

The Heart System #Chapter 71 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 71

Chapter 71: Chapter 71

The water was still rushing above us, streaming over our skin, steam clinging heavy in the air. My cock was buried deep inside her pussy, still twitching from the load I'd just spilled. Jasmine's body was slack against mine, chest heaving, cheek pressed against the wet tile.

For a long moment, neither of us spoke. The only sound was the hiss of the shower and the dull thud of my heartbeat in my ears.

When I finally pulled out, my cum oozed from her swollen pussy lips, thick and messy, trailing down the inside of her thighs. It clung to her, milky strands mixing with the water as it ran down toward the drain.

Jasmine turned her head slightly, her hair sticking wet against her cheek, her lips parted in a dazed smile. She leaned her palms flat against the wall, bracing herself.

"Still hard?" she asked, voice husky, teasing. "Of course you are."

I glanced down. My cock stood thick and rigid, veins bulging, smeared with our mess, head glossy and angry-red despite having just emptied inside her.

"Yeah," I muttered, almost embarrassed at how ready I still was. "Because of... you I'm this hard."

Her smile turned wicked. Slowly, she slid one hand down her hip, across her ass, and pressed her index finger against the tight ring of her asshole. She circled it once, then pushed the tip inside with a sharp inhale.

"Fuck my ass," she whispered. "You can't wait, right? Can't wait to fill my asshole with your load? Can't wait to put your dick in me and just ruin me?"

My cock twitched violently, a spasm I couldn't hide.

Her eyes caught it instantly. "That little twitch..." She grinned, biting her lip. "You sure love fucking my ass, huh?"

I mean, I loved anal. But not as much as Richard, I suppose...

"Yeah," I admitted, voice rough. "I love every inch of you. I love... everything about you."

She didn't waste another second. She spread her leg back, offering herself, the curve of her ass perfect under the cascade of water.

I stepped forward, grabbed her thigh, and lifted—hooking her leg up over my shoulder. She gasped, caught off balance, but leaned on the wall, steadying herself as I shifted closer.

Her pussy was still dripping with my cum, and I reached down with my free hand, scooping some of the milky slick and smearing it over her asshole. The white cream clung to the little star of muscle, shiny against the water. I rubbed it in with my thumb, working circles, pressing until she hissed.

"Fuck," she moaned. "Cold... but hot. Keep going. I can take it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes... yes, Evan. Keep going. Please."

I pressed the head of my cock against her ass. Her hole looked impossibly tight, a dark little ring clenching as if already trying to resist me.

"Relax," I muttered, though the words were as much for me as for her. My cock pulsed at the sight of it, desperate to force its way inside.

I rubbed the head up and down her crack first, spreading cum and water, sliding between her pussy and her asshole, teasing her. Each time the crown nudged her rim, she winced, hissing through her teeth, then pushed back just slightly as if daring me.

"You ready?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

She tilted her head, eyes half-lidded, lips curling into something between a grimace and a grin. "Yeah... keep fucking me, Evan."

I pressed forward.

Her asshole resisted, clamped tight, the ring squeezing against me like a fist. The head of my cock bulged against it, parting her inch by inch. She groaned low in her throat, forehead pressing to the tile as I pushed harder.

"Shit," she hissed, her voice strained. "Hurts—but... don't stop. Ugh... yes... don't stop, don't stop, don't stop..."

My cock throbbed violently at the sensation—the way her ass tried to reject me, every fraction of movement a battle. I gritted my teeth, pressing harder, until suddenly her rim gave way.

With a wet pop, the head slid inside.

"Ahh—fuck!" Jasmine yelped, body jerking against me. Her nails scraped the tile. "It's burning—god—it's burning!"

"You good?" I asked quickly, breath ragged, fighting the urge to slam all the way in.

Her ass clenched around me like a vice, the tightest grip imaginable, and it took everything not to lose it right there.

"Yeah..." she panted, voice shaky. "Yeah—just—fuck, Evan—keep going."

So I did.

I pushed in slowly, every inch forcing her open, her rim stretching wide around my shaft. Her asshole hugged me, squeezing painfully tight, resisting every thrust. My cock glistened with the mix of water, cum, and her own slick, but even so, it felt like forcing into virgin territory all over again.

She moaned low, broken sounds of pain laced with want, each one making me twitch harder inside her.

When I was finally buried halfway, I leaned forward and kissed her shoulder, biting lightly at her skin. My free hand cupped one of her tits, kneading it, thumb brushing over her nipple.

"Breathe," I whispered against her ear.

"I'm trying," she groaned, sweat and water dripping down her back. "Oh, god... ugh..."

I pulled out an inch, then pushed back in, setting a slow, steady rhythm. Each thrust loosened her a little more, her rim straining less, though the heat and pressure stayed unreal.

Her asshole swallowed me, squeezing tighter than anything else ever had. My hips smacked against her ass, the sound sharp and wet under the spray.

She grunted with every stroke, eyes shut tight, lips parted as she took me.

"God—you're splitting me open," she whispered hoarsely.

"Too much?" I asked, though I couldn't slow down now if I tried.

Her nails scraped down the tile, and she shook her head. "No—fuck me, Evan. All the way. Don't hold back. Don't you fucking hold back. Keep going."

I slammed into her harder, the impact jolting through her body, my cock sliding deeper into her ass with each thrust. She whimpered, then moaned, then gasped, the pain twisting into something else entirely.

"You feel so fucking good," I growled, hand kneading her tit rougher, rolling her nipple between my fingers.

Her back arched, chest pressing into my hand. "Keep talking," she begged breathlessly.

"You love this," I muttered into her ear, hips slamming forward. "Getting your ass stretched, my cock buried so deep inside you. You're filthy, Jasmine—absolutely filthy."

"Yes," she moaned, voice breaking. "I'm filthy—keep saying it—keep fucking me."

I bent down, lips latching onto her nipple, sucking hard while my cock hammered her ass. My teeth grazed the sensitive bud, making her cry out, her body shaking from the assault of sensation.

Her asshole was relentless, milking me, gripping me tighter the closer I got. Pre leaked from my cock, mixing with the cum already smeared around her rim, making each thrust smoother, messier.

Her hole stretched wider, clenching and releasing, fighting me every step but giving just enough to drive me crazy.

I was close. Too close.

Her ass was a furnace around me, and every thrust made my balls slap wetly against her, the buildup in my core tightening unbearably.

"Jasmine," I groaned, biting her neck. "I'm—fuck—I'm gonna cum."

She looked back at me, hair plastered to her cheeks, eyes dark with lust and pain. She smirked, even while panting.

"Do it," she rasped. "Cum in my ass. Fill me—stuff me full, Evan. Don't you dare hold back. Fill me up with your cum! Do it!"

That broke me.

With a growl, I slammed deep into her, my cock buried to the hilt, and exploded.

"Fuck! I'm..."

My orgasm ripped through me, violent, unstoppable. My cock pulsed inside her asshole, shooting thick, hot ropes of cum deep into her bowels. The pressure was overwhelming, my balls tightening as more and more poured out of me.

Her ass clamped around me like a vice, forcing every spurt deeper, milking me dry. I groaned against her shoulder, body trembling, hips jerking as I unloaded everything inside her.

It felt endless—pulse after pulse, cum spilling until I thought I had nothing left. My vision blurred, my chest heaving as I held her tight against me, still buried in her ass.

When the last twitch faded, I collapsed against her back, my cock softening but still lodged deep.

Slowly, painfully, I pulled out.

Her asshole gaped slightly, raw and stretched, white cum oozing out, smeared down her crack. Her pussy, already messy from before, dripped with the remnants of my first load, trails mixing with the fresh streaks leaking from her ass.

She looked utterly ruined—her body trembling, lips swollen, cheeks flushed, both holes used and dripping.

I grabbed her chin, turned her face toward mine, and kissed her.

It wasn't gentle—it was messy, hot, tongues tangling as the shower sprayed down over us, washing away nothing, because the mess we made was carved into us now.

"Well," I said. "We should have another shower, I think..."

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Chapter 72: Chapter 72

Home sweet home. Finally. Now I could check what that milestone reward was... hopefully without getting robbed again. Or hallucinating. Hell, I still wasn't sure if that whole robbery thing actually happened, or if it was just fever dreams.

I grabbed my coffee, pulled the blanket around my shoulders, and sat down by the window. Rain pattered against the glass. Neon lights from the street cut sharp lines into the night.

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Jasmine

Reward:

50 EXP

Mystery Chest

50c

+2 Mastery Points

Holy shit. Just for hitting that milestone, I got stacked with rewards. If I'd known it'd pay this much, I would've focused on it sooner.

The only thing I still didn't fully get was those Mastery Points. I'd seen the option once before, but had no clue how to actually use them.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 10

- Manipulative Charm
- Emotional Charisma
- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

Unused Mastery Points: 2

Right. So mastery points only worked if I reset my Charm skill. Resetting would let me push those extra points into Manipulative Charm, Emotional Charisma, or Seductive Allure.

It would also raise the cap—Charm could go up to twenty instead of ten. But the catch? Resetting only refunded five points. Not worth it yet. Maybe later, once I had more ability points stacked to push Charm back up to ten, at least.

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: 70c

Select item to purchase.

Seventy credits. Damn—I was loaded compared to before. Still, I had to spend smart. No more Sensual Massage Oil for now. Without it, I was actually raking in more EXP anyway. That whole "system penalty" thing was a pain in the ass.

Though... eventually, I'd have to use that massage oil on Anotta. God. She was probably pissed I'd ditched her.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 71 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 175 / 311

With the last UI fading from my sight, I let out a long breath and took another sip of coffee. Something about drinking coffee while staring at rain—it soothed me. Made me feel like I was on top of the world. Beaten up, sure. But still standing.

A knock at the door snapped me out of it.

"Ugh... who the hell visits at this hour?"

I set the mug down, shuffled over, and peered through the peephole. My stomach dropped.

"Cops?" I muttered. "Great..."

I unlatched the door and opened it a crack. Two officers stood there—one man, one woman. Both in plain uniforms, both giving me that trained, unreadable look.

"Mr. Marlowe?" the man asked. "Detective Harris, this is Detective Vega. Mind if we come in for a moment?"

"Uh... sure," I said, stepping back.

They entered, boots heavy on the floor. Harris was tall, graying at the temples, square jaw that looked like it had been broken once. Vega was younger, sharp-eyed, hair tied back tight. Neither looked like they came for coffee and chit-chat.

