

# The Heart System #Chapter 61 - Read The Heart System Chapter 61

## Chapter 61: Chapter 61

Anotta Anotov stepped inside like she owned the room—and hell, she probably did. She wore a form-fitting pink dress, hugging her hips and waist like it was molded to her body. Red high-heels clicked against the floor, sharp and commanding. Her silver hair shimmered under the light, cut short and styled clean, giving her a look that was both elegant and intimidating. Her eyes—icy and unyielding—landed on me like a target.

Behind her came two shadows. A tall, broad man in a dark suit, his face a blank mask, and a woman with her hair tied back tight, eyes scanning the corners like a hawk. Her bodyguards.

I swallowed, forcing myself to stand tall as I bowed my head slightly. "Mrs. Anotov," I greeted formally, voice steady despite the tension twisting my stomach.

She looked me over once, her gaze cool and measuring, then gave a single nod. No smile, no warmth—just acknowledgment. Without a word, she stepped further inside, the bodyguards flanking her like twin wolves.

She moved further into the room, the click of her heels steady, almost echoing. Her presence alone made the air heavier, like the space itself bent around her. She didn't speak, didn't spare me another glance. Just stopped near the massage table and, without hesitation, slipped her fingers under the straps of her dress.

The silk slid down her shoulders, and before I could even process the sight, her bodyguards stepped forward, cutting off my view like a pair of doors slamming shut.

I swallowed and turned my head away, fixing my eyes on the corner of the room. Didn't matter—I could still hear it. The quiet shuffle of clothing, fabric brushing against skin, the faint rustle of her jewelry as it shifted. My cock twitched just from the sound.

More footsteps—softer now. Bare feet across the carpet. She walked past the guards and toward the table. A moment later, I heard her settle down on the padded surface, the leather creaking under her weight.

"She is ready," the female bodyguard said flatly.

I turned my head back. She was lying chest down on the table, a towel draped across her ass. Her skin looked pale and smooth under the lights, silver hair spilling to one side. My throat tightened. I gulped, trying to keep my face neutral, but my cock was straining against my pants.

"Where should I focus, ma'am?" I asked, my tone as formal as I could manage.

Her head tilted slightly, voice calm and even. "My shoulders. And my legs."

"Understood," I said with a nod.

I grabbed the bottle and poured a little into my palms, rubbing them together. The scent rose up immediately—sweet, rich, heavy in the air. Then I pressed my hands onto her shoulders, working the oil into her skin, slow and steady.

No sigh. No gasp. Nothing. Her eyes just opened, and she turned her head slightly, watching me out of the corner of her gaze.

I froze. "Is there a problem, ma'am?"

Before she could answer, the male bodyguard shoved me back, stepping between us. His shoulders were broad enough to block out the light, his stare cold.

"Did you do something to her?" he asked, voice low but firm.

"No—nothing. I—"

"Leave him," she interrupted, her voice sharp but calm.

The guard hesitated, then stepped back, the woman following.

"Come here," Anotov said, her eyes flicking toward me. "Keep massaging."

I exhaled, forcing a nervous laugh out of my throat. "Right... I'm sorry if I did anything weird, ma'am. Feel free to call another masseur if you'd like."

Her gaze stayed on me, unblinking. "Susan recommended you. I'll trust her."

I kept my palms moving over her shoulders, pressing the oil deeper into her skin, trying to find some kind of crack in that steel mask she wore. The oil was supposed to work. Always did. On Jasmine, on Kim, on anyone. It made them relax, softened their edges, made them slip down into heat. But with Anotov? Nothing.

Her skin gleamed, but her body stayed still. No gasps. No moans. No twitch of her hips or the slightest sigh. She was a statue—eyes half-lidded, her face calm, breathing even.

My cock twitched against my thigh out of pure habit, but inside, I felt a bead of sweat forming. Shit. Why isn't it working?

I shifted lower, letting the oil run down my hands as I slid them along her back. My thumbs traced the lines of her spine, pushing in harder, trying to tease a reaction. She didn't even flinch.

No sound. No reaction.

I swallowed. My heartbeat was in my ears. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

I had to make it look natural. Professional. I slowed my movements, focused on her shoulder blades, and then glided lower, across the dip of her waist, brushing the edge of the towel that hugged her ass. Even then—nothing.

I worked my way to her thighs, pouring more oil onto her legs. My hands kneaded into her muscles, squeezing, sliding over her skin. I pressed into her calves, her hamstrings, even her ankles. Still no reaction. Not a twitch.

It was like massaging a goddamn mannequin.

I tried harder, fingers digging in deep, rolling the tension out of her thighs, sliding up and down her toned legs. Nothing. Not even the faintest sigh. The silence stretched so long I started panicking inside.

She's resisting it. She has to be. Holy shit, she's resisting it.

By the time I made it down to her calves, I felt like I was the one sweating through my clothes, not her. My stomach churned. This was supposed to be easy. Oil, touch, they melt, I take it from there. Instead? I was kneeling between the legs of a Russian CEO like some underpaid spa clerk, trying not to freak out.

Finally, after about half an hour, I pulled my hands back, wiped the excess oil on a towel, and let out a breath. "Massage is complete, ma'am."

Her head tilted slightly, but she didn't answer. She just pushed herself up.

I turned my head away out of instinct, giving her privacy. I could hear the faint rustle of fabric as she reached for her dress again. The towel slid off the table. I stared hard at the corner of the room, my jaw tight.

Cloth against skin. Zippers. Heels shifting on the floor. The sounds of her getting dressed seemed louder than they should've been, each one cutting into the silence like a knife.

When I finally turned back, she was pulling the sleeves of her pink dress into place, smoothing it down against her thighs. Her silver hair framed her face perfectly, like not even undressing and redressing could rattle her composure. She was ice. Pure, unshakable ice.

Before leaving, she turned her head over her shoulder, those cold eyes pinning me in place. "Which days are you working here?" she asked, voice flat, unreadable.

My mouth went dry. I cleared my throat. "I... don't work here," I said, forcing the words out. "I'm sorry."

One eyebrow lifted. "You don't?"

"No," I lied quickly. "Personal issues. Yeah..."

Her stare lingered, like she was peeling me open with just her gaze. I couldn't hold eye contact. After a beat, she gave the faintest nod, then flicked her head toward her male bodyguard—the big guy with hands like shovels.

"Save his phone number."

"Of course, ma'am," the guard said.

"We'll be at the car."

"Yes, ma'am."

And just like that, she walked out, the female bodyguard following right behind her. The click of her heels faded with each step until the door shut, leaving just me and the man-mountain inside the room.

He didn't say anything at first, just strode toward me, pulling a phone out of his pocket. I braced myself, wondering if this was the part where they broke my jaw for looking at her wrong.

Instead, he opened his contacts. "Phone number."

I blinked. "If I may... why am I giving you my number?"

His face didn't move, not even a twitch. "I don't know. Just give it."

I let out a long sigh and rattled it off.

"Name?" he asked.

"Evan."

"Surname?"

"Marlowe," I muttered.

He pressed a few more buttons, then slipped the phone back into his pocket. "Done."

And with that, he turned on his heels and walked out, not sparing me another glance. The door closed, leaving me standing there in silence.

I stood frozen for a long moment, staring at the floor, my thoughts spiraling.

What the fuck just happened?

The oil hadn't worked. She hadn't melted. She hadn't moaned, hadn't gasped, hadn't even blinked out of rhythm. It was like she'd been bracing for it, like her willpower was ironclad. She'd resisted the whole thing.

"Damn..." I muttered, tugging off the fancy suit jacket and tossing it onto the chair. I stripped back into my casual clothes, yanking my shirt over my head, jeans back on. "Why didn't the oil work? She just... resisted it?"

## **Chapter 62: Chapter 62**

I sat down on the edge of the massage table, exhaling hard. My hands shook slightly as I reached for my cigarettes. The lighter clicked, the flame caught, and I drew in a long drag, letting the smoke fill my lungs before blowing it out.

The ceiling above me blurred through the haze. Maybe I should've used more oil...? No. Shit, no. I need something stronger for her. Stronger than that. But what?

I tapped ash onto the floor, dragged again, and leaned back. The room smelled of perfume and oil, sweat and smoke. My head spun with it.

Two minutes later, I heard footsteps again. Sharp, quick, echoing down the hall. High-heels. Lighter than Anotov's, faster.

I cocked an eyebrow, took another drag, and sure enough, the door burst open.

Susan stormed in, all fire and energy, but her voice was nothing like before. Not the cold receptionist bark I'd gotten earlier. Now she was practically glowing.

"You beautiful perverted bastard!" she cried, grinning wide. "She liked the massage a lot! A LOT!"

I blinked, cigarette halfway to my lips. "She did?"

"She tipped you," Susan said, rushing toward me. "Five thousand. And she tipped me double that for recommending you. Ten thousand total."

I choked on the smoke, coughing it out. "Ten thousand? Holy fucking shit."

"Yes!" she squealed, bouncing on her heels. "God, if she shares this on her social media, we'll get soooo many customers!"

"Yaaay," I deadpanned, flicking ash onto the floor. "I'm so happy for the company I don't even work for. Truly, I'm overjoyed."

"Don't be such a dick," she said, smacking me lightly on the shoulder. "Give me a cigarette."

I dug into my pack and slid one out, handing it to her. She stuck it between her lips, and I leaned forward with my lighter. The flame touched the tip, and she inhaled, her eyes closing briefly as the smoke curled upward.

For a moment, it was just the two of us sitting there, side by side, smoke drifting in the air, both thinking about the same woman who'd just walked out.

"I should get a massage from you sometime," Susan said, lips curling into a sly smirk as she held her cigarette between two painted nails. She tilted her head back, exhaling smoke like she was trying to fog up the whole damn ceiling.

I gave a half-shrug, leaning on the table beside her.

"How can you be so good at this?" she added, her eyes narrowing, like she couldn't decide if she wanted to praise me or interrogate me.

"I'm self-taught," I said. "Watched some videos, read some articles..."

She squinted at me, then barked a laugh. "Watched a lot of porn, too."

I grinned, flicking ash into the tray. "And that. Maybe. I'm not confirming nor denying."

We both chuckled—short, sharp little laughs that fizzled out just as fast as they came. When the sound died, the silence crept in, heavy and awkward. The only noise left in the room was the faint hiss of our cigarettes and the occasional pop from the wax candles burning low. Funny thing was, it didn't feel bad. For once, the tension wasn't choking me. Almost... soothing.

"So," I finally said, breaking the stillness. "I massaged her. Got her to post this parlor on her social media. That's a win for the place, right?"

Susan took a slow drag, then leaned in and blew the smoke right into my face. My eyes watered as I waved it away. She smiled like she enjoyed watching me squirm.

"Yeah?" she said, voice airy.

