

The Heart System #Chapter 81 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 81

Chapter 81: Chapter 81

She slowly pushed herself up, her movements heavy, her body exhausted but satisfied. She crawled off my cock, her pussy dripping thick and hot as she left me. She stood up beside the couch, panting, her legs trembling, and looked down at my raging erection.

I sat up, my cock pointing straight at her, pulsing with energy. I grabbed the base, my forearm corded with muscle. I wanted to see every drop, every glorious, filthy spasm.

She knelt down, opening her mouth. "Cum! Cum, please!"

I pulled my hand back one last time, my whole body shaking, and then slammed it forward. A thick, hot torrent of semen exploded from my cock, shooting across the space between us. It splattered all over her mouth, running down her glistening skin.

Kim didn't flinch. She just stayed there, covered in my cum, her chest heaving, She reached out with one finger and scooped a dollop of my seed from her breast.

"That's beautiful, Evan," she whispered, bringing her finger to her mouth and licking it clean. "Absolutely beautiful."

"Ah... shit. Fuck yeah..."

She looked back up at the ceiling, then down at the mess we'd made on the couch. "Do you see that, Tom? That's what a man does."

Kim's body was slick with my cum, her cheeks flushed, and her breath still coming in ragged gasps. She looked down at my half-spent, dripping cock, then slowly leaned in.

She opened her mouth and gently took me in again. Fuck, she was good at this.

Her tongue ran along the underside of my shaft, cleaning the excess fluid before she started to work. This She licked, sucked, and circled her tongue around the head of my cock, bringing the rest of me back to a heavy, half-soft state.

As her mouth worked, her right hand drifted down. She reached between her own legs and ran a finger over her wet, swollen pussy, still tacky with my first load. She groaned softly into my dick, a low, muffled sound that turned me on all over again. Her fingers toyed with herself for a few seconds, moaning into my flesh, before she went back to focusing entirely on me, polishing me clean.

Finally, she pulled my half-soft cock from her mouth, a small, wet pop sounding as she released my dick. She wiped her lips clean with the back of her hand and smiled, her eyes glittering.

"Shit," I muttered, still recovering. "This was..."

"Refreshing?" she asked, a smirk playing on her lips as she rose to her feet beside the couch. "Probably because of all the trees. In the city, you breathe only car smoke."

I chuckled. "Trees huh? Well, I guess so."

We both looked up at the ceiling. Sure enough, there was a small, splattered patch of white cum on the dark wood railing. Tom had cum, unable to contain his pathetic excitement.

Kim shook her head, a look of cool disgust on her face. "Pathetic... did that feel good, honey?" she called out toward the ceiling.

A meek voice floated down. "Y-yes! Fucking awesome!" Tom replied. "It was... it was... wow."

Kim laughed—a cold, short sound that held zero humor. "Now clean that little cum on that railing and keep bringing the bags to our room, honey. Okay?"

"Yes!" Tom immediately responded. "Phew... that felt good."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +38

Star Rating: 2.5 ★★

Reason: Could've made her

climax more than once

Huh... I had a thing called 'Pleasure Booster,' right?

I leaned forward and grabbed the empty wine glass from the coffee table. I took one last, long sip of the dregs. The alcohol, combined with the earlier adrenaline, gave me a heavy, confident buzz.

I slammed the glass back onto the coffee table and grabbed Kim by the arm, yanking her up.

She came willingly, her body crashing into mine. Our mouths met in a kiss, a desperate, greedy exchange of saliva and breath. We broke apart just as Tom's slow, obedient footsteps started clomping up the stairs with the last of the bags.

"Suck my cock," I demanded, the words a rough rasp in my throat.

Pleasure Booster Used

She dropped to her knees on the thick rug without a second thought, her mouth opening wide for me.

As my stiff cock pushed past her lips, a choked moan escaped her, rumbling straight down her throat. Her hands wrapped tight around me, not smooth or careful, but like she was holding on for dear life.

Her eyes flew open, huge and black, locked on mine from below. It wasn't only want—it was raw hunger, wild need, edged with something like panic. I saw her jaw clamp down, spit leaking from the sides of her mouth and trailing onto my balls. She didn't wipe it away. She was gone, lost in it.

"Fuck... it's so good," she gasped, pulling off just long enough to speak, her words sloppy and thick. "What the hell is this, Evan? I can't quit. It tastes like... straight-up sin. This is... God. So strange. So fucking strange."

She dove back in hard. Her head bobbed fast on my shaft, taking me deeper each time. She gagged when I hit the back of her throat, but she leaned into it, letting the gag fuel her heat. Her tongue worked wild, circling the tip, tracing the veins. She was out of her mind, gulping me down again and again, riding the rush my cock sparked in her.

I was losing it quick. My body was still raw from blowing my load minutes ago, and she was pushing me over the edge. The ache built hot and fast in my gut. I tangled my fingers in her hair, steering her wild rhythm.

"Shit, Kim... ease up," I whispered through my teeth, but it was bullshit. I craved more speed.

"No way! I need it! Give me everything!" she cried against my skin. "It feels too damn good, Evan! I want it all—flood my throat!"

That broke me. The booster had wrecked any shot at holding on. A rough groan ripped out of me, and I shook, the first hard pulse of my orgasm slamming through.

I clamped her head and thrust deep, unloading straight down her throat in thick, hot spurts.

She never backed off. As my cum filled her mouth, she didn't cough or pull away—she took it all. Her eyes stayed huge, wild with lust, glued to my throbbing cock. Her throat flexed hard, swallowing every bit. She sucked even stronger as I emptied, lapping me clean with this fierce, starving pull.

I groaned low and long, legs shaky, spent. Even when the throbs faded, she stayed latched on, tongue flicking until I went soft and dry. She looked wrecked, like a junkie chasing the last high. My cum was her fix, and she was deep in it.

At last, she eased off slow, lips slick and streaked with my load. One final hard swallow, then she tipped her head back, flashing a mad, victorious smile.

"Goddamn, Evan," she rasped, voice rough and worn. "Your cum tasted amazing. Like hot lightning. I could survive on that shit. Why'd it hit like that?"

I hauled her up by the arms, close enough to feel her heat. My grin came easy, slow and smug. "Blame the salad I scarfed this morning—keeps things fresh," I said, then dropped my tone to a rough murmur. "Or maybe you're just a woman starving for a guy who's not that limp-dick Tom."

She melted against my chest, eyes blazing with total worship. "Maybe."

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg

Level: 5

EXP: 186 / 457

Kim grabbed our glasses off the table and headed for the kitchen. I watched her pour a splash of red into hers, then reach for mine.

I stood up quick, shaking my head. "No need. I gotta head out. Some stuff to handle in the city. Busy day ahead of me."

She turned, glass halfway to her lips, brows knitting. "When'll you be back? Make sure you don't miss the dinner, though."

"Four... no, maybe five hours, tops? Hell if I know." I shrugged, zipping my fly. "Gonna tweak a buddy's computer, then link up with someone. Or the other way around, I'm not sure yet."

"Oh." She set the bottle down, leaning on the counter. "Swing by the store too? We're hunkered here five days, after all."

"Yeah, no sweat." I tugged my shirt straight. "Shoot me the list, I'll grab it all."

"Oh, and buy some mayonnaise," Tom piped up from the hall, lugging the last duffel bag toward the door. "Forgot to bring one."

"Gotcha. Mayonnaise."

Kim crossed the room in three steps, pressed up close, and planted a soft kiss on my mouth—lingering just enough to taste her heat. "Bye."

I squeezed her waist, then broke away before it stuck. "Catch you soon."

This trip... it was actually nice. A good distraction from... well, everything.

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Chapter 82: Chapter 82

Burney's was dim and smoky, the kind of joint that smelled like stale coffee and wet coats on a night like this. I claimed a corner booth, legs bouncing under the table. This wasn't buzzing me like it should—Cora was a wildcard, all sharp edges and quiet stares, and I'd let her drag me into this "date" without much fight. Felt more like walking a ledge than chasing a spark.

I fished a smoke from my pack, flicked the lighter, and pulled in deep. The rain hammered the window like it had a grudge, blurring the streetlights into smears. My eyes drifted to Kim's car out front, parked crooked under the awning.

Footsteps splashed through the door, and there she was. Cora, hair a wild tangle of black, dark smudges under her eyes like she'd forgotten sleep existed. Same baggy t-shirt hanging off her frame, same faded jeans—oversized everything, like she was hiding in plain sight. She spotted me, froze for a beat, then shuffled over, shoulders hunched against the downpour clinging to her clothes.

I pushed up from the seat, hand out for a shake, forcing a grin. "Hey."

"H-h-hey." Her palm was cool and damp in mine, grip limp before she yanked it back quick. She slid into the booth across from me, voice cracking on the edges. "Ssorry I'm l-l-late."

"No worries. I just got here anyway." I dropped back down as she did, waving off the apology. "What're you having? Their mochas are worth trying."

"I-I'll... black coffee." She tucked a strand of that mess behind her ear, eyes flicking to the table, then me, then away. Her fingers twisted the menu's edge like it owed her money.

The waitress swung by a second later, notepad flipped open, pen hovering like she was half-asleep on her feet. Mid-twenties, bleach-blonde hair pulled back tight, uniform wrinkled from the rush.

"What can I get you two?" she asked, eyes on me first.

"Two black coffees," I said, nodding toward Cora. "Strong as they come."

She jotted it down quick, glanced at me, then to Cora. "Anything else?"

"No, thanks," I replied.

She gave a respectful nod and walked off.

"You, uh, Cora," I tapped ash off my cigarette, then shot her a look. "You smoke at all?"

She shook her head fast, that tangle of hair bouncing. "No. Never really... got into it."

I took a drag, letting the smoke curl out slow. "I quit cold for a couple years back in college—thought it was messing with my runs. But then work piled up, deadlines everywhere, and boom, I'm chain-lighting these things again just to keep my head straight. Bad habit, but it sticks, you know?"

Cora's lips twitched into a small, shaky smile, her fingers still shredding the menu's corner. "I-I tried it once. In high school. One drag and I was coughing my lungs out for, like... two days straight. Felt like I was dying. Never touched it again."