"Sorry for the late hour," Harris said as I gestured them toward the couch. "We wouldn't be here if it wasn't important."

"Yeah? So what happened?" I asked, sitting on the arm of a chair instead of the couch. My place suddenly felt way too small.

"Karim Obza," Harris said flatly. "Does that name mean anything to you?"

I shook my head. "No. Should it?"

Vega leaned forward. "We have witnesses who say that a few nights ago, here at this building, Mr. Obza assaulted you outside your apartment door."

"Ohhh," I muttered. "That was his name? Figures. Fuck that guy."

"Why didn't you file a report?" Vega pressed.

I scratched at my jaw. "I was sick. Fever. Didn't want to deal with paperwork and cops hovering over me. Simple as that."

Harris studied me for a long moment. "The reason we're asking is because we found Mr. Obza tonight. Roughly four hours ago."

"Yeah?" My throat went dry. "And?"

"He was in very bad condition," Vega said, her tone steady but cold. "All of his fingernails had been removed. The words how dare you were carved into his back with a knife. He hadn't eaten or drunk anything for days. When we found him, he was begging for death. He was kidnapped, as you can guess."

"Jesus Christ," I muttered, leaning back. "You serious?"

"Do you know anything about that?" Harris asked, watching me closely.

"What?" I barked. "No. No way. I'm not saying a damn word without my lawyer. What the fuck—are you saying I did that to him?"

Harris raised both hands slightly. "No. You're not a suspect. The assailant fled before we arrived."

"Then why are you here?" I asked, voice sharper than I meant.

"Because Obza didn't have friends, no family ties we can find," Vega explained. "But while we were treating him, he kept repeating something—your name. He said it was your fault."

I laughed once, hollow. "Yeah, well, that's his problem, not mine. This has nothing to do with me."

"Then perhaps you can help us understand why—" Vega started.

I cut her off, pushing up from the chair. "Yeah, no. I'm done. You want answers, you can talk to me when I've got a lawyer next to me. Until then—" I opened the door wide. "Out."

The two detectives exchanged a glance. Vega's brow twitched; Harris exhaled slow.

Finally Harris stood. "Understood. We won't keep you."

"Good evening, Mr. Marlowe," Vega added, voice clipped.

They walked out, their footsteps fading down the hall.

I shut the door hard, leaned my forehead against the wood, and muttered to myself, "What the fuck is going on..."

I sat back in front of the window, pulled the blanket tight around my shoulders, and lifted the mug again. The rain streaked down the glass, neon bleeding through like watercolor.

The coffee tasted bitter, burned, but I sipped anyway.

My laptop hummed awake on the desk beside me. A couple of clicks later, I was searching. Karim Obza.

News feeds, police reports, scattered forums.

"Shit..." I muttered. "They weren't lying."

The screen glared back at me. All nails removed. Knife wounds. Extreme dehydration. Starvation.

Kidnapped. Tortured. Someone had made him pay.

"Why though? By who?" My hand tightened around the mug until the ceramic clicked. "I didn't even know the guy. He jumped me, sure, but—what the fuck does any of this have to do with me?"

The words blurred on the screen. Too much to take in. My pulse thudded at my temples.

I didn't want to deal with cops. Not now. Not ever. Too much work. Too much trouble.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I hissed, running a hand through my hair. "Why's it always me? Always me, stuck in this shit?"

He was muttering my name when they found him. No wonder the detectives came knocking. No wonder they looked at me like I was already guilty.

"Maybe..." I whispered, heart still hammering, "...maybe I should dump some points into Strength."

A chill ran up my spine. The thought of someone out there—someone who could do that to a man—knowing my name? No thanks.

I shut the laptop. The reflection of my own tired, bruised face vanished with the screen's glow.

I pushed up from the chair, set the mug down, and went to the light switch. Click. Darkness swallowed the room, leaving only the hiss of rain outside.

I checked the door. Lock clicked into place. Deadbolt, too.

I tugged it once. Twice. Just to be sure.

"I still don't even know if I was robbed or not," I muttered under my breath, forehead against the door. "God..."

Satisfied, I turned and padded toward the bedroom. Each creak of the floor felt too loud. Too sharp.

The room was cold. The sheets even colder when I threw myself face-first onto the bed.

I squeezed my eyes shut, pulling the blanket over my head.

"Just sleep it off, Evan," I whispered. "Just fucking sleep."

—

A knock on the door woke me.

Honestly, I was grateful it was just a knock—not some suspicious sound in the living room, not my imagination cooking up more ghosts.

Still... that night. Did I really hear something? And was my boxer always on the ground? Ugh. I was turning paranoid. No thief in their right mind would rob me. I had nothing worth stealing.

Except that damn drawing. Paid a fortune for it once, for reasons I couldn't even remember now. Maybe I should just sell it, get rid of the dead weight.

I grabbed my phone. Nine a.m. My shift wasn't until eight tonight, so I had the whole day to burn.

"Coming..." I muttered, dragging myself up.

I shuffled to the door, unlocked it, then peeked through the peephole.

Kim. And beside her, her boyfriend Tom.

I opened up. "Hey."

"Morning," Kim said, flashing a small smile. "We're gonna have breakfast. Want to join us?"

"Oh... yeah. That'd be awesome." I rubbed the back of my neck. "Your place, right?"

"Yep." She nodded. "I actually called Jasmine too. We got to know each other that day... y'know, waiting around at the hospital."

"You two became friends?" I chuckled. "Guess it was worth me getting my ass beat, then."

"Don't say stuff like that," Kim frowned.

"Hey, silver linings."

She rolled her eyes. "Anyway, whenever you're ready, come by. Jasmine's already—"

Right on cue, Jasmine's door opened. She stepped out with a pan in hand, blinked at us in surprise, then locked her door and came over smiling.

"Hey," she said. "Are we ready?"

"Yep," Kim said. "Evan'll join us later. I thought he'd be up by now, but he was still sleeping."

"Great." Jasmine glanced at me. "Don't be late, Evan, okay?"

I gave a lazy salute. "Yes, ma'am."

Chapter 73: Chapter 73

I threw on some clothes, tugging a clean shirt over my head and checking myself in the mirror. Hair—still a mess, but I managed to wrestle it into something halfway decent.

Kitchen time.

I pulled the fridge open, hoping I had something to contribute. Beer. More beer. And a sad slice of pizza that had definitely seen better days.

I snorted. "Yeah, that'll impress them."

Door slammed shut. Empty-handed it was.

I grabbed my keys from the counter and headed out. The lock clicked under my hand, and I checked it twice before stepping back. I'd been doing that a lot lately. Ever since that night, I made sure—every damn time—that the door was locked. No slip-ups. Not again.

The stairwell smelled faintly of toast and coffee as I descended.

At Kim's door, I gave a knock.

It opened a moment later, Tom standing there with his usual calm expression.

"Hey," he said. "Welcome."

"Thanks." I stepped inside, already catching the scent of breakfast. "Smells good."

"Jasmine brought scrambled eggs. I made toast."

"Tasty," I said, following him further inside.

I stepped inside and glanced to the right. Kitchen light glowed warm, and there were Kim and Jasmine shoulder to shoulder, clinking plates and laughing over some private joke. Domestic as hell.

I gave them a nod. They nodded back, smiles quick but polite.

I peeled off toward the living room. "Hey," I said. "Where can I smoke a cigarette?"

"You can open the window there," Tom pointed at the wall behind a coffee table.

"Thanks."

It was... strange. Acting casual with a guy whose girlfriend I'd railed hard while he was locked up in a chastity cage, begging to watch. And yet here we were, playing neighbors. I guess they could split fantasy from reality. Me? I was still chewing on that boundary.

I cracked the window open and lit up, first drag cutting down into my chest. Rain had stopped, pavement outside steaming faintly, but the sun hadn't found its way back through those thick clouds.

"How are you feeling?" Tom asked, drifting closer.

"Eh, better," I said, exhaling smoke. "It just hurts a little when I lift my arms or stretch."

"Can't even imagine," Tom said. "Fighting for your neighbor like that..."

"I wouldn't call it a fight, but yeah," I chuckled, dragging another puff.

There was a beat of silence, then his voice dipped, curious. "Jasmine... I heard she is a prostitute. Are you her customer?"

"Was. Was a prostitute," I corrected. "And no, I wasn't her customer."

"Oh... okay."

"You sounded disappointed."

"No, I was just... I don't know." He shrugged, eyes darting toward the corridor. "I, uh, I should help Kim get the breakfast ready."

"Hmm." I nodded, flicking ash out the window. "I can come if you want as well."

"No, no. We got it."

"Okay."

I kept smoking by the window, dragging deep, letting the smoke curl out into the morning air. My mind wandered back to the attack, to that bastard Karim Obza. Kidnapped. Tortured. All his nails gone, starved half to death.

"Eh," I muttered. "Guess a guy like him would've had enemies. Damn weirdo."

Behind me, plates clinked as they were being set on the dining table.

"Oh," Kim said as she placed the forks down. "Did you know this table was set up by Evan?"

"He did this?" Jasmine asked, rapping her knuckles against the wood. "Damn. Sturdy, huh?"

I didn't join the chatter—just smiled faintly and kept my cigarette hand out the window, staring at the street below, dragging in another breath of smoke. Calm times like this were always something I loved. But calm wasn't much of a thing in my life anymore, not since I got this weird system. I wasn't really complaining... still, I missed it.

By the time the last plates were down, my cigarette was finished. I flicked the butt out the window, shut it, and made my way toward the table.

"Wow," I muttered as I looked at the spread. "What are we, kings? Royals?"

"I don't want people talking behind my back, saying I don't look after my guests properly," Kim quipped, sliding into her chair. "Now come on. Let's eat!"

When breakfast was over, I dropped onto the couch and let out a long sigh, full to the brim. My usual breakfast was just beer and a cigarette—or, if I was feeling fancy, maybe some noodles. This, though? This felt like a gift from above. A real meal for once.

Jasmine and Kim came into the living room after cleaning up the dishes. Kim settled on my left, Jasmine on my right, both sitting close enough that the cushions sank together.

A few moments later Tom appeared, hands still wet, probably from helping them wash up.

"So," Kim leaned back, "is there any news on that idiot?"

"Yeah." I nodded. "Apparently, the guy who attacked me got himself kidnapped and tortured."

"What?" Kim's eyes widened. "Holy shit. Do the cops know who did it?"

"Nope. They came to see me yesterday. They think I was involved somehow."

"You shouldn't have talked to them without a lawyer," Jasmine cut in.