"Do I... get a reward?" I asked, grinning, but my tone was half-serious.

Her smirk widened. "A reward?"

"I mean," I coughed once, still batting the smoke away, "you know, something extra. Like... I don't know."

Her eyes sharpened, her lips curling with amusement. "I'm not going to fuck you."

"Damn," I muttered, pretending to pout. Then I cleared my throat and leaned in with mock seriousness. "How about a quickie, though?"

Her brow arched, cigarette dangling dangerously close to the edge of her lips. "You really want a quickie as a reward? Not money? Not another fat tip?"

"Yep."

"Why?" She leaned forward now, her elbows on her knees, studying me like I was some kind of lab rat that had just done a trick.

I dragged hard on my cigarette, let the smoke curl between us, and said, "I like... women like you."

Her eyes flickered. "Tough. Stern."

I nodded. "Exactly. And I like—"

"You like breaking them," she cut in, her tone suddenly cold, sharp like glass.

My heart stopped.

The words punched me in the gut so hard I almost dropped my cigarette. "Wait, wait, wait..."

Susan leaned back against the table, her smirk returning but now darker, heavier, like she knew she had me cornered. "You rented a room here, right? I put a camera in the there. To make sure you weren't raping anybody. And, secondly, to threaten you into massaging Mrs. Anotov if you didn't agree."

"Ah, fuck," I muttered, pinching the bridge of my nose. The smoke in my lungs turned sour.

"And," she added, stabbing the air with her cigarette, "your friend outside saw it, too."

My head snapped up. "What friend?"

"Kayla wasn't alone. Apparently, she came with her friend. Ivy. She listened right outside the door. Heard everything."

The name dropped like a brick in my chest. "Ivy?" My cigarette suddenly weighed ten kilos in my fingers. "No, no, no, no. Shit."

Susan's lips twitched into a victorious grin. "So no, Evan. You can take your reward and shove it up your ass. You should be happy I'm giving you the tip."

I didn't even hear the rest. My head spun, the room shrinking around me. I muttered to myself, voice shaking, "I gotta talk to her... She heard everything... fuck. Fuuuck."

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The next morning, I couldn't drag myself to work. My head was still pounding from last night. Instead, I took a long walk into the heart of the city, clutching a cheap cup of coffee like it was the only thing keeping me alive.

By the time I reached Ivy's place, my nerves were fried. Her building was one of those towering, polished complexes where the glass shined like it had something to prove. Busy streets swarmed with shoppers and businessmen, the kind of place I knew I couldn't afford even if I sold my soul three times over.

I stopped at her door, took a breath, and knocked twice. My knuckles echoed like gunshots.

It wasn't Ivy who answered.

The door swung open, and there she was—Delilah. Ivy's mom.

And holy shit, if time had been kind to anyone, it was her.

She leaned on the frame, her short brown hair framing a face that was softer now but still stupidly beautiful. Kind eyes. Lips that always seemed on the edge of a smile. And her body? Fuck. Her tits were full, round, practically bouncing with the smallest movement. Her ass curved perfect under her house shorts, each step making it jiggle just enough to remind me she was dangerous territory.

For a moment, I just stood there, frozen. All the old memories came rushing back—the bathroom, the panties, the way she caught me staring when I was nineteen.

"Evan," she said finally, tilting her head like she wasn't sure if she should smile or scold me. "What a surprise."

"Y-yeah," I stammered, shifting on my feet. "Hey."

Her eyes narrowed a fraction, amused. She crossed her arms under her chest, making them lift just slightly. "Been a long time."

I scratched my neck, suddenly feeling fifteen again. "Yeah. Long time."

The memory hit me hard: how she'd caught me back then, staring at her underwear like an idiot. I was in their bathroom—I had to be at least nineteen or twenty. After taking care of my business and about to wash my hands, I saw her panties... just lying there. Under the sink. I fucking stared at them for about two minutes. Imagining her under me, that kind of stuff.

Aaand, she caught me. Opened the door and saw me.

She didn't shame me. She just... handed me those panties like it was nothing. Like she knew exactly what I'd do with them later.

And fuck me, I did. More times than I could count.

Now here she was, standing in front of me like no time had passed. Still gorgeous. Still dangerous. Still making me feel like my brain had short-circuited.

She gave me that little smile, tilting her head. "What brings you here?"

I swallowed hard, realizing my throat had gone dry. "I, uh... need to talk to Ivy."

Delilah leaned against the doorframe, one hip jutting out casually. Her movement was subtle, but my eyes betrayed me and dropped for half a second before snapping back up. She noticed. Of course she did.

Her lips curved into a knowing smirk, but she didn't call me out. Instead, she stepped aside, gesturing toward the inside of the flat. "Come in."

### **Chapter 63: Chapter 63**

The doorway swallowed me up as I stepped inside, shutting it carefully behind me. The place smelled faintly of vanilla and fresh laundry—clean, soft, the opposite of the cigarette haze I usually carried around. My shoes clacked lightly against the polished wooden floor as I followed her into the apartment.

Delilah didn't say much, just walked ahead with that calm, effortless sway in her hips. It was impossible not to notice how her ass moved under those thin house shorts—too damn perfect, too damn deliberate. I dragged my eyes back up, forcing myself to focus on anything else.

The living room opened up in front of me. Bright, airy, with tall windows letting in the morning sun. Beige curtains swayed lazily from the breeze of a half-open window. The couch sat dead center, sleek and modern, with a glass coffee table in front of it—magazines, a small vase of lilies, and a single mug half-filled with tea still steaming

faintly. A family photo frame sat on the shelf across from me—Delilah and Ivy smiling together.

Delilah stopped near the couch, gesturing with a graceful sweep of her hand. "Sit."

I did as told, lowering myself onto the couch. My palms rested nervously on my knees, pretending like I wasn't fidgeting.

Delilah eased herself into the armchair across, legs folding one over the other. Her calf slid over her shin, bare skin catching the light. Smooth. Toned. The kind of legs that looked like they'd never known a single day of neglect. My eyes betrayed me, following the line of her thigh higher than I should've.

Her lips curved into the faintest smile, almost teasing.

"Still the same Evan, I see," she chuckled, her voice warm but laced with a sting. "Some men never change, my dear."

Heat climbed up my neck. I laughed nervously, trying to push it off. "I, uh... no, I was just—"

"You were just?" She tilted her head, eyebrows raised, watching me squirm.

I shook my head quickly, eager to dodge. "So, um... where's Ivy, though?"

"She'll be back shortly," Delilah replied, shifting in her seat with a relaxed confidence. She picked up her mug from the table, took a soft sip, then set it down with care. "Did you call her before coming?"

"No," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "There was this thing, and I figured it'd be best if we talked face-to-face."

Her gaze lingered on me for a moment, sharp but curious. "Something important?"

"Kind of," I admitted, forcing the word out.

Delilah adjusted again, her legs crossing the other way now. The movement gave me a flash of black lace between her thighs. My chest tightened. Black panties. Of course. Fuck. My throat dried instantly, and I looked away too late.

She caught it. She always caught it.

"Kind of, huh?" she repeated, her lips curving, tone dripping with knowing amusement.

"Y-yeah," I stammered, shifting in my seat. My knee bounced once, and I dug my palm into it to keep still.

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Quest Available

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Title: Mom?

Task: Fuck Delilah

Reward: 99 EXP

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Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

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Oh hell no. I wasn't fucking Delilah. No way. How the hell would I look Ivy in the eyes if I ever did that? Plus, Delilah wasn't just some random MILF down the street—she was elite. Out of my league. Her boyfriends were always the kind of guys who had thick wallets and better cars, not broke clerks like me.

"You look handsome," she said, voice soft but firm, eyes studying me like she was trying to read a secret. "Did you do something with your hair? Hitting the gym?"

"Skin care," I lied quickly. "And some gym, yeah."

Her lips curved faintly. "Good for you." She took another sip of coffee before tilting her head. "And how about your girlfriend?"

"She dumped me," I admitted. My throat felt dry. "She, uh, wanted someone better."

"Lily—that was her name, right?" Delilah asked. Then she shrugged, like it was no big deal. "Her loss, I'd say."

"Oh... thank you, Ms. Komb," I said, awkward as hell.

"Mm."

I scrambled for another topic. "So, uh, how's Jack?"

"He's with his wife in Canada," she said, setting the cup down. "We just finished talking. Says he's loving the cold."

"Canada, huh." I tried to smile. "Always wanted to visit there."

She smiled back, faint and distant. Then silence stretched between us—heavy, uncomfortable. Shit. I should've called before showing up. If I'd known her mother was here, I'd have thought twice. Instead, here I was, cornered by old memories and the fact that she once handed me her dirty panties. Jesus Christ.

What was I supposed to do? Apologize? "Hey, Ms. Komb, I'm sorry for jacking off using your panties. I was young and stupid. Let's move past it." Yeah, right. That'd go well.

"It's hard to believe," she broke the silence, voice calm. "I thought Ivy was happy in those suburban areas."

"I thought this was your husband—sorry. I thought this was David's house," I said quickly. "Ivy told me he'd given her the keys."

"Yeah. She sometimes stays here." Delilah's tone softened a little. "My house burned down. So I'm crashing here for a while."

"Burned down?" I blinked. "What happened?"

"Downstairs neighbor forgot to turn the oven off before going to bed." Her eyes dropped to the floor, voice lowering. "And... yeah. The whole apartment caught fire. Don't know what to do now."

"That's..." My chest tightened. "You're one of the strongest women I know, Ms. Komb. I'm sure you'll figure something out."

Her lips parted slightly, her gaze flicking up to me. "One of the strongest women... I am not, my dear."

"After what David did to you, you managed to keep going," I said, locking eyes with her. "That's something. No, that's a big something."

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## EVENT

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### Delilah's Interest +4

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Huh... she liked that? I was just telling the truth. After her husband got caught with another man, she'd fallen into a deep depression. But she pulled herself back, rebuilt her life, and dumped his ass. She really was a strong woman. I wasn't trying to sweet-talk her or earn points—I meant every word.

Delilah smiled faintly, then lifted her cup again for a sip. After setting it down, she leaned back into the couch, stretching her arms overhead. My eyes betrayed me. Her body shifted, her shirt riding just a little higher, the shape of her chest pressing tight.

Damn.

"I should get changed," she said, standing smoothly. "Gonna meet with the girls half an hour."

"Yep," I muttered.

She started toward the corridor, heels clicking softly on the floor. Just as she reached the corner, she looked back over her shoulder. Her eyes caught mine—playful this time, sharp as a knife.

"And no, Evan. You can't go to the bathroom. Not after what you—"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" I blurted, waving my hands. "I understand. Please stop."

Her smile widened. "Aw. Cute."

