

TABOO STEPSON SYSTEM

Chapter 1: Bloody Miles Encounter

Late afternoon, as the weary Sun began to set towards the West above Dominic City, casting a hot foreboding of the coming summer. Within one of Dominic City's most established schools, Dominion High to be precise. Inside the swimming team's locker room, a bloody corpse, stuffed into one of the lockers, suddenly revived with life.

Miles gasped desperately for air, feeling the tight corners of the suffocating space try to squeeze the life out of him once more. His veins coursed with adrenaline, his limbs jolted outward, breaking the locker door with a loud bang .

"Shit." Cursing in desperation, Miles lounged out of the locker and fell on the ground with a rough thud.

His usually unrattled heart was beating faster than he could count, causing him to heave roughly as he stared at the ceiling led light, both exhaustion and thrill filling him to the core.

" I escaped."

Managing to catch his breath, Miles said as he remembered the billowing siren behind him moments ago before he dived into an alley and a gunshot echoed.

'Huh?'

Suddenly realizing his surroundings didn't seem right, Miles quickly sat up and scanned with his gaze. His nose caught whiff of the mild scent of chlorine as a row of lockers was presented to his view.

Befuddled, he glanced down to see his hands stained in blood, and even more so, unfamiliar.

Tracing the trail of blood, his eyes landed on the open locker which was even more stained with blood.

'What's happening?' Not freaked by the sight of blood since he was a young psychopathic killer himself, he only felt intense confusion. None of this made sense. And was this even his blood? What happened?

[Congratulations! Taboo Stepson System Activated!]

Before he could react, an holographic screen appeared in the air. Startled, Miles leaped back in fright, not expecting what came next.

[Initiating the Host...]

A cold emotionless voice rang in his head, and at the same time a series of images flashed through his mind.

"Ahhh!" Miles grunted as a sharp pain tore through his being. His eyes and muscles bulged, the confusion he felt swallowed by a swarm of alien emotions.

[Initiation... 10%...13%...15%...]

"Fuck! What's going on!"

Miles cursed, staggering forward as he got on his feet. The thought that the Police were still looking for him and he might pass out any time soon made him desperate.

He moved through pure air and pushed the door open with a loud bang. Staggering into a wide, spacious indoor pool hall.

'What the fuck- Argh!" Miles clutched his head.

Having never seen a place like this before, moving through the unimaginable pain, his eyes instinctively darted around...

'This...' Miles thought drifted for a moment and the sharp throbbing pain in his head vanished for an instant. Never in his wildest dream did he think he would stumble upon a sight as such.

The 3 identical blonde girls met his gaze in shocked stupefaction as if frozen in time. They were all nude, displaying their assets in full glory. A millisecond was all it took for Miles to calculate the mass density of their standing firm boobs and compare their assets together.

The girl standing on the deck of the race pool had the biggest pair of frontal assets amongst them. Those sizes were far above her age in fact.

Whilst, the girl sitting on the deck with her back against him but tilted her head to glance behind, had the biggest back assets among them. Her visible ass cheeks alone appeared like apples . However, her frontal assets were moderate at best.

The most eye- catching was the girl at the centre, she had just stepped out of the pool. Dripping wet, her body was like an embodiment of the two next to her but in

early stages. Her proudly standing tits perfectly aligned to accentuate her ass, even if it was just a peek.

Suddenly, all three girls erupted with a high pitched scream and dived back into the water. The sight of the blood covered Miles was something that would torment their dreams tonight.

[Initiation... 40%]

Miles stumbled as he ran with no idea as to where he was headed. Somehow, he eventually escaped the school premises and finally gave out where he thought was safe.

[100%]

[Initiation Complete. All updates and customisations have been incorporated!]

Chapter 2: Taboo Stepson System

"Huh?"

Miles' eyes opened to the darkened sky. He grunted slightly as the aching throb in his head vanished.

His eyes no longer held confusion but clarity and realization.

Turns out he actually died from being shot on his jail break attempt. So apparently, he was reincarnated or rather transmigrated into this body.

The earlier torment he felt was as a result of receiving the memories of his predecessor. A newly aged 17 years old youth named Miles.

Based on his memories, Miles was an innately weak youth and nerd who was constantly being bullied to the point fear crippled him at the sight of his bullies. In fact, his life was nothing to write home about till he was accidentally killed by his bullies and stuffed into the swimming locker room.

Miles clenched his fist in fury.

'Good thing I happen to be a killer myse-'

Ding! Ding! Ding!

[The system has sensed a deep grudge and thirst for revenge from the Host!]

[Generating Mission...]

Ding!

[Mission: Sweet Revenge Received!]

[Sweet Revenge: Instead of just taking out your prey. There's always a sweet, cold, twisted way for revenge by making their lives a living hell.]