"I didn't. As soon as I figured out what their visit was about, I shut up. I know how they work—they'd twist my words in a heartbeat."

"Good." Jasmine's tone softened. "We need to get you a good lawyer, though."

"Maybe I won't need one. They told me they'd already seen the culprit running from the crime scene when they found that guy—Karim, I think his name was."

"The kidnapper ran off?" Tom frowned. "That's scary."

"I mean" I shrugged, "a guy like him would've had plenty of enemies. That's for sure."

"You're right." Jasmine crossed her arms. "I just hope we never see his face again."

"Ah, forget about him." Kim clapped her hands together, bright again. "Let's have dessert, shall we? I made some mean strawberry magnolia. And no, I won't give my special recipe, Jasmine."

"So many calories..." Jasmine groaned, then laughed. "Oh, hell. I'll eat. This isn't my cheat day, though. I'm gonna regret this."

I shrugged. "Dessert sounds good."

"Help me bring it out, Tom." Kim pushed herself up.

"Of course." He followed her toward the kitchen.

Jasmine stretched with a little sigh, arms over her head, chest pressing forward. "Didn't get much sleep," she murmured, rolling her shoulders before leaning back and draping her legs across my lap.

I let out a low chuckle but my hands betrayed me, sliding over the length of her calves, then higher, squeezing the soft weight of her thighs. She bit her lip, eyes half-lidded as I kneaded her like I had every right to.

Then she shifted, pressing her foot against my crotch. The pressure made my cock twitch instantly under my pants, and her smirk told me she felt it.

"Hey," she whispered, voice dripping heat. "Come to my place after breakfast. Tessa's on the way."

I swallowed, pulse hammering. "Oh? And what exactly do you have in mind?"

She leaned close, lips grazing the shell of my ear. "You. Fucking our asses until Tessa and I can't sit down."

My cock throbbed so hard her leg shifted with it. "Fuuuck. You're starting to love anal, huh?"

"I'm getting used to it," she teased, brushing her mouth over mine in a quick, hungry kiss.

Her hand moved fast—unzipping my fly, slipping inside, pushing my boxer aside until her fingers wrapped around the base of my cock. I quivered at the touch, breath spilling out ragged. She stroked me with maddening slowness, lips brushing my ear again.

"You want to fuck us, don't you?" she whispered, venom-sweet. "Fill our tight little asses until we're begging."

"Ah... shit," I groaned, hips twitching into her grip. Precum already smeared across her palm. "I'm... oh, shit. Feels good."

"You want to ruin us," she purred, tongue flicking my earlobe. "You want to hear us whine and plead while you keep going."

"J-Jasmine..." I croaked.

"Say it." Her grip tightened, stroking faster, wetter with my leak. "Say you want to fuck us in the ass. Say you want to ruin us. Say that you..."

"Aaaalright!" Kim's voice rang out from the corridor. "Dessert's ready! Who is hungry?"

Jasmine let go in a flash, legs sliding off my lap as she straightened, that faint smile betraying her amusement. I yanked my zipper closed, wiping sweat from my brow, trying to compose a neutral face. She just sat there, lips pressed to hide a laugh.

I thought to myself how damn lucky I was to have someone like her—gorgeous, sharp, wild, and yet the one who had my back when I needed it. Worth every bruise.

Kim and Tom reappeared, each carrying bowls of strawberry magnolia.

"Looks amazing," Jasmine said brightly. "Can't wait to eat it!"

"Yeah, damn," I added, forcing my voice steady.

They passed the bowls around, then sat, cheerful chatter resuming as spoons clinked. I dug in, the sweet cream cooling my tongue, though my pulse still hadn't slowed from before.

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Chapter 74: Chapter 74

The knock came at the door while I was balls-deep in Jasmine's ass, the floor slippery with whatever cheap scented oil she had lying around. Not massage oil—just some random flowery crap—but it did the job. She was on all fours on the bed, ass stuffed full of my cock, moaning my name as I drove in and out.

And damn if I wasn't starting to understand Richard. Not saying I'd reached his level of deranged, but fucking Jasmine and Tessa's asses back-to-back... it hit something in me. Something I didn't even know was there.

Sexual Activity Task Available

Title: Bark Bark

Task: Make Jasmine crawl and

open the door while you

fuck her

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Another fucked-up quest. Make her crawl to the door with my dick in her ass? The thought alone made me throb inside her. But would she actually go for it? Only one way to know.

"I think..." Jasmine panted, squeezing around me as I kept slamming home. "...it's Tessa."

"Then let's open it."

I grabbed her arm, dragging her upright as I stepped off the bed with her, still buried deep in her ass. Christ, it felt unreal—every breath she let out made her hole clamp tighter around me, like her body didn't want to let me go.

"Wait, wait," she gasped. "What are you doing? We have to..."

"She's at the door," I growled, pushing her down onto all fours on the floor. "Open it. You can crawl, no?"

Her ass clenched on me so hard I almost spilled right then. "You fucking pervert."

"I call it... well, I call it experimenting."

"You really want me to crawl to the door... with your cock in my ass?" She threw me a look over her shoulder, half disbelief, half heat. "You've fucking changed, huh? Like really really changed. A lot."

"To the worst, or—"

"I don't know." Her mouth curled into a filthy little smirk. She pulled forward, letting me slip out with a wet pop, then reached back with both hands and spread herself open, showing me the gaping imprint of my cock. "Make me decide."

Jesus Christ. My brain short-circuited. I smacked her ass hard, lined up, and shoved back inside. She shuddered, and then she started crawling—slow, shameless—dragging me with her as I pounded from behind.

Each shuffle left a wet streak on the floor, her pussy dripping so much it mixed with the oil. She was soaked, ruined, panting like a bitch in heat.

And me? I was right behind her, slamming away, grinning like a madman. No oils, no buffs, no EXP farming—just raw filth.

For once, I didn't even care about leveling. I just needed to see her open that goddamn door.

Jasmine crawled forward on her hands and knees, ass stuffed with my cock, dragging me along as I thrust into her. Every move she made clenched me tighter, forcing a groan out of both of us. Her body shook under me, her pussy dripping and leaving streaks on the floor, mixing with the cheap scented oil.

"God, you're sick," she panted, arms trembling as she crawled. "Making me do this—"

"You love it," I growled, slamming into her with each shuffle. "Don't you even try to lie."

Her breath hitched, half a moan, half a laugh. "Maybe... maybe I do."

She reached the door, stretching a hand toward the knob. Before she could grab it, I caught her wrist and slammed her down flat. My other hand pressed her head against the floor, cheek to the wood. Then I hammered into her ass, harder, deeper, the sound of our bodies slapping echoing through the room.

Her pussy erupted, juices spraying across her thighs and the floor as she screamed, the noise a mix of agony and bliss.

"Fuuuck, Evan!"

"Take it," I snarled, sliding a finger into her soaked pussy at the same time, rubbing her clit in circles. "Take all of it."

She writhed, clawing at the floor. "It's too much—oh my god—too fucking much!"

I yanked her leg up for leverage, pounding into her at a vicious angle. She tried to brace herself, reaching for balance—and her palm smacked the doorknob. The door swung open with a creak.

Her eyes went wide. "E-Evan—!"

Too late.

I dragged her upright, pulling her into my lap in a rough sitting position, my cock buried to the base in her ass. Her back arched against me, her tits bouncing as I fingered her clit with one hand and held her steady with the other.

And there she was. Tessa. Standing in the doorway, boots on, frozen with her eyes wide.

Jasmine screamed again, her body convulsing as I fucked her faster, my fingers merciless on her clit.

"Don't stop," I hissed in her ear. "Cum for me. Show her."

"Oh-h-h... fuuuuuck! FUCK!"

Her whole body locked, then broke apart. She squirted hard, a hot jet shooting straight across the floor—splattering Tessa's boots in a wet, messy spray.

Tessa's jaw dropped.

Sexual Activity Task Completed

Title: Bark Bark

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Jasmine went limp in my lap, her body trembling, sweat slick on her skin. She leaned against me like her spine couldn't hold her up anymore, chest rising and falling in ragged breaths. Shit, she was so hot like that.

"Evan..." she muttered, voice cracking. "Fuck... oh, fuck. Oh..."

"Sheesh," Tessa's voice cut in, casual but sharp. She leaned on the doorframe, eyebrows raised. "Couldn't wait for me? You two just start without the main act? Sick fucks."

"My idea," I muttered, dragging my cock out of Jasmine's ass with a wet plop. She shuddered as it left her, still shaking in aftershocks. "Liked the show?"

Tessa smirked, stepping inside. "I've got my own idea of shows."

Her long coat slid off her shoulders, falling to the floor with a soft thud. What she had on underneath made my cock twitch—if you could even call it clothing. Thin black straps crisscrossed her chest, just enough to cover the nipples, and below... nothing. Her pussy was bare, glistening, practically daring me.

She turned, bending forward, ass aimed right at me. A massive black dildo jutted out from her hole, glistening as if she'd been fucking herself with it all the way here. She twisted her head back, smirking at me.

"You've got a lot of work to do, magic boy," she purred. "Hope you're ready."

I swallowed hard, cock throbbing like it was about to explode. "Ready? Fuck yeah."

With one hand, she nudged Jasmine off my lap. Jasmine collapsed onto her back on the floor, legs splayed, still gasping for air and staring blankly at the ceiling.

Tessa stepped forward, standing tall over me. Her thighs brushed against my ribs as she planted her boots firmly on either side of my hips. Heat radiated from her body, that sharp mix of perfume and sweat wrapping around me. From where I sat on the floor, I was caged between her legs, forced to stare straight at the thick black dildo jutting from her ass.

She leaned down, her hand tangling in my hair, tugging my face upward until my eyes met hers. Her smirk was venomous, cruel in the sexiest way.

"Take it out," she whispered, her voice dripping with hunger and command. "Then fill me with that cock."

I smiled, a slow, predatory grin that felt foreign and completely right on my face. With a twist of my wrist, I grabbed the heavy dildo she was already slicking up. I made it move fast, a blur of black silicone going in and out of her tight asshole. I wanted to see her break.

"Don't tease me," Tessa moaned, her head falling back as the toy worked its magic. "Just fuck me. Please, just put your cock in my ass."

I watched her for another beat, savoring the sound of her desperation. Then, slowly, I pulled the dildo out. My breath hitched as I looked at the view: her asshole, stretched open, slick with lube, slowly, reluctantly squeezing shut. The tight little ring of flesh looked like it was begging for something else.