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 16 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 4 / 20

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Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

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She disappeared into the corridor, and I let out a long breath of relief. My shoulders slumped as I pushed myself off the couch. I walked over to the window, dragging a hand down my face.

Outside, the sky was already bruising over with dark clouds, rain just waiting to spill. This city's weather was like a drunk asshole—you never knew what mood it'd swing into.

I leaned back against the wall, arms crossed. Man, this whole situation was awkward as hell. Part of me just wanted Ivy to walk through that door already, rescue me from this silent back-and-forth with her mother.

Rescue me? Yeah, right. I wasn't here for small talk. I was here because I had to apologize for what she'd heard in that massage parlor. Like that was less awkward. My god... my whole damn life was a parade of messes like this.

A few minutes later, Delilah came back. Tight pants, oversized T-shirt that did a crap job hiding the curve of her chest. She grabbed her bag from one of the dining chairs and tossed a look at me.

"You and Ivy," she said casually, "used to be tight friends."

"We still are," I replied, trying to sound steady. "After that thing with David... she didn't like the city anymore. So we didn't see each other much."

"Still," she said, shouldering the strap, "it's sad to see. She'll be staying here for the next few weeks. You should—"

The front door opened. Then closed.

Footsteps.

Ivy appeared in the living room, damp hair sticking to her cheek like she'd just run through the wind. Her eyes widened the second she saw me.

"Evan," she said, confused. "Uuh... welcome?"

"Hey," I said. "What's up?"

"Well, I'm gonna leave," Delilah cut in, already halfway to the door. "The girls are waiting. Bye, Evan."

"Yeah," I nodded. "Bye, Ms. Komb."

"Bye, honey," Delilah said, kissing her daughter on the cheek. "I won't be late."

And then she was gone—heels clicking down the hall, the faint sound of the door opening, shutting, and silence swallowing the house.

Now it was just me and Ivy.

The air between us? Stiff as a coffin lid.

## **Chapter 64: Chapter 64**

I clapped my hands together once, too loud in the quiet. "Soo," I started, forcing a smile. "Massage with Kayla."

Her eyebrow arched. "Yeah?"

"Did you... hear anything?"

Her body stiffened, head pulling back slightly. That little recoil was all the confirmation I needed. Fuck. She really did hear it. Susan wasn't lying. Ivy had heard me screwing the hell out of Kayla.

"So you heard it..."

"Jesus, Evan," she said, sinking onto one of the couches. "You didn't have to lie to me."

"I didn't lie," I said quickly. "I had to convince her to tell Mendy the video was fake."

"By fucking her?"

"I... in a way, yeah."

Her voice sharpened. "So what—you're some kind of sex god now? Women lining up to get a turn?"

"I didn't say nothing like that," I muttered. "It's just... look, I had to convince Kayla. And I did. However I had to. That's it."

"And you used me," she said flatly. "I wouldn't have gone along with it if I'd known Richard—or whatever his name was—was a cheater."

"I already apologized," I reminded her. "But... why would you listen in on us?"

Her cheeks flared pink. "I didn't listen! You were so loud I couldn't not hear. Then I got curious. And then I—"

"Jesus," I groaned, dragging a hand through my hair. "I knew this was a bad idea."

"She... was so loud," Ivy muttered, eyes darting away. "I mean, when did you become so... pro at sex?"

"Pro at sex?" I repeated, glaring. "You're childish."

"You know what I mean," she shot back. "You didn't date anyone after your ex. And now suddenly—"

"Hey," I cut in, but my voice died. "You..."

No way I could tell her the truth—that I had a damn system boosting my stats. She wouldn't believe me anyway. Best to keep my mouth shut and let her think what she wanted.

"Let's just drop this," Ivy said finally, leaning back. "I don't wanna talk about it. Ever again."

"Yeah..."

"But you'll see." Her voice softened, almost sad. "Guys like Richard—they don't stop. They cheat, and cheat more. He'll break Mendy's heart a second time. And this time? It'll be on you."

"Look, I vouch for him," I said stubbornly. "He's a good guy. Just... confused."

"We'll see," she sighed, settling back deeper into the couch. "Ugh... I'm gonna eat something. You want anything?"

"Nah," I said. "Gotta catch the morning shift."

"Whatever you say."

The room fell quiet, just the hum of the fridge and the faint patter of rain starting outside.

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Fuck me.

Richard got caught cheating on his girlfriend, Mendy—again. This time with a hooker. Apparently, the dumb bastard ordered condoms online and had them delivered straight to the motel he rented. Problem was, he used her account. Mendy got the notification, followed the address, and boom—walked in on him balls-deep in some hooker's ass.

Guy was obsessed with anal. I swear.

"Thanks for visiting," I said, handing over a chocolate bar to another customer.

"Mm." They nodded and left.

Shift finally ended. Outside, the moon hung full and white, the night air carrying that chill I always liked. Perfect night for sitting by the window, steaming mug in hand, rain ticking on the glass. Warm, quiet. Simple.

But before I could clock out, I noticed her.

Short. Real short—maybe five feet tall. Hair a tangled mess, makeup running down her face from the rain. Her clothes were damp, clinging to her frame. The type that probably never left her apartment except to grab noodles and cheap booze. Nineteen? She looked it. Fragile, like the world was already chewing her up.

She hovered by the booze shelf for five minutes, clutching two beer cans like they were lifelines.

"Ma'am," I said, putting on a smile. "Maybe I can help you?"

"U-ugh..." she stammered, hugging the beers tighter. "N-no. I can help you."

"I can... help you?" I repeated, confused.

Her cheeks burned. "I meant I can help myself."

"Oh. Right."

"Mm-mm."

She turned, ready to pay, but her foot slipped. She stumbled—didn't fall—but the beers slipped from her arms. One shattered against the tile, fizz and glass exploding. Her face froze in horror. She dropped to her knees, muttering "Oh, no..." and reaching for the shards.

"Careful," I said quickly. "Leave it, I'll—"

Too late. The shard sliced her finger. She flinched, sucking in a sharp breath and trying to push herself up using the chocolate rack. Her t-shirt, already soaked, clung to her body, and as she strained, her tits strained against the fabric. The rack groaned, tipped, and as she stumbled back, her ass went up in the air, her tight pants clinging to her legs.

Crash.

The rack toppled down onto her, pinning her to the floor. The t-shirt rode up, and her tits spilled out, exposed and smeared with beer and chocolate. Her pants were pushed down just enough to reveal the clear outline of her cameltoe, perfectly displayed for anyone to see. Beer-soaked and covered in chocolate bars, her tiny frame was pinned under the heavy rack, her eyes filling up fast with tears as she lay there, exposed and helpless.

"Shit," I muttered, rushing out from behind the counter. I pulled the rack up and lifted her onto her feet. She was heavier than she looked, but I steadied her by the shoulders.

"You okay?" I asked.

My gaze fell to her chest. Her t-shirt was a sodden, dark mass, and it had ridden up to her neck, leaving her tits exposed and smeared with chocolate. My face flushed hot with embarrassment. She awkwardly fumbled with the hem, pulling the fabric down.

She just stood there. Then the tears came. Quiet, broken. Crying like it was the end of the world. Over beer. Over chocolate. Over nothing.

"Hey," I said softly. "It's fine. Don't worry. Please."

"I'm sorry!" she burst out, trembling voice cutting sharp in the quiet store. Her eyes were ringed with dark circles, her whole face cracked. "I didn't mean to!"

"I know," I said. I noticed the blood running down her finger. "Let me take care of that wound."

"You don't have to. I don't deserve it."

Her words hit strange. Heavy.

"N-no," I said firmly, grabbing her hand. "I insist. Everyone deserves at least this much."

---

EVENT

---

Cora's Interest +17

---

I blinked at the UI floating in my vision. Then looked back at her.

Her big eyes were on me, wide and wet. Lips curled into the faintest smile. But the second I turned to face her fully, she dropped her gaze, letting her messy hair fall forward like a curtain.

"You..." I muttered. "Are you... okay?"

"Y-yes..." she whispered. "Thank you."

---

## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

---

Jasmine: Interest: 16 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 4 / 20

Cora: Interest: 17/20

---

Progress:

★★★★☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

-----  
Select a woman to track progress.

-----  
Holy shit.

I bust my ass every damn day trying to get more Interest points from the women I already know. Jasmine, Kayla, Tessa—each one was a grind. Pulling teeth. And then this girl, Cora, shows up out of nowhere and boom—seventeen points in one go. She was already ahead of all the others.

And what did I even do? Act like a normal human with common sense?

Christ.

"Yo," the front door creaked open. Tuck strolled in, rain dripping from his jacket.

"My man," I said, turning, throwing up a fist. "Big T, Big T."

"Wadap," he said. Then his eyes flicked toward the mess on the floor—beer puddle, glass, chocolate scattered. "Damn. What happened here?"

"I fell down..." Cora muttered, voice small, head bowed like a kid caught stealing candy. "I'm sorry."

"You get changed and punch in," I said to Tuck, stepping toward the counter. "I'll clean this up while you do that."

"Bet." He nodded, heading for the back.

Tuck was just another clerk in this hellhole gas station. Big guy, same age as me. Buff as shit. Hair cropped neat, always just a hair longer than a buzzcut. He once told me it was regulation length from when he was in the military. Dude measured it like it was gospel.

By the time I grabbed the mop and turned back to the mess, the girl was gone. Just... gone. Like smoke.

"Huh," I muttered, scanning the empty store. "Okay... this was... okay. Nevermind, I suppose."

I grabbed the mop and bucket, crouched down, and started wiping the sticky beer mess off the tiles. Shards of glass clinked as I scooped them up, one by one, dropping them into the trash. The rack had tipped over sideways, so I wrestled it back upright, its metal

legs scraping against the floor. A few chocolate bars were scattered all around—half squished, half intact. I stacked them back into neat rows on the shelf, like nothing had happened.

By the time I was almost done, I heard the door from the personnel room creak open. Tuck walked out and came to stand beside me.

"Who was she?" Big T asked, nodding toward where Cora had been. "Strange girl."

"Yeah," I agreed, pushing the mop back and forth. "You never saw her here?"

"Nope," Tuck said flatly. Then, changing gears, "Eh, anyway. Bro, did you hear about Richard?"

"Fucking idiot." I shook my head, dragging the mop back to the counter. "He got caught cheating again. This guy is just... man. Can't even find the right words for him."

"This guy worships anal sex," Tuck said, like it was some kind of diagnosis. "Damn weirdo, man. Damn fucking weirdo."

"Man..." I leaned both elbows against the counter, exhaling. "I even helped him make up with Mendy."

"That's low, man." Tuck walked next to me, crossing his arms. "You knew he would cheat again. He's just like that. Why help?"

"He told me he wouldn't do it again."

"And you believed him?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm an idiot." I sighed. "Anyway, I should go. Need a bath and a good sleep."

