

The Heart System - Chapter 581[1,135 words]

I locked the car and stepped out, pulling my jacket a little tighter as the rain tapped steadily against it. The street was quieter than most parts of the city, the kind of neighborhood that sat right on the edge of urban and suburban. There were still apartment buildings and paved roads, but they were smaller, older, and spaced out more loosely. A few houses stood between them, each with small front yards and dim porch lights. It wasn't exactly rural, but it had that slower, less crowded feel to it. Fewer cars, fewer people, and a kind of silence you didn't get downtown.

I walked up to the house and knocked on the door, then stepped back slightly. The lights were off inside, and there wasn't any sound coming through. For a moment, I hoped Ivy was just passed out in there, crashing at her friend's place and forgetting to tell Delilah. That would've been the easiest outcome.

I knocked again. Then again.

Still nothing.

I was about to move toward the window beside the door to try and peek inside when a light flicked on. A faint shuffle came from behind the door, followed by a tired voice.

"Who is it?"

"Hey, I'm Ivy's friend," I said. "Delilah, uh, Mrs. Komb, was worried about her daughter. Is she there?"

There was a pause.

"Ivy..." the woman muttered from inside. "No. I thought she went straight home. I offered her to stay, though. But she acted like she didn't know me... I'm still drunk, sorry."

I frowned. "Where were you guys drinking?"

"A club not far from here," she replied. "Called Ex's."

"Ex's," I repeated, already pulling out my phone and searching it. The location popped up almost immediately. Five minutes away.

"Okay. Thank you."

"Mm."

The light inside turned off again, and that was that.

I headed back to my car, unlocked it, and got in. As I set the phone on the stand and started the engine, I let out a breath.

"Seriously..." I muttered. "Making me chase all over the place."

I pulled out onto the road and started following the route. Rain streaked across the windshield, the wipers barely keeping up as I drove through the quiet streets. My grip on the wheel tightened slightly.

Just why couldn't she accept it? Chase was gone. It was over. None of this was her fault. And yet she was out there, drinking in the morning, picking fights, disappearing without telling anyone.

I pressed the gas a little harder.

The traffic lights ahead turned yellow, then red. I pushed through just before it fully changed, my attention flicking briefly to the map on my phone.

Right then, my phone rang.

Delilah.

I answered without slowing down.

"Evan," she said immediately. "Her friend just called me back."

"Yeah," I replied. "I woke her up a few minutes ago."

"So she wasn't there?" Delilah asked, her voice tightening. "Oh my god, where is she?"

"I'm heading to a place called Ex's," I said. "It's nearby. I'll let you know what I find."

"Okay... please," she said. "Hopefully it's nothing bad."

"Yeah," I muttered. "Talk soon."

I hung up and focused back on the road.

A few minutes later, I slowed down and pulled over into an empty parking spot along the side of the street. The club was right there.

Ex's.

Except... it didn't look open.

The lights inside were dim, the sign barely glowing, and the front doors were shut. For a nightclub, it felt way too dead for this time.

I stepped out of the car after grabbing my phone and walked up to the entrance. The rain hit a little harder now, soaking into my shoulders as I reached for the handle.

Locked.

I leaned forward, pressing my hands against the glass as I tried to see inside. It was dark, but not empty. I could make out movement near the back. Someone was there, mopping the floor.

"Hey," I called, tapping the glass. "Hey!"

The person inside looked up, noticed me, and after a moment, walked over. He leaned the mop against a table and unlocked the door.

"Sorry, man," he said as he opened it slightly. "We're closed. Come back another time."

"No, no," I said quickly. "I'm looking for my friend. Ivy."

He frowned. "I don't know who that is. I'm not good with names or faces."

"Shit..." I muttered, rubbing my forehead. "What happened here?"

"Fight broke out," he said. "Two people got into it. Cops showed up, then they found cocaine in the men's bathroom. So yeah, we shut down early."

"Great," I sighed. I pulled out my phone and opened Ivy's profile, turning the screen toward him. "Can you at least tell me if you saw her?"

He leaned closer, squinting at the picture. After a second, his expression shifted.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I've seen her. One of the customers recognized her too."

"How?"