I got up, my dick rock hard, and grabbed Tessa by the waist. With a gentle shove, I pushed her onto the slick, cold surface of the kitchen counter. She didn't fight me; she was already arching her back, legs spread, her ass up in the air and completely on display.

I leaned in, my hands reaching out. I hooked a thumb into her asshole, spreading the wet flesh wide open. It was a perfect, dark opening against the smooth pale skin of her ass cheeks.

"Fuck my ass," she begged, her voice thick with lust. "Make a mess of me like you did with Jasmine. You have any idea how horny I got in the taxi?"

"Let me help you then." I whispered into her ear. "Get that ass up."

"Mm," She mumbled. "Yes. Take me. Fuck me. Ruin me. Make a mess of me."

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She needed no further instruction. With a low, desperate sound, she pushed her hips back, lifting her ass higher, spreading her cheeks slightly against my thighs. Her body was slick with sweat, and her asshole, already spit-wet and gaping from my fingers, was ready. The dark, tight ring stared back at me, demanding to be filled.

I didn't waste another second. I placed the head of my cock against that wet, dark opening. The tight heat of it was immediate, a shocking velvet grip. I inhaled sharply, then pushed.

It was a slow, punishing entry. The opening gripped my cock like a fist of fire. Tessa let out a strangled cry, her fingers digging desperate grooves into the kitchen counter. I felt the skin stretch, the muscle resist, and then, with a long, agonizing slide that scraped every nerve ending, I was in. Fully. I was buried to the hilt.

"Oh, fuck!" I groaned, the words forced out of my lungs, tasting like metallic heat. The depth, the crushing, smothering heat, the utter tightness of her ass around me—it was overwhelming.

I pulled back just an inch, making her gasp in protest, then slammed my hips forward, hitting deep. The sheer force of the thrust made the counter rattle slightly. Tessa screamed, the sound muffled against her arms.

"Tell me what you want," I demanded, my voice raw and rough, echoing off the tile floor. I grabbed her waist, the skin slick under my palms, holding her steady as I set a slow, punishingly deep pace.

"Don't stop, Evan. Don't you dare stop," she panted, her voice cracking with need. "It's so tight. God, you're so big. Fuck me, Evan. Ruin me. Break this ass for me."

I complied, my pace picking up. The friction was incredible, a burning, slick heat that made my vision tunnel and the blood pound in my ears. The way she was bent over the counter, her entire ass exposed and taking my cock, felt less like sex and more like a necessary function of the universe.

My hand left her waist and came down hard, a loud smack against the round curve of her left ass cheek as I kept pounding her. The sound was sharp and immediate.

"You feel that? You feel my cock filling up your slut ass?" I muttered, leaning down to bite her shoulder, pulling her head back by a handful of hair. "You like being used like this?"

Huh? 'Slut ass' was it? Did I really say that? I did... but fuck, it felt good.

"Yes! Fuck! Harder!" she yelled, her voice hoarse now. "Agh... shit. You love it, don't you? You love fucking my ass? My tight asshole. Only for you."

"Hmm... yes! Fuck..."

I pulled back quickly, watching my cock slide almost completely out, leaving a wet trail on her skin, then I thrust back in, slamming against her deepest point. She cried out, a loud, pure sound of combined pain and pleasure, a high-pitched sound that thrilled me.

"Yes! I love it! Evan... oh, god..."

"That's right," I grunted, grabbing a fistful of her hair and dragging her head back so she couldn't hide her face in her arms. "You scream for me. You beg for every inch of this hard cock. Who owns your ass, Tessa?"

"You! You do! Your cock! It's yours!" she shrieked back, the answer desperate and immediate.

I kept up the brutal pace, the wet, fleshy sound of skin hitting skin echoing in the empty kitchen. My hips were working like a machine, pushing deep, fast, and relentless. Every fiber of my being was focused on filling her up, on stretching her, on leaving her completely used. My other hand moved from her hair to squeeze the side of her hip, then her ass cheek, still warm from the smack.

The pleasure was a steady, burning climb. With every thrust, I could feel the tight muscles of her ass clinging to me, massaging my cock, urging me on. The slickness, the heat, the feeling of total dominance—it was a drug. I was drowning in it, lost to the rhythm and the sheer, overwhelming feel of her.

"You're loving this, huh?" I whispered, my voice thick with lust and power. "You've been waiting for someone to take you like this. Someone to fill you up and leave you unable to walk."

She couldn't speak, only moan and gasp, her fingers digging deep into the countertop, her knuckles white. Her whole body was shaking with the effort of taking me and the pleasure she was fighting. She never once told me to slow down. She wanted this as much as I did, this raw, consuming act.

My body was beginning to betray me. The frantic pace, the intense friction, the sight and feel of her ass clenching around me—it was too much. The heat was building into an unbearable pressure, an inevitable explosion that started deep in my guts and rushed down my shaft.

"I'm close, Tessa," I choked out, my voice barely audible above the sloshing sound of our bodies. "I'm cumming..."

I grabbed her hips with both hands, pulling her back against my pelvis, trapping her in my final rhythm. I didn't slow down. I thrust three more times—hard, deep, tearing thrusts that made her scream my name, a broken, desperate plea in the quiet kitchen.

With a thick, loud groan that ripped from my throat, I released. My body locked up, trembling violently as hot, massive spurts of cum pumped into her tight anus. It felt like an ocean emptying itself. The force of the climax made my head spin. I buried my face in her hair, gritting my teeth against the sheer intensity of the release. It felt like my legs might give out, but I held on, pushing every last drop deep inside her. The burning sensation inside her ass was just... fuck. It was intense...

"Wait..." Tessa breathed. "Did you just call me a slut?"

I chuckled nervously. "No?"

"You did."

"I... you know, maybe in the heat of the moment..."

"Say that again, and I'm throwing you off this window."

"Noted."

I stayed buried for a long moment, my body limp but my cock still twitching inside her. I could feel my own heart slamming against my ribs.

Slowly, I pulled out, watching the thick, creamy cum leak immediately from her tight ass.

I left her panting over the counter, her ass twitching, a ruined, satisfied mess. I was spent, completely empty, but the feeling of power was intoxicating. She was begging and screaming for me, and I gave her exactly what she wanted. I, Evan, the vanilla guy who used to be afraid to look a woman in the eye, had just completely and utterly dominated this beautiful, hungry woman. I didn't know how I got here, but I wasn't turning back. This felt too good. Too real. Too much like what I was actually meant to be doing.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +72

Star Rating: 3.7 ★★

Reason: -

Fuck yeah. Seventy-two EXP? Good. I was finally at a level where I could have sex without relying on that oil and still rack up some points. And plus, I managed to make Jasmine cum. Tessa, not yet. But still—win was a win.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 71 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 247 / 311

And there was a bonus. For fucking Jasmine while she crawled toward the door, I'd picked up an extra ability point from that quest. The rewards just kept coming. Good. That meant I really was getting stronger.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 10

- Manipulative Charm

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

Unused Mastery Points: 2

Unused Ability Points: 1

I flicked open the battered packet in my pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. Smoke curled up into the low light of the room as I walked back to the girls.

Jasmine was still on the floor, hair sticking to her forehead with sweat, her face flushed. I slipped an arm around her waist, hauled her gently up, and she groaned in protest.

"Let's get you to bed," I chuckled, steadying her weight against me. "You're tired, huh?"

"My ass..." Jasmine muttered, face pressed against my chest. "Feels so fucking sore. Don't think I can sit for weeks."

Behind us, I heard the faint wet patter of drops hitting the floor. Tessa was following, my cum leaking out of her ass with every step, leaving a messy trail from the kitchen to the bedroom. She didn't look embarrassed—if anything, she looked smug.

"You really should hold yourself back when doing anal," she said dryly. "I swear, you're like an animal."

"I'll try to do that." I smirked as I nudged the bedroom door open with my shoulder.

I set Jasmine down on the mattress. She sank into the sheets with a sigh, eyes half-closed, body still trembling from exhaustion. I climbed into bed beside her, stretching out, cigarette dangling between my fingers.

The mattress dipped again—Tessa sliding in on my other side, casual as ever, still sticky, still dripping. Now it was all three of us together, naked under the dim light. Jasmine to my left, Tessa to my right. Their heads rested on my shoulders like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Tessa draped one leg lazily over mine, her thigh rubbing against my cock, which was soft but twitching back to life under the friction. She plucked the cigarette right out of my hand, brought it to her lips, and inhaled deep. Smoke filled her lungs before she passed it back to me.

"Give me a drag too," Jasmine muttered, voice raspy. "I'm so tired I can't even lift my arms, uh..."

I angled the cigarette toward her lips. She leaned in, took a drag, then let the smoke spill from her mouth, lazy and slow. I brought it back to my own lips, inhaled, and let the burn settle in my chest before exhaling toward the ceiling.

The room filled with smoke, sweat, and the quiet sound of three ragged breaths, tangled together.

"Been too long since we did this," Tessa murmured, her palm spreading over my chest, her nails grazing lightly. "Felt good."

"I know," I said, covering her hand with mine, pressing it flat against my heartbeat. "I was kiiinda beaten up by a crazed psycho, remember?"

"You heard the news?" she asked, tilting her head against my shoulder. "About that guy? Karim. I figured you already did."

"Yeah," I muttered, jaw tightening. "Kidnapped and tortured."

"I don't wanna hear about him," Jasmine cut in sharply. "Stop it."

"Yeah. Same," I said, letting out a faint chuckle, smoke curling from my lips. Then I grinned, tilting my head toward both of them. "Round two?"

"No anal," Jasmine said instantly, lifting one hand lazily like she was swearing an oath. "No. Anal. Nope. No, no, no."

"Fineeee," I groaned dramatically. "How about you, Tessa?"

She smirked, voice teasing, daring. "Sure. You stretch my asshole to your heart's content."

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That was all I needed. I stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray by the bed and pushed myself up. Jasmine groaned, clearly too drained to move.

"Since Jasmine's tired..." I muttered, reaching down and sliding an arm around Tessa's waist. She squealed softly as I lifted her with ease, shifting her body over Jasmine's. I laid her down right on top of the other girl, so their tits pressed together, soft flesh molding against soft flesh.

They both chuckled at the contact. Jasmine's lips curled. "Warm pillow," she teased.

I smirked, lowering myself behind Tessa, and spread her cheeks with both hands. Her ass was still flushed from before, her puckered hole twitching faintly, glistening. I leaned in without hesitation, dragging my tongue across her ass. Fuck, I'd have licked her asshole but it still had my cum dripping from it.