I chuckled, low and easy, the sound cutting through the rain's steady drum outside. "Sounds about right. First one's always a killer."

She let out a soft laugh too—nervous, breathy, like it surprised her to make the noise. Her cheeks flushed a little, eyes darting to her lap before flicking back up.

The waitress was back in under two minutes, mugs clinking down on the table, steam rising thick and black. "Here you go. Holler if you need a top-off."

"Thanks," I said, giving her a nod as she shuffled off. I wrapped my hands around the mug, the heat seeping into my palms, and took a sip—bitter kick, just how I liked it. Cora mirrored me, blowing gently on hers before tasting, her shoulders easing a fraction as the warmth hit.

The silence between us was... weird. The steam from the coffees curled up between us, twisting in the light and making the room feel smaller, more intimate.

I cleared my throat, the rasp sounding louder than I wanted. Exhaling, I tried to look relaxed, but my fingers tapped against the mug nervously. She let out a quiet, almost shy chuckle, one corner of her lips lifting as if amused by my discomfort.

"Y-you," she stammered, glancing down at her coffee before back at me, "working morning or night shift today?"

"The boss gave us five days off," I said, forcing a casual shrug. "Um... where do you work? Or are you still at university?"

"Still going to university," she replied, her tone soft but confident, though her fingers fidgeted with the edge of the cup. "With my sister."

"I didn't know you had a sister," I said. "Wish I had siblings too. It gets... boring when you're alone, you know?"

She nodded slowly, taking a small sip of coffee, then placed the cup down. Her eyes met mine again, and for a moment, the awkward tension softened, though the silence returned, pressing down like a weight neither of us knew how to break.

"Y-y-you," she began, clutching her coffee like it was her lifeline. "Do you... have anyone in your life? Like a... a girlfriend, heh-heh."

To buy myself some time, I took a sip of my coffee, letting the warmth settle in. Anyone in my life? Fuck. Jasmine. Tessa. Kim. Kayla—though we didn't see each other much. Thanks to the system, I knew more women now than I ever had before.

"Um, no," I replied, finally looking up. "I'm not really looking for a girlfriend. I've got a lot to focus on right now."

"Right," she said, her eyes locking with mine for a moment. "Gotta focus on life, yeah..."

"Yeah," I agreed. "Especially not now. I think I'm getting paranoid, you know? I swear someone broke into my house a few days ago, but... I can't be sure. I was sick at the time."

"O-oh," Cora said, glancing at her phone. "I... I forgot to... call my sister."

I arched an eyebrow, surprised by the sudden shift in the conversation. "Okay..."

"I'll be right back," she muttered, her voice trailing off as she stood up.

I just sat there for a second, confused as hell. Then I reached for my cigarette, took a long drag, and let the smoke burn its way out of my lungs. The coffee on the table had gone lukewarm, but I drank it anyway. Bitter, strong. It fit the moment.

My phone buzzed.

Ivy's text showed up:

'When are you coming? This piece of junk needs repairing.'

She also attached a photo of Delilah's old, battered computer.

I typed back: 'In an hour.'

Locked the phone and set it on the table.

After a few minutes, Cora appeared, that same strange smile on her face.

"Sorry," she said softly.

"It's fine," I replied with a small smile. "How's the coffee? You like it?"

"I like it," she said, settling into the chair across from me. "It's really good."

"It is," I nodded. "Never seen this place make a bad cup. Baristas actually know their stuff."

"Y-yeah," she muttered, fidgeting.

I carried the conversation, though it felt like I was forcing it. Was I keeping her here? Or was she just complicated like that?

"Hope I'm not forcing you into drinking coffee with me," I said, smiling faintly. "If you feel uncomfortable—"

"No!" she said, shaking her head. "I'm just... bad at... uh, having—conversation. Sorry."

"You say sorry a lot," I teased lightly.

"Yeah..." She looked down, twisting her hands.

"It's fine," I said. "I enjoy quiet sometimes. We don't need words to enjoy company, right?"

EVENT

Cora's Interest +50

The fuck? Damn girl, calm down. I didn't realize what I said would trigger this kind of reaction.

She blushed faintly. "Thank you... heh-heh."

Scary smile, messy appearance, but she wasn't a bad person.

We talked for a while, about the weather in this shitty city, how brutal the concert had been yesterday, and what kind of music she liked. I have to admit... this was one of the weirdest interactions I'd had in a long time. She had no clue how a real conversation worked. Her eyes stayed glued to me more than normal, and sometimes she'd chuckle at the absolute wrong moments, making me blink like, what the hell?

She was a good listener, though. Not like my ex. Huh... never thought I'd compare my ex to a girl like Cora. Even though everything about this little "date" was awkward... at least the coffee was solid.

"I, uh," I said, checking my phone. "I need to go. Got to fix a buddy's computer."

"Oh," she replied, her shoulders slumping. "Okay."

"I'll drop you off," I offered. "I borrowed my friend's car today."

"N-no," she said quickly. "I can go on my own. I need to... visit my sister anyway."

"Is she close by? I could—"

"We live together," she cut in, almost defensive. "Thanks for the offer, though."

"Hmm," I muttered, grabbing my wallet from my back pocket. "So... um... see you again?"

"Yep," she said, her smile strange. "See you again. Always."

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Chapter 83: Chapter 83

I walked up to the door and knocked. Just a few seconds later, it swung open.

Delilah stood there, and holy shit... she was smoking hot. Tight t-shirt clinging to her tits, hotpants hugging every curve, the hint of a cameltoe teasing me. She looked like she'd just walked out of a magazine, and I couldn't help the heat rising in my chest.

"Hey," I said, trying to sound casual, though my eyes betrayed me. "Ivy told me your computer's been..."

"Oh, yes!" she said, her voice tired but sultry. "It's been giving me trouble for months now. Please, just fix this junk, Evan. I'll do anything you want."

I smirked, feeling my pulse spike. She had no idea how close she was to crossing some very dangerous territory with me.

"Sure," I said, keeping my voice easy. "Let me take a look at it."

"Here, come in," she said, stepping aside and letting me into her apartment.

I stepped inside, and Delilah led me toward her bedroom. My eyes couldn't help but wander; her ass in those tight hotpants was practically daring me to imagine what I'd do if she let me. Pin her down on the bed, fuck her right there... I shook my head.

'Okay, calm down, Evan. Calm down. She caught you once already. Don't be an idiot.'

We entered the room. It was cozy but messy—just enough to make it feel lived-in. A bed sat in the middle, rumpled sheets hinting at lazy mornings. A wardrobe leaned against one wall, slightly ajar. A rug lay crumpled on the floor, sunlight streaming through the windows, dust motes dancing lazily in the beams.

Then my eyes caught something that made me freeze for a beat: a lone red panty lying on the bed. It looked used, worn, and... my cock reacted immediately, hardening in seconds.

Delilah cleared her throat, pointing toward a corner. "Here's the culprit giving me a headache," she said, indicating the PC case.

Before she could see my boner, I took a big step forward and crouched down in front of the computer. I forced my hands to seem casual, scanning the rig like nothing was happening.

"Uh, yeah," I said. "Looks dusty."

"I'll be in the living room," she said. "Got an online meeting I need to join." She pulled her phone from her pocket, tapping the screen, then disappeared down the hallway.

I exhaled, the tension in my body easing slightly... but only slightly. My eyes drifted back to the red panty on the bed.

"Jesus fucking Christ," I muttered under my breath. "Oh man... no. Not again. Nope. Nope. History won't repeat itself twice."

I couldn't help but think she had left it there on purpose—deliberately, just for me to find it and stare. My pulse quickened, and my cock twitched in response. Slowly, I got up, taking a careful step closer to the red panty, gulping as I stared at it.

By the nightstand window, something caught my eye—the end of a purple dildo, just barely visible. My imagination went wild. I could picture her here, touching herself, moaning into the sheets, lost in her own pleasure. My cock throbbed violently with each thought, my pants straining with every pulse.

The sudden sound of the house door snapping open made me jerk slightly.

"I'm home," Ivy called, closing the door behind her. "Mom? Evan here yet?"

"I'm... here!" I said quickly, crouching beside the case and trying to hide my growing boner.

Ivy stepped in, and her eyes immediately landed on the panty. She groaned audibly, picking it up and stepping out into the corridor before returning.

"Why would she even leave that on the bed..." she muttered. "With you in the room? She's too oblivious, I swear. I'm so sorry about that, Evan."

"It's fine," I said, forcing my voice steady. "I was just focused on the computer anyway."

"So," she said, crouching beside me, her face close, "how does it look? Can we save the patient, doctor?"

"We can," I said with a grin. "All I need is a pizza."

"Not gonna happen."

"A burger?"

"Nope."

"Damn... a glass of water?"

"Maybe."

We shared a quiet smile.

I bent down, removing the cables from the PC case and carefully opening it, the glass panel revealing layers of dust and grime.

"Woah... when did you last clean this thing? It's disgusting," I muttered.

"Years ago," she said, shrugging. Then she stood. "I'll bring that glass of water for you."

"Uh-huh. Thanks."

"No problem," she replied, leaving the room as I returned to the case, my thoughts unavoidably drifting back to Delilah.

Quest Available

Title: Mom?

Task: Fuck Delilah

Reward: 99 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I sighed after seeing the UI hover above me. This thing again? I mean, of course I wanted to fuck Delilah. But there was no way in hell I'd do it. She was my friend's mother. And if Ivy were to find out—only God knew what she would do to me. No way. No. Fucking. Way.

I got to work on the computer, removing the fan cables first. Just as I was about to ask for a screwdriver, Ivy appeared with one in hand.

"Here's your glass of water," she said, setting it down near the case. "And your screwdriver."

"Thanks. Was about to ask for that," I muttered, taking it and unscrewing the first fan. "Your mom... she kinda looks tired, doesn't she?"

"She is," Ivy said, sitting on the edge of the bed and exhaling. "She works too much."

"She should take a day off," I said. "But I guess you've already told her that, right?"

"Million times," she replied. "But since her house got burned down... she needs money to buy a new one. Surprise surprise. Local girls find out how the economy works."

"Damn," I muttered. "Can't even take one day off?"