Ding!

[Targets responsible for your death Identified.]

-Daniel Carter

-Kevin Miller

-Tyler Anderson

-Ben Harris

-Chris Morgan

-???

[Premium Rewards Guaranteed for each]

Miles as he stared at the holographic interface in a daze.

"Right, I also now have a System called the Taboo Stepson System."

Miles let out an exasperated breath, only to realise he was in a dumpster due to rotten stench over him.

"Shit!"

He hurriedly jumped out to see a busy street with passersby throwing him a weird disgusted look, not caring about the bloodstains.

"Talking about being a Stepson, I better get home quick before my Step mom and sisters realise I haven't been home."

In the previous Miles' heart, home was a place he held in high esteem due to the love and warmth his step family gave him. It was the only place he was ever loved. And to think they were supposed to receive heartbreaking news of his death a day or so later filled him with hate.

'Don't worry buddy . Although you're no more, I'll help you take care of your family and be the guy you always dreamed of. Your murderers won't go unpunished either.'

Suddenly Miles felt the turmoil in his heart finally calm and disappear.

He glanced around and boarded a taxi using the \$10 he found in his pocket."

" Sun Flower Estate."

According to his memories, the ride wouldn't be more than 7 minutes.

In the meantime, he ignored the glance of the driver and called out the proclaimed system in his mind.

An holographic screen popped up in an instant, judging by the driver's lack of reaction, Miles knew he was the only one that could see it, just like in novels.

[Taboo Stepson System

Host: Miles Sinclair

Age:17

Physical Stats:

>Charm-5

>Intellect -50

>Strength- 15

>Agility -15

>Stamina-13

>Dick Size-7 inches, 3cm girth

Ability:

>Cold Blooded Heart: Ability to suppress emotions entirely while instilling fear, dread, or paralysis in others. Enables Ruthlessness.

Talents:

>Genius: exceptionally high innate intellectual ability.

Skills: Quick Calculation, Polyglot, Logic Puzzles, Writing...

Taboo Harem : None

Taboo Points: 0

Taboo Store:>>> purchase, strength card, talent. And several kink materials.

Talent purchase and talent skills.

Networth: \$500.

Quest: Family Man- becomes a reliable pillar every woman in your household can rely and count upon.

Progression:0%...

Mission:

[Initiation Package]

Staring at the long list of nerd skills, Miles quickly skimmed through. At least he had a good ability which seemed to have stemmed from his previous life .

'Oh look, I already have a Quest.'

While noting the difference between Quest and Mission, Miles' eyes darted to the golden series of words consistently shaking at the bottom of the interface.

'Initiation package?'

Clicking on it nonetheless, the holographic screen dissolved to form a wrapped golden parcel.

Ding!

[Initiation Package: 1 Ability Card & \$5000 Deposition.]

Unfortunately, Miles' phone was hidden somewhere by those who had him killed. Unable to relive the joy of such a huge amount, he willed to use the card.

Ding!

[New Ability: Blissful Hands- When in contact with sensitive areas, the target's perspective of the User's touch is enhanced x2. Highly stimulating.]

'Now this is exciting.'

'System, how can I increase my Taboo Points?'

Ding!

[Taboo Points can be earned by completing Quest, Missions and Bonus for each orgasm you make a woman or lady experience.]

Seemingly wanting to explain everything in one go, the System continued.

[Taboo Points can be used to exchange for Cash, and purchase of Stats, Talent and Ability Cards. Literally anything in the Taboo Store]

Miles didn't hesitate to tap on the store icon after hearing this.

A game-like store appeared before him.

+2 Strength Card, Stamina, Basket Ball Talent, Football Talent, Football Skill: Spinning Pass. Taekwondo Talent.

'You gotta be kidding me.'

To think he could purchase praised talents and even sub skills. Miles felt nothing but thrill .

From the look of it, he could also purchase Stat Cards to grow stronger. Just what he needed right now, this body was too weak.

'10,000 Taboo Points for a Talent card?'

'200 Taboo Points for a +0.5 Stats Card?'

'20,000 Taboo Points for a single ability?'

Although he was yet to know the value of a Taboo Point, these numbers definitely weren't cheap.

Just then, the Taxi came to a stop.

"We are here." The Driver's voice brought Miles from his daze. Through the window he saw the estate gate and a few security personnel on standby.

" Thanks." Miles paid the Cab and walked through the estate Gates's without being stopped or queried for his blood stained appearance.

The only thing he got was the Securities pitying look. His fame of being a bullied kid had long since spread across the estate anyway.

The sky had completely darkened when he reached their house.

Sun Flower Estate was a residential area for mid class families and those planning to become high class. It featured similar duplexes that only differed in sizes, added that all the buildings had a balcony. Small flower gardens next to the driveway was also a common sight.

