

# **The Heart System #Chapter 91 - Read The Heart System Chapter 91**

## **Chapter 91: Chapter 91**

Jasmine held me there a beat longer, tongue laving broad and thorough over the underside, cleaning every vein, every ridge, until I softened enough to slip free with a wet pop. She sat up slow, lips glossy and swollen, a thin string of cum bridging from her mouth to my tip before she licked it away. Her grin was pure sin, eyes sparkling as she wiped her chin with the back of her hand. "Mmm... wasted nothing. Tastes even better straight from the source. You okay up there, Evan? Or did my feet and throat break you?"

I slumped against the seat, chest heaving, the car coasting steady on autopilot while my brain caught up. The road hummed under the tires, rain pattering harder now, but inside? Pure, wrecked bliss. "Fuck... you two are gonna kill me. But what a way to go."

Well, that was my first time getting a footjob. My thoughts? Straight-up perfect. Again, I wasn't into that kind of stuff—not really. Feet were just feet, you know? But when it was these two... damn. Jasmine's soft arches on me like that, Tessa's hot breath and dirty talk in my ear—it flipped some switch I didn't know I had. Left me drained, buzzing, and already half-hard thinking about round two. The car smelled like sex and rain now, windows fogging up slow as I gripped the wheel, trying to play it cool while my heart still hammered.

The highway curved gentle around the next exit, strip malls flickering by in the dash glow—gas stations, fast food, the usual late-night traps. Then, tucked in the shadow of a flickering neon sign, there it was: a sex shop, squatting low and unapologetic at the corner. "Paradise Toys" or some shit, the window blacked out with privacy film, just a pink outline of lips glowing electric against the brick.

I gulped hard, throat clicking dry. The quest popped back in my head uninvited.

"Uh, gotta hit the head," I said, voice casual as I could fake it, flicking the blinker and easing toward the off-ramp. "Pulling over quick."

Jasmine stretched in the front, toes still bare and tempting on the dash. "Cool. Don't take forever—I'm starving back here."

Tessa leaned up from the back, smirking like she could read my flush. "Yeah, hurry it up, champ. Unless you're jacking off in the bushes."

I forced a laugh, scanning for a spot. Spotted a dingy little diner lot across the street—closed this late, but dark enough to blend. Eased the car in way further back than

needed, killing the engine under a busted streetlamp. "If anything pops off, just yell. Phone's on loud."

"Got it," Jasmine said, already scrolling her phone. "We'll survive."

I hopped out quickly, door thudding shut behind me. Legs felt loose, post-nut wobble still there as I zipped my jacket and cut left—long way around the block, weaving past a dumpster and chain-link fence so the girls wouldn't clock me dipping into sin central. Heart thumped steady, palms itching. Few minutes of dodging puddles and I rounded the corner, the shop's sign buzzing faint overhead. Exhaled sharp, pushed the door.

The bell jingled soft, like it was in on the secret. Inside hit different—warmer than expected, air thick with that faint rubber-and-lube scent, lights dimmed low to purple LEDs that washed everything in a hazy glow. Racks lined the walls floor-to-ceiling: shelves crammed with vibrators in every shape, from slim bullets that looked like lipsticks to monster wands humming on demo mode.

Dildos hung in rows—silicone cocks of all colors, some veined and realistic, others twisted wild like alien tech, suction cups dangling for wall play. Lingerie dripped from hooks: lace teddies, crotchless panties in fishnet black, nipple clamps glinting silver next to feather ticklers. Back corner had the heavy hitters—bondage kits with cuffs and collars, fleshlights molded like porn stars, bottles of lube stacked high in warming gels and flavored shit. A whole aisle for women's stuff: rabbit vibes with clitoral ticklers, strap-ons with harnesses that screamed power play, anal plugs graduating from pinky-sized to fist-thick.

Up front, a desk curved like a bar, cluttered with flyers and a tip jar shaped like a boob. Behind it sat the woman—mid-thirties maybe, belly round and full under a loose black tank, dark skin glowing smooth under the lights, long blonde braids cascading down her back like she'd braided in sunshine. Pregnant as hell, but owning it: feet kicked up on a stool, one hand rubbing idle circles on her bump, the other flipping through a magazine. She looked up sharp, smile easy and knowing, like she'd sized me up in one blink.

"Evening, sugar," she said, voice warm with a faint Southern lilt, setting the mag aside. "Layla. What can I do you for?"

I cleared my throat, hands shoved deep in my pockets to hide the fidget. "Uh, hey. Just... need a dildo. Nothing fancy."

Her brows lifted playful, but she didn't blink. "Straight to the point—I like that. For yourself, or your partner?"

"Partner," I mumbled, eyes flicking to a rack of butt plugs just to avoid hers. Heat crawled up my neck; felt like a kid caught swiping candy.

"Mm-hmm." She eased off the stool, waddling a touch but steady, rounding the desk to a glass case of display toys. "Alright, let's narrow it. Batteries or plug-in? She's new to this, or got some experience?"

"Batteries, I guess? Don't... really know." Shit, why'd I say that? My sneakers scuffed the carpet, gaze stuck on a glittery purple vibe that looked too happy for its job.

Layla chuckled low, pulling a few options onto the counter—smooth ones, ridged ones, all lined up like suspects in a lineup. "Fair enough. Thickness? Girth matters for comfort—too skinny, and it's like poking with a pencil; too girthy, and you're in for a ride. We're talking inches here.

I swallowed, staring at the silicone like it might bite. "Hell if I know—first time grabbing one of these."

She paused, head tilting as she clocked the red creeping to my ears. Then her grin widened, teasing but kind, like an aunt ribbing you at Thanksgiving. "Aw, honey, you're cute when you squirm. Bet you're picturing it right now, aren't you? Her moaning your name while this thing buzzes away. Don't sweat—most guys come in here looking like they're about to bolt for the door. What's the story? Girlfriend send you on a booty run?"

"Yeah, sorry," I said, rubbing my neck with a half-laugh that came out strangled. "I don't know jack about this stuff. She just said 'surprise me' and... yeah. Here I am, sweating bullets over rubber dicks. Feels weird as hell."

Layla's laugh rang easy, hand waving it off as she scooped up a pink one from the pile—seven inches straight, veined subtle, a soft curve at the tip, base flared wide for grip. Looked solid, not intimidating, skin-toned silicone that flexed just right in her palm. "This one's a crowd-pleaser. Realistic feel, good suction if she wants wall fun, and the vibe's got seven speeds—starts whisper-quiet, ramps to 'wake the neighbors.' Won't overwhelm her, but it'll get the job done. Thirty bucks, batteries included."

I nodded quick, fishing out my wallet like it burned. "Sold. That'll... do it."

She rang it up smooth, sliding it into a plain black bag with a wink. "Good luck, champ. Tell her to start slow—lube's your best friend. And hey, if it flops, bring it back. We've got returns on toys."

"Really?"

"Hey, all for our customers."

"Thanks," I muttered, awkward as a handshake with an ex, snatching the bag and bolting for the door before more questions hit. Bell jingled again behind me, cool air slapping my face like freedom.

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Quest Completed

Title: Stick

Reward: 50 EXP  
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Finally, this damn quest was over. Phew.  
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Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 72 kg  
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Level: 5

EXP: 406 / 457  
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The traffic had been brutal. By the time we reached the summer house, the clock read eight. The sun was long gone, dark clouds churning overhead while drizzle tapped softly against the windshield.

I eased the car into the front garden and yanked up the handbrake. Jasmine was still half-asleep in the passenger seat, shoes on the floor, while Tessa sat in the back, hunched over her phone.

When she finally looked up and saw the house, her eyes widened. The phone went straight into her pocket.

"Wow," she breathed. "This is... wow."

"Right?" I grinned. "Massive."

Jasmine stirred with a groggy yawn. "Oh... we're here already?"

"Yup," I said. "Come on."

She rubbed her eyes, turned her head, and froze. "Holy crap. Whoa."

I chuckled, got out, and went around to pop the trunk. The girls climbed out, stretching their legs. Just then, the front door swung open and Kim appeared, one hand on the frame, the other waving.

"Welcome!" she called. "Dinner's ready. You guys are late."

"Hey!" Jasmine called back. "This house is huuuge!"

"It is," Kim laughed. "Wait till you see inside."

## **Chapter 92: Chapter 92**

We grabbed the bags and headed up the steps. The moment we stepped inside, the smell hit—warm food, butter, herbs. The dining table was already packed: steaming bowls of pasta, roasted chicken glistening under the light, a salad that actually looked edible, and a few bottles of wine breathing beside the plates.

Jasmine and Tessa immediately went to greet Kim—cheek kisses, hugs, the usual cheerful noise that fills a quiet house fast.

I dropped the bags by the door.

"Let's eat first," Kim said. "We can deal with the luggage later."

"Yeah, I'm starving," Jasmine groaned. "Let me put the frozen stuff in the fridge first."

"I'll help," I said.

"I'll set the table," Kim added, glancing upstairs. "Tom! Get down here and greet our guests!"

A voice echoed from above. Tom leaned over the railing, phone pressed to his ear. "Welcome! I'm on with my mom—be down in a sec!"

Jasmine and Tessa waved up at him before getting back to it. Tessa went to help Kim with plates while Jasmine and I started hauling frozen bags to the fridge.

My lower back protested with every step. After hours of sitting behind the wheel, every muscle ached.

Jasmine and I got to work stacking frozen food in the fridge. I stayed by the door, loading shelves, while she passed me stuff from the bags one by one.

"Here," she said, handing over a pizza box. "And another."

"Got it."

She crouched to grab another bag—black, smaller than the rest—and frowned. "Huh. I don't remember packing this one."

My stomach dipped. Oh, shit. It had the dildo in it.

Before she could open it, I stepped in and snatched it gently from her hands. "Ah, that's mine," I said quickly. "Just... my stuff."

Jasmine arched a brow. "Your stuff?"

"Yeah," I muttered, forcing a laugh. "Toothbrush, charger, all that boring crap."

She eyed me for a second longer, clearly unconvinced but not interested enough to push it. "Uh-huh."

We went back to unpacking like nothing happened. I shoved the last few frozen meals into the fridge and closed the door. When I looked over, Kim and Tessa had already finished setting the table—plates, glasses, and steaming dishes spread out neatly.

"Let's eat," I said, stretching my arms. "I'm starving."

They gathered around the table just as Tom came downstairs, phone finally tucked away. He dropped into a chair beside Kim with a tired grin.