He shrugged. "Something about that psycho guy... Chance? Chase? His girlfriend, right?"

I clenched my jaw slightly. "Right."

"Anyway," he continued, "that customer and this girl got into a fight. Then... Ivy, right? Her friend stepped in, broke it up. After that, they both left in a taxi."

"A taxi?" I asked. "Did you see where they went?"

He shook his head. "No, but I heard her friend saying Ivy could crash at her place."

"That's it?" I asked.

"That's all I got."

I exhaled slowly, running a hand through my wet hair. "Alright. Thanks."

"No problem, man," he said. "Hope you find her."

"Yeah," I muttered, stepping back from the door.

The rain kept falling as I stood there for a second, staring at the ground.

Taxi. Friend. Somewhere else.

"Damn it..."

With no option left, I just grabbed my cigarette and lit one, standing under the weak cover of the club's entrance while the rain kept pouring down. The streetlights reflected off the wet asphalt, stretching long yellow lines across the road. Every passing car sent a thin spray of water toward the sidewalks, and the cold was starting to creep through my jacket.

Where would she have gone?

Her friend offered her a place to stay, she accepted, and then apparently she never even made it there. That meant she changed direction somewhere in between. But why? And more importantly, where?

"In her state..." I muttered under my breath, exhaling smoke. "Where the hell would you go, Ivy?"

I pulled my phone out and dialed her number again, more out of desperation than hope. The ringtone echoed in my ear, stretching longer than it needed to, each second dragging my patience thinner.

No answer.

I clenched my jaw and lowered the phone, staring at the ground for a second before letting out a quiet, frustrated breath.

"Ah... figures."

The Heart System - Chapter 582[1,007 words]

I flicked the cigarette aside and turned toward my car, my mind already racing through worst-case scenarios. Drunk, alone, emotional, and wandering around the city in the middle of the night. Nothing about that combination ended well.

Just as I was about to reach the car, I heard the door behind me creak open again.

"Hey, bro!"

I turned back. It was the same guy from inside, the one with the mop. He stepped out, wiping his hands on his pants before gesturing for me to come back.

"Can you show me the photo again?" he asked.

I didn't waste time. I went there, unlocked my phone and pulled up Ivy's profile picture, holding it out to him.

He leaned in, squinting slightly as the rain dotted his beard.

"Mm..." he hummed, tilting his head. "Nah... wait. Yeah. Something's off."

"What do you mean?" I asked, stepping closer.

"They were dead drunk," he said, shaking his head. "Like, barely standing. In that chaos, the girl who broke up the fight grabbed someone else and rushed into the taxi. This girl... what was her name again?"

"Ivy."

"Yeah, Ivy didn't get in."

For a second, everything just... clicked into place.

My grip on the phone tightened slightly.

"Oh... fuck me."

Her friend wasn't lying. She really thought Ivy came with her. They were both too drunk to even notice the mix-up. She even told me that this supposed 'Ivy' acted like she didn't recognize her... because she wasn't Ivy. Fuuck me.

Which meant Ivy was left behind.

Alone. Drunk. Right after a fight.

"Can you tell me what she did after that?" I asked quickly. "Which direction she went?"

He shook his head. "Nah, man. I went back inside right after things calmed down. Didn't pay attention after that."

"Shit..." I muttered, running a hand through my hair. "Did anyone record it? The fight, I mean. Everyone love fights."

He gave a small nod. "Yeah. People were all over it. Phones out, recording like it was a damn concert. Our bartender even sent me a video. Hold on."

He pulled out his phone and started scrolling. I leaned in slightly, the rain tapping against both of us as he found the clip.

"Here."

He turned the screen toward me.

The video started shaky, clearly recorded by someone standing in the middle of the crowd. The music in the background was loud, bass heavy, but it was drowned out by shouting.

The place had been packed.

People were circling around a small open space near the bar, forming that classic ring whenever something went down. Some were yelling, some laughing, some just watching like it was entertainment.

And in the middle of it... Ivy.

Her hair was a mess, strands sticking to her face. Her movements were unsteady, her balance barely holding. She was arguing with another woman, who looked just as drunk but a hell of a lot louder.