"Hey," Tuck said, lowering his voice. "You should maaaybe call Mendy. Because from what I heard, dude, she was—saying preeeetty bad things about you."

"For what?"

"You apparently told her Richard's video was fake. The one where he goes balls deep in some chick." Tuck grimaced. "Turns out it was real after all. And you tricked her."

I rubbed the back of my head, a sick heat pooling in my chest. "Shit."

Ivy was right. She fucking told me. And I didn't listen. Now Mendy's heart was broken twice because of me—first by Richard, then by my dumbass move. All for what? A couple extra experience points.

I had to make it up to her. Or at least explain myself.

"I can deal with that tomorrow..." I muttered, though it sounded weak even to me. "Hope she forgives me."

"Meeeh. I don't know that, Evan. I fucking don't know that. She was pretty angry." Big T straightened as the bell above the door jingled and a customer walked in. "Welcome, sir."

I grabbed my bag off the floor, slung it over my shoulder, and stepped away from the counter. My pack of cigarettes was waiting in my pocket—I tapped one out and lit it as soon as I pushed through the glass door.

Tuck gave me a lazy wave. I lifted my hand in return, smoke curling from my lips as I stepped out into the night.

Only one word came to mind.

Mess.

A fucking mess.

---

## Chapter 65: Chapter 65

At least my sex life wasn't a mess anymore.

I knocked on the door and waited. A few minutes later, instead of Jasmine, Tessa opened it. She gave me a warm smile and stepped aside, the smell of shampoo and pizza grease already in the air.

"Hey," I said, holding up the boxes in my hands like a trophy. "Brought pizza."

"Your shift ended finally, huh?" she said, stepping back to let me in.

"Yep," I said, brushing a raindrop off my jacket. "So, what are we watching? You girls decided yet?"

"We're still deciding," she said, already turning toward the living room. "Come in."

I stepped inside, my shoes sinking slightly into the worn carpet. The place smelled like fabric softener and candle wax—cleaner than my own apartment, at least.

In the living room, Jasmine was sprawled on the big couch in front of the TV, a thick blanket wrapped around her shoulders like a cocoon. Another couch sat across from

her, a folded blanket at one end—Tessa's, probably. The third couch in the corner had a blanket, too. Looked like they'd set that one up for me.

"Cozy," I said, closing the door with my foot. "Pizza, anyone?"

"It's so cold," Jasmine groaned from under her blanket. "I don't wanna get out. Can you get me two slices, please?"

"Sure," I said, heading toward the small kitchen nook. "Can you give me a plate, Tessa?"

"Here."

Tessa pulled a still-warm plate from the drying rack and handed it over. I flipped open the pizza box, the smell of cheese and tomato hitting me full force. I slid two slices onto the plate and passed it back. Tessa took it, padded over to Jasmine, and held it out to her friend before returning to the kitchen.

"I got each one of us a pizza, though," I said. "You guys not hungry?"

"Jasmine might not be," Tessa said, opening the fridge. "But I am. I'll eat her share as well."

"Go nuts." I smiled.

I grabbed my own box, carried it to the couch they'd obviously meant for me, and sat down. The cushions were warm from the heater humming in the corner. I kicked off my shoes, stretched my legs, and laid back, the box balanced on my lap.

Biting into my first slice, the crust cracked perfectly.

Tessa came in a moment later with three beers—one for me, one for Jasmine, one for herself. She set them down on the coffee table, then flopped onto her couch with her own slice.

"Picked a horror movie for us," Jasmine said with a smirk from under her blanket. "If you feel scared, feel free to join me on the couch, Evan."

"Do I have to be scared to join or..."

"Ha-ha." Jasmine gave a sarcastic little laugh.

"Turn the lights off," Tessa said, mouth half full of pizza.

Jasmine tapped something on her phone, and the main lights dimmed out, leaving the room washed in a low, red glow—like something straight out of a horror trailer. Outside,

rain pattered softly against the window, a steady rhythm under the movie's opening credits.

Two beautiful women. Warm blankets. Pizza and beer. Red lights and rain outside.

This system was a gift from the heavens.

The movie came on and we began watching it.

This was good.

No smashing. No dirty talk. No... nothing. Just chilling. Hell, before that stupid woman—the one that straight up ate my eyeball and stuck me with this system—my life was kinda miserable. But now? I was doing okay.

Of course, I messed things up with Mendy. I got greedy and ruined her life. I definitely had to make it up to her somehow.

"Mm," Tessa muttered. "This pizza is good. Like goooood good."

Things went quiet for a second. Then I turned back and saw Tessa looking at me, probably waiting for me to say something. But my head was so full I barely processed her words.

"Hmm?" I asked.

"Pizza," she repeated, still studying me. "It's good."

"Oh, yeah. Got it from one of my favorite places."

"Mm." She nodded, then tilted her head. "You feeling okay?"

"Yep," I said. "Just... tired."

"You should find another job," she said. "Or get a car or something. Riding the bus alone would tire anyone."

"Yeah," Jasmine added from her blanket. "Not a car, though. Traffic's miserable here. Get a motorcycle."

"I downloaded the pizza place's app and signed up just to get a five-buck discount," I chuckled, eyes still on the movie. "Those things are... kinda tough for me right now."

"Hey," Tessa shrugged. "Five bucks is five bucks. Worth it."

I smiled. "Hell yeah."

We all grabbed our beer bottles and lifted them for a toast. But since we were too far from each other, we just raised them a little and drank.

Yeah.

This was good.

---

"Evan."

I blinked awake. The ceiling wasn't mine, and the blanket smelled faintly like strawberries.

"You up?"

"Hmm?"

Jasmine was leaning over, shaking my shoulder. Morning light filtered through the curtains, and scrambled eggs drifted in the air. Behind her, Tessa was setting plates at the dinner table.

"Man..." I muttered, rubbing my eyes. "I fell asleep?"

"Yep." Jasmine smirked.

"The chick... the one with blue eyes," I asked groggily, thinking about the movie. "She die to the killer?"

"No." Tessa shut the fridge with a grin. "Plot twist. She was the killer."

"Damn," I said, pushing myself upright on the couch. "That's a good twist."

"Come on, wash your face." Jasmine gestured toward the bathroom. "Breakfast is ready."

"Hmm. Sorry for crashing here." I stood, stretching.

"No worries," Jasmine said.

"I thought you'd rearrange our insides yesterday," Tessa said casually. "So I brought some toys. But we all knocked out."

"Jesus," Jasmine muttered, shooting her a look as she carried silverware. "Don't say that while we're about to eat."

"Sorry, sorry."

I walked to the bathroom, shut the door, and let out a long piss. Flush. Wash. Then I leaned closer to the mirror, wiping water off my chin.

"Huh... looking good. Thank you, Charm."

I stepped back out into the hall.

-----

Quest Available

-----

Title: Nom Nom Nom

Task: Make Jasmine or

Tessa give you a blowjob

while you eat.

Reward: 45EXP

Mystery Chest

-----

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

-----

My god. My fucking god. This was beyond perverted. They'd absolutely hate me if I even hinted at something like that. Getting a blowjob while eating breakfast? Couldn't lie, it sounded hot as hell—but real life wasn't a porno.

I swallowed hard and walked into the kitchen. They were laying out forks, plates, steaming eggs.

Did I really... have a chance of pulling something like that off?

I cleared my throat. "So... uh..."

"Mm?" Jasmine asked, glancing at me with that eyebrow raised.

"You know..." I rubbed the back of my neck. "It's... I mean, I would... you know."

"I... do not know," she said, arching one eyebrow higher. "What happened?"

"There's this thing..." I muttered, shaking my head like I could push it away. "Nah... you know what, forget it."

"Just tell us. Don't make us beg, sheesh," Tessa leaned forward, one hand on the table, her eyes pinning me down.

"Let's say, hypothetically speaking," I began, heart thumping like a drum. "If we... I mean, let's say we're eating, right? And—"

"Fucking hell!" Tessa interrupted. "Just spit it out!"

"I... I always wanted a woman to give me a blowjob while I eat," I blurted, my voice shaking as I finally admitted it. "I was wondering if we..."

My words died in my throat. I didn't even finish the sentence. I actually said that. Out loud. To them. Fuck. The system's quests were un-fucking-hinged. Absolutely insane. And the EXP? Jesus. It was tempting as hell.

Jasmine and Tessa exchanged glances, then back at me, then at each other again. I could feel my face heating up, my palms sweating. Tessa let out a long exhale and dropped her head into her hands, shaking it in disbelief.

"He is just a big pervert, isn't he?" Jasmine asked, smirking.

Tessa threw her hands up. "He is! I mean... a blowjob while eating? What the hell is that even?"

"I'd understand most kinks," Jasmine said, still smirking. "But this... this is next level."

"Sit down, you big ol' baby," Tessa said, straightening up. "I'll do it. Let's get your fantasy off the list, huh?"

"Really?" I asked, blinking in disbelief. "You... you'd actually do that?"

"You didn't hear me?"

"You should eat first," I said. "I don't want to ruin your meal with... you know, my climax first."

"Such a thoughtful little creature," Tessa said, voice hardening. "Now sit the fuck down."

I obeyed immediately, dropping into the chair like a nervous idiot. My legs were shaking. Tessa crouched, slid under the table, and stopped between my thighs. She looked up at me with that smirk, tongue flicking at her lips.

"Well?" she asked. "Unbuckle your damn pants."

"Oh... uh, yeah, yeah. Sorry."

## Chapter 66: Chapter 66

I fumbled, hands trembling, and finally freed myself. Her eyes widened slightly, then she wrapped her lips around me, tongue sliding over me, warm and slick. My hands went to her hair, holding her gently at first, then gripping tighter as the sensations rolled over me.

This had to be so humiliating for her. Fuck.

But I kinda liked this.

Jasmine, across from me, picked up her fork and began eating, her eyes glancing up at me every so often with that teasing smirk. I tried to focus on my food, but it was impossible. Tessa's lips moved expertly, her hand brushing over my shaft, slick with her saliva. My body was on fire.

"Oh... fuck... so hard," Tessa whispered, bobbing her head faster. "You've been wanting this for a while, haven't you?"

I looked down at her, gulping, my cock sliding along her lips. "Y-yeah... this... it's... fuck..." I couldn't even speak properly, just groaning into the void.

And then I felt it. A soft touch on my balls. My eyes shot toward Jasmine. Her bare foot was brushing against me, teasing, rubbing softly as she ate her eggs. I shivered.

"So full," she murmured, smirking. "We need to empty this, right?"

I could only whimper, voice trembling. "I... oh god... fuck..."

Tessa's lips were velvet, warm, wet, taking me deeper. Her hand twined with mine at the base, stroking with perfect rhythm. "Veiny... so fucking veiny," she whispered, eyes shining. "And your precum... tastes... hmm... damn. Good."