Seeing that there was no vehicle parked by the driveway, Miles let out a relieved sigh and stealthy walked into the house.

As expected, the house was oddly silent. Catching sight of the stairs, Miles hastily ran towards it. Hoping not to bump into anyone.

"Miles?"

However, just as he climbed the stairs, a shocked voice called out from behind.

Chapter 3: Step- Sisters

"Miles?"

Just as he climbed the stairs, a shocked voice called him from behind.

Slowly tilting back in a clockwise manner, Miles saw it was Josephine, his fourth Step-Sister, but in this case Sister.

"Oh hi." Abruptly turning with a smile, Miles couldn't help but be momentarily drawn by her poking nipples through the loose singlet she wore, paired with a tight basketball shorts that exposed her toned long legs.

They attended the same high school, she was a senior while he was a junior.

"Oh no Miles. They bullied you again, those pig bastards."

Josephine shot towards him in a panicky manner mixed with guilt, while touching his body for any sign injuries.

"Are you hurt?" She quickly examined his blood stained uniform and asked with worry in her eyes.

'What a lucky step brother you were. Having such an endowed beauty caring so much about you.'

In this brief moment, Miles couldn't help commending his predecessor.

" Ah yes, I'm fine. I'm okay."

To Josephine's surprise, Miles didn't avoid her gaze or answered with his usual meek tone.

'Shit, I acted out of character.'

While he had this thought, Miles realized he wouldn't be able to put up with the act for long and decided to go with his normal self.

'They'll probably think I went through a mysterious growth anyways.'

Just as Josephine was about to overcome her surprise, Miles shocked her even more.

" You look pretty today, Phine." Phine<fin> was her home nickname.

Flashing her a bright smile, Miles resumed to climb up the stairs in an adept manner while leaving Josephine dazed as she watched his departing back.

A few moments later, her eyes glinted in realization and a blush crept up her cheeks.

'Did he just compliment me?'

Meanwhile, without realizing that his casual compliment had caused a ripple in his sister's heart. Miles made sure the door was locked tight before breathing a sigh of relief.

" Wow. Were you the King of nerds or something."

Miles' room was beyond neat.

Not only was his bed tucked appropriately, about 3 bookshelves occupied the space of his room alongside a reading table.

Everything was kept in order and clean.

Without another words, Miles began taking off his clothes and stepped into the shower.

Minutes later, he was standing before the full body mirror Margaret happened to gift him on his recent birthday.

Staring at his reflection, Miles scowled at his underweight frame. His body neither had muscles of definition. Just a pair of long limbs that made him tall but could easily break like a twig.

In his memories, his body usually had all sorts of swollen red marks from being punched by Kevin Miller and his cohort of jerks. But surprisingly the body before him was unblemished. Miles fell into disbelief.

"Right. Just like the injuries of his death healed, this body must have been revived to prime condition... But still why look like a malnourished bastard."

Unable to bear the sight of his own reflection, Miles put on his clothes, a baggy sweat pants and shirt made by his thin frame.

Staring at the mirror once more.

'At least I don't wear glasses. All I need is a new hair cut.'

His predecessor's taste was too modest.

Knock! Knock!

Just then, two steady knocks interrupted his thoughts.

"Mom is back, Dinner in 10."

Josephine announced through the door.

"Okay, will be down 5." Miles responded loudly.

-

Outside the door, Josephine froze in her steps.

'Did I miss heard him?'

But no, Miles' voice was as clear as ever.

"What's up with him?" Unable to shrug off the strange feeling, she descended downstairs to set the table.

-

5 minutes later.

Just as stepped outside his room, Miles accidentally bumped into a figure.

" Ouch, damn it bro."

Cassie whined as she clenched her toes .

" I'm sorry."

Quickly retreating, Miles stepped back.

"It's nothing."

Without giving him a glance, Cassie walked off.

'Damn.'

Cassie was a slender goddess. Wrapped in sweat pants and a very short crop top, her defined waist was a sight to behold.

She was also his fifth sister and just a month behind in terms of age.

Miles tagged behind and they both descended down the stairs.

The dining table was all set. Josephine was spotted next to a woman like they were discussing something.

" Miles, you're here."

Chapter 4: Family Dinner

"Miles, you're here."

Sitting at the head of the dining table was Hannah Sinclair, Miles' step-mother, in a loose singlet and open white jacket that didn't hide the prominent shape of her nipples.

Hannah was a woman in her early forties yet looked 7 years younger with hydrated skin and neat brows that spoke volumes of how disciplined she was about her life and appearance.

Not to talk about her MILF frame, she was a Director at Lume Horizon, a rising nationwide company that was based in tech and environment.

However, growing up after his dad passed away, she never really had time to spend time with them. Always up for work at 7 and got back early into the night.