"You're just like him!" the woman shouted, jabbing a finger toward Ivy. "Helping that psycho! You think you're innocent?"

"I didn't..." Ivy tried to speak, her words slurring, her voice cracking.

"Bullshit!" the woman cut her off, stepping closer. "You stayed with him! That makes you just as guilty! My friend is dead because of you!"

"Hey, back off," another girl stepped in, grabbing Ivy's arm and pulling her slightly back. That had to be her friend.

But Ivy wasn't backing down. Even in that state, even barely standing straight, she was trying to push forward again.

"I said I didn't know!" she snapped, her voice rising, shaking with something deeper than anger.

The crowd reacted instantly. Some cheered, some laughed, others just lifted their phones higher.

The tension snapped fast.

The other woman lunged first, and everything turned into chaos.

People shouted. Someone knocked into a table. A glass shattered somewhere off-screen. The camera jerked wildly as the person recording tried to keep up.

Ivy's friend jumped in immediately, grabbing her, trying to pull her back, but Ivy struggled against her, still shouting, still trying to reach the other woman.

Then the bouncer forced his way through the crowd.

"Enough!" he barked, pushing people aside with ease.

He grabbed the aggressive woman first, dragging her back, while Ivy's friend tightened her hold and started pulling Ivy toward the exit.

"Come on!" her friend said, almost dragging her at this point.

The camera followed them toward the door. Rain was visible outside, pouring just like it was now.

A taxi pulled up.

The bouncer shoved the other woman in the opposite direction while Ivy's friend rushed forward. In the chaos, with people still yelling and pushing behind them, everything became a blur.

And that was when it happened.

I slowed my breathing as I watched closely. Her friend grabbed someone else in that chaos. Another drunk woman. Similar height, similar build, just as drunk, stumbled with her and got pulled into the taxi.

The door slammed shut.

The taxi drove off.

Then the video ended.

"Shit..." I muttered under my breath, straightening up.

"She really didn't get in," the guy said, pocketing his phone.

"Yeah..." I replied, my mind already spinning. "She didn't."

That changed everything.

She wasn't safe. She wasn't with her friend. She was somewhere out there, drunk, emotional, and completely alone.

"Any idea where she could've gone?" I asked, though I already knew the answer.

He shrugged. "Your guess is as good as mine. But I'd check another bar if I were you."

"Another bar?"

"Yeah," he nodded toward the street. "There's one just across the road, near that gas station. Smaller place."

"You think she went there?"

"Our bartender said she had like seven or eight beers," he said. "If she was in that state, she might've wanted more."

I exhaled slowly, looking toward the direction he pointed.

Not a great lead. But it was something.

"Alright," I said, giving a small nod. "Thanks, man. Really."

"No problem, bro. Again, though, hope you find her."

"Yeah," I muttered, already turning toward my car. "Me too."

The Heart System - Chapter 583[1,687 words]

I crossed the street, pulling my jacket a little tighter around me as the rain kept falling in a steady rhythm. This part of the city was quieter than the main roads, but it wasn't dead. A few people still lingered under awnings, some smoking, some talking in low voices. A couple walked past me with their heads down, sharing an umbrella that barely covered

either of them. Farther down, a flickering streetlamp buzzed faintly, casting uneven light onto the wet pavement.

It had that late-night feel to it. Not empty, not alive either. Just... in between. The kind of place where people came when they didn't want to be seen.

The bar the guy mentioned wasn't hard to find. A dim neon sign hung above the entrance, one of the letters half-dead, blinking every few seconds. The windows were fogged up from the inside, silhouettes moving faintly behind the glass.

I pushed the door open and stepped in.

Warmth hit me first, along with the dull hum of low music. Not loud, not energetic. Just something slow playing in the background, blending with the quiet chatter of a handful of patrons.

The place was small. A narrow bar stretched along the left side, a few worn stools lined up in front of it. On the right, there were scattered tables, most of them occupied by one or two people nursing their drinks. No loud groups, no chaos like the club. Just tired faces, half-empty glasses, and people minding their own business.

A man in the corner was staring at nothing, a cigarette burning slowly between his fingers. Two women sat by the window, speaking in hushed tones. The bartender wiped a glass lazily, barely looking up as I entered.