"Fuck—Evan..." Tessa gasped, burying her face into Jasmine's neck.

Jasmine chuckled under her. "You are so nasty."

"And you love it," I muttered against Tessa's ass before licking again, harder this time, the taste of sweat and sex thick on my tongue.

My hand slid between her thighs, fingers finding her pussy already wet, dripping against Jasmine's stomach. I pushed one finger inside her ass, feeling her clench around me.

She moaned, arching her back.

I slid in a second finger, stretching her tighter.

Then a third, forcing her to gape open, her body shuddering under the intrusion.

When I pulled my fingers out, her asshole stayed wide, trembling around nothing, stretched and begging. I spread her cheeks further, watching the twitching ring, wet and raw.

I lined my cock against her ass, pressing the swollen head against that gaping entrance.

Tessa moaned, looking back over her shoulder. "Don't tease... just fuck me."

I pushed forward, grinding the head until the ring resisted, then shoved harder, forcing it to give. The tight heat swallowed me inch by inch, the stretch unbearable, pleasure biting through me like fire.

"Mm... yes," Tessa groaned, voice breaking into a moan. "Oh, god. You're filling me up."

Her muscles clamped and shook as I buried deeper, pushing until my hips smacked against her ass, the full length of my shaft locked inside her.

I groaned, almost dizzy from the pressure around me. "Fuck—too good..."

She writhed, grinding herself back against me. Jasmine groaned beneath her, tits crushed together by the weight, face half-buried under Tessa's hair.

I pulled back, then thrust again, starting to move, each stroke making her body jerk forward onto Jasmine, their breasts rubbing with every motion.

Tessa moaned into Jasmine's neck as I drove into her from behind, her body bouncing gently on top of Jasmine's smaller frame. Every thrust of my cock into her ass pressed her tits harder into Jasmine's, the soft friction making both of them gasp. Jasmine's hands, too tired to push her off, ended up resting lazily against Tessa's hips, as though holding her there just to feel the rhythm.

It was a beautiful sight... the mattress dipping beneath the weight of three bodies tangled in sweat and sex. My hands clutched Tessa's waist, fingers digging into her soft skin as I fucked her steadily, the slick, obscene sound of my cock plunging into her stretched asshole echoing through the room.

"Fuck... Evan," Tessa whimpered, pressing her cheek harder into Jasmine's shoulder. "You're splitting me in half."

"You like it," I grunted, snapping my hips harder, the base of my cock smacking against her ass. "So fucking tight... taking me so deep..."

She groaned, clenching down on me with every stroke. "Don't... don't stop. God, it's so good."

Jasmine let out a tired chuckle, her voice breathless. "You two... are insane. I can barely breathe under her."

I leaned over Tessa, chest pressing to her back, one hand slipping beneath her body. My fingers found Jasmine's pussy and without warning I slid two inside her.

Jasmine gasped loudly, arching against Tessa's body. "Shit—fuck, Evan!"

"Can't leave you out," I murmured against Tessa's ear, pounding harder into her ass while my fingers curled inside Jasmine's soaked cunt. "You're both mine tonight."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +4

EVENT

Tessa's Interest +4

The room smelled of musk, sweat, smoke, and sex—thick and intoxicating. My hips slapped into Tessa, every thrust forcing my cock deeper into her ass, while my fingers pumped in and out of Jasmine, her pussy dripping down my hand.

Tessa moaned louder, pressing back into me. "You're... you're stretching me so bad. God, I can feel it all the way up my stomach."

Jasmine, squirming beneath her, cried out when I found her clit with my thumb and started rubbing harsh circles. "Oh fuck... oh fuck, yes..."

I pulled out of Tessa suddenly, her ass clenching around nothing. She gasped in frustration. "What the fuck—"

Before she could finish, I lined up with Jasmine's pussy and slammed in, burying myself in one thrust. Jasmine screamed out, her nails digging into Tessa's back as my cock filled her dripping cunt.

"Fuck—fuck, you're huge," she whimpered, legs twitching against the sheets.

"God, you're so wet," I groaned, thrusting into her hard, my cock slick with her juices almost instantly. "Like you were waiting for me."

Tessa turned her head, her cheek brushing Jasmine's as she smirked breathlessly. "Sharing's caring, huh?"

Jasmine moaned helplessly beneath her. "Shut up... oh god, shut up—he's... oh fuck."

I rocked into Jasmine, grinding my hips into hers, while my hand slid back to Tessa's ass, fingers plunging inside her stretched hole. Her back arched, a loud moan tearing from her throat as I finger-fucked her ass while slamming into Jasmine's pussy.

"God, Evan—two at once? You're such a fucking animal," Tessa panted, her body trembling as I worked her ass with my fingers.

"You love it," I growled, leaning down, my teeth grazing her shoulder before I bit lightly, dragging my tongue along her hot skin. "Both of you fucking love it."

Jasmine gasped again, her walls fluttering around my cock as I ground deeper. "Yes... oh god, yes—don't stop—don't stop, Evan!"

I pulled free of her slick cunt, my cock gleaming with her juices, and shoved back into Tessa's asshole, stretching her raw all over again. She screamed into the mattress, her hands gripping the sheets until her knuckles went white.

"Yes—fuck, yes!" she cried. "That's it... my ass—stretch me, ruin me, Evan!"

I hammered into her, the sound wet, filthy, raw. Her ass clenched desperately, and Jasmine whimpered beneath her, her body rubbing against every hard thrust.

I leaned forward, my free hand wrapping around Jasmine's throat gently, holding her down as my hips slammed into Tessa above her. My other hand spread Tessa's ass wider, watching my cock disappear into her with every punishing thrust.

"Look at you both," I snarled, sweat dripping down my forehead. "Pinned, dripping, begging for my cock. You were made for this."

Tessa moaned, voice breaking. "I... I can't take it—so deep, Evan, fuck—oh god—"

"You're taking all of it," I groaned, pounding harder, my balls slapping against her with every stroke. "You're not stopping until I've filled this ass with my cum."

Her pussy leaked down onto Jasmine's stomach, hot and wet, dripping through their pressed thighs. Jasmine's body writhed under the double weight, her moans high-pitched as my fingers dove back into her, stretching her again while my cock fucked Tessa.

"Fuck, you're greedy," Jasmine gasped, her voice trembling. "Both of us at once—you're gonna break me—"

"Shut up and take it," I growled into her ear, thrusting so hard Tessa's ass slapped against me like a drumbeat. "You love it. You're dripping all over me."

Tessa's voice rose into a cry. "Evan—I can feel you so fucking deep, oh god—yes—fill me—fill my ass!"

I gritted my teeth, the pleasure surging too strong, my cock throbbing violently inside her. My pace turned brutal, relentless, the wet slaps echoing louder than their moans.

"Fuck, I'm close," I groaned, my fingers tightening on both of them. "Gonna cum—fuck—gonna fill this tight ass—"

Tessa's body shook, her hole clamping around me like a vice, milking me. She pushed back against me desperately, begging. "Yes—yes, Evan! Cum in me—fill me—make me messy!"

I roared as I shoved all the way in, hips flush against her ass, my cock pulsing violently as hot spurts of cum erupted deep inside her. I buried my face in her back, groaning, my body shuddering with every jet of release that flooded her asshole.

She screamed into Jasmine's neck, her nails clawing at the sheets as she felt me pump her full.

I stayed inside her, grinding slow circles with my hips to force it deeper, my cock still twitching as I emptied everything.

I moaned. "OHH... SHIT."

Finally, with a groan, I pulled out. Her asshole stretched wide, twitching, my cum oozing from the gaped hole in thick, messy dribbles. I grabbed her cheeks, spreading her wider to watch it gush.

"Fuck—look at that," I muttered, my cock still wet and hard in my hand. "Overflowing."

The hot cum dripped freely down, landing directly onto Jasmine's pussy. She gasped at the sudden warmth spilling over her clit and folds, her body jerking from the sensation.

"Mm—fuck," Jasmine whimpered, her head tossing side to side. "You're dripping inside me without even fucking me..."

I kept Tessa's ass spread wide, watching more of my seed leak out, coating Jasmine's pussy in slick, messy strands until she was glistening with it.

"Perfect," I groaned, smirking down at the sight. "One dripping into the other. That's how I want you both."

Chapter 77: Chapter 77

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +41

Star Rating: 2.8 ★★

Reason: You could've made

them both reach climax

Eh... I wasn't able to make them both climax, but it was good enough for me. No Sensual Massage Penalty, and happy Evan. I even managed to rack up some Interest Points from them. That was a plus, definitely.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 19 / 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.

Damn. One more point and I would've unlocked the milestone reward from Tessa. But oh well, I'd take what I could get. For now, it was enough. I was just happy I was becoming at least decent in bed. If only I could level up and dump some points into Pleasure and Libido...

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 71 kg

Level: 4

EXP: 288 / 311

"You know what," Tessa muttered, her ass still dripping cum onto the sheets, "I'm gonna sleep."

"Same here," Jasmine said with a sigh. "Evan?"

I smiled. "Gotta go."

I pulled on my pants and t-shirt, zipped up, and glanced back at them. Both Jasmine and Tessa, sprawled on the bed, bodies sticky with cum, eyes already drifting shut.

Damn. What a life.

—

Another boring night, another boring shift. That popular music group crashing the charts—Liz and Carrie—were performing in town tonight. And of course, I had a shift. Best I could do was hear the muffled concert through the walls. Bummer. I wasn't even that big on music, but everyone liked a good concert now and then.

Since it was busier than usual, the boss had Richard tag along to help. I handled customers at the counter while he fixed shelves, mopped floors, all the grunt work. Pretty dull.

"Man..." Richard groaned once a customer left. "Just kill me. I'm tired as fuck."

"Same," I muttered, leaning on the counter with both elbows. "They just keep coming."

"Damn," Richard grunted, tugging at a shelf. "This thing is stuck. It's... tight."

"Tight?" I raised a brow. "Make sure you don't fuck it. You and tight things..."

"Jesus, man." He scowled. "I made a mistake, okay? Yeah, I cheated again. So what? I asked her for anal like ten times. She refused."

"In response, you paid a hooker for anal?" I asked flatly.

"Yes. What else was I supposed to do?"

"I don't know, not cheat?" I shot back. "Do you even realize how angry Mendy was at me? My friends too. They all warned me about you, but I still vouched for you."

"You don't even know Mendy that well," Richard said. "Why do you care so much if she gets upset?"