The Pleasure skill. I could feel it in my body—my reflexes, the intensity, even the taste was heightened. I wasn't maxed yet, and it showed. She was getting just enough, but I knew if I leveled this higher... she wouldn't survive the first minute.

I tried to eat. Really, I did. My fork wobbled in my hand, bits of food sliding off my plate. Tessa was relentless, sucking and bobbing, lips sliding over me like wet silk, tongue swirling.

"I'm close," I gasped, one hand holding the edge of the table, the other tightening in Tessa's hair.

Tessa's eyes gleamed with mischief. "Come on, then... cum." she whispered, pressing her lips against the base of my shaft, deep enough that I could feel her throat working around me.

"Oh... FUCK! FUCK!"

Jasmine's foot pressed a little harder against my balls. My body betrayed me, spasming with pleasure. My vision blurred. My cock throbbed violently in her mouth. The heat, the wetness, the grip of her lips—it was too much.

"Oh... oh fuck...!" I screamed, hips jerking. I squeezed Tessa's head gently, trying to ride it out, and my orgasm hit me like a tidal wave. I poured into her mouth, hearing her gulp down every last bit, her lips still pressed against me. I could feel her throat tightening with each swallow.

"Oh... oh fuck..." I trembled, voice breaking. My knees buckled slightly as I leaned back, catching my breath.

Tessa finally pulled back, chest heaving, forehead resting against my knee. Spit, saliva, and cum glistened on her lips, some smeared on her chin.

"Ugh... fuck. I couldn't breathe there for a second." she muttered, lifting her head.  
"Well... at least your idiotic fantasy fulfilled, huh?"

"Yeah... sorry," I croaked, voice hoarse.

---

Quest Completed

Title: Nom Nom Nom

Reward: 45EXP

Mystery Chest

---

As Tessa got up and went for the bathroom, I exhaled, grabbing a tissue to wipe my cock before pulling my pants back up. Then I stood and headed toward the sink to wash my hands.

This was crazy. Absolutely insane. But I was glad they were actually okay with it. I was a really lucky guy, no doubt.

On the way down the corridor, I ran into Tessa coming back. She was already freshened up—no spit, no mess on her face anymore. Clean and composed like nothing had happened. She stopped me with a hand on my shoulder, flashing a smile.

"I want a massage tonight," she said, her tone casual but her eyes daring me. "Make sure you're ready."

"Yep," I replied with a smile. "I'll be. Don't worry."

She brushed past me, and that's when the system window popped up again.

-----

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

-----

Level: 4

EXP: 125 / 311

-----

Wait—she wanted a massage? Shit. I needed a Sensual Oil for that. But... did I even have the credits?

Before I could panic, another UI appeared right in front of me, three glowing chest icons hovering midair. Mystery chest reward, I guessed.

-----

Pick a Chest

-----  
[?] [?] [?]

-----

I tapped the middle one. The other two vanished, and the chest cracked open with a glow of green light. Something rose slowly from within.

-----

You gained:

x1 Pleasure Booster

-----

Pleasure Booster? Inside the bathroom, I shut the door behind me and checked the item.

-----

Pleasure Booster

-----

Effect: Boosts Pleasure

(Your Level + Pleasure Level)

Duration: Until Climax

-----

"Shit," I muttered under my breath. "Boosts Pleasure, huh? That's actually good... but not what I was hoping for."

I needed credits for the night. Not some booster that'd turn me into a ticking cum-bomb. Guess I had to take on some quests.

"Damn," I sighed, splashing water on my face. "And here I was hoping to just lazy around today."

—

I flopped down onto the bench and leaned back, pulling a bottle of water from my bag. I chugged it like I'd just crawled out of the desert. Sip after sip, trying to catch my breath. My lungs were screaming. Shit. The rain wasn't pounding like yesterday, but still enough to keep the ground slick. And even with that, people were jogging around like freaks who loved pain.

---

Quest Completed

Title: Run Run Run

Reward: 30c

---

The UI blinked out and I dropped my elbows onto my knees, staring at the ground. Fuck. Five kilometres might not sound like much, but right now it felt like I'd traded my soul for each step. Every ounce of energy was gone. But at least I had what I needed—enough to buy Sensual Oil for Tessa tonight.

"Man," I said, head hanging. "I need to go home."

---

SHOP

---

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

---

Credits: 35c

Select item to purchase.

---

Thirty-five credits. More than enough. Perfect. Because I wasn't about to drag myself into another quest today. Nope. I just wanted to crawl home, crash, maybe call Mendy and... fuck, apologize.

My phone buzzed. One unread message. From Kayla.

I tapped it open and read the three words out loud. "I told you."

Yeah. She was right. Ivy was right too. They both warned me about Richard. And now Mendy was wrecked, crying God-knows-where while Rich got his dick wet in someone else again. That asshole and his anal obsession.

"Fuck you, Rich," I hissed, pushing myself off the bench. My legs trembled as I stood. "It's all your fault. Fucking idiot."

I started walking, shoes smacking against the wet pavement.

My phone rang again. Unknown number. Great. Just what I needed.

"Hello?" I answered, dragging my voice.

"This is Mrs. Anotov's assistant. Is this Evan Marlowe?"

My brows pulled down. "Uh, yeah. What happened?"

"Mrs. Anotov requires another massage session this Sunday. Will you be available?"

I frowned. "Oh, I work Sunday. Sorry."

There was a pause. Then her voice changed—sharp, almost playful but cold. "No problem. We can immediately put a hit on you and rid you of this world."

I froze mid-step. Silence stretched long enough to make my pulse spike. "...What?"

A faint chuckle. "I'm sorry. Just an old joke we used to run. Don't worry about the work. We'll handle everything. Be ready at nine."

My grip on the phone tightened. "Do you... know where I live?"

"Why, of course. And the gas station you work for." Calm. Like she was listing groceries. "But those are small details. Let's not dwell on that."

"O-okay... so when I—"

Click. She hung up.

I stood there under the drizzle, heart thumping. Damn. This Russian chick was that important, huh? I knew she had weight, but hearing it like this—yeah, different level.

"Massages, massages," I muttered, rolling my sore shoulder. "Man, I need a massage myself..."

Just as I was about to keep walking, I spotted a figure cutting through the drizzle toward me. At first, I didn't place her. Pale face, messy hair plastered from the rain, steps slow like she was walking through glue. Then it hit me. Those dark circles under her eyes, the way her gaze avoided mine until the last second.

Cora. The girl from the gas station accident.

"H-hello." Her voice wavered like a cracked violin string. "I didn't know... you ran."

I forced a smile. My lungs still burned from earlier, and the last thing I needed was small talk. "I... ran, yeah. Gained a little weight. Gotta burn it off somehow, you know? Good for health."

"I run around here too," she said. Then gave a weak little laugh. "What a coincidence. Heh... heh."

The sound crawled right up my spine, made the hair on my arms prickle. But I just nodded, trying not to let it show. She wasn't dressed for a run anyway—denim pants, oversized hoodie. Like she'd rolled out of bed and walked straight here.

"So," I said, angling my body toward the street. "I gotta go. Good meeting you."

"Mhm." She lifted her hand in a stiff wave, smiling in this off-kilter way. "Goodbye. I'm Cora."

Saying goodbye and then introducing yourself—yeah, that was backwards. Weird. But hell, who was I to judge? I was the guy who'd once had his eyeball eaten by a woman claiming she was some kind of goddess. If anyone was king of weird, it was me.

"Y-yeah," I muttered. "I'm Evan. Goodbye."

"Nice to meet you," she said again, the smile sticking to her face like glue.

"Yup. See you around."

**Chapter 67: Chapter 67**

I started toward the bus stop. Something made me glance back over my shoulder. She was still standing there, in the drizzle, just watching. Same stiff smile plastered on. Didn't blink. Didn't move.

I snapped my head forward and picked up the pace.

"Okay, Evan," I muttered under my breath. "Focus. You got work to do today."

By the time I reached the bus stop, I was damp and restless. I pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and leaned against the shelter's cold metal wall. Smoke filled my lungs, burned down my throat, steadied me.

"When does this bus come..." I muttered, taking another drag. The rain drummed on the plastic roof above me. My reflection in the glass looked like a ghost—eyes heavy, hair damp, smoke curling past my face.

Damn... getting a blowjob while I ate... that was fucking awsome. A little humiliating for Tessa, sure. But the pleasure I got was just... ten out of ten.

And then there was Cora. Creepy as hell, but harmless, right? Probably just lonely. Still... women kept flooding into my life like a curse. Mendy, Kayla, Ivy, Tessa, now this girl. Too many of them. Not enough of me.

Finally, headlights cut through the wet street. The bus hissed to a stop. I flicked my cigarette into a puddle and climbed on.

I slid into a seat by the window, resting my head against the cool glass. The bus jerked forward, and my eyes drifted back to the stop.

And there she was. Cora. Standing exactly where I'd left her. Rain dripping off her hood. Her face turned up to the window, still wearing that same unnatural smile. She raised her hand and waved—slow, almost deliberate.

My stomach knotted.

"Jesus on a stick," I muttered under my breath. "Who even is she... ugh."

The bus rolled on, carrying me away, but her smile burned in my head like a bad afterimage.

---

I pulled the blanket over myself and lay back on my bed. Calling Mendy. I had to do it sooner or later—apologize. But fuck, I didn't have the guts. What was I supposed to say? "Hey, Mendy! Sorry for tricking you into thinking the video was fake. Richard really was balls-deep in Kayla. Hope you forgive me." Yeah. That'd go over well.

I was an idiot for accepting that quest. Ugh. Ivy was going to be pissed at me too. I vouched for Richard, swore he wouldn't pull the same shit again. Should've known better. Of course that fucking idiot would cheat again—it was in his blood.

"Alright," I muttered, dialing her number. "No backing off now. Come on, Evan. Don't be a wuss. Man up."

The phone rang. Twice, three times. On the fifth beep, someone finally picked up. My stomach dropped. Showtime.

"Hey," I said. "Mend—"

"Evan, right?" a woman's voice cut in. Not Mendy's.

"Oh... who are you?"

"Penelope," she said. "You're the guy that stared at my tits, right?"

"Unintentionally," I blurted. "Sorry. I didn't mean to. Really. I'm sorry."

"Everyone does," she said flatly. "That was the whole point of the surgery."

"Yeah..." I cleared my throat, tried to steer it back. "Where's Mendy?"

"With her mother. Crying. That bastard Richard is—"

"I need to apologize to her," I cut in. "Can you give her the phone?"

"One second."

The line went quiet. Fifteen, twenty seconds of muffled nothing. Then Penelope's voice came back, sharp.

"She said fuck off. You tricked her. Of course you did. You're Richard's friend, after all."