Knowing she was working her butt off for the family, neither Miles or his sisters ever complained but gathered every night to have dinner.

"Hi Mom, welcome back."

Miles casually swung in, drawing back the chair opposite to Josephine and took his seat.

Inhaling the scent of toasted cheese wafting from the plate of casseroles, Miles' bright smile froze as he realized how strangely quiet the atmosphere was.

All three women froze, a bit agape as they stared at him.

"What?" He feigned ignorance under their gaze.

Eventually, it was Hannah, his Mom who reacted first.

Miles caught sight of how her melons jingled softly through the singlet due to her abrupt movement.

"Are you okay?" Her delicate soft palm landed on his forehead, wanting to read his temperature.

Two seconds later, she failed to sense anything and skeptically proceeded to feel his cheeks and neck. Such love and openly expressed care momentarily drew Miles eyes from her tits which were exceptionally close.

"My poor baby, what did you go through today?"

Before Miles could react, her chest crashed into his face, her arms wrapping tight around his head.

Seeing this sight, Josephine and Cassie instantly rolled their eyes, feeling cringed out.

Except for Miles of course.

'Shit! Suffocate me more. They are so fucking soft.'

His joy was shortly lived as Hannah withdrew not knowing he was just about to have an erection.

'Wow.'

Contrary to his thoughts and feelings, Miles feigned a bashful look.

"It's okay Mom, I'm no longer a kid."

Seeing his face flush, Hannah smiled and ruffled his hair before sitting back down.

" That doesn't change the fact that you'll always be my little boy... and you girls."

Catching a glimpse at her daughters' cringed eyes, she quickly added to tease them.

Straightening his hair back in order, Miles could only nod.

Following their brief exchange, Cassie took her seat next to him and the atmosphere unexpectedly turned serious.

It was Hannah who spoke.

"Josephine told me you came back home with blood stains on your uniform. What happened?"

Miles paused as he was about to plunge his spoon into the tasty meal.

"Oh, about that. That's pig blood. As you can see I'm alright without any injuries." He casually shrugged but the women's serious care didn't change.

"Are you sure? You look strangely different than you were this morning?" Cassie mentioned as she stuffed a spoon into her mouth.

Josephine also nodded then added.

"Especially the way you talk since you came back. I know something happened to you but I just can't prove it." Her gaze was playfully suspicious as she shrugged.

Miles' meek and weak personality was something they had accepted and grown to love.

Although they attended the same school, Miles made sure not to interact with Josephine anytime they were in school due to the fact he was a bad stain on her reputation. Each time Josephine wanted to hang out with him, he begged her not to and she could respect his wish.

Their Mom also wanted to file the school system to Court in regards to him being bullied. But Miles went on his knees each time begging her not to.

Despite being registered into Judo to learn self defence, Miles preferred reading and storing up knowledge which was a good thing.

In a strange sense, one would feel that he liked being bullied but no way.

-

Revealing a thoughtful expression, Hannah also added.

"Your energy and vibe has totally changed."

This time it was Miles' turn to roll his eyes.

" Tsk, y'all better stop treating me like some kind of princess. From now on I'll be the man of the house." Miles playfully announced while stuffing a mouthful of a casserole.

"It seems like someone has finally grown some balls."

"Language Cassie."

The dining atmosphere lightened with laughter and jokes as the family ate.

In the ladies' hearts, they wholesomely accepted the changed Miles.

Soon Miles helped Josephine to wash the dishes, declaring that she was a beauty and shouldn't be stressed further.

Sure enough, his sister blushed and left the kitchen for him with a good night.

In the meantime, Miles arranged his thoughts on how to go about with the system's when the door opened and a figure stumbled in the quiet duplex.

"Deb?" Miles called out to the drunken figure murmuring curses to herself as she pointed her shaky fingers at him.

Chapter 5: Drunk, heartbroken Deb*

(Chapter Subtitle: I Have A Better Way.)

" Miles, since when did you have a twin? Hahaha-" she wobbled and then proceeded to flip off her shoes by resting her body on the wall.

As he watched her try to catch her breath, Miles couldn't help but think.

Debra was his second oldest sister, aged 24 or so and a graduate. She was tall and naturally curvy with a defined waist that set her apart from your regular lady or

girl. She was a classic baddie in her prime with a single nose piercing that made her look hot as a gooning material in full clothes.

She shared two striking properties with her mom, Hannah. A thick booty and big tits that aligned perfectly to her frame.

But even with all these, according to his memories, Deb was a good girl. She had the look but didn't live like it. For Miles' entire life, he only saw her with one dude, her fiance.

She also dressed appropriately and never lived a wayward life.