"It's not about how well I know her, dumbass," I said sharply. "It's about you fucking around after I convinced Kayla to cover for you with that fake video. I stuck my neck out for you. Took responsibility. And this is what you do."

"What do you want from me? Get on my knees and thank you?" Richard finally fixed the shelf with a loud snap.

"I wanted you to be a loyal boyfriend," I hissed. "But nooo. Richard's gotta fuck some ass—because he just loves anal! You fucktard."

The bell above the door jingled, and we both shut up. A customer browsed the shelves, picked up two packs of cookies, and walked over.

"Hey," I said, scanning it through the register, then handed it back. "That'll be 10.50."

He paid, took his change, and left. The door jingled shut again.

Richard folded his arms, waiting for the guy to leave before speaking. "Look, I know it's my fault. I'm not oblivious. And I'm sorry your friends got pissed at you."

"Finally. Taking some fucking responsibility."

"But this is my mess," he argued. "Why do your friends even care? It's between me and Mendy."

"We're back to square one," I sighed. "It's not about what—"

"Let's just drop it," Richard cut in, yanking a cigarette pack from his pocket. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"Fine. Whatever you say."

He stepped outside, lit up, and walked off until I couldn't see him. I shook my head.

This guy was a fucking idiot. Who risks a relationship over anal? Seriously. What the fuck was wrong with his brain?

"Idiot..." I muttered.

I wiped the counter clean, then grabbed the mop and stepped out to start on the floor.

Man, fuck Richard. No one was going to lower my mood. Yesterday was... damn. Tessa and Jasmine. Both under me, their asses stretched by my cock. Just the memory alone had me half-hard.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and checked. Kim.

She'd sent a photo. After it downloaded, I realized they were already at the concert. Tom was on all fours on the ground, while Kim sat on his back, duck face and peace sign locked in. In the background, some strangers were staring. One girl's eyes were wide open, while some guy looked like he couldn't decide whether to laugh or take a photo of them.

"Jeez," I muttered, shutting the screen. "Those two, I swear..."

Another buzz. A text.

Kim: Are you coming to the concert?

I thumbed back a simple thumbs-down emoji. The worst part? The concert was free. A charity gig. Figures.

The shop door creaked open.

It was Cora.

Messy black hair, small frame swallowed by an oversized t-shirt, tight black pants clinging to her legs.

"H-hey," she said with her usual shaky voice. Dark circles under her eyes. "Evan."

"Hey." I smiled. "Cora, right? Welcome. You here for the concert?"

"I am." She stepped toward me. "You're... working?"

A faint chuckle slipped out at the end of her words.

"Y-yeah," I said. "Unfortunately."

"Mm..."

She was a tough read. Like she didn't fully believe her own sentences. The awkward chuckles, the half-smiles that faded as quick as they came.

"Soo..." I said. "Yeah."

"Yeah..." she chuckled, standing there.

"Um... you look good," I offered. "Nice style."

"Heh-heh... thank you..."

EVENT

Cora's Interest +20

Holy shit. Just for complimenting her? Twenty Interest Points? She was easier to impress than Jasmine or the others. Not that I was complaining. Rewards were rewards.

Might as well push my luck.

"I wish I could've gone to the concert with someone," I said, leaning on the mop. "Like you, maybe?"

"S-someone like me?" Her hands fidgeted in front of her. "You wouldn't want to. Trust me."

"Why not?" I asked. "I like girls like you. You're cute, if you don't get me wron—"

EVENT

Cora's Interest +100

I froze. One hundred points? Just like that? From calling her cute? What the actual fuck? I mean, yeah, I had Charm stacked, but still. This was unreal.

Her face shifted—just for a blink. A sharp, unsettling smile curled on her lips, her eyes dark. It sent a shiver crawling down my spine. Then it was gone, replaced by the same shy, awkward mask.

"I'm sorry," I said quickly. "I didn't mean to hit on you. That's unprofessional. I just meant—"

"W-we can..." She stammered, her voice breaking. "Go and d-d-drink coffee tomorrow? If you want, of course."

Coffee? With her? We barely knew each other, and she wanted to grab coffee? Then again, I had been the idiot hitting on her without meaning to. It'd feel shitty to refuse.

"I..." I muttered. "Y-yeah. Sure. Coffee sounds good. I know a place called—"

"Burney's?" she asked.

"Yes... how did you know?"

"I saw you there... couple of times," she said with a tiny laugh.

"Al—right." I said. "We should exchange numbers. I don't know if I'm morning or night shift tomorrow."

We both pulled out our phones. As I rattled off my number, I could swear her screen flickered, like my contact was already saved. But then she quickly pulled it close to her chest, hiding it.

"Okay," she said. "I saved it..."

"Yup." I pocketed mine, saving her as Cora in my contacts.

She stood there, hands linked, eyes glued to the floor.

"Soo..." I tried again. "Why'd you stop by? Need a snack before the concert or...?"

"Oh, yeah." She reached for a chocolate bar from the shelf. "I'll take this."

I walked behind the counter, scanned the item across the register, the beep cutting through the quiet, then handed it back after counting out her change.

"See you tomorrow," Cora said, giving a small wave.

"Yeah. See you."

She slipped out, the door shutting behind her.

I exhaled.

"Man... she's a weirdo," I muttered. "But poor girl. Coming to the concert alone..."

I was still dragging the mop across the tiles when my phone buzzed in my pocket. Ivy.

I picked up.

"Evan. You're not asleep yet, are you?"

"Nope. Concert here tonight. I'm stuck late."

"Oh, right—those two." A pause, then: "Anyway, Mom wants to know if you can look at her computer."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Overheats. Fan's dead. Runs slow as hell. We don't wanna pay someone... since we've got an idiot like you around."

"Wow. Appreciate the love." I let out a breath. "I'll text you tomorrow, let you know when I'm free."

She snorted. "Listen to you—like some big-shot businessman. You're still just a gas station clerk."

"Why the hate?"

"I don't know. Guess I'm still pissed about that Richard thing."

"When's that gonna fade?"

"When you fix this damn computer." She yawned. "Alright, I'm out. Later, clerk."

"You wound me."

"Mm. Bye."

"Yeah, bye."

I slid the phone back into my pocket, staring at the mop like it was mocking me. Tomorrow was already stacked—Kim wanted me to come by and fuck her while Tom watched, Cora had roped me into coffee, my shift was still a mystery, and now Delilah's busted computer was on the list.

"Businessman Evan," I muttered with a laugh, shaking my head. "God, I'm tired."

—

Chapter 78: Chapter 78

It was time to check my rewards for hitting that milestone with Cora. One hundred. Maxed out. And for what? Just calling her cute? Complimenting her?

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 19 / 20

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 4 / 20

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

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.

The UI hovered in front of me as I pushed into my apartment. I locked the door, dropped onto the couch, and let out a long breath. At least the boss had shown mercy today—Richard and I both scored five days off.

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Cora

Reward:

190 EXP

Mystery Chest

Mystery Chest

Mystery Chest

Mystery Chest

150c

+3 Mastery Points

+3 Ability Points

Holy shit. Just for clearing the 20, 40, 60, 80, and 100 milestones, I was drowning in rewards.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 10

- Manipulative Charm

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

Unused Mastery Points: 5

Unused Ability Points: 7

I'd leveled up back at the station earlier, and with that plus these milestone bonuses, I had seven ability points now. And if I reset Charm, I'd get five back instantly.

Reset: Charm

Are you sure?

[Confirm] [Cancel]

I hit confirm without hesitation.

A second later, staring at myself in the mirror, I barely recognized the reflection. My jaw was sharper, eyes piercing, skin clean and smooth—like someone had upgraded me to "better model Evan."

I dumped the refunded five points straight back into Charm.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 3

Unused Mastery Points: 5

"Fuck yeah," I muttered at my reflection.

Next up: my level.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg

Level: 5

EXP: 21 / 457

Level five. But damn—the next one needed 457 EXP. Still, with milestone farming, it was doable.

Time to crack open those mystery chests.

Pick a Chest

[?] [?] [?]

I tapped through, choosing all four. Rewards spilled out in golden text:

You gained:

50c

125 EXP

Fifty credits? Meh. But the EXP was solid—it shaved a chunk off the grind.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg

Level: 5

EXP: 146 / 457

Not bad. And since I leveled, that meant the shop might've refreshed.

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)
 - 500 Dollars (50c)
-

Credits: 270c

Select item to purchase.

Now that was interesting. Real-world cash for credits? That changed the game. If I stacked enough, maybe I could quit this miserable gas station job altogether. Just grind quests, chase milestones, and rack up rewards.

I shrugged off my jacket and checked the time. Six a.m. The sun was dragging itself over the horizon, the city coughing awake. Because of the concert, we'd pulled a double shift. My body felt hollow, like it was running on fumes.

"Ugh..."

I closed my eyes and just listened—the traffic outside, the faint hum of people moving. Two days off was what the boss gave me, but I wasn't sure if that was mercy or a reminder I should just quit and cash out. Fifty credits for five hundred real-world dollars. Maybe the game wanted me to walk away from the gas station forever.

EVENT: AMBUSH!

Task: Survive the ambush.

Do not cum.

Duration: 10 minutes

Reward: ???

"Huh?"

The world stuttered. The sky outside bled crimson. The fly on the window froze mid-buzz. Cars on the street hung still, drivers locked in time. Pedestrians were mannequins, mid-step. Everything—except me.

My stomach dropped. I hadn't bought Time Stop. I checked my credits—untouched. Then—

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Someone was... at the door?

I nearly tripped walking to the door. My hand shook as I pressed to the peephole—and froze.

Someone was there. A woman. She was already leaning into the peephole. Crimson eyes staring straight back, like the glass meant nothing. When our eyes met, she smiled—wide, hungry—and tapped her knuckles against the wood again.

"Knock, knock, knock," she purred. "Open up."

"W-who... who the hell are you?"

Another smile. No answer. Just that rhythm again—knock, knock, knock.

Her body came into view as she leaned back, and my gut twisted. Blonde hair falling like silk, skin pale as porcelain. A body that should've belonged on a runway—except wrong. Wrong in every way. Her breasts sat bare, proud, her hips perfect curves, but her arms and legs...

Black veins spidered from her hands to her elbows, from her feet to her thighs—only they weren't veins... or were they? It was hard to describe. They looked like shadows had sunk claws into her, coating her skin in a crawling, dust-like blackness. And sprouting from her back—two enormous wings, black as ash.

I staggered. She shouldn't exist. She wasn't part of this world.