"Sorry, Mom talks forever," he said.

Kim just shook her head and poured everyone a glass of wine. "She worries too much. Now eat before it gets cold."

The first few minutes were all clinking cutlery and quiet groans of appreciation.

"God, this is good," Tessa said through a mouthful. "How long did this take you to make?"

"Couple of hours," Kim replied. "Traffic?"

"Don't get me started," I said. "We hit a jam right outside the city. Thought we'd rot in that car."

Jasmine rolled her eyes. "He's exaggerating. But yeah, it was bad."

"Rain didn't help either," Tessa added. "Felt like we were moving backward."

Tom chuckled. "Welcome to the coast roads."

The table eased into warm chatter and laughter, the kind that comes easy when everyone's just glad to finally stop moving.

Plates clinked and the smell of roasted meat and herbs filled the air. Kim had really gone all out—grilled chicken, buttery potatoes, a couple of salads, even some kind of creamy soup that made the whole place smell like comfort.

I took a sip of wine. Smooth, a little dry, but it hit just right after the long drive. Across from me, Jasmine leaned back in her chair, swirling her glass before taking a slow drink. Tessa had already gone for seconds, piling potatoes like she hadn't eaten in a week.

"God, I needed this," Jasmine said, sighing. "My legs are numb from sitting so long."

"Your legs?" I said. "My ass went into hibernation halfway here."

That got a laugh from everyone. Even Kim cracked a grin before setting her glass down. "I heard something weird today," she said. "You guys saw that case on the news? The Karim guy?"

Jasmine perked up. "Oh yeah. I've got alerts set up for it."

Kim nodded. "Well, apparently he told the cops the one who kidnapped him was a woman. About five foot two, maybe shorter."

Jasmine frowned, fork paused mid-air. "Yeah. I wonder if he is telling the truth."

"That's what they're saying," Kim said, shrugging. "Crazy, right? I thought it was just some gang thing."

"Maybe he's lying," I muttered. "Wouldn't be the first time some creep blamed a woman to save face."

Tessa rolled her eyes. "If it's one of the girls he messed with, good for her. Guy was a walking lawsuit."

Jasmine snorted, sipping her wine. "Still wild, though. Imagine kidnapping that idiot."

Tom leaned back, glass in hand. "People snap. You never know what pushes them over."

The rain started tapping against the windows, soft but steady, while everyone went back to eating—passing plates, sipping wine, trading stories about the drive and the weather. It felt like the world outside was miles away, just the six of us, the clatter of cutlery, and the warm hum of voices.

The rain had thickened into a curtain, fast and heavy. It drummed against the wide windows like fingertips on glass, scattering reflections of candlelight across the table. Outside, the trees bent with each gust of wind, their dark shapes swaying like restless ghosts. Inside, it was warm, with the smell of roasted chicken and wine still hanging in the air.

"Can you believe they don't let us keep pets?" Kim said, half-pouting. "Not even a cat. I wanted a damn turtle, and they refused it!"

Jasmine laughed, shaking her head. "Yeah. A cat sounds nice."

"Yeah," I agreed. "But hey, they are so needy."

"As if you aren't," Jasmine replied with a wink, then I cleared my throat.

Their laughter mixed with the crackle of the fireplace, low and warm. I leaned back, took another sip of wine, and felt it buzz faintly in my chest. For the first time in a long time, everything felt calm. No quests, no stress—just rain, warmth, and good food.

When my plate was empty, I wiped my hands on a napkin and stood. "Gonna grab a smoke," I said, slipping the cigarette between my lips. "This meal was just... wow."

Kim smiled. "Glad you liked it."

The kitchen was only a few steps away—open plan, same light spilling in from the dining area. I leaned near the counter, flicked the lighter, and watched the flame dance before catching the tip. The first drag hit deep, easing something tight in my chest. I cracked the window open just enough for the smoke to escape. Rain rushed in with a hiss, the wind sharp, cold. Trees outside were thrashing like waves.

From where I stood, I could still see the others—Tom had joined them now, talking, laughing, Kim topping off everyone's glass. Tessa's voice rose and fell above the others, while Jasmine just smirked, chin on her hand.

I smoked until the cigarette burned low, watching outside for a bit, then flicked it out the window and shut it again, sealing the warmth back in.

When I turned, they'd already moved to the living room. The fire was going strong, filling the place with a soft glow that brushed against the walls and carpet. I walked over, sinking into the couch beside Jasmine. The cushions dipped slightly under my weight, the faint smell of her shampoo drifting close as the rain hammered the roof above us.



Kim clapped her hands, grin wide as she popped up from the couch. "Alright, let's wine up more."

"Beer for me," I said, sinking deeper into the cushions, legs kicked out. "Wine's not my deal."

Tessa snorted, slumping against the armrest, her shoulder brushing mine as she shook her head. "You've got that sad-ass detective vibe—smoking, staring out a rainy window, probably muttering some deep shit to yourself. It's intense, dude."

I let out a low chuckle, tipping the beer bottle in her direction. "That's a solid vibe, right?"

"Ehh, not really," Jasmine piped up from the other end of the couch. "Kinda brooding, but whatever floats your boat."

"Hey, I'm into it," Kim said, tossing me a wink as she sauntered to the fridge. "Detectives are hot. All that mystery and grit."

Tom, sprawled in the armchair, squinted at me like he was trying to crack a code. "Hold up, man. Did you do something to your face? Swear you looked different last time I saw you."

I shrugged, playing it off with a sip of beer. "Just skincare. And, uh, keeping an eye on my weight. You know, staying sharp."

Jasmine sighed, poking at her stomach. "Yeah, I need to get on that. Kim, that dessert you made? Had me running an hour straight to burn it off."

Kim strutted back, a cold beer in one hand, wine bottle swinging in the other. "Girl, you gotta let yourself have cheat days. Live a little." She handed me the beer, our fingers brushing for a second longer than they needed to, her eyes catching mine with a quick, knowing glint.

I leaned back, took a long pull from the bottle, and yawned wide. Early as it was, the day had me beat—driving all over town on those busted-ass roads that rattled the car like a tin can. This ride wasn't built for that shit, and my back was screaming about it.

Then it hit me, like a notification nobody asked for:

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Quest Available

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Title: Easy Does It

Task: Have a foursome

Reward: 120 EXP

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Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

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## Chapter 93: Chapter 93

A foursome? What the actual fuck? My brain short-circuited, beer halfway to my lips. Jasmine and Tessa were already down for wild shit—hell, they'd just tag-teamed me in the car like it was no big deal. But Kim? She'd probably laugh, say "what the fuck," and tell us to get lost. And where? We were in the middle of nowhere. No way she'd go for it.

But damn, 120 experience points? That was a fat reward, dangling like a carrot I couldn't ignore. My pulse kicked up, part nerves, part something dirtier, the beer doing a shit job of keeping me chill.

Tom's phone buzzed loud, cutting through the room's hum. He sighed, hauling himself up. "Gotta take this—Mom again. Sorry, guys."

"Everything cool?" Tessa asked, tilting her head, concern flickering in her eyes.

"Yeah, just... personal stuff." Tom's voice was tight, like he was carrying more than he let on. "I'll be upstairs. Won't be long."

"No worries," I said, nodding toward his glass on the table. "Hey, you forgot your drink."

He doubled back from the stairs, snagged the glass with a quick "thanks," and gave me a small nod before heading up. Footsteps thumped, then a door clicked shut. Whatever was going on with his mom sounded heavy. Poor dude.

And just like that, I was alone with three absolute stunners. Never thought I'd land in a spot like this—felt like some fever-dream fantasy, not real life. My blood was humming, the beer loosening me up, that quest notification still burning a hole in my brain.

I took another swig, the cold beer grounding me as my mind raced. A foursome? No way I could just pitch that without it blowing up. Kim wasn't like the other two—she'd need convincing, or at least some serious charm. But the way she kept catching my eye, that spark in her smile... maybe she wasn't as far out of reach as I thought. I shifted on the couch, trying to play it cool while my dick was already half-awake, traitorous bastard.

"So," Kim said, breaking the silence, her voice light but with an edge that made my spine straighten. "You surviving out here, Evan? Or you missing the city already?"

I grinned, leaning forward, elbows on my knees. "Surviving? Barely. These roads are trash, and this cabin's got me feeling like I'm in a horror flick. But you three? Making it real easy to stick around."

Jasmine's laugh cut through the haze, sharp and a little slurred. "Smooth talker, ain't he?" she purred, leaning back, her foot nudging Kim's thigh. "I taught him that."

"And me," Tessa giggled, her head lolling against my shoulder, wine glass tipping dangerous in her hand. "Right, magic boy?"

Shit. The alcohol was running their mouths now. In the car, we'd sworn to keep our thing under wraps—no spilling to Kim about the wild shit we'd pulled. But here they were, flapping lips like it was open mic night. Worse, they had no clue I was banging Kim too—right in front of Tom, no less. My stomach twisted. I had to shut this down before Kim caught wise or the whole house turned into a soap opera.

"Yeah, yeah," I said, feeling Kim's drunk eyes boring into me like lasers. I raised my beer, voice forced light. "Let's just drink, huh? Chill vibes only."

"Drink we... drink," Tessa mumbled, words sloppy, her free hand waving like she was conducting an orchestra. "This wine's so damn good."

Jasmine nodded, her laugh bubbling up too loud. "It is! It's... winederful." She cackled at her own pun, nearly spilling her glass on the couch.

I shook my head, dragging both hands down my face. There went my shot at that quest. Foursome? Fucking pipe dream now. I wasn't some knight in shining armor, but no way was I touching drunk girls—too messy, too wrong. Goddamn, if that quest had popped up earlier, maybe I'd have had a chance to steer things smooth. Now? Just a room full of tipsy giggles and bad decisions waiting to happen.

The conversation drifted, sloppy and aimless—Jasmine ranting about some TikTok drama, Tessa trying to explain why cats were better than dogs but losing her train of thought halfway through. Kim kept topping off her wine, her cheeks flushed, eyes glassy but sharp when they flicked my way. Then, out of nowhere, Jasmine leaned forward, grinning like a kid with a secret.

"Y'know, Kim," she slurred, pointing a wobbly finger at her. "In your car? Evan got a footjob from me. Like, full-on, toes and all. Right on your seat."

Kill me.

Kim's jaw dropped, wine glass freezing halfway to her lips. "Wait, what? In my car?"