"She probably can," Ivy said. "But she's too prideful to crash at my place."

"Prideful," I chuckled as I set the back fan aside. "Hey, you crashed at her place for twenty years."

"Guess I'm not as prideful as her," she laughed softly.

I moved onto the CPU cooler, removing it carefully. "Say... you're still mad at me?"

"Because of Mendy? I am," she said. "But... I suppose I can understand you. He was your friend. You trusted him not to screw up again. Then shit hit the fan."

"Yeah," I said, keeping my eyes on the cooler. "I just know he'd do the same thing about me."

"You wouldn't cheat on your girlfriend," she muttered quietly. "Hell, Lily cheated on you."

I exhaled, dark thoughts stirring, and kept silent while working. Ivy noticed the tension and panicked slightly.

"I didn't mean to say that," she added. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," I said. "She didn't cheat on me. She broke up with me, then found another guy."

"Tomato, tomato," she muttered. "She was a bitch."

I pulled out the CPU cooler and set it on the rug, careful of the thermal paste. "Indeed. The bitchiest of bitches."

"Whorest of whores," Ivy teased, and we laughed.

The laughter faded as I went back to the case, removing the front two fans. Dust flew into the air, making me cough. Damn, all this grime had to be horrible for my lungs. What kind of computer owner doesn't clean their PC?

"Jesus," I said. "She's never cleaned this, huh?"

"Yeah. She usually does everything on her laptop or phone," Ivy said. "But... she suddenly wanted this cleaned and asked if you could do it."

"Good thing I came along," I said. "Or this thing would've completely died."

"Yeah, really. Wish I understood that stuff," she said, glancing at me.

And then my eyes... betrayed me.

Ivy was wearing a skirt and a snug shirt. Her legs were smooth, bare. And after all that heat with Delilah earlier... my brain immediately betrayed me. Lust hit me like a freight train. My cock twitched in my pants, each pulse dragging my focus to her.

Fuck... now I was thinking about my friend like that. Delilah really messed with my settings. I had to rub one out, or I'd lose my mind completely. But not here. I had to wait... at least I could get my hands on Kim later. Five days, full access... I could fuck her brains out and lose myself completely.

Ivy crossed her legs, and I saw it. The edge of her panties—white, delicate. My eyes snapped away immediately, forcing my gaze back to the computer. Fuck it. I had to get off right fucking now.

"Um," I muttered. "Where's the bathroom?"

"The second left," she said, pointing down the corridor.

"Thanks. Hey... don't touch anything, okay?"

"Oh, hell no. I won't," she said with a little smile.

I exhaled, keeping my hands off myself, trying to shove down the heat building in my groin as I headed to the bathroom. God, this was going to be a long day.

I pushed the bathroom door open and stepped inside. Small, cramped, but functional. The faint smell of soap lingered, and the mirror above the sink reflected a pale, tired light.

I locked the door behind me, letting out a slow exhale. My hands went to my pants instinctively.

Chapter 84: Chapter 84

I pulled out my phone and opened the gallery. Jasmine's photos were there, waiting for me. My pulse quickened. There she was, completely exposed in some, pussy glistening, fingers teasing herself. Others showed her legs spread, moaning into the camera. My cock throbbed just from looking at the images.

I slipped my pants down, letting my cock spring free. My hand wrapped around it, stroking slowly at first, my eyes glued to the screen.

And then I noticed it. The laundry basket on the corner. And on the edge, bright and unmistakable—the red panty. Delilah's.

"Oh... Shit."

My imagination ran wild. I was on top of her now, her legs spread wide, and I could feel the heat of her pussy against me. Her breath hitched as my mouth found her neck, kissing, nipping, tasting the sweat and warmth of her skin. I gripped her tits, rolling her nipples between my fingers, watching her shiver beneath me. I could hear her gasping, begging, whispering my name in the most fucked-up, lust-filled way.

She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, pulling me closer. I could feel her cunt soaking, slick and desperate, just begging for me to bury myself inside her. I imagined sliding into her slowly, pushing deep as she cried out, the mattress creaking beneath us. I held her waist, thrusting harder, faster, listening to her moans and whimpers, feeling her tightening around me, her nails digging into my back.

The fantasy twisted darker in my mind—I was controlling every inch of her, pinning her under me, dominating her entirely. Her hair was a mess, sweat dripping down her temples, and her tits pressed against my chest as I slammed into her again and again. She was moaning so loud now that I imagined the walls could hear, her pussy clenching, gripping me like a vice, pulling me deeper.

Every motion, every imagined cry, pushed me closer. My cock throbbed painfully in my hand, slick with my own pre as I imagined her wetness coating me, the heat and scent of her filling my senses. I couldn't hold back. I could feel my balls tightening, the pressure building like a fucking dam ready to burst.

"Fuck... yes, Delilah...!" I groaned, my hand pumping faster, hips twitching. My mind was a storm of lust, every nerve screaming for release.

Then it hit. A surge of white-hot ecstasy ripped through me. My vision blurred, my body convulsing as my cock erupted. Thick ropes of cum shot onto the toilet lid, one after another, soaking it in sticky heat. I groaned, head thrown back, trembling as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through me, my fingers clenching around my cock, squeezing as if trying to milk every last drop.

I washed my hands carefully, then caught my reflection in the mirror. My chest heaved.

"Can't believe I just jerked off thinking about her panties..." I muttered. "God..."

I exhaled and left the bathroom, sliding back into the bedroom. There was Ivy, sitting innocently, completely unaware that I had just fantasized about taking her mother under me, fucking her until she couldn't walk straight. This system... it was fucked. Never in a million years would I have imagined jerking off at my friend's house thinking about her mom.

I crouched back down beside the computer, taking a sip from the glass of water. "Let's see... where did I leave off... uh, yeah."

"So," Ivy said, breaking the quiet, "you and Kayla still talk?"

"Nope," I said, keeping my voice casual. "Not after that whole thing with Mendy."

"Gee, I wonder why?"

I groaned and held up a hand. "Not again. Please—just... stop."

She threw her hands up, smirking. "Alright, alright, I was kidding." Then, a beat later, her expression softened. "Did you apologize to her?"

I hesitated. "Who, Mendy or Kayla?"

"Both."

I let out a breath, dropping my gaze. "Mendy wouldn't talk to me." My fingers fidgeted with the edge of the front panel. "Kayla was... you know... angry."

She gave a small nod, her eyes scanning my face like she was trying to read something between the lines. Then, in silence, she watched as I removed the front panel. Dust exploded into the air like a puff of old smoke, making me cough hard—twice, maybe three times. I waved my hand in front of my face and set the panel aside with a dull clunk, avoiding her gaze.

I blinked hard, my pulse still hammering in my throat. What the fuck did I just do? I'd actually jerked off in the bathroom—thinking about Ivy's mother.

My face heated instantly. I rubbed my temple, trying to shake the guilt out of my head, but it only made the room feel smaller.

Ivy looked at me and frowned. "Are you good? You got red. It has to be from the dust—let me open the window."

"Y-yeah," I said quickly, clearing my throat. "Must be the dust."

She got up, moving toward the window. The way her hips swayed didn't help my situation at all.

Quest Available

Title: Friends with benefits

Task: Fuck Ivy

Reward: 99 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

"Ah, fuck off..." I muttered under my breath.

"Mm?" Ivy turned halfway to me.

"Oh—uh, the, uh, fan didn't come off." I stammered, pretending to fiddle with the screwdriver. "Think I have to use a bit of force."

"Ah, got it." She pushed the window open. A faint breeze slipped inside, lifting her hair. The sunlight spilled across her thighs, bare and smooth, her skirt riding a little higher as she leaned over the sill.

I forced my eyes down to the floor, but they wandered anyway. Jesus Christ, Evan, not again.

"So," I said, coughing into my hand. "How's... life?"

"Evan, the god of small talk," she teased, settling back on the edge of the bed.

"I was just being polite," I said.

"Evan, the god of being polite."

"Ivy, the goddess of being an idiot."

"That actually hurt."

"Oh, does it now?" I smirked, unscrewing the back panel of the case. The joke helped, tension slipping into something easier.

As I pulled the panel free, a muffled voice cut through the quiet—Delilah, still in her online meeting. It drifted in from the living room behind the closed door, sharp and strained, like she was mid-argument with someone on the call.

"Wonder if everything's okay in there," I said.

"She always gets into fights with people from work," Ivy sighed.

"Why?"

"David got her the job. And since she broke up with him... they kinda don't like my mom." Ivy's voice went small. She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, staring at the floor. "I hate this."

I looked at her—how her shoulders slumped, how tired her eyes were. "Can't even imagine what she's been through," I said quietly. "Didn't know David was the one who got that job for her."

"Unfortunately, yeah." She exhaled hard. "Fucking... ugh. Nevermind."

"Hmm," I murmured, pretending to check the cables again.

Delilah's voice came from the living room. "UGH! FUCK!"

The sudden slam of the living room door made both of us jolt upright. The sound echoed through the apartment, sharp enough to make my pulse skip.

"What the hell—?" I muttered, turning my head.

We both froze, listening. Then came the faint sound of footsteps, quick and uneven... and the click of the front door closing. Silence followed.

"She left," Ivy said softly.

"Fuck." I set the screwdriver down, running a hand through my hair. "Is she okay?"

"What do you think?" Ivy's voice cracked a little. "Every time I try to talk to her, she just pushes me away. She's so fucking prideful—can't take help, can't tell me what's wrong. Just shuts down."

"I can go talk to her," I said after a pause. "If you want."

She looked at me, doubtful but desperate. "I wouldn't recommend it... but please. Do it."

I nodded. Truth was, yeah—I wanted to have sex with Delilah. Wanted her bad. But that wasn't all. Back when I was still at university, she'd looked out for me—cooked dinner, checked in when I skipped class, even dragged me to those awful amusement parks she loved. She'd been... more than just someone's mom.

"I'll see what I can do," I said, standing.

"She's probably at the café across the street," Ivy said. "She hides it, but she smokes. I can smell it when she comes home."

I gave her a small nod and grabbed my jacket. "Alright. I'll be back soon."

I stepped out of the bedroom, closing the door softly behind me.

"Sheesh..."