She raised one hand toward the door—then slipped it through the wood like it wasn't there. Cold fingers wrapped around my throat. And then she followed, her whole body phasing through until she stood in my living room.

"Hello, Mr. Marlowe." Her voice dripped sugar and venom. The smirk never left her face.

She squeezed—and then threw me like a ragdoll.

I crashed into the couch, sending it sliding across the floor. Pain flared in my ribs.

"What the fuck!" I wheezed, still on the ground. "Who are you? Why are you—"

"My dear Evan," she cooed, sauntering toward me. "I'm here for you."

My blood ran cold.

"Tell me," she said, her eyes glowing pink. "What do you want to do?"

She stepped closer.

"What do you want to do with me?"

At that moment, something happened to me.

My body felt weightless. What did I want with her? God... her body. Those smooth legs. Those perfect tits. She was unreal—otherworldly. I wanted to pin her down, to take her, no matter what was happening around us.

The sky had turned crimson. Everything had frozen. But none of it mattered. All I wanted was her. Only her.

Were these my thoughts? My real thoughts? I wanted to run. I should've run. But I didn't. Was I under a spell?

"I... want to..."

"Yes?" She purred, stepping even closer while I was still on the ground.

"I want to fuck you..."

"Good boy," she purred, settling between my legs. "Now, the main course."

"W-wait—"

She squatted over me, wings spread wide, and sank down onto my cock. The heat of her pussy swallowed me whole.

I didn't even last a second. My body jerked, spilling inside her before I could stop it.

Her eyes flared pink, glowing like embers. Her lips parted in ecstasy.

"Ohh... yes," she moaned, licking her lips. "One of her subjects. I knew you'd taste delicious."

"FUCK," I gasped, weak already. "Yes!"

She rose, then dropped her hips again, taking me to the hilt. Another orgasm ripped out of me.

My vision blurred. "F-fuck... oh, God..."

She laughed, voice rich and cruel. "One more time."

Her hips lifted again—slammed down—milking me for the third time in seconds. My scream cracked into a moan.

Who the fuck was she?

She leaned in, lips crashing to mine.

And I lost it.

I came again—fourth time—my head spinning so hard the room blurred at the edges. My dick was sore now, the pain crawling up the shaft and biting at the tip, but my body

wouldn't stop. No, not wouldn't—couldn't. Or maybe I just didn't want to. She was like a drug, the kind you swear you'll never touch again but keep snorting anyway until you're on the floor.

She arched back on her palms, showing me everything—her pussy glistening, dripping with me. Fifth time. Sixth. It was like every tiny movement of her hips wrung me dry again, like I was nothing but a pump she could squeeze at will. Pleasure and pain mingled until I couldn't tell which was which anymore.

"Keep cumming," she hissed, lifting her ass off me. Her voice slithered under my skin. "Keep coming for me!"

Another sharp moan tore out of me and I spilled into her again, helpless.

Wait. This wasn't me. Right? I wasn't like this. My brain was fog, my body a puppet. All I wanted was her—this winged woman and her heat—and to keep filling her, keep giving, keep emptying myself into her. Something about that realization cut through the haze.

No. Something was wrong.

Just as she was about to slam her hips down again, I clamped my hands on her thighs and stopped her. "Stop," I rasped, and pushed her off. I scrambled upright, my dick throbbing in open revolt, pain and leftover pleasure buzzing together. Good thing I caught myself when I did—any more and I wasn't sure there'd be anything left of me.

"G-get out!" My voice cracked. "You're—"

"A man," she purred, standing like liquid shadow. "Shouldn't deny his own nature. If you want to fill me, make me scream your name..."

She parted her folds with two fingers. My cum dripped to the floor in a slow, obscene line.

"Then fuck me."

She moved toward me, but I staggered back, grabbed a chair from the kitchen table, and raised it like a bat. Pathetic weapon against someone who could phase through a door, but it was all I had.

She paused, watching me with those crimson eyes, then touched a finger to her lips and let out a quiet, amused chuckle.

"You are interesting, Mr. Marlowe." Her voice was velvet wrapped around knives. She opened her arms. "You tell me that you—refuse me?"

"I guess... so." My hands were shaking on the chair.

Her face darkened, eyes half-lidded now. She turned away, exhaled, and lifted a hand slowly, like she was about to close a curtain.

Then she snapped her fingers.

"OH FUCK!"

I bolted upright, heart punching my ribs, soaked in cold sweat. The couch creaked under me. I stumbled to the window, back against the frame, scanning the room. Nothing. No woman. No wings. No sign of anyone. My dick wasn't sore anymore.

It was all a dream... shit.

Chapter 79: Chapter 79

EVENT FAILED

Title: Ambush

Reward: ???

Fuck that event. Dream or not, I'd almost been milked to death. My heart hammered, vision a blur, sweat running off me like it was August instead of frozen outside.

Of course it was a dream. A winged woman? No way. No, no, no. I refused to believe it was real.

But I was the guy who'd had his eyeball eaten by a self-proclaimed goddess. Maybe she was real. Maybe all of it was. My head was a wreck.

"I... I need some air."

As my senses came back, I realized there was a sound playing in the background—something rhythmic I'd tuned out while still dazed. When I focused on it, I traced it to the door.

Swearing under my breath, I tiptoed over and peered through the peephole.

It was just the cleaning lady. She had her headphones on, swaying a little to whatever was blasting through them, completely unaware the end of her mop was thudding against my door with every swipe.

"Jesus Christ..." I muttered, dragging a hand down my face. "Thought I was about to get robbed."

Ugh.

"Fuck the air," I said, turning toward the fridge. "I need a drink."

I cracked open a cold one, checked the locks just to be sure, then sank into the couch. The beer hissed in my hand, and I took a long sip. My nerves were still fried, like my whole body was humming from leftover adrenaline.

What a damn mess.

What. A. Damn. Mess.

—

A few hours later, around ten, I decided a shower might help. Maybe it'd rinse off whatever nightmare residue was still clinging to me. I stripped, stepped into the hot water, and just stood there for a bit, letting the steam blur everything away.

"God..." I muttered, pressing my palms to the tile.

All that dream crap aside, I had real life to worry about. And right now, one name was looping through my head—Delilah.

Delilah-fucking-Komb. The MILF of all MILFs.

Even if she was Ivy's mom, I couldn't help it. The woman knew exactly what she was doing to me.

Maybe this computer repair thing was her way of getting me over?

"No," I told myself, rinsing the shampoo out. "Don't jump to conclusions, Evan. She probably just needs a damn fan replaced."

I finished up, toweled off, got dressed, and fixed my hair in the mirror. A deep breath later, I opened the door—steam billowing out behind me—and checked my phone. No messages from Kim.

Out of boredom, I sat at the table and searched Delilah's profile.

There she was.

Fuck.

Short brown hair, thick thighs, that perfect in-between body—not gym-fit, not chubby—just soft in all the right places. And her tits... Jesus. No wonder I couldn't get her out of my head.

Right then, my phone buzzed. Kim.

I answered. "Hey, Kim. What's up?"

"I'm good," she said, a sly note in her voice. "You still free this morning?"

"Yep. Your place or mine?" I asked, grabbing a glass of water.

"Neither," she said, and I could hear the smirk. "Meet us outside in five minutes. We'll take the car."

"Oh? Where we going?"

"You'll see," she teased. "Byee!"

The call clicked off before I could say anything.

I stared at the screen a second, rubbed the back of my neck, then slipped the phone into my pocket and chugged the rest of my water.

Whatever her plan was, I was in. I needed every damn distraction I could get.

—

Okay, maybe not this kind of distraction. I take back what I said.

We were somewhere on the far side of town, the kind of place I'd only ever visit if I had a very good reason. Nothing but open fields, trees, and dirt roads that looked like they hadn't seen asphalt in decades. Kim's car bounced and rattled over every bump, moving so slow I was pretty sure I could've walked faster.

"You two aren't planning to knock me out and harvest my kidneys, right?" I asked, staring out the window.

"I'm using my Fifth Amendment," Kim said without missing a beat.

After another turn down a road that barely qualified as one, an old villa finally came into view. Big, four stories tall, flanked by two trees so huge they almost looked like they

were guarding the place. The front garden had a pool—but it hadn't been cleaned in ages. The water was green, full of leaves, maybe even frogs. Definitely rainwater.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Tom's mother's summer house," Kim said, pulling into the overgrown driveway. "Not that far from the city, really. Took us, what—an hour and a half?"

"So that's why you dragged me out this early," I muttered.

We hopped out. Tom popped open the trunk and started hauling a couple of bags while I looked around. The villa sat on a wide patch of land surrounded by trees, the air thick with that morning chill that bit through your clothes.

"Creepy," I said under my breath. "Kinda cool though."

We walked up to the door, Kim leading the way. The hinges groaned as she pushed it open.

Inside, the place looked like something out of an old movie—massive foyer, high ceilings with wooden beams, an enormous chandelier covered in dust. A long staircase curved up to the second floor, and from where I stood, I could see the railings, old portraits, and several closed doors above.

"Hey," I said, glancing at Kim. "I've got five days off—but I still have some stuff to take care of back in the city."

"You can take my car," she said casually, walking deeper inside. "Handle your business, then come back here."

"Huh... thanks. I'll even fill the tank for you."

"Yeah, do that, but only after you fill me up," she teased. "Now stop standing in the doorway and come in."

I stepped further in, taking it all in. "Wow... I didn't know your mom was this rich, Tom."

He chuckled. "Eh, I wouldn't call it rich. But yeah, she did okay."

The villa's living room looked like something straight out of an American magazine—wide, open, and way too cozy for a place that looked so haunted from the outside. A long Persian rug stretched from the fireplace to a low table, with couches gathered around it in a loose semicircle. The far wall was dominated by a massive mounted TV, probably outdated but still expensive as hell. Behind the couch was a heavy wooden dining table big enough for ten people, with chairs that looked older than any of us.

The open kitchen sat just a few steps away, separated by a marble counter. The appliances gleamed with a faint layer of dust, and a rack of old wine bottles lined the top shelf.

Kim wandered toward the kitchen, humming something under her breath. She reached up, grabbed a bottle of wine, and popped it open with a clean crack. Then she filled two glasses and walked back toward me, her footsteps soft against the rug.

"Close the door already," she said, passing me one of the glasses. "It's freezing."

I shut the door with a click and took the wine, the glass cool in my hand.

"Tom, do you know how to fire this fireplace up?" Kim said, watching as he dropped the bags on the ground with a thump.