I choked on my beer, coughing hard. "Jas, what the hell—"

Tessa cackled, sprawling back on the couch, one leg kicking up. "Oh, yeah. We've had threesomezz with him, Kim. Like, all the time. Evan's fingers? Goddamn magic. Made me cum, like, ten times in five minutes. Swear his hands should be illegal."

"Girls, enough," I snapped, voice tight, heat crawling up my neck. My jeans were already feeling snug, their words hitting like a match to dry grass. "You all are drunk. Chill."

Kim's eyes narrowed, but her lips curled slow, like she was in on a game I hadn't clocked yet. She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, wine sloshing a little. "Hold up. Evan, you didn't tell me you were playing with them. Meanwhile, you've been fucking me raw—right in front of Tom, too. Like when you get all rough, pinning me down, making me scream your name. I'm into that shit."

My dick twitched hard, betraying me as the room spun hotter, their words piling like kindling. Jasmine's eyes went wide, Tessa's mouth hung open, and for a second, the air crackled with something new—something dangerous. I shifted, trying to hide the growing bulge, heart slamming. "Okay, let's pump the brakes—"

But Kim wasn't done. She leaned back, smirking, her voice dropping low. "Y'know, we're all here. No Tom, no rules. Just us... and you. Ever thought about it? All of us, tangled up, sweaty, making this shitty cabin something to remember?"

Jasmine's grin turned wicked, catching the vibe like a spark. "Oh, shit, yeah. Can you imagine? All three of us on you, Evan. Hands, mouths... everything."

Tessa hiccuped, giggling, but her eyes were half-lidded, already drifting. "Mmm, bet he'd love it. Our boy's got stamina..."

I swallowed hard, cock straining now, the quest flashing in my head like a taunt—120 EXP, so close I could taste it. They were circling the idea, not quite saying it, but the heat in their stares screamed foursome. My brain screamed back: they're drunk, dumbass.

"Y'all are smashed," I said, voice rough, trying to laugh it off. "Why couldn't you pitch this when you were sober? Fucking drunkards."

Kim laughed, low and throaty, setting her glass down. Then, slow as sin, she grabbed her own tits through her tank top, squeezing them together, nipples poking through the fabric. "Sober, drunk, whatever. Let's have some fun, Evan. You, me, them... let's make a mess."

Jasmine slid closer, her hand landing hot on my thigh, fingers inching toward my crotch. "Come on, big guy. Fuck us. Take us. You know you want to—pin us down, make us beg for that dick."

I groaned low, head tipping back, the room spinning with their voices and the beer buzzing in my veins. But then I glanced at Tessa—sprawled across the other couch, eyes closed, soft snores already slipping out. Dead to the world.

Jasmine caught it too, her laugh sharp and wobbly. "Oh, shit, Tessa's out!" She pushed up, trying to stumble toward her, but her legs betrayed her—knees buckling, body tipping hard. I lunged, catching her just before her head cracked the coffee table, arms hooked under hers.

"Whoa, easy, Jas."

She giggled, limp in my grip, as I eased her down to the floor, propping her against the couch. Her head lolled, eyes fluttering shut, a sloppy smile still on her lips. "You're... blegh."

Kim sighed, slumping back, her hands falling from her chest. "Aw, damn. Everyone's passing out. Evan, you're so boring. Could've been epic."

I didn't bite, just shook my head, chest tight with a mix of relief and frustration. No way I was touching this—not like this. They were too far gone, and my conscience wasn't that flexible. I stood, legs stiff, and headed for the kitchen, muttering, "Gonna grab some air."

The kitchen window squeaked as I shoved it open, cool night breeze cutting through the booze haze. I fished a smoke from my pocket, lit it quick, and took a deep drag, the burn grounding me. Leaning on the counter, I replayed the night in my head—Jasmine's feet, Tessa's tongue, Kim's dirty confession, that almost-offer of a foursome. My dick was still half-hard, pissed at me for walking away, but my head was clear. No drunk hookups. Not my style. The quest could wait—120 EXP wasn't worth crossing that line.

The cigarette burned down fast, ash flicked into the sink. I stubbed it out, exhaling long, and trudged back to the living room. Kim and Jasmine were out cold now, sprawled on the floor like a pair of toppled mannequins—Kim curled on her side, one arm flung over Jasmine, who was snoring soft, her legs tangled in a throw blanket. Empty wine glasses and my beer bottle littered the table, the room heavy with the sweet-sour stink of alcohol and fading tension.

I stood there a minute, watching them sleep, the weight of the night settling heavy. Quest or no quest, I'd dodged a bullet. But damn, the what if still lingered, hot and sharp.

"Come on, girls," I muttered, exhaling hard. "Let's get you to your rooms."

## Chapter 94: Chapter 94

I crouched next to Kim first, her head lolled to one side, lips parted, one arm slung across Jasmine's waist. She looked peaceful, but that tank top was riding up, and I remembered her griping once over drinks—how she hated sleeping in her bra, said it dug into her ribs and made her tits ache by morning.

I slid my arms under her—one behind her shoulders, the other under her knees—and lifted her easy, her weight soft and warm against my chest. She mumbled something incoherent, breath hot with wine, but didn't stir.

"Wonder which room is yours..."

The stairs groaned under my boots as I carried her up, the wood worn smooth from years of use. At the top, I nudged open the first door I saw with my elbow. The room was small, bare-bones: a double bed with a lumpy mattress, faded blue quilt tossed messy over it, a single lamp on a rickety nightstand casting a dull yellow glow. One window, blinds half-drawn, showed nothing but black outside. Smelled like dust and old wood, but it'd do.

"This'll do."

I laid Kim gentle on the bed, her head sinking into the pillow. Her tank top shifted, straps slipping, and I hesitated for half a second before reaching under, fingers careful as I unhooked her bra through the fabric. Kept it quick, clinical, sliding it off without pulling her shirt too far—last thing I needed was her waking up thinking I was perving. The bra hit the floor, and she sighed soft, like the relief was instant, her chest rising easier under the loose cotton. I pulled the quilt over her, tucking it around her shoulders, and stepped back.

Back downstairs, Tessa was still slumped on the couch, one leg dangling off, her skirt rucked up to her thigh. I shook my head, grinning despite myself—she'd probably roast me for passing out mid-party if she remembered. I scooped her up same as Kim, her head lolling against my shoulder, wine-sweet breath fanning my neck. She was lighter than I expected, all long limbs and soft curves. The stairs creaked again as I carried her up, trying the next door down the hall.

I cracked it open, and, shit, there was Tom, sprawled face-down on a bed, snoring loud enough to wake the birds outside. His glass sat empty on the nightstand, phone glowing faint beside it. No way I was dumping Tessa in there. I eased the door shut, quiet as I could, and tried the next one.

"Jesus. How many more rooms does this giant ass house have?"

Another room, near-identical to Kim's: one bed with a sagging mattress, a gray comforter bunched at the foot, a single bulb overhead throwing stark shadows. No frills, just a scratched-up dresser and a window with a crack in the pane. Good enough.

I set Tessa down carefully, her hair fanning dark across the pillow. She muttered something—sounded like "fuckin'... baghh," and rolled onto her side, already gone again.

Back downstairs, Jasmine was still on the floor, curled small under the blanket, one foot sticking out like a kid who'd kicked off the covers. I crouched, slid my arms under her, and hoisted her up. She was warm, heavier than Tessa but still easy to carry, her head tucking into the crook of my neck like she belonged there. Her breath hitched, a soft snore buzzing against my collarbone as I hauled her up the stairs, pushing open the last door.

This room was a twin of the others: one bed, thin mattress, a quilt that looked like it'd seen better days, a nightstand with a wobbly leg. Moonlight leaked through a gap in the curtains, painting the floorboards silver. I laid Jasmine down gentle, her hair spilling wild across the pillow, lips parted as she sighed in her sleep. I started to pull away, ready to head back down, when her hand shot out, fingers wrapping loose around my wrist.

"Evan, you..." she slurred, words thick and sloppy, eyes barely cracking open. "Are a good persssson."

I chuckled low, warmth spreading in my chest despite the drunken ramble. "Yeah, sure, Jas." I eased her hand off, giving it a soft pat, then leaned down and pressed a quick kiss to her forehead—nothing heavy, just a goodnight. "Sleep tight."

"Night," she mumbled, already sinking deeper, her hand flopping to the mattress.

I stepped back, closing the door soft behind me. Downstairs, the living room was a ghost town—empty glasses, a spilled chip bowl, the faint stink of wine hanging in the air. Each girl was safe, tucked away, out like lights. Guess it was my turn to crash, but every room was taken. Couch it was, then. The lumpy one by the window looked like my best bet.

I grabbed a spare blanket from the armchair, kicked off my boots, and stretched out, the springs creaking under me. My head was still spinning—not from the beer, but from the night. Jasmine's feet, Tessa's tongue, Kim's dirty talk, that quest taunting me with 120 EXP I didn't earn.

Tomorrow was a new day. Maybe I'd get another shot at that quest—sober, clear-headed, no lines crossed. For now, I closed my eyes, letting the weight of the night pull me under.

—



Thunder cracked loud outside, jolting me awake like a slap. My eyes snapped open, the couch springs digging into my back, a stiff neck screaming from the awkward angle. Rain hammered the roof, wind howling through the cracks in the cabin walls. I groaned, rubbing my face, the blanket tangled around my legs. Morning? Felt like the storm had rolled in overnight, turning the world outside into a gray mess.

I swung my legs off the couch and shuffled to the kitchen window. Sheets of rain slashing sideways, trees bending like they might snap, leaves whipping through the air like confetti in a hurricane. Visibility was shit, the lake out back churning whitecaps under the downpour. No way anyone was going out in that crap today.

The fireplace had died sometime in the night, embers cold and gray in the grate, the room chill as hell. Or... not hell... Whatever.

I headed over, crouching low. Grabbed a couple logs from the stack by the hearth—dry oak, split rough—and stacked 'em crisscross in the firebox, kindling underneath from the basket of twigs and newspaper wads. Struck a match, held it to the paper till flames licked up, then blew gentle to feed the kindling. Watched the fire catch, flames dancing hungry over the wood, crackling as it built heat. Good enough to chase the damp away.

Pulled out my phone: 10 AM. Bright as day on the screen, but everyone else was probably still sawing logs, nursing hangovers.

"Man... what a night it was," I muttered, exhaling slow. "I hope the girls don't remember what they talked about."