I moved through the entryway and unlatched the front door, stepping into the dim corridor outside. My boots echoed against the floor as I made my way to the stairwell.

When I stepped out onto the street, I looked across the road. Sure enough, there she was.

Delilah sat inside the café, by the window, alone. A cigarette hung loosely between her fingers, her lighter refusing to catch. She flicked it once, twice, frustration tightening her jaw.

Chapter 85: Chapter 85

I crossed the street. The bell above the café door jingled as I stepped in, and the warm scent of coffee wrapped around me. Delilah looked up, her eyes meeting mine—tired, slightly red from whatever had just gone down.

She exhaled, almost in relief but too stubborn to show it.

Without saying a word, I took my lighter from my pocket, flicked it open, and held the flame out. She hesitated for a moment, then leaned in. The cigarette caught, glowing softly between her lips.

"Thanks," she murmured, smoke slipping from her mouth.

I nodded, pocketing the lighter before sliding into the seat across from her. "You looked like you could use a spark."

She smirked faintly at that, shaking her head. "My god. Please leave."

"Fine, fine. No more bad jokes."

A waiter drifted over, young kid, apron too big for him, dark circles under his eyes. "What can I get for you two?" he asked.

"Just a glass of water," Delilah said, voice low.

"Nothing for me," I added.

He nodded and walked off, leaving us alone again in the warm hum of the café. Outside, the streetlights were blinking on, one by one.

"Was a heated meeting, huh?" I said, trying for something light.

She took a slow drag from her cigarette, eyes fixed on the flame tip. "It... was." Then she exhaled, a long stream of smoke curling toward the ceiling. "Sorry."

"For what? You had a heated meeting?"

"For you having to see all that," she said quietly. "I shouldn't have... slammed the door like that."

I leaned back in my seat. "You don't have to apologize for being human, Ms. Komb."

She didn't answer. Just tapped her ash into the tray, jaw tight.

"Wanna tell me what's happening?" I asked after a moment.

"No," she said flatly, shaking her head. "It's nothing. Just work."

"Work." I gave a small laugh. "That 'just work' excuse never really works, does it?"

Her lips curved—barely. "Guess not."

I stared at her for a beat, then said, "You know, you used to give me the same look whenever I said I was 'fine.' Remember?"

She tilted her head, frowning slightly.

"Back in uni," I said, smiling at the memory. "When my rent was overdue and I was too damn proud to tell anyone. I thought I'd figure it out somehow. I mean, I did figure it out, but it left me with zero. Not even a single cent to my name. You and Ivy showed up at my apartment out of nowhere with takeout and a new set of sheets. Said something about 'boys not knowing how to take care of themselves.'"

Delilah's face softened. "You were so stubborn back then."

"I still am," I admitted. "But that day... you didn't ask, you just acted. And you made it easier to breathe. So, I'm just trying to return the favor."

The waiter came back, setting down her glass of water. She thanked him quietly, stirring the straw even though there was nothing in it.

"It's just... complicated," she finally said, voice small. "Ever since David and I ended things, everyone at work treats me like I'm carrying poison. They think I only got the position because of him. And now that he's gone..." She gave a bitter laugh. "They'd probably celebrate if I quit tomorrow."

I stayed quiet, letting her talk.

"I'm trying so hard to keep it together," she continued, rubbing her temples. "Bills. Ivy. The burned house. The job. Every damn day it's something. And the worst part? I can't even be angry without feeling guilty about it."

Her eyes shone slightly, though no tears fell.

I leaned forward, elbows on the table. "Delilah. You don't have to carry all of it alone. You helped me when I was too proud to admit I needed help. Don't make the same mistake."

She gave me a long look. "You make it sound easy."

"It isn't," I said. "But pretending you're fine doesn't fix anything either."

The silence stretched, heavy but not cold. Her cigarette burned down to the filter. She set it in the tray, sighing.

"You know what's sad?" she murmured. "I keep telling myself I'm stronger than this. But every night I go home and sit there wondering what the hell I'm even doing anymore."

I wanted to reach across the table, take her hand, but I didn't. Not yet.

"Then maybe," I said quietly, "you just need someone to remind you that you still matter. That you're not just some name on a payroll sheet or David's ex. You're... you. The woman who dragged a dumb college kid back from a breakdown with cheap noodles and sarcasm."

That made her laugh—small, but real.

"God, you still talk too much," she said, wiping under her eyes.

"Maybe. But you're listening, so it works."

Her smile lingered this time. "You've changed, Evan. You used to run from conversations like this."

"I'm still running," I said. "Just... slower now."

Delilah looked at her half-finished glass of water, then back at me. Her shoulders eased a little, like some invisible weight had finally shifted.

"Thanks," she said softly. "For checking up on me."

EVENT

Delilah's Interest +8

"Anytime," I replied. "You know where to find me."

"I... actually don't." She tilted her head. "Where do you live?"

"We're close," I told her. "Temper Street. Near that new shopping mall they opened—you know it?"

"Ohh, yeah. I know that place."

"Yup. Karambula Apartments. Third floor."

"Karambula..." she murmured, brow furrowing. "I swear I've heard that name before."

"You probably heard about Karim."

"Oh, right—him." Her voice dipped. "I heard someone kidnapped a man and tortured him."

"Karim and I actually fought before that happened. He kinda beat me to a pulp."

Her eyes shot wide. "What? Are you serious? Are you okay? Why would he—"

"That's a story for later." I pushed myself up from the chair, forcing a faint smile. "If you want to hear it, drop by my place."

She huffed a soft laugh. "You're like a walking ad. At least tell me you're fine."

"I am. Promise."

Delilah exhaled, glancing at the ashtray, then back up at me. "I'll bring cheap noodles too. For old time's sake."

I grinned. "Now that's a deal."

Stepping outside, the cold air bit at my face. I drew in a breath, my lungs burning with the chill. Time was short—I still had Ivy's computer to clean, then the summer house to check out. A real summer house. I'd never had one before. Tom's mother's place looked straight out of a horror movie—too clean, too big, too quiet.

As I waited for the light to change, my phone buzzed. Tessa's name lit the screen.

"Hey," I answered.

"Evan! Kim—Jasmine's downstairs neighbor—invited us to her summer house."

"Oh, nice." I started crossing as the light turned green. "Tessa, that place is massive."

"So I heard." Her tone turned playful. "Kim told me you're in the city. Can you pick us up?"

"Sure. Gas is free," I quipped.

"Perfect. We're at Jasmine's."

"Alright. We'll hit the mall after—need to grab some stuff. She gave me a list."

"Fine by me," she said. "But I'm not bringing my wallet. You're paying, magic boy."

500 Dollars Bought!

"Yeah," I muttered, watching the faint UI flicker beside me. "It'll be on me."

Didn't even flinch anymore when that UI crap showed up. Guess I was getting used to it. Just a thought and I could buy something. Still—where the hell was the money?

Credit Card: Evan Marlowe

Balance: \$590

"Shit," I breathed. "It knows my credit card?"

Seeing the number stung more than I wanted to admit. The tip from Anotta? Gone. Rent, groceries, hospital bills—all gone. Oh, those hospital bills... damn you, Karim.

All I could do now was hope the system threw better quests soon. I needed the credits. Bad.

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: 220c

Select item to purchase.

I crossed the street and slipped back into the apartment building. The stairwell smelled faintly of detergent and old paint. As I started climbing, boredom hit—and with it, the UI flickered to life in front of my face.

"Huh," I muttered. "What in the shit is this now?"

Quest Available

Title: Stick

Task: Buy a dildo

for the girls.

Reward: +50 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I hit yes without thinking. A dildo? Seriously? Not the kind of fetch quest I was expecting. But hey—fifty EXP was fifty EXP. Still, where the hell do you even buy one? The mall? A back alley? Guess I'd have to ask Tessa or Jasmine... great.

By the time I hit the last step, I'd already decided to ignore the mental image of myself standing in a checkout line holding a rubber dick.

I knocked on Delilah's door. Ivy answered, holding it open.

"How'd it go?" she asked.

"She's better," I told her, stepping in. "And yeah—she's smoking."

"Told you." Ivy sighed. "How was she? Mood-wise, I mean."

"I made her laugh," I said, trying not to sound too proud. "Still got that old Marlowe charm, you know?"

"Marlowe charm my ass." She snorted, though the corner of her mouth twitched. "But... good to hear she's doing better."

"Yup."

"Now get your ass back in the bedroom," she said, waving me off. "You still need to fix our computer. We don't pay you to stand around."

"Wait—I'm getting paid?"

"Oh, right. You don't."

"Would you... wanna start paying me for my time?"

"Nope."

"Aw."

I walked back into the bedroom. Even though Delilah's panties were gone, my brain—traitorous as ever—painted the image right back onto the chair. For half a second, it almost felt real.

I shook it off and crouched beside the PC. The screwdriver spun in my hand, the metal tip catching the dim light as I started unscrewing the panel.

"Alright," I muttered. "Let's get to work."

—

Chapter 86: Chapter 86

I slowed the car to a stop when I spotted Jasmine and Tessa by the curb, both juggling bags like overworked mules. Three more were dropped at their feet. Damn. Only then did it hit me—I hadn't packed a single thing. Five days in the same clothes? Yeah, that'd go over real well with the girls.

I parked, climbed out, and made my way toward them. Jasmine gave me a tired smile; Tessa just nodded. I bent down and grabbed the bags from the ground—holy hell, they were heavy. Maybe I should've dropped a few points into Strength.

"Hey," Jasmine said, flexing her sore fingers. "Thanks. I swear I can't even feel my hands anymore. These things were brutal to carry."

"Got here just in time, huh? Though, I still need to grab some of my stuff too," I said, popping open the trunk.

"I already picked some up from your place," Jasmine replied. "That red one's yours."

"Oh—thanks."

I had Jasmine's key. She had mine. Which... yeah, sounded way too domestic. We weren't a couple. Definitely not. I mean, I wouldn't hate the idea—but what we had was simple. Friends.

Friends that sometimes had sex.

We tossed the bags in the trunk. I slammed it shut, then climbed into the driver's seat. Tessa claimed shotgun, Jasmine sprawled out across the back.