"Just..." I rubbed my face, shaking my head. "Tell her I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean for things to get this bad."

"But they did," Penelope snapped. "Why would a man even make a girl like Mendy sad? No brain. I swear. Men are just a bunch of horny monkeys."

"Not all," I said weakly. "Tell her to—"

The call clicked dead.

I exhaled hard, dropped the phone on the bedside table, and sank deeper into the pillow. Pulled the blanket up to my chin. Outside, the rain had slowed to a drizzle. The sun hid behind thick, swirling clouds. A calm day. A little depressing, sure. But calm.

"That could've gone worse," I muttered. "Shit."

I shut my eyes and let out a long breath. I just wanted this day to end.

—

New day. New me. New adventures.

Wish I could say.

"Uuuugh."

I was sick as hell. Guess running under the rain because of that stupid quest wasn't the brightest fucking move. Now I had a fever, nose like a leaky faucet, throat dry as sand. My morning shift? Not happening. What I really hoped was that I'd recover before Anotov's massage session. She didn't strike me as the "Oh, you poor thing, reschedule" type. More like, "You're late? You die."

Nothing much happened yesterday. After I gave Tessa that promised massage, the fever started hitting hard, so I bailed instead of staying the night. Goodbye, credits spent without sex. Goodbye, EXP. Missed my chance with a beauty like Tessa. Fuuuck. My life was one bad choice after another. Who the hell runs in the rain? Idiot move, Evan.

-----

## SHOP

-----

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

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Credits: 20c

Select item to purchase.

---

A knock rattled my door. I groaned, pressed a tissue to my nose, and dragged myself up. Every step down the corridor felt like the walls were stretching further away, like some fever dream labyrinth.

"Man..." I muttered, dragging my feet.

Finally, I unlocked the door. Standing there was Ivy, both hands balancing a steaming pan. The smell of chicken soup hit me right in the sinuses.

"Ivy," I croaked. "Hey. You shouldn't have come."

"You called me acting like a big baby. Said you were about to die from the flu," she shot back. "If you weren't such a drama queen, I wouldn't have bothered—especially not after what happened with Richard."

I slumped my shoulders. "Yeah, yeah. I know. I'm sorry. I'm an idiot."

I shut the door behind us and dropped onto the couch, heavy, like my bones were filled with bricks. Ivy brushed past, headed straight into the kitchen. I leaned my head back, eyes half-closed, listening to the clinks and soft boiling sounds as she poured the soup into a bowl.

Couldn't help it—I peeked. Her ass moved perfectly with every step, big and round in those tight pants. My fevered brain had no shame. Every shift of her hips made my cock twitch, even with my head pounding.

Ivy came back with the bowl and spoon balanced carefully. She handed it over, then sat down on the armchair across from me.

"Still the same," she said, eyes wandering around the room. "Even that crooked painting. You said you'd fix it months ago."

I took a sip of the soup, hot and salty, soothing my throat on the way down. "Yeah. Guess I'm a little lazy." Another sip, longer. "Mm. So good. My throat's been killing me."

"The soup should help," she said, crossing her legs. The stretch pulled her pants tighter against her crotch, and—fuck. Clear as day. Cameltoe. My cock twitched again under the blanket.

I forced my eyes back to the bowl. Focus. Eat. Don't be obvious.

"You taking any meds?" she asked.

"Yep," I muttered between sips.

"Good." Her tone shifted sharp. "But I'm still gonna scold you for helping Richard. Don't think you escaped just because you're sick. You dumbass."

I rolled my eyes, slumping deeper into the couch. "I told you already. Sheesh. I was wrong. I admit it."

"Admitting doesn't fix things," she said firmly. "But... whatever. I mean, I didn't know the girl, but still, it's bad."

I shrugged, spoon clinking in the bowl. "I know. Trust me, I feel like shit about it."

For a while, we drifted into small talk—about the rain, about how the bus schedules never made sense, about how she still hated her boss. I chimed in where I could, half-present, but most of my brain was busy imagining what I'd do once I wasn't drowning in snot and fever.

Kim and Tessa. The thought flashed, vivid and raw. A threesome. Me pounding into them until they begged me to stop, their bodies sweaty and twisted together. My cock twitched again. I shifted in my seat, hiding it with the blanket.

Ivy didn't notice—or pretended not to. She just leaned back in the armchair, scrolling through her phone like nothing was happening.

The soup was gone before I knew it, the warmth spreading from my stomach into my aching limbs. I set the bowl aside and exhaled. "Thanks. Really. This... helped a lot."

She glanced up, softening just a little. "Don't mention it. Just... try not to be such an idiot next time, alright?"

"Yeah," I said, managing a weak smile. "No promises."

"I gotta bounce," Ivy said, pushing herself up from the couch. She brushed her palms over her thighs like she was wiping me off her. "You'll be okay by yourself?"

"Mm." I gave a lazy nod, leaning back into the couch. My bones felt like melted lead. "Just need to sleep a bit, I think. Already feel a little better."

"Good," she said, though she sounded like she didn't fully believe it. She glanced at the coffee table, at the half-empty tissue box, then back at me. "The weather's gonna stay

this shit for the next few days. If I were you, I wouldn't set foot outside until you're fully recovered."

She grabbed her bag, walked over to the door, and twisted the handle. The hinges whined when it opened.

And that's when Jasmine showed up, right there in the corridor, arms hooked around two grocery bags like she was about to host a party for herself. Her hair was a little damp, clinging to her cheeks, and her eyes widened as soon as she saw me slouched on the couch.

"Evan," Jasmine said. Her voice was soft but it carried over the stale hallway air. "You look bad. Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I croaked out, forcing a dry chuckle. It broke into a cough that tore my throat raw. "Ugh... talking hurts like hell."

Ivy stopped halfway through stepping out. One eyebrow arched, sharp as a knife. She turned back toward me, then slid her gaze to Jasmine, and then back to me again. Her mouth twitched but didn't form words.

"I see you made friends," Ivy murmured, her tone low, pointed—like she wanted Jasmine to hear nothing and me to hear everything.

"It's a small apartment," I said quickly, throat burning. "Everyone knows each other here."

"Is that right..." she whispered, and there was enough ice behind it to freeze the soup she made me.

I got up, walked toward her and tried to salvage it, but the words tumbled out weak. "Look... thanks for everything, really. And I'm sorry about Mendy. And... uh, that you had to hear Kayla and I."

She cut right through me with her eyes, then waved me off like I was nothing more than the fever talking. "Text me when you feel better."

"Yep," I muttered.

And that was that. She slipped into the elevator without another look, while Jasmine juggled her groceries into her own apartment. She gave me a faint little wave, a neighbor's courtesy, and shut her door.

I closed mine, leaned my forehead against it, and exhaled like I'd been holding my lungs hostage. Then I dragged myself toward the bedroom, each step heavier than the last,

like the floor was trying to keep me down. My body was cold, shivering, but my skin was hot enough to fry an egg. Sweating through the fever, throat torn to ribbons.

"Running when it's raining," I muttered, tossing myself onto the bed. "Real genius move."

### **Chapter 68: Chapter 68**

The blanket swallowed me whole, rough against my skin. I curled up, but the shivers didn't stop.

Cora. I remembered her after thinking what an idiot I was running in that rain for the hundredth time.

That bump in the street. Those beer bottles spilling everywhere. The way the rack collapsed onto her and she flailed, cheeks red, fumbling through excuses that made no sense. She wasn't just clumsy—she was chaos dressed in skin.

Secondhand embarrassment burned me more than the fever. I could still hear the glass cracking on the pavement, smell the foam of cheap beer mixing with the damp scent of rain. She'd looked like a deer stuck in headlights, caught between running away and laughing at herself.

"Strange girl," I whispered to the dark room. My throat rasped with every syllable. "Strange as hell."

But as soon as her face started fading, another image pushed in, uninvited. Ivy. The way her ass curved when she leaned over the counter earlier, pouring my soup into a bowl. Big, round, too obvious not to stare at. My fevered brain kept replaying it in slow motion. And then when she sat on the couch—those tight pants pressing against her thighs, fabric pulled taut enough that I caught the outline of her cameltoe. I'd tried to play it cool, spooning soup into my mouth, but my cock twitched even through the sweat and chills.

I used to love her. Back when I was dumber, younger, still believing shit like "first crushes last forever." That fire burned itself out, cooled into something else over the years. Friendship, I told myself. Something steadier. But hell—friendship doesn't erase how good she looks. It doesn't blind me. I've got eyes, don't I? I'm still a man. Still allowed to appreciate when a woman looks like that.

Yeah, love's gone. Doesn't mean desire has to die with it.

I coughed, rolling onto my side, the blanket sticking to my sweaty skin. My throat burned like someone had sanded it raw, but I kept chewing on the thought anyway. Ivy's legs crossed tight, Ivy's lips pursed when she called me a dumbass. Even when she was pissed, she was gorgeous. Maybe even more so.

I shook my head—or at least thought I did. Everything was foggy, dreamlike.

The fever weighed me down, pressing me deeper into the mattress. My eyes closed, and this time, they stayed closed. Thoughts tangled, women's faces blurring one into the other—Ivy, Jasmine, Cora—until it all dissolved into blackness.

And finally, sleep took me.

---

I woke up to... something. A voice? A thump? From the kitchen, I think. Like something had fallen over. I was too sleepy to tell if it was a dream or real. At first, I thought maybe I'd left a window open and the wind knocked something down. But then I remembered the windows weren't open in the first place.

My body felt weak. Weaker than ever—so weak I could barely move. All I could do was pray it was just fever hallucinations, or some stupid dream.

"Oh..." I muttered, throat dry. "Shit... who is this..."

I dragged myself out of bed like a zombie, slow and groaning, and flicked on my phone's flashlight. The living room switch was too far, and if someone was really there, I needed to see their face first.

I opened my door and peeked. A sudden noise snapped through the silence, movement. My front door was wide open, wind gusting in from the corridor window.

I stepped into the living room, heart pounding, and shut the door fast before flicking the kitchen light on. What the fuck? I scanned the place—nothing missing. Everything where it should be. Even that stupid painting I'd wasted a hundred and fifty bucks on was still hanging crooked.

"Yeah... that's what I needed. A thief. Perfect fucking addition to my life."

Then I saw it. On the floor.

I squinted, stepped closer, and knelt down. My boxer. One of my used ones, straight out of the dirty laundry basket. Wet. Damp patches all over it.

"What the hell..." I muttered. "Saliva?"

I pinched it between two fingers and sighed. "A dog? Yeah, sure. A lockpicking dog. Makes sense."

But no—that wasn't it. Jokes aside, someone was here. Someone bolted when they heard me open my bedroom door. But who the fuck would rob me? I had nothing worth

taking. Except maybe the shitty painting. Honestly, selling that thing was sounding better and better every day.