Then, laughter floated down from upstairs—bright, muffled, like a secret spilling over.

"Jasmine?" I called out, craning my neck. "You guys up?"

No answer, just more giggles, quick and hushed.

I headed up the stairs, wood creaking under my weight, the storm's rumble shaking the whole place. The laughter was coming from the room I'd put Jasmine in last night—sharp bursts, like they were holding back.

Stopped in front of the door, knocked light. "You good in there?"

"Oh, Evan? Uh, yeah yeah," Jasmine's voice came through, laced with a grin I could hear. "Didn't think you'd wake up this early."

"I... did. Why?"

"You weren't supposed to be awake." She said it like a tease, holding back another laugh.



"Oh... again, why?"

"Just... give me a minute." A pause, rustling sounds, then: "For yesterday, we decided you earned a gift."

"What did I do yesterday?"

"You didn't... take us up on that deal and have... you know, sex with us." She replied. "And you actually carried our asses upstairs."

"That's called being a dude with common sense." I shrugged, even though she couldn't see it. "Anyway, I'm about to make some scrambled eggs. You want some with—"

"Alright," Jasmine said, exhaling like she'd made up her mind. "Come in. Your gifts are ready."

I arched one eyebrow, hand on the knob. "My gifts?"

I pushed the door open, and holy shit. Gift? That was the understatement of the century.

Kim, Jasmine, and Tessa stood there, lined up like a fantasy I didn't dare dream up. Each one was wrapped in red gift wrap—shiny, crinkly strips of it, tied around them like the world's sexiest prank. The wraps hugged their curves just enough to cover the essentials: thin bands crisscrossing their tits, barely hiding stiff nipples poking through, and slender strips diving between their thighs, clinging tight to their pussies, leaving nothing but smooth skin and heat on either side.

Kim's wrap was knotted loose at her hips, a bow dangling low like it was begging to be pulled. Jasmine's was tighter, cinched around her chest so her breasts spilled out the sides, the red contrasting her pale skin like fire on snow. Tessa's had a big, sloppy bow right over her crotch, the ends trailing down her thighs, teasing every step she took.

Their bodies gleamed under the dim bedroom light—sweat or lotion or just pure lust making them glow. Hair loose, eyes glinting, lips wet and parted. They were a fucking vision, and my cock was rock-hard in my jeans before I could blink.

"Are you gonna just stand there?" Jasmine purred, her voice all honey and smoke, one hip cocked to make the wrap shift, flashing a sliver of skin near her pussy. "Come on, Evan. Open your gifts."

"H-holy shit," I stammered, throat dry, pulse hammering like the thunder outside. My dick strained so hard it hurt, tenting my pants obvious as hell.

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I took a step forward, legs shaky. Kim slid to my left, her hand snaking around my waist, fingers digging in just above my belt, pulling my hip against her bare thigh. Tessa mirrored her on my right, her touch bolder, nails grazing my side as she pressed her chest to my arm, the crinkle of her gift wrap loud in the quiet.

Jasmine, front and center, grabbed my collar with one hand, began walking toward the bed with a grin that promised trouble. Her wrap shifted, one strip slipping to flash a peek of her nipple, pink and hard, before she tugged it back with a teasing wink.

"Hope you're ready," Kim whispered, her lips brushing my ear, hot breath sending a shiver straight to my groin. Her hand slid lower, cupping my cock through my jeans, squeezing firm enough to make me hiss. "Because we're not stopping till you're spent."

Tessa leaned in on the other side, her fingers stroking slow over the bulge, matching Kim's rhythm, her touch lighter but just as filthy. "Yeah, Evan," she murmured, voice low and rough. "You'll be ours till we can't walk straight. Gonna fuck you dry."

"Come on," Jasmine said, stopping when we were close to the bed. "Open your gifts."

My throat clicked as I swallowed hard, the sight of them... Kim, Jasmine, Tessa—wrapped in those flimsy red ribbons frying every rational thought. My cock was already straining, a steel rod in my jeans, begging for release. I stepped closer, hands shaking with want, and grabbed the edge of Jasmine's wrap first. One tug, and the shiny red strips unraveled like a present, falling to the floor in a crinkly heap. She stood bare, skin pale and glowing, nipples hard, pussy glistening under the lamp's dim light. Her grin was pure sin, eyes daring me to keep going.

I turned left, heart pounding, and yanked Kim's wrap free. The bow at her hips gave way, red ribbons sliding down her thighs, leaving her naked—curves full, tan skin flushed, her tits bouncing free as she shifted closer, that hungry glint in her eyes sharper now.

Spun right, grabbed Tessa's bow—the big, sloppy one over her crotch—and pulled. It unraveled fast, strips falling to reveal her long, lean body, dark hair brushing her bare shoulders, pussy bare and inviting.

"Fuck," I rasped, cock throbbing so hard it hurt, tenting my jeans like a flagpole.

Jasmine dropped to her knees first, her hands quick on my belt, unbuckling it with a clink. "Look at you, Evan, already so fucking hard for us," she purred, voice thick with lust as she yanked my jeans and boxers down in one go.

"Oh..."

My cock sprang free, heavy and pulsing, the tip slick with pre-cum. She didn't hesitate—lips parted, she took me in, her mouth hot and wet, sucking slow but deep, tongue

swirling around the head like she was savoring it. "Mmm, you're throbbing so bad, baby. Bet you're gonna burst down my throat."

Kim knelt beside her, her breath hot against my skin as she ducked lower, her lips brushing the sensitive skin of my balls. "Fucl, Evan, these are so full," she murmured, voice low and filthy, her tongue darting out to lick a slow, wet stripe across one, then the other. She sucked gently, pulling one into her mouth, rolling it with her tongue, her hands gripping my thighs to steady herself. "So heavy, so fucking hot. I could suck these all day, make you squirm for me."

Tessa stayed standing, pressed tight to my side, her naked body warm against my arm. She grabbed my face, pulling me into a messy kiss, her lips soft and urgent, tongue diving deep to tangle with mine. "You like that, don't you?" she whispered between kisses, her mouth sliding to my ear, licking the shell slow and deliberate, teeth grazing the lobe. "Jasmine's sucking your cock, Kim's all over your nuts, and you're shaking already. Magic boy, gonna cum for us?" Her lips trailed down my neck, sucking hard enough to leave marks, her nails raking light over my chest.

"Oh, shit..."

I groaned, low and raw, one hand finding Tessa's waist, pulling her closer till her bare tits pressed against my side. My mouth dropped to her chest, lips closing around her nipple—hard and pink, begging for it. I sucked firm, tongue flicking the tip, her gasp sharp in my ear as she arched into me. "Fuck, Evan, yes—suck it harder," she moaned, fingers tangling in my hair, pulling me tighter.

Below, Jasmine's mouth worked faster, her head bobbing, lips stretched tight around my shaft as she took me deeper, the wet slurp of her sucking mixing with Kim's soft moans.

"Look at this cock throb," Jasmine pulled off just enough to say, her hand pumping me slick and fast, her spit dripping down to Kim's chin. "You're so fucking big, Evan, pulsing like you're gonna blow any second. Want me to swallow it all? Bet it tastes so good."

She dove back in, tongue tracing the vein along the underside, her free hand cupping my base to keep me steady.

Kim's lips were another story, sucking one ball slow and deep, then switching to the other, leaving them wet and aching.

"God, Evan, these are so tight," she purred, voice muffled against my skin. "You're leaking so much for us, aren't you? Fucking love how you feel in my mouth, all heavy and ready to burst."

My cock twitched hard, caught between Jasmine's throat and Kim's dirty talk, the pressure building fast and brutal. Tessa's nipple slipped from my mouth as I groaned louder, my hand gripping her ass to keep her close, her skin hot under my palm.

She licked my neck again, teeth nipping the pulse point, her breath ragged. "Come on, Evan, give it to them," she whispered, voice dripping with heat. "Let Jasmine drink you down, let Kim feel those balls pulse when you cum."

It was too much—Kim's wet tongue, Jasmine's tight throat, Tessa's filthy mouth. My cock twitched hard, balls tightening under Kim's lips, and I couldn't take it anymore.

I grabbed Jasmine's arm, yanking her up from her knees. "Fuck this," I growled, voice rough as I pushed her toward the bed.

She stumbled back, laughing low, and dropped onto the mattress, hands planting firm on the quilt. Her ass arched high, perfect and round, pussy glistening wet, juices dripping down her thighs as she shook her hips slow, teasing me with every sway.

"Look at this pussy, Evan," Jasmine taunted, glancing back over her shoulder, her voice all heat and challenge. "So fucking wet for you. You gonna slam that big cock in me or just stare like a dumbass? Come on, fuck me till I'm screaming."

Kim didn't miss a beat, her lips still on my balls, sucking soft and slow, her tongue swirling as she moaned louder, fingers working her clit faster.

"God, you're so hard," she murmured, her free hand wrapping around my cock, guiding it toward Jasmine's dripping pussy. "Look at that, Evan—her cunt's begging for it. Slide it in, baby, let me watch you fill her up." She angled me just right, her fingers brushing Jasmine's wet folds, easing the tip of my cock against her entrance, slow and gentle, her eyes locked on the sight like it was her favorite show.

I pushed in, slow at first, Jasmine's pussy hot and tight, gripping me like a vice as I sank deeper. "Fuck, Jas, you're so goddamn tight," I groaned, hips rocking as I bottomed out, her ass pressing back against me.

Kim's tongue flicked my balls again, lapping hungry as I started to move, her lips sucking one then the other, her moans vibrating against me.

Jasmine moaned loud, her hands fisting the quilt, ass bouncing with each thrust.

"Harder, Evan, fuck me harder," she gasped, her pussy clenching around me, juices slicking my cock with every stroke. "God, your dick's so big, stretching me out—make me cum all over it, come on!"

Tessa's mouth found mine again, kissing sloppy and deep, her tongue tangling with mine as her hands roamed my chest, nails digging in. "Fuck her good, Evan," she

whispered against my lips, then licked down my jaw, sucking a mark on my neck. "Look at her take it—bet you're gonna make her scream. Then it's my turn, yeah? Gonna fuck us all till we're wrecked."

Kim's lips stayed glued to my balls, devouring them with wet, greedy licks, her fingers still teasing her own pussy, her moans muffled but desperate. "You're so deep in her, Evan," she gasped between sucks, her tongue swirling wild. "I can feel you throbbing—fuck, it's so hot watching you pound her. Keep going, make her cum."