Even now, she was wearing a long sleeve turtle neck shirt that highlighted her big bust, paired with neat blue jeans that exhibited her thick long legs.

According to his memories, this kind of scene never played out before.

'Something must have happened.'

-

Deb tried to take a step but then swayed off her balance. Miles reacted swiftly and grabbed her waist, saving her from the fall.

Burp!

As her body cushioned against him, letting him feel her voluptuousness and soft milkers in his embrace. Miles instinctively scrunched his nose at the heavy scent of hard liquor oozing from her.

"Geez, what's wrong with you sis."

Miles said as he helped her arm over his shoulder, while wrapping his other arm tight around her waist.

" Burp- Cute. You want to know?"

Her flushed cheeks stretched to form a cheeky smile, hiccuping afterwards as if to hold back the dam of tears threatening to spill through her eyes.

She waved her free hand in the air and waved it to the thin air before grabbing his shirt and clenched it tight.

Her head slung on his shoulder and she began to laugh.

"Hahaha-."

Her laughter wasn't loud enough to wake their Mom who was a deep sleeper but Miles doubted if the other two girls heard it.

Directing her steps towards the nearest couch, her squishy boobs were beginning to awaken his virgin dick.

" Burp! You know Ethan right?"

Her voice gained a momentary form of clarity as she began to narrate while Miles gently sat her down.

"Mmmm. Yes." Nodding with attentiveness, a single pull from Deb sat him down next to her with his arm locked around her waist.

"My Fiance?"

" Yes."

She asked again and Miles nodded to let her know he knew exactly who she was referring to.

" Cute, hahaha."

Seeing the seriousness etched in his eyes, Deb burst into a low laughter that was swiftly drowned by sorrow. She was unable to hold it in any longer and streams of tears freely trailed down her cheeks.

"That ungrateful bastard fucking cheated on me. Sob."

'An ungrateful Bastard indeed.'

Miles' expression became dreadfully solemn as he watched Deb cry.

"I fucking caught him cheating with Anastasia, my bitch of a bestfriend. He was fucking her." The volume of her cry got louder and her eyes began to redden.

"Despite all I did for him. I sucked his dick many times and even gave him boob-job once. He has the guts to tell me Anastasia had a nice cunt."

'Huh? You've got to be kidding me. Don't tell me she's still a virgin.'

Miles was momentarily dazed by the sudden information that he forgot to comfort her.

"Miles?"

Her sobbing voice broke his daze.

" I'm so sorry. Come here, I'll make him pay for what he did to you. Same with that bitch Anastasia. They'll pay. No one dares mess with my family."

Deb smiled and swiftly snuggled into his embrace, her full chest pressing into him with all their comfort.

Her head lowered just below his chin, while she sniffed and sobbed quietly.

No longer holding back, Miles began to rub her back comfortingly and patted with slow steady rhythm.

Soon, Debra's sniff died down, not ashamed in the slightest that she was in her younger brother's embrace.

However, as silence unfolded between them, the atmosphere slowly turned strange.

Especially now that she had vented out her misgivings, Deb was back to her drunk self.

In Miles embrace, she began to feel a strange heat seethe through her body.

It was when she tried to adjust her body that Deb finally felt it. Miles' bulging erection pressed against her abdomen.

Surprisingly she felt neither,

repulsed or thought of her brother as a pervert.

To be quite honest, she was also a bit horny herself due to the Vodka she had taken.

The thought of her shy, naive brother getting hard also excited her.

Deb silently unfurled herself from his embrace herself and turned to straddle his legs.

Their eyes met and she revealed a cheeky smile.

Smooch!

Deb pounced on him, latching her lips on his and began to suck his tongue with so much intensity.

Going with the flow, Miles reacted but was unable to match her speed, she completely outclassed him and was like a lioness in heat.

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch! Her tongue savoured and explored his mouth.

Just as he was having second thoughts on grabbing her thick huge ass. Deb grabbed his hands and placed them on her rear asset.

"Hmmm- smooching!"

She began to grind him erotically.

'You expect me to reject this?'

Miles cursed his brotherly conscience and made sure his hand was firm over her ass.

Despite the hindrance of the jean pants she wore, he could feel just how thick her big ass was. It was a feeling he couldn't comprehend when coupled with the sensation of her boobs pressed against him.

It all spiralled too quickly, when Deb was about to pull up her shirt when she felt Miles' firm grip around her wrists.

"Stop, let's not do this when you're drunk."

Miles stopped because he knew witnessing her caged boobs in whatever colour bra she had underneath would be the last line for him.

While his conscience was a huge part of it, he feared being caught red handed by the rest of the family.

Being the rational one, he figured out a better solution.

Seeing Deb's face become a mix of confusion and hurt, Miles quickly laid out his suggestion.

" -I have a better way. Why don't you sit on my lap instead."