And then I saw her.

Finally.

Ivy sat at the bar, slightly slouched forward, one elbow resting on the counter. A half-empty beer stood in front of her. Her hair was a mess, strands sticking to her cheeks, and her shoulders looked heavy, like they were carrying more than just alcohol.

I walked toward her, my steps slow but firm. She noticed me when I got close. Her eyes lifted, unfocused at first, then settling on my face.

We locked eyes. She didn't say anything. Didn't smile. Didn't frown. Just... looked.

I turned slightly toward the bartender.

"How much does she owe?"

The bartender glanced at Ivy, then back at me. "Three beers."

I pulled out some cash and placed it on the counter. "Keep the change."

He nodded, taking the money without a word.

I reached for Ivy's arm and grabbed it firmly.

"Let's go."

She resisted immediately, her body tensing as she tried to pull back.

"W-wait..." she slurred, her voice weak but stubborn.

I didn't listen.

I pulled her off the stool, steadying her before she could lose her balance completely, and started walking toward the door. She tried again, pushing lightly against me, but she didn't have the strength to fight it properly.

"Evan... stop—" she mumbled, her words stumbling over each other.

"No."

I didn't even look at her.

We stepped out into the cold night, the rain hitting us instantly. She flinched slightly at the sudden change, her grip on my arm tightening unconsciously as I led her toward the car.

I opened the passenger door and turned to her.

"Sit."

She blinked at me, her eyes glossy, her expression somewhere between confusion and exhaustion. Then, without another word, she slid into the seat, her movements slow and uncoordinated.

I closed the door and walked around to the driver's side.

The moment I got in, I shut the door and leaned back slightly, not starting the engine yet.

I just looked at her. She sat there, staring ahead, her breathing uneven. For a few seconds, nothing happened.

Then her face crumpled and she broke.

A sharp, shaky breath escaped her first, like she was trying to hold it in and failing. Then another. And then the tears came.

She covered her face with her hands, her shoulders shaking as the sobs tore out of her. It wasn't quiet crying. It was messy, loud, uncontrollable. The kind that had been building up for too long.

I exhaled slowly and shook my head, then leaned over and pulled her into me.

Her hands grabbed onto my shirt, clutching it tightly as she buried her face against my chest. Her crying only got louder, her whole body trembling as she held onto me like I was the only thing keeping her together.

I didn't say anything. There was nothing to say. I just held her, one hand resting on her back, letting her cry it out.

The car filled with the sound of her sobs. Outside, the rain kept falling, tapping softly against the windows, mixing with her broken breaths.

Time passed. I didn't count how long. Maybe a minute?

Her crying didn't stop right away. It came in waves, each one a little weaker than the last, but still heavy. Still painful.

She clung to me the entire time. I also earned ten points from her but that wasn't important... not right now.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60 ★★

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 40 ★

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60 ★★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100 ★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 80 / 100 ★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100 ★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 20 / 40 ★

Nala: Interest: -99 / 100 ★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40 ★

Ivy: Interest: 50 / 60 ★★

Eleanor: Interest: 25 / 40 ★

Amelia: Interest: 12 / 20

Esme: Interest: 60 / 80 ★★

Eventually, slowly, the sobs started to quiet down. Her grip loosened just a little, her breathing still shaky but not as frantic.

When I felt her calm down enough, I gently pulled back.

Her face was a mess. Red eyes, tear-streaked cheeks, lips trembling slightly as she tried to steady herself. I leaned over and reached for the seatbelt, pulling it across her and clicking it into place.

She didn't say anything. Didn't even look at me.

I sat back in my seat, turned the key, and the engine came to life.

I glanced at her one more time, then back at the road. "Time to go home, Ivy."

△ △ △

I killed the engine and let the silence settle over us. Ivy hadn't said a word the entire drive, and I didn't push her. The last thing she needed right now was me lecturing her about running off and scaring the hell out of me.

She shook her head slowly, then buried her face in her hands. Even with the window slightly open, the sharp, sweet stench of alcohol filled the car. God, how much had she drunk tonight?

"You okay?" I asked quietly.

"Mmhm..." she mumbled, sniffing. "I'm fine..."