My hips snapped faster, Jasmine's pussy squeezing me tight, her moans turning to high-pitched gasps as I drove into her, the bed creaking loud under us. Kim's tongue kept working, relentless, her lips sucking my balls like they were her lifeline, Tessa's kisses burning my skin, her filthy whispers pushing me closer to the edge.

The room was all heat and noise—thunder outside, wet slaps of skin, their voices begging for more. I was lost in it, cock pulsing, ready to blow, but holding on to make it last.

## **Chapter 96: Chapter 96**

Kim's hand slid up my thigh, her fingers wrapping around my cock as she pulled it slow from Jasmine's pussy with a wet pop. Jasmine gasped, her ass still arched high, juices dripping down her thighs, the quilt fisted tight in her hands. Kim didn't hesitate—her tongue flicked out, licking a long, hot stripe up my shaft, tasting Jasmine's slick mixed with my pre-cum.

"Fuck, you taste so good," she purred, her voice low and dirty, eyes locked on mine as she spit on my cock, the warm drool sliding down to my balls. "So hard, so ready—look at this dick, begging to go back in." She guided me back to Jasmine's pussy, easing the tip in, her fingers spreading Jasmine's lips as I sank deep, the tight heat swallowing me whole again.

"Goddamn, Kim, you're filthy," I groaned, hips snapping forward, driving into Jasmine's dripping cunt as she moaned loud, her ass bouncing with each thrust. "Jas, you're so fucking tight—squeezing me like you want it all."

Jasmine glanced back, her grin wicked, hair sticking to her sweaty forehead. "Fuck me harder, Evan—wreck this pussy. I want that cock so deep I feel it for days." Her hips rocked back, meeting my thrusts, her juices slicking me up as Kim's tongue kept working my balls, lapping and sucking, her moans vibrating against me as she fingered her own pussy, her other hand steadying my shaft.

Tessa pressed closer, her naked body hot against my side, her lips crashing into mine for a sloppy, desperate kiss. Her tongue dove deep, tasting me, her teeth nipping my lip as she pulled back to whisper, "You're fucking her so good, Evan. Look at her shake—bet you're gonna make her cum all over that dick." Her hands slid up my chest, nails

scratching light, then she leaned in, her tongue tracing my ear, sucking the lobe hard. "Don't forget me, baby—I want that mouth on my tits again."

I groaned into her kiss, one hand kneading her tits, fingers pinching her nipples till she hissed, arching into me. "Fuck, Tessa, these are perfect," I growled, my thumb rolling over one hard peak as I sucked the other, tongue flicking fast, her moans sharp in my ear.

Kim's lips sucked harder on my balls, her tongue swirling wild, one hand still working her clit as she moaned louder. "Evan, you're throbbing so fucking much," she gasped, her spit dripping down my sack, her fingers brushing the base of my cock as I pounded Jasmine. "This dick's gonna explode, isn't it? I want to see it—cum all over her, baby, make a fucking mess."

The pressure was building brutal, my cock swelling in Jasmine's pussy, her walls gripping me like a vice as she moaned, "Yes, Evan, fuck—give it to me! I want it so bad!" Tessa's tongue was back in my mouth, her nails digging into my shoulders, Kim's lips sucking my balls like she was starving for it. My whole body tensed, the heat coiling tight in my gut, balls pulling up under Kim's relentless tongue.

"I'm... oh, fuck. I'm about to..." I growled, voice wrecked, the edge rushing up too fast to stop. "OH... fuck, fuck, fuck..."

Kim's hand shot up, pulling my cock free from Jasmine's pussy with a slick sound, her fingers stroking me fast and hard as her tongue kept lapping my balls, sucking one deep. "Cum, Evan, fucking cum," she urged, her voice desperate, eyes wide as she watched my cock pulse in her grip.

I lost it. My vision whited out, a roar ripping from my throat as I exploded—thick, hot ropes of cum shooting across Jasmine's back, painting her pale skin in long, sticky streaks. It was like a fucking volcano, pulse after pulse, my cock jerking wild in Kim's hand, cum dripping down Jasmine's ass, pooling in the dip of her spine.

My knees buckled, the pleasure so intense it felt like my soul left my body, every nerve screaming as Kim milked me dry, her tongue still teasing my balls through the aftershocks.

"OH..." I gasped, collapsing onto the bed, lying flat on my back, chest heaving, cock still half-hard and twitching against my thigh. "What the... I... oh, shit..."

The girls stood over me, naked and glowing, their gift wraps long gone, bodies slick with sweat and lust. Kim's eyes glinted as she traced a finger along Jasmine's back, scooping up a thick bead of my cum. She brought it to her lips, sucking it clean with a moan, her tongue swirling like it was dessert. "Mmm, so fucking good," she purred, smirking down at me. "It's not over yet, Evan. We're just getting started."



"Come on, magic boy," Tessa said, her voice teasing but rough, her tits bouncing as she leaned over me, one hand trailing down my chest. "Get that cock ready. We're not done with you."

My dick throbbed again, already stirring despite the wreck I'd just been through. Fuck, even if my Libido skill was zero, these three would've brought me back to life. No way I was staying soft with them standing there, naked and hungry, their eyes locked on me like I was the main course.

I lay sprawled on the bed, chest heaving, cock still twitching from unloading across Jasmine's back, her pale skin streaked with my cum, glistening under the dim lamp.

Tessa leaned down, her dark hair brushing my chest, her tits swaying as she grabbed my cock, stroking slow to coax it back to life more. "No way you're done, magic boy," she teased, her voice rough and hot. "You fucked Jasmine good, but I want that dick inside me. Gonna fill my pussy, right?"

My cock throbbed in Tessa's grip, already stirring at her words, the thought of all three of them—Kim's tanned curves, Jasmine's tight, pale body, Tessa's long limbs—lighting me up. "Fuck it," I rasped, sitting up, my voice thick with want. "Let's move to the living room—more room to get nasty."

Jasmine laughed, her ass bouncing as she sauntered toward the door. "Hell yeah, baby!"

Kim grinned, her full tits swaying as she followed, her hand brushing my arm, fingers lingering hot on my skin. "Living room's perfect. I want that cock slamming me on the couch—make my pussy scream, Evan."

Tessa tugged my hand, pulling me up, her lips grazing my jaw, leaving a wet trail. "Let's go, stud. I'm riding you till you cum deep in my cunt—gonna feel that hot load explode in me." Her pussy, still slick from earlier, brushed my thigh as we moved, sending a jolt straight to my dick.

We stumbled downstairs, hands groping, bodies pressing close, the cabin creaking under our steps. The living room was dim, firelight flickering from the hearth, casting orange glows over the lumpy couch, the coffee table cluttered with empty wine glasses, and the thick rug in the center. I grabbed a blanket from the couch, tossing it over the rug for padding. Jasmine dropped to it first, lying back, legs spread wide, her pussy pink and glistening, clit swollen and begging for attention.

"Fuck, Evan, look at this wet pussy," Jasmine purred, spreading her folds with her fingers, showing off her slickness, juices dripping down to her ass. "Finger my tight little asshole, baby—make me moan so loud while you fuck Kim's cunt raw."

I knelt between her legs, cock rock-hard, and slid two fingers into her pussy first, pumping slow to coat them in her juices. Then I moved lower, circling her tight asshole, teasing the rim before easing one finger in, slow and deep.

"Goddamn, Jas, this ass is so fucking tight," I growled, adding a second finger, stretching her as she moaned loud, hips rocking against me.

Kim smiled, kneeling doggy-style next to Jasmine, her ass high, pussy dripping as she glanced back, eyes burning with lust. "Come on, Evan, fuck me like this," she said, voice thick and filthy, her tits swaying as she spread her thighs wider. "Shove that big cock in my pussy—stretch me till I'm screaming your name."

I moved behind her, gripping her hips, my cock brushing her wet folds before I pushed in slow, her pussy swallowing me inch by inch, hot and tight. "Fuck, Kim, you're gripping me so good," I groaned, thrusting deep, her ass bouncing against my hips with each stroke. "This pussy's begging for it—gonna fuck you till you cum all over my dick."

Tessa knelt beside Kim on the blanket, her long legs folded, guiding my free hand to her pussy. "Don't forget me, Evan," she murmured, spreading her thighs, her pussy already soaked. "Finger my cunt—make it gush before you fuck me. I want to be dripping when you fill me up."

I slid two fingers into Tessa, her pussy hot and slick, pumping slow, my thumb circling her clit in tight, firm circles. "Shit, Tessa, you're so fucking wet," I said, curling my fingers to hit her G-spot, her moans sharp as she rocked against my hand. "Gonna make this pussy cum, then fuck you till you're screaming for my cum."

Jasmine's moans filled the room, her ass clenching around my fingers as I pumped them deeper, her hand rubbing her clit frantic. "Evan, fuck, that's it—stretch my ass," she gasped, her body trembling, tits bouncing as she arched up. "Finger me harder, baby—make my holes cum while you fuck Kim's tight pussy."

Kim pushed back against my thrusts, her pussy squeezing me like a vice, her moans loud and desperate. "Oh, fuck, Evan, your cock's so big," she panted, hands braced on the couch, her ass slapping against me. "Pound me harder—wreck my pussy, make me cum so fucking hard!"

Tessa moaned. "You're fucking her like a beast, Evan," she whispered, voice breaking with lust. "Look at Kim's pussy take that dick—bet it feels so good. But I'm next—gonna ride you till you explode in my cunt."

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Tessa moaned. "You're fucking her like a beast, Evan," she whispered, voice breaking with lust. "Look at Kim's pussy take that dick—bet it feels so good. But I'm next—gonna ride you till you explode in my cunt."



The wet slap of my cock in Kim's pussy, the squelch of my fingers in Jasmine's ass and Tessa's pussy... fuck. What a scene. Kim in the middle, her back turned. Left to her was Tessa, and the other side, Jasmine.

Jasmine hit first, her body shaking as her ass clamped down, her hand rubbing her clit wild. "Fuck, Evan, I'm cumming!" she screamed, hips bucking, juices gushing from her pussy as her orgasm tore through her, her ass pulsing around my fingers. "Yes, fuck, your fingers are so deep in my ass!"

I kept fingering her through it, my cock slamming into Kim harder, her pussy clenching as she pushed back, her screams echoing off the walls. "Evan, shit, I'm gonna cum!" she moaned, her body trembling, her pussy spasming around me as she came, her juices coating my cock. "Fuck, yes, keep fucking me—your dick's making me lose it!"