Although unwilling, Deb cutely sat on his thigh.

'You weak bastard.' Miles regretted his words instantly as the pressing weight of Deb's body rested on his legs.

'No risk no reward.' Gritting his teeth through, he found her waist and unbuttoned her pants with a click.

'Time to test you out.'

Just

Chapter 6: Drunk Deb^{2**}

"Ahhhh-!"

Deb whimpered, shuddering as his palm slid beneath her underwear.

Coupled with his activated skill [Blissful Hands] the sensation she felt was extremely triggering.

" HmMMM-."

Her quavering moan rang out again.

Miles slid his finger between her folds, soaking in her virgin wetness and groping her big boobs with his other hand.

" Ahhhh!"

Feeling so much pleasure than she had ever, Deb melted into his embrace, grinding her body against him and encouragingly guided his hand to squeeze her breasts tighter.

Unfortunately, with both her clothes and bra on, there was only so much he could feel while squeezing. But that didn't lessen the thrill of this experience.

To think he bumped into such a scenario in barely 12 hours of his transmigration, Miles thanked the gods within his heart and began fingering his stepsister.

"Hmmm- hmmm- hmmm-." Deb whimpered softly, gyrating her waist to match the pace of his thrusting finger.

"Ahhh-." Finally unable to take it anymore, her body stiffened and a wave of her sweet nectar flooded Miles' palm.

'Damn. What am I going to do?'

Just as he was about to think of an excuse to resolve what they had just done, Miles felt Deb soften into his embrace, her breath becoming as subtle as a kitten's.

'Are you kidding me or did she actually get knocked out by my fingers?'

Having this thought, Miles smirked inwardly.

Still cautious, he nudged her slightly.

"Deb?"

Getting no response, he slowly removed his hand from where it was and let out a relieved sigh.

[Ding!]

[You've knocked out your drunk Step-Sister, Debra by giving her the best finger fuck she's ever experienced.]

[Ding! Appraising...]

[Target: Debra Sinclair

Relationship: Older Step-Sister.

Age: 23

Status: Virgin

Circumstances: Sinclairs' Duplex, late into the night while the rest of the family are fast asleep.

Orgasm: 1]

[Appraisal: B+ Grade Taboo.]

Ding!

[You've received :

300 Taboo Points

\$800 Deposit.]

Ding!

[Bonus: 1 Free Talent Card]

Miles gawked at the holographic screen as the emotionless voice inside his head listed his reward.

'I can also make money? What's the Talent Card about?' Just as he was about to check out his rewards , the system interrupted his thoughts.

Ding!

[You've received a Sub Quest on Family Man main Quest.]

Ding!

[Sub Quest: No One Dares Mess With My Family.]

An unfaithful fiancé cheated on your dear Step-Sister with her best friend. Make them both pay for this.

Rewards: ??]

'Wow, chill system. How many Quest and Mission do you have on me.'

While he felt the system was going overboard with the series of uncompleted missions and questions, Miles didn't reject the idea. He was already planning to pay them back to begin with.

'I can't leave her like this either.'

Dismissing the holographic screen, Miles wiped his palm on his shorts, promising to dump it in the washing machine later and proceeded to lift Deb in a bridal style.

As for being weak? He already purchased a 0.5 Strength Card from the system's store and used it.

Although the enhancement was minimal at best, Miles felt the strain on his muscles lessen slightly.

He climbed the stairs while gritting his teeth and eventually got to Deb's room.

Glancing at her tempting figure on the bed as he was about to depart, he suddenly face palmed and went to unclasp her bra. When he did, Deb involuntarily relaxed further.

It was no secret that women hated bras.

Now in his room, after gooning to what happened. Miles stared at his holographic screen.

A list of Talents were on display.

There were talents for all kinds of sports too.

Considering he was a high school student, Miles knew choosing any one of these talents would make him easily popular in school. Bagging girls wouldn't be an issue then.

However, after thinking deeply, he realised he needed something that could help him earn points quickly, a bit of cash too and might be crucial in the long run.

'The only ability I have now is Blissful Hands and I desperately need to earn Taboo Points-.'

Gaining a sudden flash of inspiration, Miles no longer hesitated on which talent to choose.

While grinning from ear to ear at how much of a genius he was, he picked up his PC and began to search for jobs. Either by luck or fate,he got booked for an interview for the job he wanted.

Before being abducted by the dreamland, he thought about how to complete the System's mission and his growth.

Chapter 7: The Next Morning

Early the next morning.

Zzzzz! Zzzzz! Zzzzz!

The snoozing alarm blaring through her ears forced Deb to open her groggy eyes.

Blindly slapping at the source of the noise, silence returned once more.

She grunted and rolled over, heaving as she opened her blank eyes to see the opaque ceiling.

