or early, it really was.

Finally, it seemed like sleep was winning the war against my stubborn brain. My eyelids felt like lead, growing heavier with every passing second, and I slowly allowed the darkness to pull me under. But just as I started to drift, a sudden, jarring explosion of sound from the movie blasted through the room, snapping me back to reality. I flinched, my eyes flying open, and I rubbed them aggressively as if I could scrub away the exhaustion.

I shook my head, trying to clear the fog. Damn, I was past the point of no return; I really needed to sleep. Earlier, I'd convinced myself that I could just drink a pot of coffee in the morning and be right as rain, but facing the cold weight in my limbs now, I realized that was a lie. No amount of caffeine was going to fix the hollow ache behind my eyes. The "morning-after" fix just wasn't going to happen this time.

"This isn't working..." I muttered under my breath. "Not at all."

I grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. The room fell quiet immediately, the sudden silence almost louder than the movie had been. I stayed there for a few seconds, lying flat on my back, staring at the ceiling, letting my thoughts drift whether I wanted them to or not.

Then I exhaled and pushed myself up.

I picked up the empty chips bag from the table, walked into the kitchen, and tossed it into the trash. The sound was small, but in the quiet apartment, it echoed more than it should have, a sharp crinkle that seemed to linger in the still air. My throat felt parched so I filled a glass at the sink, drinking it with one long gulp.

After that, I made my way to the master bedroom. I kept my movements slow, careful not to make unnecessary noise as I unlocked the door and stepped inside. Jasmine was asleep on the right side of the bed, completely out, her breathing slow and even.

I closed the door gently behind me.

I stripped down, swapping into something more comfortable, then slid under the blanket beside her, trying not to disturb her too much.

"Mmh..." she murmured, shifting slightly. She turned onto her side, facing me, eyes still closed. "Hello, handsome."

A small smile tugged at my lips. "Hey... did I wake you?"

She smiled faintly without opening her eyes. "Yes."

"Sorry."

She didn't seem to mind. One of her legs draped over mine, and she moved closer, resting her head near my shoulder. I could feel her warm breath against my arm. After a moment, she cracked one eye open and looked at me, still half-asleep.

"You drank beer at this hour?" she asked, her voice soft. "And ate chips... wow, Evan."

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. I just... couldn't sleep," I replied quietly. "I've been up for a while. Got out of bed like... three hours ago."

That got her attention. Her other eye opened, and she lifted her head slightly. "Three hours... like... two in the morning? What? Why? What happened?"

I exhaled and shifted a bit to get more comfortable. "I told you about Cora, right? She tracked Jack down to a bar tonight. I went there... listened in on him."

Jasmine blinked a few times, the sleep slowly fading from her expression. "And?"

"I overheard him talking to someone named Robert," I continued. "The way he talked... it didn't sound casual. I'm pretty sure Robert's his boyfriend. They're planning to meet tomorrow, but I couldn't catch where."

Jasmine nodded slowly, processing it. "So Cora can follow him again and find out?"

"Yeah," I said. "Cora's... good at this kind of thing. If anyone can figure it out, it's her."

She studied my face for a second, then gave a small nod. "Alright... that's something, at least."

"Yeah..."

The Heart System - Chapter 570 [ 1,125 words ]

*Chapter 570: Chapter 570*

I wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her a little closer. She adjusted without complaint, settling into me, her hand resting lightly against my chest. The warmth helped more than I expected.

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

My mind drifted again, but this time it wasn't just about Jack. Nala crossed my thoughts, uninvited but impossible to ignore. The distance, the tension... it sat there, heavy. And it wasn't just me feeling it. I could tell the others were affected too, especially Minne. She hadn't said much, but it showed in small things, her expressions, the way she moved around the house, quieter than usual.

I couldn't really blame her.

I closed my eyes and took a slow, steady breath. Tomorrow. Everything hinged on tomorrow. If we could catch Jack in the act, get something solid on him, maybe I could finally put that problem to rest. Then I could turn my full attention to Brok, which was a whole different mess waiting to explode.

One thing at a time.

"Good night, Jas," I murmured.

She leaned in and pressed a soft kiss against my cheek. "Goodnight, Evy."

I tightened my arm around her slightly and let myself sink into the mattress, hoping that this time, sleep would finally come.

△ △ △

I was having another dream... or was this something else? It didn't feel like a normal dream. It felt like an old memory, distant and hazy.