Tessa's pussy tightened on my fingers, her moans high-pitched as I curled them deeper, thumb pressing her clit hard. "Evan, make me cum, fuck!" she gasped, nails digging into my arm, her body shaking as her pussy pulsed, juices flooding my hand. "Yes, God, I'm cumming so hard for you!"

All three girls were panting, bodies flushed from their orgasms, but they weren't done. Kim slid off my cock, her pussy still twitching, and crawled to the blanket beside Jasmine, her hand stroking Jasmine's thigh. "Tessa's turn," she purred, licking her lips. "Ride that cock, girl—make him cum deep in your pussy."

Jasmine nodded, her fingers teasing her own pussy as she watched, still catching her breath. "Fuck her good, Evan," she said, voice low and filthy. "Her pussy's begging for that dick—fill her up, make her drip your cum."

Tessa grinned, pushing me down onto the blanket, straddling me in cowgirl position, her pussy hovering over my cock, wet and ready. She teased me, brushing my tip against her slick folds, her eyes locked on mine. "Ready for me, Evan?" she asked, voice husky, sinking down slow, her pussy swallowing me whole, tight and hot. "Fuck, your cock's so big—feels like it's splitting me open."

I groaned, hands gripping her hips as she rocked, her pussy squeezing me with every move, her tits bouncing high. "Goddamn, Tessa, your pussy's perfect," I growled, thrusting up to meet her, our hips slapping loud, the blanket shifting under us. "Ride me hard, baby—milk this cock till I cum in you."

Kim knelt beside me, her hand sliding to my balls, stroking them light, her fingers warm and teasing. "Fuck, Evan, your balls are so tight," she purred, leaning down to lick one, her tongue swirling slow, making me groan louder. "Cum in Tessa's pussy, baby—shoot that hot load deep. I want to see it leak out of her."

Jasmine crawled closer, her hand rubbing her clit as she watched, her voice dripping with lust. "Look at her pussy take you, Evan," she said, her fingers working faster.

"She's riding you like a fucking champ. Fill her cunt up—make her scream when you cum."

Tessa's moans grew louder, her pussy gripping me tighter as she bounced faster, her hands braced on my chest, nails digging in. "Evan, fuck, you're so deep," she gasped, grinding down, taking every inch, her juices slicking my cock. "Cum in me—fill my pussy with that hot load, please, I need it!"

Kim's tongue flicked my balls again, sucking one gently, her hand stroking the other as she moaned against me. "You're throbbing so fucking much, Evan," she whispered, her lips wet and hot. "Give it to her—flood that pussy with your cum. I want to taste it when it drips out."

I wasn't able to say anything. I just moaned. The pleasure was... damn.

Jasmine leaned in, her lips brushing my ear, her voice low and filthy. "Do it, Evan, cum in her," she urged, her fingers rubbing her clit frantic, her pussy glistening. "Make Tessa's pussy overflow with your load—fuck, it's so hot watching you."

The pressure was building brutal, my balls tightening under Kim's tongue, Tessa's pussy milking me with every thrust, her moans driving me wild. My hands gripped Tessa's hips harder, slamming her down as I thrust up, her tits bouncing wild. "Fuck, Tessa, I'm gonna cum!" I growled, my voice breaking as my cock pulsed, exploding inside her with thick, hot ropes of cum. The pleasure was blinding, my body shaking, each pulse flooding her pussy, her walls clenching tight to milk me dry as she moaned, her body trembling from the intensity.

"Oh, fuck," I gasped, collapsing back on the blanket, Tessa still straddling me, my cum leaking from her pussy as she panted, her thighs quaking. Kim and Jasmine crawled closer, their smiles wicked, bodies glistening with sweat, the air heavy with the scent of sex.

"Damn, Evan, you filled her so fucking good," Kim said, her finger tracing Tessa's thigh, catching a thick drip of my cum and sucking it clean with a moan. "Tastes like you fucked her soul out."

Jasmine laughed, her hand brushing my chest, fingers trailing over my sweat-slick skin. "You're a goddamn beast, Evan," she purred, her voice still thick with lust. "Fucked us all, made us cum, pumped Tessa full. Bet you're still hard for more."

Tessa slid off me, her pussy dripping my cum as she leaned down to kiss me slow, her lips soft and warm, tasting of sweat and want. "You're not done, magic boy," she murmured, her hand grazing my cock, making it twitch despite the exhaustion. "We're gonna keep you busy all fucking day."

I groaned, half-laughing, my cock stirring again, traitorous bastard, as their eyes locked on me, hungry and relentless. These three were a fucking wildfire, and I was already burning for whatever they had next.

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The clock on the wall ticked past 4:47 PM, hours bleeding away like they meant nothing. The living room was a wreck—empty wine glasses scattered, blankets crumpled, the air thick with the smell of sweat and sex.

Jasmine was sprawled on the kitchen counter across the room, her legs dangling over the edge, cum leaking from her pussy, dripping slow to the floor in sticky white trails. Her skin glistened, chest heaving, a lazy grin on her lips as she caught her breath, one hand idly tracing her thigh.

Tessa was face-down on the couch to my left, her legs splayed, ass still flushed from the pounding, her dark hair fanned out as she panted into the cushions, trying to pull herself together.

And Kim—fuck, Kim was under me, her body folded in a pile driver that had my head spinning.

Her ass was high in the air, legs bent back over her head, feet pointing toward the ceiling, her pussy spread wide and dripping as I knelt above her, cock buried deep inside. She was folded tight—her hips lifted off the blanket, her back arched, shoulders pressed into the rug, tits bouncing with every thrust. Her pussy was angled straight up, taking me balls-deep, her slick walls clenching me so tight it was like she was trying to pull my soul out.

My hands gripped her thighs, holding her steady as I slammed down, the angle letting me hit spots that made her scream, her juices coating my cock, dripping to her ass.

I'd been careful not to cum inside them—tried to keep it clean after unloading on Jasmine's back earlier, then slipping up with Tessa in the living room. But shit, things happen. It started with Tessa's tight pussy milking me in cowgirl, and now I was losing it again. Kim's eyes locked on mine, sweat beading on her tanned skin, her full tits heaving as she gasped.

"I'm gonna..." I muttered, gasping for breath, my cock throbbing, balls tight as I fought to hold back. "Oh..."

"Fuck it, cum inside me," Kim growled, her voice raw, sweat dripping down her neck, pooling between her tits. "Come on, Evan, flood my pussy—fill this cunt up!"

"Oh... Agh... FUCK!"

I couldn't hold it.

My cock pulsed hard, exploding inside her tight pussy, her walls squeezing me like a vice as I pumped thick, hot ropes of cum deep into her. I kept thrusting through the orgasm, hips jerking, every drop spilling into her, her pussy milking me dry as she moaned loud, her body trembling under me. The pleasure was blinding, my vision blurring, legs shaking as I poured everything into her.

I let go of her thighs, easing her legs down slow as she unfolded, her pussy still leaking my cum as she sprawled on the blanket, panting. I wiped the sweat off my brow, slouching onto the couch, my cock softening now, slick and spent.

"Fuck..." I gasped, leaning back, head spinning. "I'm... wow, I'm fucking dead."

## **Chapter 98: Chapter 98**

The storm outside hadn't let up, rain hammering the windows, thunder rumbling like it was cheering us on. Six hours of this—six fucking hours of pounding, fingering, sucking, with long breaks to catch my breath since my Libido skill wasn't maxed out yet. But shit, I was impressed with myself.

Jasmine laughed from the counter, her voice hoarse but playful. "Look at you, Evan, fucked us all to pieces," she said, swinging her legs, cum still dripping from her pussy. "My ass is still tingling from your fingers, and my pussy's a mess. You're a fucking machine."

Tessa lifted her head from the couch, her face flushed, hair sticking to her cheek. "Goddamn, magic boy," she murmured, rolling onto her side, her pussy still glistening with my cum from earlier. "You filled me up, then Kim—bet you're still hard under all that sweat."

Kim propped herself up on her elbows, her body slick, cum leaking from her pussy as she grinned. "You fucked me so good in that position, Evan," she purred, her hand trailing down to her pussy, fingers spreading my cum around her folds. "Felt that cock so deep, hitting every spot. I'm gonna be sore for days."

I groaned, half-laughing, my cock too spent to twitch, though their words were trying their damndest to bring it back. "You three are gonna kill me," I said, voice rough. "Six hours of this shit? I'm done."

"Done?" Tessa teased, crawling over to kneel beside me, her hand brushing my thigh, dangerously close to my soft cock. "Bet I could get you hard again. Want me to suck it, see how fast you're back in the game?"

Jasmine slid off the counter, her ass leaving a wet streak, and sauntered over, her tits bouncing. "Yeah, Evan, don't quit on us," she said, her voice low and filthy. "My pussy's still dripping your cum, but I'd let you fuck my ass next if you're up for it."

Kim laughed, sitting up, her fingers still playing with the cum leaking from her pussy. "Fuck, Jas, you're greedy," she said, licking her fingers clean. "But I'm with her, Evan. One more round? Bet you could make us cum again before the storm dies down."

I shook my head, chuckling, my body screaming for rest. "You're all insane," I said, but my eyes flicked to the HUD in my head, curiosity kicking in. I hadn't checked my stats in the heat of it all, too lost in their pussies and moans. "Nope. I'm fucking done."

Jasmine laughed. "Party shitter."

-----

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 73 kg

-----

Level: 6

EXP: 17 / 543

-----

Holy shit, I'd leveled up. No wonder—between Jasmine's ass, Kim's pussy, Tessa's tight cunt, and all the times I made them cum, the EXP from sexual activities had stacked up fast. I must've pushed them over the edge, what, a dozen times total? Each orgasm racked up points, and the foursome quest's 120 EXP was just the cherry on top.

Now, I had three points to spend. I put two points into Libido, pushing it to 8 so I could keep going longer without needing breaks. The last point went into Pleasure, bumping it to 5. I wanted to see how far I could push that stat, how it'd make the girls react—more intense orgasms, maybe, or something wilder I hadn't figured out yet.

-----

CURRENT STATS

-----  
Strength: 2

Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

Libido: 8

Pleasure: 5  
-----

Unused Mastery Points: 5  
-----

Good. Libido at 8, Pleasure at 5. I was set on focusing Pleasure from now on, curious to see what kind of effect it'd have on women. To do that, I'd need to level up again. The grind never stops, I guess.