"I am sooo tired," Jasmine groaned, kicking off her shoes and sinking into the seat. "Ugh."

"Didn't sleep?" I asked, glancing at her in the mirror.

"Nope. Knew we shouldn't have had that coffee," she muttered. "Tessa, this is your fault."

"I slept like a baby," Tessa said smugly. "You are the problem. Not our coffee."

"Ugh."

I chuckled, starting the engine.

The road stretched ahead under a pale sky. The sun hid behind thin clouds—warm enough for daylight, but the light had that sleepy gray to it. Not raining yet, but it could.

We hit the next red light.

"Got a smoke?" Tessa asked. "Left mine at home."

"I don't know if we should smoke in here," I said. "It's Kim's car."

"We'll crack the windows," she said, waving a hand. "C'mon, don't be a grandma. Just pass me one."

"Fine."

I handed her the pack and my lighter. She flicked the flame, took a drag, then handed them back.

The window rolled down a notch. Smoke drifted out into the daylight.

The light turned green. I eased forward, the hum of the engine filling the lull between us.

Jasmine was half-asleep in the back, head against the window. The sight made me smile a little. She looked peaceful.

"What's on the list?" Tessa asked after a minute.

"What list?"

"The one Kim sent. She said she texted you her shopping list."

"Oh, right," I said, tapping my phone against the steering wheel. "Yeah, she wants a lot of alcohol. A lot."

Tessa smirked, exhaling a thin stream of smoke. "How else are we supposed to party without booze?"

"Yeehaw," I said dryly.

Another red light.

Quest Available

Title: Eyes On the Road

Task: Make Tessa give you a

blowjob while you're driving

the car.

Reward: 90 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Ninety EXP. That was a lot. Enough to push me close to a level-up. But the idea? Risky as hell. We were on an open road, in Kim's car. Jasmine was asleep in the back. And if Tessa shot me down, that'd be a fresh kind of awkward.

Still, the image hit me hard: Tessa leaning over, hair falling across her face, cigarette smoke curling from her lips as she took me into her mouth. Hot as sin. Dangerous as hell.

I gripped the wheel tighter.

"Tessa..." I said, my throat dry.

She turned her head and gave me a half-surprised look. "Oh my god. That tone."

"What tone?"

"The same one you used the morning you had me suck you off while you were eating breakfast." She arched an eyebrow. "You're about to ask me to do some weird fucked-up shit, aren't you?"

I winced. "No, you're right. Back then, I treated you like... like just another woman. I shouldn't have done that. It had to be humiliating for you. I used you for my selfish fantasies. I'm sorry."

"Selfish fantasies? Jesus, don't crawl into a shell now," she muttered, flicking ash out the window. "What's done is done."

"Yeah..." I exhaled. "I'm still sorry."

She gave a small smirk, eyes glinting. "So tell me. What do you want? You want me to suck your cock while you're driving?"

My head snapped toward her. I froze. She'd nailed it on the first guess. Was I that obvious?

"Oh, fuck." She blew smoke and laughed under her breath. "You really do want that. You're such an idiot. What are you even getting from this?"

"I like it when it's you," I said quietly. "You're the only woman I can talk to about my kinks. I'm pretty vanilla otherwise, but... with you it feels different."

The UI blinked in the corner of my vision:

EVENT

Tessa's Interest +1

"Ugh. You silver-tongued bastard. Fine. Take your pants off."

I didn't need to hear it twice. One hand on the wheel, I shifted, unbuckled, and slid my jeans down to my knees. Quick glance in the rearview, Jasmine was still curled up, out cold.

Tessa reached over and tugged my boxers down, slow, her nails brushing my thigh. She brought the half-lit cigarette to her lips, took one last drag, then leaned close and exhaled smoke across my cock.

My dick twitched from the heat of her breath.

"Mmm," she murmured, fingers wrapping around me. "You like that, don't you?"

A low moan tore from my throat, my knuckles whitening as I gripped the steering wheel. The car idled at the red light, hemmed in by vehicles on both sides, their drivers oblivious—or so I hoped. Tessa's head was buried in my lap, her lips wrapped tight around my cock, moving with a slow, hungry rhythm that sent fire racing through my veins. The wet, sloppy sound of her sucking filled the car, loud enough to drown out the faint hum of the engine. I could feel the heat of her saliva, slick and dripping, pooling against my skin, making my thighs twitch. Every nerve in my body was raw, hypersensitive, like she was unraveling me with every flick of her tongue.

"Oh, shit." I muttered. "Feels so good... God."

"Mm..."

I stole a glance down. Her hair spilled over my lap, swaying with her movements, her head bobbing with a kind of reckless focus. She didn't care about the cars around us, the risk of someone seeing. Hell, maybe that's what drove her harder. My heart pounded, half from her mouth and half from the fear of some soccer mom in the next lane catching a glimpse. I prayed they didn't.

The light turned green, and my foot twitched toward the gas, but the traffic didn't budge. The light flicked back to red, and we were stuck again, the world outside pressing in. Tessa didn't stop. If anything, she went harder, her tongue swirling around the tip, teasing the sensitive underside before taking me deeper. A choked groan escaped me,

my hips shifting involuntarily as she worked me over, the wet heat of her mouth pulling me closer to the edge.

"Fuck, Tessa," I muttered, voice rough, barely holding it together. My body was a live wire, the pressure building fast, too fast. I was close, and she knew it, the slurping sounds growing louder, messier. My hand dropped from the wheel, tangling in her hair, not guiding her—she didn't need that—but just holding on, like I was the one who needed an anchor.

The light was still red, but I couldn't focus on it anymore. The world narrowed to her, to the heat, the suction, the way her lips stretched around me. My breath hitched, a low growl rumbling in my chest as the pressure snapped. I came hard, my hips jerking up, spilling into her mouth with a force that left me dizzy. Wave after wave hit, my cock pulsing, flooding her with hot, thick release. My vision blurred, the world outside the car fading to nothing.

Tessa didn't pull away. Her head stayed there, lips still working, drawing out every last shudder until I was spent, my body slumping back against the seat. Then she sat up, pushed open the passenger door, and spit onto the pavement outside, a faint splatter against the asphalt.

"Not in the mood to swallow when I'm starving," she said, shutting the door with a smirk. Her voice was husky, teasing. "Sheesh, Evan. That was fast."

I let out a shaky laugh, still catching my breath, my heart hammering. "Yeah... maybe I got a little excited."

"A little?" She arched a brow, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. "You came in, like, under a minute."

"Minute and a half," I shot back, grinning despite the heat creeping up my neck. "Sounds better."

"Minute and a half," she muttered, rolling her eyes, but her gaze softened as it lingered on me, a glint of something mischievous in it. "Can't lie, though... I got excited too. All these cars around us..."

We locked eyes, the air between us electric, charged with the thrill of what we'd just done. I forced my focus back to the road, the light still red, my pulse still racing. Part of me was paranoid, wondering if anyone had seen, if I'd just risked everything for a moment of insanity.

"Hey," Tessa said, her voice low, cutting through my thoughts. "Pull over. Let's fuck."

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. "Oh, fuck..."

"You don't want it?" she teased, leaning closer, her hand brushing my thigh.

"The opposite," I muttered, already turning left into a side street, my body humming with anticipation. "The very, very, very opposite."

Quest Completed

Title: Eyes on The Road

Reward: 90 EXP

Chapter 87: Chapter 87

I was still buzzing, my head spinning from the blowjob Tessa had just given me while I drove. A teenage fantasy checked off the list, straight out of some grainy porno I'd snuck a peek at years ago. My cheeks burned thinking about that awkward kid I used to be, but I shoved the embarrassment aside. Right now, I needed to savor this. Tessa's taste still lingered in the air, and I had bigger things to figure out—like what the hell those mastery points did. But first, I was gonna soak in every second of this high.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 12 / 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.

Hell yeah! Tessa's interest hit 20, unlocking her first milestone. I grinned, knowing how hard these rewards were to grind. The system flashed again.

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Tessa

Reward:

50 EXP

Mystery Chest

+1 Ability Points

Fifty EXP wasn't life-changing, but the ability point and mystery chest? That's what I'm talking about. Crossing my fingers, I mentally selected the rightmost chest. It popped open, revealing... thirty more EXP. Lamé. I'd been hoping for credits to cash out in the shop for real-world money, but whatever, it was better than nothing.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg

Level: 5

EXP: 356 / 457

I turned left, and the shopping mall loomed into view, a sprawling beast of glass and steel that glittered under the afternoon sun. Its towering facade stretched wide, all sleek lines and neon signs screaming luxury. Massive digital billboards flashed ads for designer brands, their colors bouncing off the polished chrome accents. The entrance was a gaping maw of sliding glass doors, swallowing streams of people—families, teens, couples—bustling in and out. Inside, I could see the glow of chandeliers, escalators climbing to upper floors packed with high-end stores, and the faint pulse of music from some trendy boutique. The place was alive, chaotic, a temple of excess that promised everything and delivered just enough to keep you hooked.

I pulled into the line for the underground parking, my hand drifting to Tessa's thigh. I squeezed, feeling the heat of her skin through her pants. She let out a sharp breath, leaning back in the passenger seat and parting her legs, inviting me closer. My fingers slid inward, rubbing her pussy over the fabric, slow and teasing.

"Mmm..." Tessa moaned, her voice low and needy. "You're such a horny fuck, Evan."

I smirked, keeping my eyes on the line of cars. "Me? You're the one who said, 'pull up and let's fuck.' Or am I remembering that wrong?"

She laughed, swatting my shoulder playfully. "Shut up."

The line moved, and I eased the car forward, descending the ramp into the dim, concrete maze of the underground lot. My hand stayed on her thigh, fingers tracing lazy circles, her breath hitching with every touch. I scanned the rows and spotted an empty space tucked in a quiet corner—no cars, no people. Perfect.

I parked, the engine's hum fading to silence. Tessa didn't waste a second. She unbuckled her pants, shoving them down just past her knees, the fabric pooling above her shoes. Before I could say a word, she climbed over the center console, straddling me. Her ass settled against my lap, my cock—already hard again—nestling against her

bare skin, pressed along the curve of her ass as she sat down on me, teasing me with the weight of her body.