I thought about calling the cops, but I was too sick to deal with that crap. So instead, I dialed Jasmine. Five in the morning. Perfect time to ruin her sleep.

"Ugh, Evan..." she groaned when she picked up. "Too late for a booty call, eh?"

"Yeah, uh," I rasped. "I think I was just robbed. Someone broke in but ran off when I got up."

"Robbed?" Her voice sharpened. "Jesus, call the cops!"

"I'm sick," I said. "Can't deal with it right now."

"You were sleeping, right? I tried to check on you earlier—you didn't answer the door."

"Yeah. Slept early." I rubbed my temple. "Can I crash at your place tonight?"

"Sure, sure. I'm opening the door. Come over."

I tossed the boxer aside, grabbed my keys, locked up, and shuffled to her place.

When I got there, Jasmine opened up in oversized pajamas, hair messy.

"Are you okay?" she asked. "Were you really robbed?"

"No clue. Nothing's missing. But there was someone there. Definitely."

She pressed her palm to my forehead before I even stepped in. "You're burning up. Are you really sure you weren't imagining it?"

"I... I don't know. Maybe I dropped the boxer there and forgot about it."

Her eyes narrowed. "What boxer?"

"Ugh, forget it. I'm just gonna... lie down."

I walked past her without another word and collapsed on the couch. After a minute, she draped a blanket over me and set a water bottle on the coffee table.

"Let me know if you need anything," she said softly. "Okay?"

"Y-yeah... thanks, Jasmine."

She said something else, but I was too far gone. Fever pulling me under again.

Man... I don't usually get sick. But when I do, it hits like a truck.

Guess that meant a forced break from grinding levels and stats.

But at least Jasmine cared enough to answer my call in the middle of the night, and let me in. That—strangely—made me feel warm.

---

I woke up groggy, my throat raw and my body still heavy. First thing I did was fumble for my phone. Nine a.m. Already. Which meant I'd barely gotten four hours of sleep. No wonder I felt like dogshit.

From the couch I could see Jasmine at the table, eating scrambled eggs. She glanced over as I shifted under the blanket.

"Did I wake you up?" she asked between bites. "Sorry."

"Nah," I said with a weak smile. "I, uh... I think I should call the cops now."

"Because I woke you up?" She asked sarcastically.

"Ha-ha."

Her fork paused halfway to her mouth. "Are you sure about that? You sure you didn't just imagine it?"

I rubbed my eyes. "I don't know. When I get sick, I get really sick. Like, fever-dream, out-of-my-mind sick. Maybe I hallucinated the whole thing."

She got up, crossed the room, and sat on the coffee table across from me, one hand resting on her hip. "I mean... if you do think it was real, you should just call the cops and let them handle it."

"Nah," I muttered, pulling the blanket up to my chin. "You're right. Probably nothing. Don't get too close, though—you'll catch it."

"Shit, true." She backed off, heading for the table again. "You weakling. How'd you even get sick in the first place?"

"Ran under the rain."

She gave me a look like I'd confessed to eating batteries. "Why?"

I shrugged under the blanket. "Just felt like it."

"Great reason," Jasmine said flatly as she sat back down. "Totally worth the fever."

Someone started pounding on the door. Each knock hit harder than the last, like the bastard was trying to punch through. Who the hell made noise like that at this hour? Half the neighbors had to be asleep.

Jasmine's face darkened. She shook her head and walked to the door, but didn't open it—just crossed her arms and stared at the floor.

"Open up, you whore!" a man bellowed. "I know you're in there!"

My brows knit. "Who the fuck is that?"

"One of my old customers," she muttered. "Ugh..."

"You still seeing other men?"

She shot me a sharp look. "No. I found a job. That's why he's here—I've been ignoring his calls."

"Open up!" he roared, shaking the frame. "Fucking slut! Why you ghosting me?"

"I told you I'm done!" Jasmine shouted back. "Leave me alone!"

"Slut!" He stretched the word until it cracked. "You're nothing but a fuck-meat. Hole for dicks. No better than that!"

I staggered up beside her, head throbbing from fever, staring at the door that rattled under his fists. Maybe calling the cops wasn't such a bad idea after all.

"We should call the cops," I said.

"No. He'll leave." Jasmine's arms tightened across her chest. "Fucking idiot."

Before I could argue, another voice cut through the noise—one I recognized.

"Jasmine?" It was Tessa, from outside. "What's going on?"

The man growled. "You. You were with that slut!"

"Huh?" Footsteps shuffled. Then Tessa screamed.

I didn't think. I just unlocked the door and stumbled out.

**Chapter 69: Chapter 69**

The guy was fat, late forties, with greasy hair plastered to his head. He had Tessa by the hair, forcing her down to her knees. Grocery bags littered the hallway floor—tomatoes and carrots rolling everywhere.

"Fucking hell..." My head swam, fever blurring the world. "Let her go, you piece of shit!"

He sneered. "Who's this? Knight of the sluts?"

He shoved Tessa aside and came at me. Jasmine grabbed my arm, trying to hold me back, but he was already in my face.

The punch cracked across my cheek before I could raise a hand. I went down hard.

Then his boot smashed into my skull like I was a fucking soccer ball. My vision went white, spinning, breath knocked from my lungs.

"Ogh... shit..." I croaked.

"Let me go!" Jasmine screamed as he grabbed her.

I forced myself up, lunged, and dragged him down with me. We hit the ground, and he scrambled on top of me, straddling my stomach. His fist rammed into my throat. Who the fuck punches there?

I gagged, coughing, the air cut off. He yanked me up by the collar and slammed another punch into my face—my skull bounced off the floor.

-----

Quest Available

-----

Title: Defend

Task: Beat him up

Reward: 45 EXP

-----

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

-----

Adrenaline surged through me. I shoved him off, rolling us over. This time I was on top, my hands clamping around his throat, veins bulging at my temple as I squeezed.

"You're gonna kill him!" Tessa shouted. "Stop!"

Maybe she was right. My fevered brain didn't give a shit—I wasn't thinking about murder, not a psycho here though, just shutting him up until he went limp.

But Jasmine and Tessa grabbed me, yanking me backward. That gave him the opening. He scrambled up, staggered, then drove his fist into my face one last time. The world went black.

When I blinked back awake, his voice dripped above me.

"Not worth my time." He spat on me, kicked my ribs, then stormed off down the stairs.

I groaned, rolling to the side. Through blurry vision I caught Kim and Tom at the stairwell, frozen, watching everything with pale faces.

"Man..." I muttered, clutching my head. "Why'd you two hold me back?"

"Because he turned purple!" Jasmine shouted, shaking with fury. "You were going to kill him!"

-----

QUEST FAILED

-----

Title: Defend

Task: Beat him up

Reward: 45 EXP

-----

Result: He ran off.

-----

Jasmine hooked her arms under mine, Tessa bracing the other side, and with a grunt I managed to rise. My knees shook like they didn't belong to me. The fever already had me half-gone, and now with the pounding in my head, the bruises swelling, the blood

dripping down to my shirt—I felt like a puppet being yanked upright by strings that could snap any second.

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## EVENT

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### Jasmine's Interest +7

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I leaned heavy into them, each step dragging. My breath came out ragged, chest tightening, throat raw from where that bastard's fist had landed. When we finally made it inside Jasmine's place, I broke away from their grip, wobbling to the window.

The glass was cold against my forehead as I pressed into it, exhaling long, fogging the pane. Outside, the streetlights glowed against wet asphalt, the city still dripping from last night's rain. Behind me I heard Jasmine and Tessa whispering, their voices low, scared. Tom hovered near the door, useless but present.

"What a great way to start the day, huh?" My words slurred around the cut lip, but I forced a crooked grin anyway.

"Don't joke," Jasmine snapped, voice cutting through. "Not right now. Don't even talk."

I let my eyes shut, letting her scold settle. She wasn't wrong. My body screamed with pain every time I shifted, but silence felt heavier than words.

Tom's phone buzzed. He squinted at the screen, thumb swiping, then looked up. "Kim pulled the car over. She's waiting in front."

Jasmine nodded, determination replacing panic. "Come on."

I walked toward the door and stepped outside the corridor. "Ugh... god..."

She yanked the elevator door open, and the four of us shuffled inside. I slumped against the mirrored wall, sweat running down my temple. The world tilted, heavy and quick, like the elevator was dropping me straight into the pit of my stomach. My knees threatened to give out again, so I pressed harder into the mirror, eyes shut, fighting the spin.

The ding jolted me back. Jasmine slipped her arm around me again, and we walked out into the lobby. Tom hurried ahead, shoving the door open with his shoulder. The cool dawn air slapped against my overheated skin, and for a second, it was the only thing keeping me upright.

Kim's car idled on the curb, hazards blinking like a frantic heartbeat. She was behind the wheel, pale, lips pressed tight.

Getting in the car was a whole battle of its own. Tom grabbed my right arm, Jasmine on my left, Tessa steadyng me from behind. I muttered curses through clenched teeth as my ribs screamed. The fever didn't help—my head swam like I was drowning on dry land. Finally, they got me folded into the backseat, my body sinking into the upholstery with a groan. Tessa climbed in beside me, Jasmine on my other side, keeping me upright between them. Tom shut the door, then jogged around to the passenger seat.

Once everyone was in, Kim shifted the gear, face still tight as she checked the mirror. "Who was that?" she asked, eyes flicking back at me. "We should call the authorities and let them know about this."

I dragged in a shaky breath, staring at the roof of the car. "It's fine," I muttered. "I just don't wanna deal with that right now."

"Not fine," Jasmine said sharply. Her hand gripped my arm hard, like she wanted to shake sense into me but was scared I'd break apart if she did. "He beat the shit out of you. He threatened us."

"I know," I said, closing my eyes again. "But not right now. Please. Later."

The car rolled forward, tires hissing over wet asphalt, hazard lights clicking off as the world outside blurred past.

Just then, I cocked an eyebrow. "Wait, wait, beat the shit out of me? You held me back."

"Yeah. He was turning purple. I swear his eyes were about to pop out of their sockets," Tessa said. "I'd rather you get beaten down than thrown into jail."

"How lucky I am," I muttered, then coughed. "Ugh... shit."

As my vision blurred, Jasmine gently cradled my face and rested it on her shoulder. Five or ten minutes later, I passed out from exhaustion and the beating I'd taken. I mean, I knew how to take a hit—growing up in the city's roughest ghettos taught me that. But being sick sure didn't help.

What a shitshow.

---

About a week later, I was finally starting to feel human again. Sitting down and getting up didn't send knives into my ribs anymore, and the bruises faded into ugly yellows instead of deep purples. Work felt less like torture, too. The only thing still eating at me

was—Jasmine and Tessa holding me back when I got the upper hand. Shit. If only they didn't...