"Hey," I said, pushing off the bed, my body still buzzing from the marathon we'd just run. I headed toward the kitchen, legs heavy but steady. "Where's Tom, by the way?"

"Oh, I dropped him off in the city," Kim said, cum still leaking from her pussy. "He had some stuff with his mom, said he's staying there for a bit."

"Damn, hope everything's okay," I said, opening the fridge and grabbing a beer, the cold glass a relief in my hand.

Kim chuckled, propping herself up on her elbows, her tits shifting. "Yep, he's fine."

Jasmine slid off the kitchen counter, her pale skin flushed, cum dripping from her pussy to the floor as she stretched her arms above her head, her body arching like a cat. She plopped onto an empty couch, exhausted, sweaty, still panting.

"Fuck, Evan," she said, grinning. "You really fucked us good, huh?"

I smiled. "Not gonna lie... it still feels like a dream."

I lit a cigarette, the smoke curling as I leaned back against the counter, beer in one hand, eyes raking over the three of them—Jasmine on the couch, Tessa face-down on another, her ass still red, and Kim on the blanket, all of them wrecked from six hours of fucking. Me, Evan Marlowe, the guy who got dumped not long ago, just pulled off a foursome. Holy shit.

I took a drag, then a sip, smirking like I'd won a damn medal. I checked the Shop in my HUD, curious if anything new had popped up.

-----

## 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)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)

-----

Credits: 220c

Select item to purchase.

-----

An Ability Point for 150 credits caught my eye, tempting as hell, but I wasn't burning my credits yet. I needed to save them for something big—maybe a clutch quest reward would change my mind later. For now, I'd hold tight.

"I'm so hungry," Tessa mumbled, lifting her head from the couch, her dark hair sticking to her cheek, her pussy still glistening with my cum. "Are you seriously drinking a beer right now?"

"Yeah?" I said, raising it with a grin. "Why?"

"While you're hungry? Beer?" Jasmine snorted, sprawling back on the couch, her legs spread, cum still dripping. "My God, Evan."

"Hey, I'm used to it. Leave me alone," I quipped, taking another sip, the cold fizz cutting through the haze.

Kim sat up, her hand trailing to her pussy, fingers spreading my cum around her folds with a smirk. "By the way," she said, eyes glinting, "did you really get a footjob in my car, Evan?"

I rubbed my neck, heat creeping up. "You know, uh... I, well, maybe?"

"Did you at least clean it?" she asked, narrowing her eyes. "If I find a suspicious stain, I swear..."

"Uh," I said with a nervous chuckle, "when this storm calms down, let me give that car a deep clean, alright?"

Jasmine glanced out the window, where the wind was bending trees damn near to the ground, rain pounding like it wanted to break in. "Yeah, look at that shit go," she said. "The trees are practically kissing the dirt."

"This place is sturdy, right?" Tessa asked, propping herself up, my cum sliding down her tits as she looked at Kim.

"Yep," Kim said, stretching out on the blanket, her body still flushed. "This little cabin's seen worse than this."

"Little cabin?" Jasmine laughed, her voice hoarse. "If this is little, my apartment's a fucking cage."

"For real," Tessa nodded. "This is anything but little or cabin."

I exhaled, rolling my shoulder, the ache in my muscles a reminder of the past six hours. "I'll grab some clothes upstairs," I said, taking a swig of my beer, the cold fizz cutting through the haze.

Jasmine, still sprawled on the couch, her legs splayed and cum still glistening on her thighs, glanced up. "Oh, grab my phone while you're there, please."



"Yup," I said, already heading for the stairs, beer in hand, cigarette dangling from my lips.

The cabin creaked under my steps as I climbed, the storm outside howling, rain battering the windows. Upstairs, the bedroom was a mess—blankets twisted, clothes scattered across the floor. I found my jeans and t-shirt in a heap by the bed, still smelling faintly of sweat and sex. I pulled them on, the fabric clinging to my skin, then spotted Jasmine's phone on the nightstand, its screen flashing with notifications. I grabbed it and headed back down, the wood groaning under my boots.

In the living room, the girls hadn't moved much. Jasmine was still on the couch, her body relaxed but flushed, one hand lazily tracing her thigh. Tessa was face-down on the other couch, her ass still red, her breathing slower now but still heavy. Kim lay on the blanket, her tanned skin gleaming, cum leaking from her pussy as she stretched out, looking half-asleep but content.

I tossed Jasmine's phone onto the couch beside her. "Here you go," I said, taking another sip of beer.

"Thanks," she murmured, grabbing it and swiping through her messages, her lips curling into a smirk.

## **Chapter 99: Chapter 99**

I walked to the fireplace, the embers barely glowing, the room chilly despite the heat we'd generated. With the cigarette still between my lips, I crouched down, grabbing a couple of dry logs from the stack and tossing them onto the grate. I crumpled some newspaper from the basket, tucked it under, and struck a match, the flame catching quick. I blew gently, coaxing the fire back to life, the crackle growing as the logs started to burn, casting a warm orange glow across the room.

A thunderclap shook the cabin, loud enough to rattle the windows, and the girls gasped in unison.

"Jesus fuck," Kim said, sitting up on the blanket, her tits bouncing as she hugged her knees. "I hate weather like this."

"Who loves this kinda weather?" Tessa quipped, lifting her head from the couch, her dark hair a mess. "It's like the sky's trying to kill us."

Jasmine pointed at me, grinning. "Our melancholic detective over there probably likes it."

"Har-har," I deadpanned, rolling my eyes as I stood, taking a drag from my cigarette. I walked to the coffee table, dodging empty glasses, and grabbed the remote, flicking on

the TV. The screen flickered to life, landing on a news channel, a polished anchor in a sharp suit filling the frame.

"...current storm persist for approximately three days," the newscaster said, his voice crisp and professional. "Heavy rainfall and high winds are expected to continue across the region, with potential for localized flooding. Residents are advised to stay indoors, avoid unnecessary travel, and ensure adequate supplies until conditions improve. Updates will follow as the situation develops."

I clicked the TV off, tossing the remote back onto the table. "Welp, there goes our little holiday," Kim said, groaning as she flopped back onto the blanket. "I swear, I'm so unlucky."

"It's fine," Tessa said, rolling onto her side, her pussy still glistening with my cum. "There's... still plenty of stuff to do, right?" Her eyes flicked to me, a teasing glint in them, her lips curling slightly.

"Yep," Jasmine said, sitting up on the couch, her phone still in hand but her attention on us. "I brought board games!"

Jasmine stood, her legs shaky, cum still dripping from her pussy as she moved toward the bags piled near the kitchen. I leaned against the counter, beer in one hand, cigarette in the other, watching her with a smirk. As she crouched to dig through a bag for the board game, her pussy overflowed, a thick stream of cum gushing down her thighs, sizzling onto the floor in a sticky, glistening puddle.

"Fuck, sorry, Kim," Jasmine said, slapping a hand over her pussy to stem the flow, her fingers slick with my cum. "Someone filled me up to the brim. I'm fucking leaking everywhere."

I coughed, taking a sip of beer. "No regrets."

Jasmine laughed, still rummaging through the bag, but her elbow caught something, knocking it over. A dildo—skin-toned, sleek, about seven inches—sprawled onto the floor with a thud. My dildo, bought for that damn quest.

"Oh, sneaky, sneaky, Tessa," Jasmine said, picking it up with a grin. "I didn't know you brought your dildo."

Tessa looked over from the couch, eyebrows raised. "Nah, mine's yellow."

"Kim?" Jasmine asked, turning.

"Nope, didn't bring any toys," Kim said, sitting up on the blanket, her tits bouncing.

"Well, this isn't mine," Jasmine said, holding it up, her eyes narrowing. All three pairs of eyes in the room swung to me. "Evan?"

Well, well, well. Shit.

I exhaled a cloud of smoke, giving a strained smile as I raised my beer. "Yeah... no regrets."

—

The clock on the wall read 9:00 PM, the night dark beyond the cabin's windows, the storm still roaring outside, wind howling and rain pelting the glass.

The living room glowed with firelight, the coffee table now the center of our little world, surrounded by blankets draped over Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa, their bodies clean after a quick shower, wrapped snug against the chill. I sat cross-legged on the rug, beer in hand, cigarette long gone, the board game spread out before us—Monopoly, Jasmine's pick. That black dildo from my quest sat suctioned to the board's edge, its base stuck firm, wobbling slightly when someone bumped the table, a ridiculous reminder of my "lucky" purchase.

I rolled the dice, the clatter loud in the cozy room. "Yes!" I said, grinning as I moved my pawn, the little top hat, to the last unclaimed city. "Guess I'll take that one, Kim."

"Ah, shit," Kim groaned, leaning back, her blanket slipping to show a glimpse of her tanned shoulder. "I was gonna put a hotel there. Ugh, I hate this game."

The storm rumbled outside, thunder shaking the cabin, but we were warm, wrapped in blankets, the fire crackling. I glanced at the dildo, still stuck to the board, and smirked. Earlier, when they'd grilled me about it, I'd played it off—said I brought it hoping to get lucky, which, well, I fucking did. When they asked why I didn't use it, I mumbled something about being shy, and they bought it. No way I was telling them about the floating HUD, the system, the quest that pushed me to buy it. They'd think I was crazy.

Kim grabbed the dice, her blanket shifting as she leaned forward, her skin glowing in the firelight. She rolled, landing her pawn on my city, now stacked with houses. "Fuck," she muttered, checking her cash. "Three million? You're killing me, Evan."

"It's 'only' three million, your poor woman."

She shook her head, tossing the colorful Monopoly bills my way, her lips pursed. "Take it, you greedy bastard."

"Thanks," I said, grabbing the stack with a grin, tucking it into my pile.

Jasmine snatched the dice next, her blanket slipping to her waist, her pale tits bouncing as she shook them in her hand. She rolled, and her pawn landed on another of my cities, this one loaded with a hotel. Her face fell as she counted her money, coming up short.

"Shit, Evan, I'm broke," she said, pouting, then leaning forward, her cleavage fucking sexy. "If I flash these, will you let this one slide?"

I leaned back, smirking. "Nice try, Jas. Pay up."

She grinned, undeterred, and leaned closer, her voice dropping low and filthy. "What if I let you do anal? My tight little ass, Evan—yours for the taking."