"No, never done that before," Tom mumbled.

Kim turned toward me, taking one step closer so her leg brushed against my thigh, right near my cock. "Maybe a real man knows how to fire up one?"

I smiled. "That I can do. Don't worry."

Tom looked at us, and his little dick just gave the faintest twitch under his pants. What the fuck? Getting hard just from this? Guess I'd never understand this whole cuck-play. No way in hell I'd share my woman with someone else.

"I'll need a few things to get it going, Tom," I said, trying to keep my voice casual. "Do you have any kindling—you know, small pieces of dry wood? And we'll need some logs for the main fire."

"Oh, yeah. I think it's all in a basket by the back door," Tom replied, his voice a bit rushed. He hurried to retrieve the items.

Tom brought the basket over. I set my wine glass on the mantle, knelt by the fireplace, and grabbed a handful of the small, dry sticks. I crossed them loosely inside the grate. Next, I crumpled up a piece of newspaper Tom had brought and tucked it beneath the kindling. I took a long, thin match from the box, struck it on the stone, and carefully held the small flame to the paper.

The paper caught quickly, sending a lazy plume of smoke up the chimney. As the paper turned to ash, the kindling began to snap and catch, the flames growing taller and greedier. I waited until the small fire was strong enough, then carefully placed two medium-sized logs on top, making sure not to smother the fire. I struggled a bit, and a few puffs of white smoke came out, but the logs eventually caught. The fire started to roar to life, casting a warm, orange glow across the room.

Kim had been watching the whole process from the back, her eyes curious and approving. As the fire settled into a steady burn, she clapped her hands once, put her glass on the long dinner table, and walked over to hug me tightly.

"Glad I came here with a real man. Or I'd freeze my butt off," she murmured into my neck.

"Yeah," I muttered, my arms going around her, my hand squeezing her ass. "Though even if I couldn't light this thing, I've got a few ideas for how to keep warm."

"Oh?" She pulled back just enough to look at me, her fingers tracing lazy circles on my chest. "What would that be?"

"Guess you'll have to wait," I smiled.

Chapter 80: Chapter 80

She leaned in and kissed me deeply, right as Tom's dick got rock hard again. Without even saying anything, like a creep, Tom dropped his pants and began masturbating, staring at us. Seeing that, Kim broke the kiss abruptly and shook her head, slapping her forehead.

"JESUS FUCK!" She said, her voice a mix of disgust and disbelief. "Get those pants on, you pervert! We just got here."

"I was..." Tom gulped, scrambling to pull his pants back up. "Sorry."

"Just get the bags upstairs," Kim said, sitting down on the couch with me and gesturing with her head. "We'll be here with Evan."

"Of course," Tom said, gathering the luggage and quickly shuffling out of the room.

He had a stupid grin on his face. He was getting off from this... weirdo.

The fireplace crackled softly, throwing orange light over the wide couch. Kim nestled closer, her head on my shoulder, one bare leg draped lazily across mine. I lifted my glass, taking a slow sip, but before I could even set it down, she caught my chin between her fingers and pulled me in.

Her lips brushed mine, soft, gentle, stealing the last of the wine straight from my mouth. She swallowed, then licked her lips with a satisfied grin.

"Hey," I murmured, a smirk tugging at my mouth as my hand slid to her ass. "Get your own wine."

"It's tastier this way," she said, giggling before leaning in again.

I felt the warmth of her breath, the faint scent of her perfume mixing with the smoke and wood from the fire. It was slow, teasing, the kind of quiet heat that said more than words ever could.

Then my eyes drifted upward. Tom stood on the upstairs railing, half-hidden in shadow, staring down at us.

Kim noticed him a second later. She sighed, brushing her thumb over my jaw. "Guess we have an audience."

I let out a slow breath, still holding her close. "Guess we do."

My arms went around her, my hands finding the hem of her tight, black t-shirt. With a rough pull, I stripped it up and over her head, letting her heavy breasts spill free. Next, the zipper of her tiny denim hotpants gave way. I shoved them down her legs until she stepped out of them. She stood before me in only a thin lace thong, her body already flushed and eager.

Kim then focused on me. She reached for the buttons of my shirt, her eyes never leaving mine. She pushed the shirt off my shoulders, pausing just to trace my chest before dragging my jeans down.

Then, with a sudden push, she sent me tumbling back onto the couch. I landed on my back, the soft cushions holding me, completely naked except for my boxer briefs.

Kim knelt over me, her lust-filled gaze fixed on my groin. She leaned down, gripped the fabric of my boxers with her teeth, and slid them down. As my half-hard cock sprang free, she bent her head. Her tongue snaked out, tracing the length of my shaft from the base all the way to the tip.

"Tasty," she said, her voice wet and low as she looked up. "Your precum tastes... good for some reason."

Yeah... if only I had some more points on Pleasure...

She didn't waste another second. She covered me, taking my cock deep into her mouth. The sensation was immediate and overwhelming—hot, wet, and demanding.

Upstairs, a distinct, rhythmic slapping sound started up again. Tom was clearly overjoyed, furiously masturbating to the sound of his girlfriend degrading herself for me.

I couldn't help myself. I started to thrust my hips upward, pushing deeper into her mouth with a loud groan. Back and forth, the rhythm grew faster and harder.

My cock was now hard as a rock, throbbing deep in her mouth.

"Come here." I seized her arm and pulled her closer, then flipped her, turning her so she was straddling my face.

"Oh..."

"Enough talking. I want to taste you now," I demanded.

She settled her wet, shaved pussy right onto my mouth. She was so unbelievably slick that the first lick was overwhelming.

I started licking her. My tongue drove deep into her slit, then darted up and hammered against her clit. Her body bucked immediately.

"Oh, God, Evan! Yes! F-fuck!" she screamed, Her thighs clamped around my ears, holding me there tightly.

From upstairs, a choked, frantic sound—Tom was close, his pathetic excitement peaking.

Kim was grinding down on my mouth, completely lost in the sensation. I sucked and lapped, pulling her wet folds into my mouth, using my teeth lightly. She was shaking, a primal shiver running through her body.

I kept my tongue buried deep inside her, working her clit until her hips went wild.

She pulled back just enough to breathe, her eyes watering. Then, her gaze shifted toward the ceiling, directly at the spot where Tom was silently watching. A cruel, slow smirk spread across her face. Her hand, wet with my slick, began to stroke my cock, pulling down to the base and back up, making me jump.

"Fucking delicious," She said as she kept looking at her boyfriend. "Can't even imagine how I missed a real cock in my mouth."

I chuckled "Hmm... take it all."

Then, she dropped her head again, taking me back into her mouth. This time, she controlled the depth, sucking, licking, and pumping her head up and down my shaft. The sensation was electric... fuck, it felt too good.

"I can't wait—" I muttered, my voice thick, "I want to fuck you."

She shifted, pushing herself up with a low groan of effort. I watched as she rose, her body just fucking magnificent in the firelight. Her skin was flushed, her tits heaving slightly. She was utterly shameless, standing beside the couch, savoring the feeling.

"That wasn't nearly enough," she finally murmured, her eyes dark, and a wicked smile curved her lips. She didn't look at me; her gaze was fixed on the ceiling, on the silent watcher upstairs.

Then, she turned and climbed back onto the couch. Instead of facing me, she positioned herself so her back was to the me, her face angled directly toward the upstairs hallway. She knelt over my body, balancing on her hands and knees.

All I could see was her wide ass, swollen lips of her pussy, wet with our shared fluids. She was framing herself perfectly for Tom.

I watched her take one slow breath, then she lowered herself.

She didn't just sit; she slammed down onto my rock-hard cock.

My cock instantly stretched her tight, hot pussy. The sound was a loud, wet smack that echoed in the silence of the room.

"Ah! Fuck!" I hissed through clenched teeth, my back arching off the couch.

She let out a triumphant moan, her body settling completely over mine. She remained still for a moment, letting the exquisite, agonizing fullness sink in, feeling the stretch. I could see the muscles in her ass clenching as she savored the connection.

Then she began to move.

It wasn't the frantic riding from before; this was slow, deep, and utterly possessive. She lifted herself inch by agonizing inch, pulling me almost to the brink, and then settled back down, burying me to the balls with a heavy grind.

"This is how it's supposed to be, isn't it, Tom?" she said, her voice loud, clear, and venomous, addressed directly to the ceiling. "This is what a real man feels like. You can see me, can't you? You can hear the sounds."

She picked up the pace, the thrusts becoming deep pumps that shook the couch.

"He's so deep inside me, Tom," she continued, her voice gaining a breathless edge as her pleasure intensified. "He's filling up the place your little thing can't even reach." She paused her movement at the peak of a downward thrust, pushing her hips forward, a perfect image of dominance. "I can feel his balls slapping against me. Can you hear them, honey? Slap, slap, slap."

I grabbed her hips, driving myself upward into her tight cunt. "Tell him who owns you, Kim! Tell him who is fucking his girlfriend!"

"You own me, Evan!" she screamed, dropping low. "You own this pussy! And this is the proof! He's just watching, isn't he? He's watching his girl get absolutely wrecked!"

She started spinning her hips, grinding circles that sent waves of sensation over the head of my cock. The friction was becoming unbearable, a beautiful torment.

"It's so much better when he's listening," Kim panted, her voice now a thick, sensual growl. "Knowing he's up there, getting off to my moans for you. You are his fantasy, Evan! You are what he wants for me."

I reached forward and grabbed her tits, squeezing them hard. "You're a whore, Kim! A disgusting, beautiful whore! And you love every second of this!"

"I am! I love it! I love feeling you, feeling your size, the power you have over me! Over him!"

I called her a whore, huh? And days ago, I called Tessa a slut... yeah. This system was changing me. I hope it was for the best, though.

Her rhythm became frantic, a desperate, shuddering climax beginning to build within her. Her face was flushed dark, her eyes rolling back in her head. Her focus shifted entirely to the pleasure I was giving her, the cruel display forgotten for a moment by the blinding rush of sensation.

"I'm cumming, Evan! Oh, God, I'm... I'm..." she shrieked, her body going rigid.

She clamped down on my cock with inhuman strength, her internal muscles tightening and pulsating in waves. I felt the hot flood of her climax surrounding me, the pressure almost snapping my control. She collapsed onto my chest with a scream of pure ecstasy, her entire body shaking, still impaled on my cock.

I breathed hard, my body screaming at me to follow her. I held her tight, feeling her heart pound against mine.

"Get up," I gasped, my voice strained. "I'll cum on your face."