The silence counted into tens before she finally managed to recover her thoughts like a rebooted program.

'What happened? Where am I?'

"Ahh."

Suddenly her eyes squinted and a sharp pang assaulted her head, bringing with it memories of yesterday.

She caught her fiancè having sex with her best friend.

Instantly, Deb's heart felt heavy and a twist of pain assaulted her chest.

She recovered the memory of how she drank herself to stupor and eventually booked a ride home.

Deb felt her memory become fuzzy, then another pang assaulted her.

She hissed and pulled through.

When she got home, she happened to bump into Miles. A stark contrast to his usual self, like blushing when he saw her, he actually held her gaze and quickly stepped in to stop her from falling.

Thinking about it now, Deb felt her heart in jitters, a sense of foreboding echoing within her.

Miles wrapped one arm around her waist and led her to the couch.

He was about to let go but she actually pulled him to sit, liking the fact his arm made her his.

Was this the extent of how she loved her brother so much?

After Miles sat down, she began pouring out her heart to him.

Cursing at her fiancè and telling him how he was ungrateful despite the fact that she frequently gave him blow jobs and a tit job once.

"What did you do Deb?" Deb muttered in disbelief, dazed as memories of what happened next flooded her mind.

After Miles swore that no one messes with his sister, she blushed and wrapped him in her embrace. Things escalated quickly and she straddled him on the couch, proceeding to initiate a lustful kiss. She even placed his hands on her ass.

At this point, Deb's face was completely flushed and her inside turned moist.

Then they were about to do it but Miles stopped her, saying because she was drunk.

He made her sit on his lap, groping one of her tits while fingering.

She came and everything blacked out.

"Oh no, Deb." Feeling ashamed that Miles probably thought she was a cheap slut, she jolted up and quickly took off her pants.

Indeed it was real, her panty was stained with her own fluid.

Deb realized she was still in yesterday's set of clothes and was about to stand to quickly shower when she noticed that her bra was on but unclasped.

'Did he...?'

Her thoughts trailed, blushing in shame of how thoughtful he was.

Meanwhile, without a clue as to the upheaval of emotions going through Deb's head. Miles got down to discover his mom, Hannah, had gone for work early around 7 am, Cassie also tagged along to be dropped off at her ballet school.

In this family, everyone worked hard and had their eyes set on becoming someone great.

Other than Cassie, Debra and Josephine . There was also Victoria, the oldest, an art curator who travelled the world and Vanessa who was in college, third sister.

"Morning Phine."

Being the family Chef, Josephine was in the kitchen but pressing her phone.

"That's a surprise, you came down-." Josephine threw him a glance but was stunned to see him already close to her as he grabbed the plate of bacon and egg, offering to kiss her on the cheek.

She tilted her neck and accepted his gesture of love, unable to comprehend what just happened.

Smirking inwardly, Miles acted oblivious and began to scarf down the dish.

"Huh? What's with the suit?"

After managing to catch her breath, Josephine's voice rang behind as she finally paid attention to what he wore.

Sure, Miles had always been a geek-nerd and dressed modestly each day, but he wasn't crazy enough to put on a suit on a Saturday morning.

"Oh, I'm going to apply for a part time job interview. Jeez, I'm already late."

"Right, Deb came home drunk last night. Can you please help me order her a hangover soup? I'll credit you when I'm back ."

With that, Miles dashed out of the house, leaving Josephine to ponder everything he had just revealed.

'He's applying for a part time job? Does Mom know?'

'How in the hell did Deb come home drunk too.'

Josephine ran into Deb's room and heard a squelching sound.

—

30 minutes later.

Miles walked out of a phone store with a brand new phone bought with the system's cash reward.

minutes later, he arrived at his destination. A Spa named Tranquil Touch and stepped inside.

Taboo Stepson System

"Good Morning. Welcome to Tranquil Touch Spa."

Walking into the building, Miles was welcomed into a cozy reception area by the receptionist who was a lady in her late twenties with rather mid attributes.

His silent gaze took in everything as he nudged his tie and stepped forward.

"We offer Facials, Body scrubs, Steam bath, Hydrotherapy, Aromatherapy, Manicure & pedicure services... Which would you like sir?"

The receptionist heaved to catch her breath before concluding.

Seeing this, Miles awkwardly scrunched his nose with a faint smile.

"Actually, I'm here for an interview."

Sure enough, the lady's face went through an instant transformation after she froze.

"Oh, how may I help you?"

Forcing out a smile, she replied while inwardly cursing Miles.

"I was hoping you could help direct me to the Boss's office."

"There, the office at the opposite end of the corridor."

"Thank you." Miles nodded appreciatively and walked away. Of course he could feel her glare boring through him alongside a hiss.