I froze, putting a finger to my chin, pretending to think it over, my cock twitching faintly in my jeans despite the exhaustion. Kim and Tessa burst out laughing, their blankets shaking as they doubled over.

"Oh, my God, Jasmine!" Kim said, wiping her eyes. "You're so desperate!"

Tessa cackled, pointing at me. "Look at him, he's actually considering it!"

I smirked, leaning forward, locking eyes with Jasmine. "How about you pay me up, and I still get to fuck that ass later?"

Jasmine's shoulders slumped, her laugh half-exasperated, half-playful. "You're ruthless," she said, tossing her last few bills onto the board. "I'm out. Broke as fuck. All my cities are yours now, you bastard."

Kim and Tessa groaned, throwing their Monopoly money onto the board in mock protest, the bills scattering.

"You cheated, Evan!" Kim said, pointing at me, her blanket slipping to show her thigh. "No way you got all that by luck!"

"Yeah, total bullshit," Tessa added, grinning as she tossed her cash. "You rigged this game, magic boy."

"It's all luck, ladies," I said, laughing as I started packing the game back into its box, the dildo wobbling as I bumped the table. "Don't hate the player, hate the game."

Jasmine stood, her blanket falling to the floor, her clean body glowing in the firelight as she stretched. "I'm hungry," she said, heading toward the kitchen. "Gonna throw some frozen pizzas in the oven."

"Fuck yes," Kim said, pulling her blanket tighter. "I'm starving."

"Same," Tessa agreed, sitting up, her hair a mess. "Pizza sounds perfect."

I nodded, stacking the Monopoly box on the coffee table, the dildo still suctioned there like a trophy. "Pizza it is," I said, taking a swig of beer, the storm still raging outside as we settled into the next part of the night.

I leaned against the table, beer in hand, the storm still howling outside as the girls busied themselves. Jasmine was in the kitchen, sliding frozen pizzas into the oven, the smell of pepperoni already creeping into the air. Kim and Tessa were rummaging through their bags near the couch, pulling out snacks and chatting about the Monopoly game, their blankets slipping as they laughed.

The dildo still sat suctioned to the coffee table, wobbling like a silent taunt. With everyone occupied, I flicked my eyes to the HUD, pulling up the system to check for new quests. Might as well see what the universe was throwing at me next.

The first quest popped up, glowing in my vision.

-----

Quest Available

-----

Title: You Awake?

Task: Text Delilah

Duration: 2 Hours

Reward: +30 EXP

-----

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

-----

Only texting? Hell, I could do that, no problem. Just a quick how are you to Delilah, and I'd get 30 EXP? That's a steal. I smirked, mentally hitting [Yes] to accept the quest.

## **Chapter 100: Chapter 100**

Jasmine called from the kitchen, "Pizzas are in! Ten minutes!" Her voice cut through the howl of the storm outside, the rain still hammering the cabin's windows.

I leaned against the counter, beer in hand, and pulled out my phone to knock out that "You Awake?" quest.

Opening my messages, I typed out a quick text to Delilah: 'Hey, Ms. Komb. How are you?'

I hit send and set the phone on the coffee table, taking a swig of beer. The girls were still busy—Jasmine in the kitchen, Kim and Tessa digging through snacks, their blankets slipping as they laughed.

I grabbed the Monopoly box from the coffee table. Shaking my head, I walked over to Jasmine's bag near the kitchen and stuffed the box inside.

My phone buzzed on the coffee table.

I strolled back, picked it up, and saw Delilah's reply: 'Tired. The rain is so disgusting.'

I smirked, typing back: 'Yeah, it is.' Then I added, 'How's things at work?'

Seconds later, a photo popped up. Delilah was sitting in front of her laptop, wearing a loose tank top, her black bra barely visible underneath, her cleavage fucking massive, spilling out like a goddamn invitation. Her smooth legs peeked into the frame, crossed casually, and I gulped, my throat dry despite the beer. My cock twitched faintly in my jeans, Libido 8 trying to betray me already.

Another text followed: 'Another online meeting, and I told them my camera broke down.'

I raised an eyebrow, typing: 'You lied?'

'Yes. I don't wanna just deal with them,' she replied.

I chuckled, shaking my head, and wrote: 'Hey, if you need anything or someone to talk to, I'm always here. I know your pride won't let you talk to your daughter.'

A laughing emoji came back, followed by: 'You grown up huh.'

'I guess so,' I texted, tossing in a laughing emoji of my own.

Her next message came quick: 'I gotta go. I'll give a speech in a minute. See you?'

'Yep. Go get 'em!' I sent back, setting the phone down with a grin.

-----

Quest Completed

Title: You Awake?

Reward: 30EXP

-----

That was easy—30 EXP in the bag for a quick chat, and I didn't even have to leave the cabin. I also got to talk with Delilah.

-----

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 73 kg

-----

Level: 6

EXP: 47 / 543

-----

Jasmine was still in the kitchen, the oven's warmth mixing with the firelight, while Kim and Tessa sprawled on their blankets, munching on chips. The storm raged on, but the smell of pizza was starting to fill the room, promising a chill end to a wild day.

I blinked.

In that split second, not even a full moment, everything turned crimson. Jasmine froze, crouched beside the oven, checking the pizzas. Kim and Tessa, mid-scroll on their phones, their screens locked in place. The storm's roar—rain and wind—cut off like someone flipped a switch. The silence was deafening; I hadn't realized how loud it was until it stopped.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Oh, no..." My stomach twisted. This again? I gulped, my nerves jangling, and edged toward the door. No peephole, so I slipped to the window beside it, sliding the curtain just enough to peek out.

The crimson sky was gone. The storm raged on, rain lashing, trees bending. Everything normal.

"What the fuck?" I muttered, my breath shaky. "What... huh?"

Kim looked up from her phone. "Evan?"

"Hmm?" I turned, forcing my face to stay calm.

"What're you looking at?"

"I told you," Jasmine said, still crouched by the oven. "Melancholic detective staring out windows when it rains."

"I... yeah," I said, fumbling. "Guess I'm that detective. Like watching the rain."

I pulled the curtain shut and exhaled, my heart thudding. Was I dreaming? No, no way. I saw it—crimson sky, everything frozen. Those knocks. Was it that woman from before? The one who phased through my door back home? If so, what did she want? And if not... who the fuck was it?

I sank onto an empty couch, elbows on my knees, hands clasped, staring at the floor. My mind spun. That was real, not a hallucination. I was sure of it. Someone—or something—was after me. Hunting me, maybe? Fuck, I didn't know. Too much weird shit was piling up. I thought this trip would clear my head, but it might've made things worse.

"Last two minutes for pizzas," Jasmine chirped, standing up. "Evan, can you set out some plates?"

"Wait, we're eating pizza off plates?" Kim said, smirking from the blanket. "What's next, forks and knives?"

"You're right," Jasmine laughed. "Guess I'm still a bit fuzzy from our session, Evan."

I barely registered the conversation shifting to me. I lifted my head, glanced at Kim, then Jasmine, gave a weak smile, and dropped my eyes back to the floor. That woman who phased through my door back home—who was she? I wanted to believe it was a dream, but after this? I was convinced something was after me. Stalking me. Fuck.

My phone buzzed, snapping me out. I grabbed it from the coffee table—Mendy calling. My gut clenched as I answered, putting it to my ear. "Hello?"

"It's Penelope," the voice said, cold and sharp. "Hope you and Kayla are happy."

"Huh? Why?" My pulse spiked.



"Mendy took pills a few hours ago. We couldn't get her to the hospital because of this fucking rain."

My blood ran cold. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Took pills? And they couldn't get her to the hospital? Why would she do that? Because of that deadbeat Richard? And why was I involved? No, no, fuck this.

"Is she...?"

"Yes," Penelope said, her voice like ice. "We couldn't save her. They pronounced her dead when we finally got to the hospital."

A HUD flickered in my vision, unprompted, the text warped and glitching.

-----

Q111uest Aooavailable

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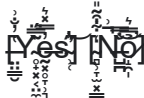
Title: Open the Door

Task: Openthedoor... openthedoor...

openthefuckingdoor

Reward: Rewind time (3hrs)

-----

Acccccept Quest? 

-----

Rewind time three hours? That could give me enough time to warn Penelope, stop Mendy from taking those pills, maybe? But what would happen if I opened the door? Would that woman be there, the one who nearly fucked me to death? I shivered, remembering her—phasing through walls, milking me dry.

She could walk through doors anyway. I wasn't safe either way. Might as well try to save Mendy.

I shot up, heart pounding, and strode to the door. Without hesitating, I unlocked it and yanked it open. There she stood—same woman, her eyes glinting, lips curled in a purr.

"Hello, Mr. Marlowe," she said, voice like honey. "What a nice surprise."

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"Call me Dierella. I'm just a woman begging for attention," she said, tilting her head. "Isn't that obvious?"

"What do you want?"

"No, what do you want, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Stop," a voice commanded behind me, sharp and cold. I jumped, stumbling outside, nearly tripping. I spun around—there was the other woman, long blonde hair, tall, the one who called herself Karamine, Goddess of Lust. The one who ate my fucking eyeball. How the hell was she here?

"Go meddle with your own toys," Karamine snapped at Dierella. "Stay away from my subjects."

"I don't know what the FUCK is going on," I said, my voice shaking. "But can I get that three-hour rewind thing, please?"

"What three hours?" Karamine asked, frowning.

"The quest reward," I said, pointing at the air where the HUD floated, invisible to them. "It said I'd get it after opening the door. I did that."

"Why, of course," Dierella purred, stepping closer. "Become one of my subjects, and you'll get what you want."

I froze, glancing at Karamine. She'd called herself a goddess, and after all this shit, I believed her. But who was Dierella? I swallowed, my mind racing. "Would that get me the three-hour reward?" I asked, avoiding her gaze.

"Yes," Dierella said, her smile widening. "You'll get even more rewards with me. I almost feel sorry you're stuck with Karamine."

"Watch your tone," Karamine sneered, her eyes flashing.

"Or what?" Dierella shot back, her voice icy, locking eyes with her. "You're not the old Karamine. You're the weakest of the six now."

"The six?" I asked, my head spinning.

"We don't let humans meddle in godhood business," Dierella said, waving a hand. "Now, Mr. Marlowe, will you be my subject?"

I didn't hesitate. "I... do," I said. "Please, give me that three-hour reward."

♥ ☐ ♥ ☐ ♥ ☐