The quiet returned, heavy between us. I glanced up at her apartment building. Most of the windows were dark. The street was empty except for a couple of distant cop cars gliding past. The rain had eased into a soft, steady patter.

I was still angry with her, but the relief of finding her safe outweighed everything else. I'd thought this mess wouldn't hit her this hard. I was wrong.

"Why..." Her voice was small, almost broken. "Why can't I find someone like you, Evan?"

I gave her a small smile and lightly punched her shoulder. "I'm one of a kind, baby."

She smiled back, but it quickly faded as she fumbled clumsily with her seatbelt. After a few failed attempts, I leaned over to help.

Then... 'something' happened.

The moment I got close, Ivy suddenly moved forward and pressed her lips to mine.

The taste of her lipstick and alcohol hit me instantly. It was brief, impulsive... and electric. Her eyes flew open a second later and she jerked back.

"Oh shit... I'm sorry," she whispered.

"I, uh..." I cleared my throat. "It's... okay."

Fuck. What the hell was I supposed to say? She was wasted. She didn't know what she was doing. The smart thing was to get her upstairs and let Delilah handle the rest.

I pocketed the keys, got out, and walked around to her side. When I opened the door and tried to help her up, it was obvious she couldn't stand on her own. Her legs were shaking badly. So, I turned around, bent my knees, and offered my back.

"Hop on."

"I'm not... I can't..."

"Hop on, Ivy."

She hesitated for a second, then gave in. "Okay..."

Her arms slid around my neck, her legs wrapping around my waist. I straightened up, closed the car door, and started toward the building. Her warm breath brushed against my neck with every step, and her soft breasts pressed firmly against my back. After that kiss, the sensation made it damn near impossible to stay calm.

I pushed through the main apartment door and carried her up the stairs. By the time I reached the landing, Delilah already had the door standing open. She must have been stationed at the window, watching the street for the first sign of us the moment I'd messaged her that Ivy was safe.

Her eyes were red and swollen, her face pale under the dim hallway light. The relief that washed over her as she saw us was visible, a physical shudder that seemed to sap the remaining strength from her legs.

"Oh my God..." Relief flooded her voice as she exhaled. "She's safe. Thank fuck."

"Yep," I said, stepping inside. "I'll put her in her room."

Delilah nodded quickly. "Please."

"She's completely hammered," I added as I walked down the short hallway. "You might want to have strong coffee ready when she wakes up. And expect a brutal headache."

Delilah gave a tired smile. "I've been there. I know the drill."

She opened Ivy's bedroom door for me. I gently lowered her onto the bed. Delilah moved in right away, pulling off Ivy's boots and jacket. I watched for a moment, then quietly stepped out to give them space.

The Heart System - Chapter 584[1,114 words]

In the kitchen, I cracked open the window, lit a cigarette, and stared out at the sleeping city. The neon lights still glowed, but everything else was quiet. It was already past one in the morning. I was grateful I didn't have to work tomorrow, sleep felt impossible after tonight.

A few minutes later, Delilah closed Ivy's door softly and joined me. She leaned against the counter beside me, then reached up and plucked the cigarette from my lips, taking a slow drag.

"Evan... you're like an angel," she said, her voice cracking. "She's safe. Finally."

I smiled faintly. "I'm just glad she's okay."

We stood there by the small kitchen window, quietly watching the city lights. This felt good. Ivy was safe, and I could finally breathe again.

I glanced at Delilah. She was wearing a short, silky black nightgown that hugged her body. The thin fabric was almost sheer, clearly showing the outline of her hard nipples since she wasn't wearing a bra underneath.

She handed the cigarette back to me. I took another drag, finished it, then ran it under the sink water and threw it in the trash bin.

"I should head back," I said. "It's getting late."

"Stay." Delilah grabbed my hand, holding it tightly. "I... just need it."

I looked at her face. Her eyes were still red, with dried tears on her cheeks. I couldn't help but smile softly.

"Sure."

"Shall we?" she said, gesturing toward the living room.

We left the kitchen and moved to the living room. I sat down on the double couch, and Delilah sat right next to me, resting her head gently on my chest. I wrapped one arm around her shoulders and started playing with her hair with my other hand, placing soft kisses on her forehead. It was cozy as hell.