I was sitting inside a car, waiting for someone. I didn't know who. Outside the window, there was nothing but pure blackness. The only thing I could make out was a single, lonely bus stop standing under the dark. Nothing else.

Then I woke up.

"...Didn't, right?" Jasmine said, talking to her phone.

She had just come out of the shower. Her beautiful dark skin was still glistening with droplets of water, catching the morning light. Her damp hair clung to her shoulders and

back, a few strands sticking to her full breasts. She was completely naked, moving around the room with that natural, confident grace that always made my eyes linger.

The phone was sitting on the table with the speaker on.

Jasmine noticed I was awake and flashed me a warm smile, giving me a little wave. Even freshly out of the shower, she looked incredibly sexy.

Still completely naked, she sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up her comb, running it through her wet hair.

I moved behind her, sitting on the bed so her body was nestled between my spread legs. Her back rested lightly against my chest as I gently took the comb from her hand and continued combing her damp hair for her.

"No," a voice came from the phone, it sounded like Emma. "She hasn't sent it yet."

"Good to hear, Emma," Jasmine replied softly, clearly enjoying my fingers in her hair. "I'm sorry for bothering you so early."

"It's fine," Emma answered. "I'll let you know if anything happens."

I kept slowly combing through Jasmine's silky hair with one hand while my other hand slid around her body and cupped one of her full, soft breasts. I gently squeezed it, feeling its weight in my palm, before leaning forward and running my tongue slowly over her nipple.

Jasmine let out a quiet sigh of pleasure, her back arching slightly into my touch.

"T-thank you... again... Emma."

"No problem," Emma continued. "I'll let you know if anything comes up. I think Nala doesn't know I'm talking to you guys."

"That's good," Jasmine breathed, her voice slightly huskier now as she watched me lick and gently suck on her nipple.

"Mmm. I gotta go," Emma said. "Goodbye, Jas."

"Y-yeah... goodbye, Emma," Jasmine replied, struggling to keep her voice steady.

The call ended.

I gave her nipple one last slow lick before pulling back and continuing to comb her hair gently, the atmosphere between us warm and intimate.

"Nala didn't send her nudes to Jack, huh?" I asked softly, my fingers running through her damp strands.

"I don't think she will, to be fair," Jasmine shrugged lightly, still leaning back against me. "I mean... I hope she won't."

Jasmine felt my cock growing harder against her back, pressing insistently through my shorts. She paused for a second, then let out a soft, knowing chuckle.

"I just had a shower, Evan," she said, amusement clear in her voice. "No way I'm getting dirty again. I need to head for work soon."

"Aw..." I groaned, disappointed.

She exhaled, then gently took the comb from my hand and stood up. Without saying another word, she leaned forward, hooked her fingers into my shorts and boxers, and pulled them down in one smooth motion. My cock sprang free, already rock hard and throbbing.

Jasmine looked down at it with a playful smile. She opened her mouth and let a thick rope of saliva drip slowly from her lips, landing right on the head of my cock. The warm spit slid down my shaft as she dropped gracefully to her knees between my legs.

"Your morning wood will have to settle for this," she chuckled, wrapping her soft hand around my length.

"More than enough for me," I replied, voice already thick with lust.

Jasmine started slowly, stroking me from base to tip with long, deliberate movements. Her grip was perfect, firm but smooth, twisting slightly every time she reached the head. The combination of her warm spit and skilled hand felt incredible.

"Fuck, Jasmine... that feels so good," I groaned.

She looked up at me with those beautiful dark eyes, still stroking steadily. "You like my hand that much?"

"I love it," I said honestly, reaching down to cup one of her full breasts. I squeezed the soft, heavy flesh, rolling her nipple between my fingers as she continued working my cock. "Your tits look so good when they're still a little wet like this."

Jasmine smiled and picked up the pace, her hand gliding faster along my slick shaft. I played with both of her breasts now, groping and kneading them while she jerked me off. Her dark nipples hardened under my touch, and every time I pinched them lightly, she let out a soft, breathy moan.

She leaned forward more, her damp hair falling over one shoulder as she stroked me with both hands now, one twisting around the head, the other pumping the base in perfect rhythm.

"Look at you," I murmured, voice low. "On your knees, jerking me off right after your shower. Such a good girl."

Jasmine bit her lower lip, clearly enjoying the praise. "Only because you woke up so hard... I can't just leave you like this."