"Fuck, Tessa," I groaned, my hands gripping her hips. "You're gonna kill me."

She grinned, grinding back against me, slow and deliberate. "What, you complaining? Thought you wanted this."

She laughed, low and dirty, then lifted herself just enough to reach back. Her fingers wrapped around my cock, guiding it down, lining me up. With a slow push, she sank onto me, her pussy hot and tight, enveloping me inch by inch. I hissed, the sensation overwhelming, my head tipping back against the seat.

As she settled, I remembered the ability point from the milestone. Without hesitating, I mentally dumped it into Pleasure and confirmed, feeling a faint pulse of energy course through me, like the system was amplifying every sensation. Tessa moaned, her hips rocking slightly, and I knew this was about to get even better.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm
- Emotional Charisma
- Seductive Allure

Libido: 6

Pleasure: 4

Unused Mastery Points: 5

She let out a low, breathy moan, her body shifting as she adjusted to my size. Her hair spilled down her back, messy waves brushing my chest as she rocked her hips, testing

the waters. The car's seats creaked under us, the confined space amplifying every sound, every touch. Her pussy was soaked, slick and hot, and each subtle movement made my head spin.

"Mmm, Evan," she murmured. "you're so fucking hard." She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes glinting in the low light, lips parted in a wicked smirk.

I grinned, my hands sliding up her sides, under her shirt, feeling the heat of her skin. "All for you," I said, my voice rough. "You're driving me crazy." My thumbs grazed the edges of her bra, teasing, and she shivered, pushing back harder against me.

She started moving then, lifting her hips just enough to slide up my length before dropping back down, her ass slapping against my thighs. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies filled the car, mingling with her soft gasps. I thrust up to meet her, my hips bucking instinctively, driving deeper. She let out a sharp moan, louder than she meant to, and I tensed, glancing in the rearview mirror. Jasmine was still out, curled up with her face turned away, her breathing steady. Thank fuck.

"Shh," I whispered, leaning forward, my lips brushing her ear. "You'll wake Jasmine." The thought of it—her stirring, catching us like this—sent a jolt through me, half panic, half arousal. What would she do? Stare? Freak out? Join us? Or something else entirely? My cock throbbed at the image, and Tessa must've felt it, because she laughed, low and dirty.

"Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you?" she teased, her voice barely above a whisper. "Her waking up, seeing me ride you like this." She ground down harder, circling her hips, her pussy squeezing me in a way that made my vision blur. "Bet she'd be jealous as hell. Probably wants your cock just as bad."

"Fuck, Tessa," I growled, my hands gripping her waist, guiding her faster. The dirty talk was killing me, pushing me closer to the edge. I slid one hand down, finding her clit, rubbing slow circles through the slickness. She was drenched, her juices coating my fingers, and she whimpered, her body trembling. "Keep talking like that, and I'm not gonna last."

"Good," she purred, her hips picking up speed, the slap of her ass against me louder now. "I want you to lose it, Evan. Imagine her watching, her little crush on you burning her up inside." She moaned again, softer this time, but the sound went straight to my core.

We kept at it, her bouncing on my lap, my fingers working her clit, my other hand cupping her breast, pinching her nipple through her bra. Her breaths came in short, sharp pants, her walls fluttering around me, tightening with every move. "Evan... oh god, I'm so close," she whispered, her voice breaking, her body coiling like she was about to snap.

"Cum for me," I urged, my voice low, my lips grazing her neck. "Do it. Do it!" The risk, the secrecy, the fact that Jasmine was right there—it was all too much, pushing us both to the brink.

Tessa's movements grew frantic, her hips grinding down hard, chasing that edge. I rubbed her clit faster, feeling her shudder, her pussy clenching so tight it almost hurt. Then she broke, a choked cry escaping her as she came, her body shaking, her walls pulsing around me. I held her steady, my hands gripping her hips, letting her ride out the waves. Her head tipped back, hair brushing my face, her breaths ragged as she slumped against me, spent but still moving, still wanting more.

"Fuck... Evan," she panted, her voice barely audible. "That was... intense."

I chuckled, my own body screaming for release, but I wasn't done with her yet. "We're not finished," I said, my voice rough with need. "Get in the passenger seat. On your knees."

Her eyes lit up, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Oh, you're bossy now," she teased, but she was already moving, climbing off me with a soft whimper as my cock slipped free. She crawled into the passenger seat, her pants still bunched around her ankles, and got on all fours, her ass facing me, round and perfect, her pussy glistening in the dim light.

The sight nearly undid me right there.

Chapter 88: Chapter 88

I shifted over, awkward in the tight space, but too worked up to care. I knelt behind her, my hands running over her ass, squeezing the soft flesh. "Goddamn, you look good like this," I said, my voice thick. I lined myself up, the tip of my cock brushing her entrance, and she moaned, pushing back against me.

"Then fuck me already," she said, glancing over her shoulder, her eyes daring me. "Or you scared Jasmine's gonna wake up and see you pounding me?"

I groaned, the image searing into my brain—Jasmine stirring, her eyes wide as she caught us. "You're trouble," I muttered, grabbing Tessa's hips and thrusting in, hard and deep.

Her pussy was still tight from her orgasm, gripping me like a glove.

Tessa gasped, her hands gripping the passenger seat, her body rocking forward with the force of my thrust. Her ass jiggled, round and perfect, and I couldn't resist. My hand came down on her cheek with a sharp smack, the sound cutting through the car. Her skin rippled under my palm, a faint pink blooming where I'd struck. She froze for a split

second, then shot me a side-eye over her shoulder, her expression unreadable—part anger, part something else. My stomach twisted. Was she pissed?

"Guess you didn't like that?" I said, my voice low, testing her as I slowed my thrusts, my hand hovering over her ass.

Tessa's lips curled into a smirk, her eyes glinting with mischief. "That was it? Are you a baby? Smack my ass again," she said, her voice thick with challenge, daring me to push it further. "Harder this time."

Fuck, that was all I needed. I grinned, my hand coming down again, sharper, the crack echoing in the tight space of the car. Her ass bounced, the pink turning redder, my handprint stark against her skin. Tessa let out a half-scream, half-moan, her body shuddering as she pushed back against me, her pussy clenching tighter around my cock. "Yes, fuck, like that!" she gasped, her voice raw, needy.

I didn't hold back. My hand rained down again and again, each smack harder, leaving her ass glowing with red handprints, the sight driving me wild. She moaned louder with every hit, her screams sharp but muffled as she bit her lip, trying to keep it down. "Evan... oh god, keep going," she panted, her hips rocking back to meet my thrusts, the rhythm growing frantic.

"Fuck, Tessa, you feel so good," I growled, my free hand sliding up her back, fingers tangling in her hair, tugging lightly. "So fucking tight." I thrust deeper, savoring the way her ass jiggled with every slam, the wet sounds of our bodies louder now, filling the car. My other hand kept spanking, alternating cheeks, her skin burning hot under my touch, red and marked with my prints.

"Harder," she demanded, her voice low but urgent, her body shaking with every thrust and smack. "I want it, Evan. Give it to me." She pushed back harder, her moans edging dangerously loud. I glanced at Jasmine in the rearview mirror—still asleep, thank god, her face turned away, oblivious to the chaos in the front seat. The thrill of getting caught was like gasoline on the fire, making my cock throb inside her.

"Quiet," I growled, leaning forward, my chest brushing her back, my lips grazing her ear. "Unless you want her to hear you screaming my name." I thrust harder, deeper, the car rocking slightly with the force. My hand came down again, another sharp smack on her ass, and Tessa bit her lip, stifling a moan, but her body betrayed her, trembling with every slam of my hips and every sting of my palm.

"Fuck... maybe I do," she whispered, her voice teasing, dripping with heat. "Bet she'd love to know how good you fuck me. Bet she'd be jealous as hell." Her words sent a jolt through me, the image of Jasmine waking up, her eyes wide, watching us, pushing me closer to the edge. I gripped her hips tighter, pounding into her, my hand still spanking, her ass now a deep, glowing red, marked with my handprints. She screamed softly, a mix of pain and pleasure, her pussy clenching so tight it was almost too much.

"Goddamn, Tessa," I groaned, my voice strained, the pressure building fast, a white-hot coil in my core. Her ass bounced with every thrust, her pussy gripping me like she was trying to pull me deeper. "You're gonna make me cum," I warned, my hands digging into her skin, one still smacking her ass intermittently, each hit drawing another moan from her.

"Do it," she panted, her voice raw, desperate. "Cum for me, Evan. I want it." She arched her back, pushing back harder, her red, handprint-covered ass trembling with every thrust, egging me on.

I couldn't hold back anymore. The Pleasure boost was overwhelming, every stroke pushing me closer to the brink. "Oh... fuck!"

That was it. The coil snapped, and I lost it, a loud groan ripping from my throat as I came. I moaned, my body shaking as the first rope shot out, arcing high and splattering into the back of Tessa's hair. The second followed, just as wild, landing in a sticky mess across her hair. The rest pulsed out, hot and thick, coating her back in streaks as I thrust through the waves, my cock throbbing on her ass. My knees buckled, my breaths coming in ragged gasps, every muscle trembling with the intensity.

Tessa laughed softly, breathless, her body still trembling under me. "Jesus, Evan... you made a mess," she said, reaching back to touch her hair, her fingers coming away sticky. She glanced over her shoulder, smirking. "You're gonna owe me for the hair."

I chuckled, still dazed, my cock softening inside her. "Worth it," I muttered, leaning back to admire the sight of her—ass up, back arched, my cum glistening on her skin. Jasmine was still asleep, oblivious, and the secrecy of it all made my heart pound all over again.

After wiping the cum off her back, Tessa shifted, pulling her pants back up and climbing into the seat properly, wincing slightly. "Fuck, that was good," she said, her voice low, satisfied. She glanced at Jasmine, then back at me, her eyes glinting. "Think she dreamed about us?"

I grinned, shaking my head. "I hope she did."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Tessa

EXP Gained: +39

Star Rating: 2.9 ★★

Reason: Could've made her

climax more than once

The system was right—Tessa was horny as hell. I could've pushed her further, made her cum two, maybe three times. The thought made my blood hum, but I'd get there. A few more points in Libido and Pleasure, and I'd have her screaming my name non-stop.