And... ugh. I missed the massage session with Anotta. Damn.

By the time I got home, it was nine. Sun long gone, city humming outside the window, another shift over. Richard had called out, so I'd had to cover. Lucky me.

I slid the spare key into the lock and turned it. Jasmine trusted me enough with one now. That thought alone made me grin.

"Hey," I called as I stepped inside, tossing the keys on the counter. "Anyone home?"

"Taking a shower!" Jasmine's voice echoed from the bathroom. "Welcome."

I shut the door and leaned against the counter, smirking. "Is the door unlocked for little ol' Evan?"

A pause, then a click. "It was, but now it's not."

That made me chuckle. I kicked my shoes off and started toward the bathroom, steps slow, anticipation heating my chest. The sound of running water grew louder, steam leaking from the cracked frame.

I pushed the door open.

Jasmine stood naked, back to me, about to step into the shower. Water misted her skin, droplets catching the bathroom light.

"Damn," I muttered under my breath as I walked toward her.

She glanced back over her shoulder, smirking. "Took you long enough."

"I had to admire the view first."

Her smirk widened. She reached for me, tugging at my shirt. As she peeled it upward, my ribs protested, and a groan slipped out before I could swallow it.

"Still sore?" she teased, eyes flicking down my chest.

"Only when you touch me," I shot back, voice low.

"Mm. Poor baby." She pushed the shirt off me completely, her fingers grazing over the faint bruises scattered across my ribs. I hissed, low and sharp, but she only smirked at the sound.

Then her hands went lower. She tugged at the waistband of my pants, her knuckles brushing my stomach as she unbuttoned them. The fabric slid down my thighs. She crouched slightly, hooked her fingers into my boxers, and pulled them halfway. My cock sprang free, half-hard already, her eyes dropping to it.

"Ohhh," she hummed, fingers curling around me through the thin cotton still clinging halfway down my legs. She gave me a slow squeeze. "Didn't take long, did it?"

## Chapter 70: Chapter 70

I groaned, her grip firm, playful. She peeled the boxer the rest of the way, letting it drop wet to the tile, and I stepped beside her. Now nothing separated us but steam and water. Her hand wrapped me fully, thumb sliding over the head, spreading the bead of wetness already forming there. She looked up at me with that wicked little smile. Then she leaned up and kissed me, lips soft, tongue quick, her hand never letting go.

"How was your day?" she asked, like she wasn't standing naked, jerking me under hot water.

"Eh," I muttered into her mouth, stepping in closer until her wet body pressed against me. "Normal."

My cock hardened fast between us, hot and throbbing, bumping against her stomach.

Jasmine's grin widened. She dragged her index finger along the head, smearing precum, then lifted it and showed me before licking it clean. "So hard," she teased. "And so eager."

"A little," I smirked, though my breath was already getting heavy.

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 23 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 4 / 20

Cora: Interest: 17 / 20

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Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

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Shit. I'd completely forgotten I hit a milestone with Jasmine. Twenty-three. Reward waiting. I'd check it after this. Priorities.

"Let's get you cleaned up," Jasmine said, still holding me like she wasn't planning on letting go. "I'll wash you."

"Thanks," I muttered. "Using my arms still hurts a little."

She reached for the shampoo, squirted a pool of it into her palm, and worked it into my hair. Her nails scratched lightly at my scalp, making me shut my eyes. The heat, the touch—it loosened something in me. My arms, my chest, all worked over with her hands spreading soap and suds down my body.

When she reached my stomach, I let out a shaky breath. When she went lower, I hissed.

She didn't rush it. After lathering my stomach, her hand drifted lower, past my hips, until her fingers closed around my cock.

"Mmm," she hummed, biting her lip as she wrapped me in her soapy grip.

I sucked in a breath. The shampoo made her hand glide, slick and bubbling, sliding from base to tip. She dragged her thumb over the swollen head, smearing the bead of

precum that had already formed there, mixing it with the suds. Each stroke made the mess wetter, hotter.

Her fingers curled tighter around me, milking me in long, slow pulls that made my hips twitch forward without me meaning to. Every vein stood rigid under her palm, and she traced one with her fingertip like she was reading it, smiling when I groaned.

"Look at you," she whispered, stroking faster now, twisting her wrist when she reached the top. "So hard already... just for me."

The rhythm built, smooth and relentless, the water washing over us as she kept working me, teasing the head every time her fist slid up. My cock throbbed against her stomach when she pressed closer, her hand still pumping me, like she wanted to see how much I could take before I snapped.

By the time she leaned up to my ear, I was pulsing in her hand, precum slicking her knuckles.

"Now," she whispered, voice dripping with heat. "It's time for you to clean me."

She turned, pressed her palms against the shower wall, and arched her back. Then with one hand, she spread herself open—gaping, shameless. Water cascaded down her back, her ass shining under the stream.

I laughed, deep and rough. "Cleaning," I said, grabbing my cock and pressing it against the swell of her ass. "Is what I'm good at."

The spray from the shower was steady above us, steam curling around our bodies, slicking the tile with heat. My breath still came uneven, chest rising and falling, but when Jasmine leaned forward, pressing her ass back against me, all the aches and fever from the week faded into something else entirely—something sharper.

Her voice carried over the rush of water, teasing, commanding.

"Clean me."

Then I sank to my knees.

The water cascaded over both of us, soaking my hair as I kissed down the smooth arch of her back. She braced herself on the tile wall, her body curving beautifully as she bent forward, presenting herself without hesitation. Her ass glistened under the spray, the warm rivulets tracing over the swell of her cheeks, dripping into the cleft between.

I spread her gently, my thumbs pulling her open, and exhaled right against her pussy. The smell of her, musky and sweet even through the soap, hit me hard. I pressed a kiss to the inside of her thigh first, then the soft lips of her pussy.

"E-Evan..." she moaned, already shifting her hips back.

I dragged my tongue over her slit, tasting her as the water mingled with her wetness. My lips sealed over her clit, and I sucked, just enough to make her gasp. Her moans echoed off the tile, low at first, then sharper when I traced lower, licking the seam of her pussy before pressing my tongue inside.

"God, yes," she breathed, hand slapping wetly against the wall for balance.

Her cunt clenched around my tongue, needy, greedy, the taste of her spilling out as I worked her. I alternated between fucking her with my tongue and flicking her clit, each motion pulling more sound from her throat. The water fell over my shoulders, soaking us both, but the heat between her legs was hotter still.

Then I pulled back just enough to slide lower, pressing my mouth against the tight little star of her ass.

"E-Evan!" she gasped, half shocked, half thrilled.

I licked slowly at first, circling, teasing, then flattened my tongue and worked her rim, savoring the way she trembled. My hand reached under to stroke her pussy at the same time, two fingers rubbing her clit while my mouth feasted on her ass.

"Oh, fuck, you're filthy," she moaned, voice breaking. "I love it. Don't stop—don't you dare stop."

I didn't. I spread her wider, tongue plunging deeper, until she was rocking back against my face, shameless, grinding for more. My cock was iron-hard beneath me, twitching, leaking pre down my shaft just from the sound of her moans.

When I finally pulled back, her thighs were shaking. I kissed my way up the curve of her ass, bit lightly at one cheek, then stood, gripping her hips to steady her.

"Now," I said, voice hoarse, "my turn."

She turned her head, wet hair sticking to her cheeks, eyes blown wide with need. "Do it," she whispered.

I lined myself up, cock nudging at her slick pussy lips. She was dripping, soaking, her entrance already pulsing around nothing. With one push, I slid inside.

"Fuck..." I hissed, forehead pressing to her shoulder as the heat swallowed me whole.

Her moan was ragged, broken by the stretch. "God—you feel so good."

The water streamed down our bodies as I buried myself deeper, inch by inch until my hips met her ass. I held there for a moment, savoring the way her pussy gripped me, fluttering around my cock like she didn't want to let go.

Then I pulled out halfway and slammed back in.

She cried out, palms smacking against the tile. "Yes—fuck—just like that!"

No Sensual Oil.

Fingers crossed.

I grabbed her hips and set a rhythm, thrusting into her hard enough that the wet slap of skin against skin echoed under the shower spray. Her ass bounced against me, round and perfect, and I couldn't resist raising one hand to smack it.

The sound cracked sharp. She yelped, then moaned, arching her back even more.

"Again," she begged.

So I spanked her again, harder this time, leaving a red mark blooming under the water. She moaned into it, her walls clenching tighter around me. I reached forward, cupping her tits, kneading them, pinching her nipples between wet fingers. Her head fell back against my shoulder, lips parting with a gasp.

"You're mine now," I growled into her ear, pounding her deeper, "every inch of you."

"Yes," she gasped. "Yours—fuck, Evan—don't stop—"

Her words pushed me harder. I drove into her faster, our bodies colliding, her pussy clenching around me so tight I could feel her building. I bent down, kissing her neck, biting lightly at her skin, drinking in her moans as if they were oxygen.

"You gonna cum for me, Jasmine?" I whispered, thrusting hard enough to make her knees buckle.

Her hand reached back, grabbing at my hip desperately. "Yes—yes—I'm so close!"

I reached down, fingers circling her clit, rubbing fast, merciless, in time with my thrusts. The combination broke her.

Her cry echoed sharp as her whole body seized. Her pussy clamped down around me, spasming in waves that milked my cock with each contraction. She screamed my name, voice hoarse, as the orgasm tore through her.

I fucked her through it, holding her shaking body steady, grinding deep while her cunt squeezed me so tight I almost lost it.

When she finally sagged against the wall, panting, I wasn't far behind. My balls tightened, my cock throbbing, her aftershocks dragging me closer and closer to the edge.

"Jasmine—I'm—fuck, I'm gonna cum—"

"Do it," she moaned, still trembling, voice raw but hungry. "Cum inside me. I want it—fill me, Evan—"

That was it. With a growl, I slammed into her one last time and spilled everything inside her. Hot spurts of cum poured deep, mixing with her own wetness, dripping down her thighs as I pressed her against the tile and held her there, buried to the hilt.

"Fuck," I groaned, forehead dropping to her shoulder, cock pulsing as the last ropes emptied into her.

We stayed like that, trembling, the water washing over us both, sweat and cum and steam blending into one messy, perfect haze.

After a long moment, she turned her head, cheeks flushed, lips curved in a dazed smile.

"You came inside," she whispered, still breathless.

"I did..." I muttered, voice heavy with exhaustion and bliss. "Wow... fuck."

She shook her head, though the smile never left. "What if I get pregnant?"

I kissed her damp shoulder, still buried in her, and smirked. "Then I'll go and buy a milk."

She let out a shaky laugh, pushing back against me. "You dork."

But she didn't pull away.

And neither did I.

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Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +60

Star Rating: 3.2 ★★★

Reason: -

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