We didn't speak. We just... stayed like that I was enjoying the warmth of her body against mine and the faint minty scent coming from her skin.

"Are you better?" I asked, kissing the crown of her head.

She nodded. "I am. Thanks to you."

A notification popped up in my view, telling me that I earned twenty five points from her. Well, since I was already at eighty, that maxed the relationship I had with her.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60

Kayla: Interest: 38 / 40

Tessa: Interest: 40 / 60

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100

Delilah: Interest: 100 / 100

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100

Mendy: Interest: 20 / 40

Nala: Interest: -99 / 100

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 40

Ivy: Interest: 50 / 60

Eleanor: Interest: 25 / 40

Amelia: Interest: 12 / 20

Esme: Interest: 60 / 80

And the reward was... 350 EXP. Nice.

Evan Marlowe [Level 21]

EXP: 5325 / 31500



Current Credits: 7812

Current SC: 0

Delilah looked up at me. After a few moments, our eyes met and she leaned in, kissing me on the lips. I kissed her back, gently rubbing her shoulder. I could sense it, she was feeling it.

I slid my hand under her nightgown and found her bare tits. No bra, just like I thought. I gently pinched one of her nipples, pulling a soft moan from her mouth into mine. She kissed me harder, her tongue swirling against mine, then suddenly broke the kiss.

She stood up and began removing her nightgown. I leaned back on the couch and watched as she slipped it off, then bent over and slowly removed her panties. She was now

completely naked, her body softly lit by the moonlight coming through the kitchen window.

I quickly pulled my pants and boxers down, sliding them aside. Then I grabbed her by the waist and guided her onto my lap.

"You're perfect, Delilah."

She chuckled and kissed me again. "A few months ago, you were calling me Mrs. Komb."

"A few months ago you weren't this wet for me," I said, sliding my finger down to her pussy, feeling how soaked she was.

She licked slowly from my chin up to my lips. "Fair enough."

"Fair enough," she whispered, her voice already husky.

I kept my fingers between her thighs, slowly rubbing her swollen clit before sliding two fingers inside her. Delilah was soaked. Her pussy clenched hot and slippery around my fingers as I slowly pumped them in and out. The wet sounds of her arousal filled the quiet living room.

"Fuck..." she breathed, reaching down and wrapping her hand around my hard cock. She stroked me slowly at first, then faster, squeezing the shaft as she twisted her wrist at the head. I grew even harder in her grip, throbbing against her palm.

Delilah leaned in close, lips brushing my ear. "You're fingering your best friend's mother right now, you know that?" she purred, voice dripping with lust. "Ivy's drunk and passed out in the next room... and here you are, knuckles-deep in her mom's wet pussy like a dirty boy."

I groaned and curled my fingers inside her, rubbing that spongy spot that made her hips jerk. Her juices were dripping down my hand.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you?" she moaned softly, pumping my cock faster. "Fucking your best friend's mom behind her back... Bad boy, Evan. Such a naughty fucking boy."

"Yeah... I fucking love it," I replied, my voice low and rough as I curled my fingers deeper inside her soaked cunt. "You're dripping all over my hand, Delilah."

I leaned down and captured one of her hard nipples between my lips, sucking on it greedily while I kept fingering her. Delilah gasped sharply, arching her back and pushing her tit harder into my mouth.

"Fuck... yes, suck on my tits," she whimpered, stroking my throbbing cock with long, tight strokes. "You're such a dirty boy, playing with your friend's mother like this... while she's drunk and sleeping right down the hall."

I swirled my tongue around her stiff nipple, then gently bit it, making her moan louder. I added a third finger into her tight, slippery pussy, pumping them faster. The wet, filthy sounds of her cunt filled the room.

"Shit, you're so fucking wet," I murmured against her breast before switching to the other nipple, sucking harder. "You love this, don't you? Getting fingered and used by your daughter's friend."

Delilah's hand sped up on my cock, smearing my leaking precum all over my shaft. Her hips bucked wildly against my fingers as her breathing turned into desperate, broken moans.

"Yes... God, I'm such a horny slut for you tonight," she gasped. "Don't stop... I'm so close—"