For now, though, I was still catching my breath, my body buzzing from the orgasm that had rocked me. My cock was still out, half-hard, glistening in the dim light of the parking lot. Tessa exhaled, a long, satisfied breath, her body slumping slightly in the passenger seat, her ass still red from my handprints.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg

Level: 5

EXP: 395 / 457

She groaned, stretching her arms, then glanced at me, her eyes glinting with that familiar mischief. "Let me clean you up," she said, her voice low, teasing.

She leaned over, her lips wrapping around my cock again, soft and warm. I hissed, oversensitive, as her tongue swirled, lapping up the precum and cum still clinging to me. The sensation was almost too much, the Pleasure boost making every lick feel like a spark. She sucked gently, thorough, until I was clean, then pulled back with a satisfied smirk.

"Thanks," I muttered, my voice rough, still reeling. Tessa grabbed my boxers from where they'd pooled around my thighs, tugging them up with a playful snap of the waistband. I yanked my pants up, fumbling with the zipper, my heart still pounding from

the intensity of it all. Jasmine was still asleep in the back seat, her soft breaths steady, oblivious to the chaos we'd just caused.

Tessa yawned, stretching her arms above her head, her shirt riding up to show a sliver of skin. "Let's go, then," she said, her tone casual now, like we hadn't just fucked in a parked car. "Can you text me the list Kim sent you?"

I grabbed my phone from the center console, my fingers still a little shaky, and sent the list. "Just did."

"Okay," Tessa said, checking her phone. "Then let's get—"

"Huh?" Jasmine's voice cut through, groggy and confused. She stirred in the back seat, rubbing her eyes, her hair a messy halo. "Why did we... stop?"

"Oh, wakey-wakey," Tessa said, glancing at her through the rearview mirror with a grin. "We just got here."

Jasmine yawned, wrinkling her nose. "Ugh... smells like fish," she muttered, then stretched, her shirt shifting slightly. "Alright, then, let's go."

I chuckled, trying to play it cool despite the paranoid jolt in my chest. Fish? Shit, she had no idea. "You can sleep in the car if you want," I offered, keeping my voice steady.

"No, no, I want to buy some stuff here too," Jasmine said, already opening her door. "Come on. Let's go."

Chapter 89: Chapter 89

We climbed out of the car, the cool air of the underground lot hitting my skin. My legs felt a little wobbly, but I locked the car and followed Tessa and Jasmine toward the mall entrance. The glass doors loomed ahead, reflecting the neon glow of the parking lot signs. We passed through the metal detector, its faint beep barely registering, and stepped onto the escalator, the hum of the mall growing louder as we ascended to the first floor.

The first floor was a bustling sprawl of light and sound, shops lining both sides of a wide, polished walkway. Bright storefronts glowed—clothing boutiques with mannequins in trendy fits, a tech store blasting music, a coffee shop packed with people sipping overpriced lattes. The air smelled of pretzels and perfume, the chatter of shoppers mixing with the clink of coins at a nearby arcade. A few stores had sale signs plastered across their windows, drawing crowds. The energy was electric, the kind of place where you could get lost in the chaos of consumerism.

"Alright," I said, glancing at Tessa. "We need to buy a shit ton of alcohol. Then some frozen food."

"Tamba it is, then," Tessa replied, her eyes scanning the directory sign ahead. "I heard they had a discount on booze a few days back. Hope it's still on."

Shit. I needed to buy a dildo. But from where? I couldn't just ask them, Jasmine and Tessa would roast me alive. They'd laugh, make jokes for months, and I'd never hear the end of it. No. That was my secret quest. Solo mission.

We walked up to Tamba, the big supermarket at the corner of the mall. The sliding doors opened with that dry hiss, and the cold air hit us right away.

I pulled out my phone, opening Kim's list. "Alright," I read aloud. "Frozen food, alcohol, sunscreen, snacks, bottled water... and, uh, a few things I can't even pronounce."

"Jesus," Jasmine muttered. "We're not moving in, we're just staying five days."

"And cigarettes," I added. "Five days' worth. Can't forget that."

"You smoke a lot, huh?" Tessa asked.

I looked at her with a half-smirk. "You work as a gas station clerk and then don't smoke like I do. I'll give you a medal if you manage it."

Tessa laughed. "Yeah, fair point."

I grabbed a shopping cart, and the three of us started down the aisles. The place was busy, that kind of dull hum of wheels, chatter, and beeping scanners everywhere.

We stopped by the frozen food section. The air was icy, the shelves bright with LED strips that made everything look too clean.

I tossed five frozen pizzas into the cart. Jasmine grabbed three burger boxes. Tessa, then, went for nuggets.

Jasmine's phone buzzed. She checked it, then frowned.

"Oh," she said. "I set notifications for any news about the Karim case... there's an update."

"What is it?" I asked.

She scrolled for a second. "He told the authorities the one who kidnapped him was a woman. Around five foot two. Maybe shorter. Maybe taller. He's not even sure."

"Damn," I said. "Bet it's one of the women he messed with."

"For sure," Tessa said, shaking her head. "Dumbass had it coming."

We grabbed a few more frozen packs before heading toward the grocery section. Jasmine and Tessa went full mom-mode, arguing about tomatoes like they were picking stocks. I stood behind them, pushing the cart, eyes scanning around, hoping to see an aisle sign like "Dildos! Dildos here!" or something.

No luck. All I saw were detergent shelves, snacks, and a bunch of kids screaming near the candy section. Great. I was sure there had to be some place selling that kind of stuff in this mall, but hell if I knew where.

Once Jasmine and Tessa were done bagging their veggies and fruits, we rolled the cart forward.

"We done?" I asked.

"Yep," Jasmine said. "Now we just need some alcohol and some—"

She stopped mid-sentence as someone stepped in front of me. A woman. Hoodie on, hands tucked deep in her sleeves.

Then she pulled the hood down. Cora.

"Oh," I said, blinking, a little caught off guard. "Cora. Hey."

"H-hey..." Her voice was soft, nervous. "Evan."

She was wearing that same oversized beige hoodie again, sleeves too long, hiding her hands completely. She looked tired. Pale.

"Uh—this is Tessa, and that's Jasmine," I said, gesturing. "Guys, this is Cora."

"Nice to meet you," Jasmine said, giving a polite smile.

"Hey," Tessa added.

Cora just nodded, avoiding eye contact, mumbling a quiet, "N-nice to meet you too."

I nodded. "Hmm... so..."

There was a weird silence. Her lips curved into a shy smile. "I was just... passing by. T-thank you."

Thank me? For what? She was hands down the most awkward girl I'd ever met. But I didn't have the brainpower to think about that right now.

"Y-yeah," I said finally. "We'll, uh... get going. See you around, Cora."

She nodded quickly. "B-bye."

We walked off toward the alcohol aisle. For a few seconds, none of us spoke.

Then Jasmine broke the silence. "Who was she?"

"A girl from the gas station," I said. "She's... a little clumsy. Once dropped a few beer bottles and then somehow tipped over an entire chocolate shelf."

Tessa glanced back over her shoulder. "She looked weird. Dark circles, messy hair, weird vibe."

"Hey," I said. "She's a good girl."

Both of them shot me a look, eyebrows raised. Yeah. I heard how that sounded too.

"Ohhh," Tessa teased. "A 'good girl', huh? First you call us baby, then call me a slut, and you smacked my ass at the car—"

"Tessa," Jasmine said, narrowing her eyes. "Back at where?"

"Nothing," Tessa said quickly. "Anyway. Alcohol. Let's go."

Jasmine frowned but didn't press. "You two hiding something from me?"

"No," I said, smiling. "Trust me."

"Huh. Okay."

We hit the alcohol aisle next. It was chaos, brands everywhere, shelves stacked to the ceiling. Jasmine started adding bottles like she was prepping for a wedding.

"Are we sure about this?" Jasmine asked, holding a whiskey bottle. "My wallet can't take this much booze."

"Don't worry," I said, pulling my card out. "It's on me."

"With your clerk wage?" Tessa said. "Yeah, sure, big spender."

"Trust me," I said, grinning.

She snorted. "Whatever you say, magic boy."

—

I slammed the trunk shut with a solid thunk, the groceries from the store rattling inside like they were settling in for the ride. Hopped into the driver's seat, key already in the ignition, and twisted it over.

Before I could even buckle up, Jasmine piped up from the back, leaning forward between the seats like a kid staking claim. "My turn up front. Scoot over, Tessa."

Tessa rolled her eyes from the passenger side, already halfway in. "Fine, whatever. You're such a child." She climbed out, groaning as she swapped spots, sliding into the back with a huff.

Jasmine beamed, dropping into the front like she'd won a prize, buckling up quick. "Thanks, babe."

I threw it in reverse, easing out of the parking spot with a glance over my shoulder. I Hit the gas light, merging onto the main drag, streetlights flickering on as the sun dipped low.

Jasmine twisted in her seat, eyeing the bags in the back. "Hey—how'd you snag all that stuff? Where'd the cash come from? You rob a bank or something?"

I shot her a sideways grin, one hand loose on the wheel. "You never know... I might be loaded. Rich as fuck. Ever think of that?"

Tessa snorted from the back, kicking her feet up on the seat. "Yeeeah, right. Okay, Mr. Moneybags."

We hit a red light, brakes easing us to a stop. Jasmine turned to stare out her window, chin propped on her fist, watching a couple argue under the awning of a dive bar. Then her gaze dropped lower, snagging on something. She squinted, leaning in close to the edge of the seat. "Wait a sec... is that a cum stain?"

My eyes flicked to the rearview—Tessa's locked on mine, wide and busted, a split-second freeze before we both looked away. Heat crept up my neck.

Jasmine whipped around, jaw dropping. "Oh my god, you two fucked in here while I was knocked out?"

"Yeah," I muttered, rubbing the back of my neck. "Sorry. It... just kinda happened. Heat of the moment, you know?"

She crossed her arms tight over her chest, lips pushing out in a full pout, cheeks puffing like a pissed-off chipmunk. "Unbelievable."

"Sorry," I said again, softer this time, eyes on the light. It flipped green, and I eased through, picking up speed. "Won't happen again. Promise."

Jasmine stewed for a beat, then uncrossed her arms, shooting me a side-eye. "At least you should've woken me up. I could've joined."

Tessa leaned forward, voice dry. "You were out cold, snoring like a chainsaw. We couldn't just shake you awake for that."

"Yeah," I jumped in, chuckling to cut the edge. "Like, 'Hey Jasmine, rise and shine—I need my dick sucked.' That'd be straight-up rude."

She huffed, slumping back. "Whatever. So what'd you guys do, anyway?"

Dead air. I gripped the wheel tighter, focusing on the road. Tessa went quiet too, staring out her window like it held all the answers.

Jasmine twisted fully now, elbows on the console. "Come on, spill. Just tell me."

Tessa sighed, breaking first with a smirk. "Fine. He had me suck him off while he drove. Then we pulled over and fucked. Happy?"

Jasmine shook her head slow, brows shooting up. "You two are the horniest people I know. Straight-up animals."

"Yeah, sorry," I said with a nervous laugh, the sound catching in my throat. Another light ahead, yellow turning red—perfect timing to dodge her stare.

She tilted her head, curiosity winning over the pout. "Okay, but real talk—how'd it feel, Tessa? Giving him head with all those cars whizzing by?"

Tessa's smirk deepened, eyes glinting in the mirror. "Thrilling as hell. Adrenaline rush, the works. Why don't you just try it out?"

Jasmine bit her lip, doubt flickering across her face. She glanced at me, then down to my lap—lingering on the growing bulge in my jeans—then back up, a spark lighting in her eyes. "Nah. I got a better idea."

Chapter 90: Chapter 90

Without a word, she kicked off her sneakers, letting them thump to the floorboard. Peeled off her socks next, slowly, toes flexing free—pale, smooth arches, nails painted a chipped red that somehow looked perfect against her skin.

I stole a peek while pretending to watch the road, and damn—fucking flawless. I wasn't even into feet like that, but hers? Soft curves, that fresh-out-of-shoes warmth... it hit different. Sexy as sin, pulling a low heat straight to my gut.

"Pants off," she said, voice dropping husky, one foot already brushing my thigh. "Now."

Heart kicking up, I scanned for a clear stretch—empty highway ahead, no cops in sight. Fumbled the button on my jeans one-handed, shoving them down with my boxers just enough. My cock sprang free, hard and heavy, slapping against my stomach.

Jasmine didn't waste time. Both feet slid over, soles warm and silky against my shaft—one pressing the base, the other curling over the tip. She stroked slow at first, toes gripping light, then firmer, sliding up and down in a rhythm that had my breath hitching.

"Fuck," I moaned, hips bucking before I could stop it, the wheel jerking a hair. Her skin was so damn soft, the pressure building quick and dirty. "Jasmine... shit, that's..."

"Look at you, already leaking all over my toes. You like my feet that much? Bet you've been staring at 'em all night, huh? Dreaming about wrapping that thick cock between 'em."

I groaned low, knuckles white on the wheel, forcing my eyes to stay mostly on the road even as my hips twitched up into her grip. Her soles were warm from the socks she'd just ditched—soft as fresh linen but with that faint, salty tang of skin that hit me right in the gut. The arch of her foot molded perfect against my length, hugging the vein that ran thick down the side, and every time she flexed her toes, it was like a little shock, pinching just shy of pain.

"Shit, Jasmine... yeah, they're killer. So goddamn soft. Keep—fuck—keep squeezing like that."

From the back, Tessa let out a husky laugh, the kind that said she was done watching from the sidelines. The seat creaked as she leaned forward, her breath hot on my neck before her lips brushed my cheek—soft, wet kisses trailing from jaw to temple, her tongue flicking out to taste the salt on my skin.

"Mmm, listen to you moan like an animal in heat. She's got you good, doesn't she? Driving with your dick out, feet all over it..." Her hand snaked around my shoulder, fingers dancing light over my collarbone, dipping down to tweak a nipple through my shirt—pinch, twist, release—just enough to make my breath stutter.

Jasmine picked up the pace, her feet stroking in tandem now: one sliding up from base to tip in a long, firm drag, the other grinding the underside with quick, fluttering taps from her toes. Pre-cum smeared between her soles, making everything glide slick and filthy, the wet schlick of skin on skin filling the car like a porn soundtrack.

She watched my face the whole time, eyes half-lidded and wicked, that pout from earlier twisted into a smug grin. "Tell me how it feels, Evan. My toes gripping your fat head like that—bet it's better than pussy, isn't it? All warm and tight, just for you. God, you're so hard... throbbing against my arch like you wanna burst already."

"Oh, fuck, it's... too good," I rasped, the wheel jerking a fraction as a semi whooshed past in the other lane, headlights flashing over us like a spotlight on our sin.

"Mm. I bet it is."

Adrenaline spiked through the lust, making my pulse hammer—anyone glancing over could see, if they looked close enough. The thought had me leaking more, a fat drop rolling down my shaft to pool where her big toe pressed into the slit. "Your feet are fucking magic, Jas. That grip... shit, it's got me right on the edge. Squeeze harder—yeah, like that. Fuck, you're gonna make me nut all over your pretty toes."

Tessa's mouth found my ear then, her tongue tracing the shell,, hot and wet, before she nipped the lobe—sharp enough to sting, soft enough to beg for more.

"Look at that cock twitch..." She shifted closer, her free hand slipping down to cup my balls from behind—gentle rolls at first, then a firm tug that had me hissing through my teeth. Her kisses turned sloppier on my cheek, sucking marks into the skin, her breath ragged against me. "Drive faster. I wanna feel you shake while she milks you dry."

Jasmine's laugh was breathy, triumphant, as she adjusted—crossing her ankles now for better angle, trapping my cock in a vise of warm, flexing pressure. She pumped faster, soles clapping light against my thighs with each upstroke, toes splaying wide to rake over the sensitive ridge under the head. The friction built filthy heat, her skin picking up that rosy flush from the effort, a faint sheen of sweat making her grip even slicker.

"Hear that, Tessa? He's shaking already. Poor Evan's fighting so hard not to crash us into a ditch. But fuck, I love it—your cock's so hot between my feet, pulsing like it's got a heartbeat just for me. You wanna cum on 'em? Paint my arches white? Or should I make you hold it, tease that fat tip till you're begging?"

I was gone, head tipping back against the headrest for a split second—bad move, but her feet were relentless, stroking in perfect sync, one foot twisting gentle at the top while the other ground the base like she was trying to wring me out. The car swerved a hair, corrected quick, and I bit back a curse. "Jas... goddamn, you're evil. Yeah, I wanna cum—fuck, anywhere you want. Just don't stop. Your toes on my head like that... shit, it's electric. Squeezing my slit—ah, fuck!" Another drop of pre-cum welled up, and she smeared it with her toe, circling the opening till I bucked hard.

Tessa kissed down my jaw, nipping the stubble, then sucked hard on the hinge—leaving a bruise I'd feel tomorrow. "You're dripping so much, Evan. She's got you sloppy."

The combo was lethal—Tessa's filthy whispers and teasing touches, her tongue now laving broad stripes up my neck, tasting the sweat beading there; Jasmine's feet owning every inch of my cock, alternating pressure like she was reading my twitches.

Slow drag up, fast twist down, then both soles clamping tight for a full-body squeeze that had my thighs quaking. Outside, the world blurred, taillights streaking red, rain starting to speckle the windshield again, but in here, it was just this: feet and mouths and building fire.

"God, Evan, feel how wet you made my soles?" Jasmine taunted, lifting one foot quick to show me—glistening with my pre, toes shiny and spread—before dropping it back, trapping me again.

"Ah..."

She sped up, heels bouncing light on the seat as she jerked me in earnest now, the full length disappearing between her arches with each pass. "Slippery as hell. You're gonna make a mess, aren't you? Shoot that hot load all over my feet, watch it drip down my toes... fuck, I can feel you swelling. Getting close?"

"Jas, I'm—shit, so close. Your feet... they're perfect, gripping me like a fucking vice. Harder, yeah—fuck, just like that."

Tessa's arm looped around my chest, holding me steady as my hips started thrusting up wild into Jasmine's grip, chasing the friction. "Cum for her feet, Evan."

Jasmine's eyes locked on mine, dark and hungry, her breaths coming quick as she poured everything into it—feet pistoning now, soles slapping audible against my skin, toes curling to pinch and release the head in rapid-fire teases. "That's it, fuck my feet harder. You love it, don't you? Cum now—give it to me, Evan. Drench 'em."

The edge rushed up too fast—white-hot, unstoppable. My groan ripped raw from my chest, body locking as the first pulse hit, cock jerking violent between her soles. "Fuck—Jas, I'm cumming! Oh... OH SHIT!"

She didn't miss a beat. As the thick ropes started spurting—hot, endless jets arcing up—Jasmine leaned forward quick, twisting at the waist, her mouth diving in like she'd planned it all along. Her lips sealed around the head of my cock just as the second wave hit, tongue swirling frantic to catch every drop, sucking hard while her feet kept stroking the shaft below.

I bucked wild, the wheel forgotten in the haze, Tessa's hands pinning my shoulders as she peppered my face with open-mouthed kisses—cheek, jaw, corner of my mouth—her tongue darting out to lick the sweat from my upper lip.

But Jasmine wasn't done. She pushed deeper, throat relaxing as she took me inch by inch, her mouth sliding down to the base in one greedy plunge—nose burying in my pubes, lips stretched wide around me. The suction pulled everything out, her gulps audible and desperate, throat working visible around the thick column of my cock. She swallowed once, twice, three times—milking me dry with that hot, fluttering pull, not a

drop wasted. Her feet stayed locked on my thighs, toes flexing idle now, smearing the remnants of pre-cum like a claim.

Tessa moaned soft against my ear, her licks turning lazy, affectionate, as the aftershocks rippled through me. "Holy shit, look at her go. Swallowing you whole... greedy girl." She nipped my cheek one last time, settling back with a satisfied hum, her hand stroking soothing circles on my chest.