There were five doors on each side of the corridor, each leading to a spa room with different specifications based on the door tag.

Upon reaching the last door which was an office, he stopped and took a deep breath.

-

Last night, after careful consideration and a sudden flash of idea. Miles chose to unlock the Masseur talent. A talent that made him able to read the sore spots on a person's body and also identify which part needed his foremost attention with a sense of what to do. Coupled with his Blissful Hands ability, working at a Spa was the fastest way to farm Taboo Points.

'Shit, I'm about to explode with thrill.'

Keeping his face cool, Miles pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Upon entering, all Miles saw was an empty desk.

Click!

The soft click afterwards drew his attention to the left corner of the office, and he saw a defined lady in her mid thirties step through the door dressed in a Beige Wrap-Style Spa Uniform.

'Seems like I came too early.' Realizing that his soon to be employer has just finished changing, Miles realized his chances may have become thinner.

'I should have taken the time to learn about interviews.'

Steeling his guts, Miles kept his cool and casually followed her movement with his eyes.

The woman swept her dark blonde hair behind and threw a quick glance in his direction, before settling behind the desk and turned on the PC by the side.

She nodded and Miles took his cue to sit.

"So, you're Miles?"

She began.

"Yeah. Miles Sinclair."

Miles nodded, meeting her focused gaze with a casual temperament that seemed neither fazed or pressured.

"You're 17 and currently a junior in high school?"

This time her eyes turned cold, taking the minute change in his expression.

" Yes." Still meeting her gaze, Miles nodded with the same temperament.

"Tell me about yourself. What makes you think you can use my establishment to tick one of your perverted fantasies?"

The woman's face turned stern, ominously relaxing her back into the comfy chair but with a hawk -like gaze focused on him.

Seeing this...

"Well, I am Miles. I grew up in a family of six women, 5 sisters and a mother. I'm the sole son."

As expected the woman's face softened after hearing his narration.

A high schooler applying to work part-time as a masseur only meant one thing. A pervert, virgin who neither has a girlfriend nor associated with girls, wanting to find perfect goon materials.

But hearing Miles confidently say he grew up with 6 women removed him from that category.

Living in such a house, there was no way he hadn't bumped into many accidents and was used to conversing with girls. As a masseur this meant he could hold his own against a client.

'Although his face doesn't look bad. His frame doesn't fit the idea of what a masseur should look like. He looks more like a nerd.'

Truly, his body was a scrap of meat and bones. No abs, muscles and an imposing frame.

Miles already knew this, which is why he chose to take the initiative.

"I am also from an historical lineage of masseurs that served the England royal family for 2 centuries."

The woman stared at him with a skeptical look, obviously trying to hold back her laughter. But then after noting how dead serious he looked, decided to give it a second thought.

"Historical Lineage you say? Why are you here instead of a 5 Star Spa Centre?"

'Finally.' Relieved to the core, Miles revealed a smile. Seems like he was truly going to get this job.

"Exactly. I am here to refine my skills, not to be employed. If you choose to let me partner with you, my services for today will be free and I get to receive 10% for every client I work on."

Miles oozed with so much confidence in his words that the woman was left speechless. Her eyes became doubtful as she re-appraised him.

'Is this a joke or a prank?'

Seeing the doubt in her eyes, naturally Miles wasn't going to miss this chance.

"I know you're doubtful. Which is why I'm proposing to offer you my services firsthand and let you decide afterwards. Also if I'm a fraud, you can do anything you want with me. My family doesn't know I'm here."

Miles firmly stated, expressing he would leave at once if she didn't want to take the risk of trusting him.

'Gosh Grace, he's just a high schooler . How is he so deterrent?'

Feeling frustrated that she couldn't tell if Miles was lying, she resolved her mind and accepted.

"You can call me Grace. Follow me."

With that, she stood up from her seat and led Miles towards the door by the corner.

Chapter 9: Interview 2**

They walked into a calm, cozy massage room with soft purple lighting, candles, a neatly prepared massage bed, warm tones, and a relaxing spa atmosphere.

Right by the side, Miles was stunned to see another door with a tag that said dressing room.

"Wait here."

Not wanting to think of the fact that she was about to receive a massage from a youth, a high schooler while bearing the weight of missing out on an opportunity that could raise her business by a star and a half, if what he said was true. Grace locked the door behind her and began to undress, removing what she had just put on minutes ago.

Staring at her reflection in a matching piece of black underwear, she heaved a deep breath and picked up one of the carefully wrapped white towels.

'It better be worth it .' Steeling her resolve with thoughts of her desperate situation, she stepped out.

—

In the meantime, Miles had taken off his jacket and folded his sleeves. Using the ceramic bowl to wash his hands and a towel to clean them.

He glanced through the oil bottles and easily identified which to use.

Grace, the woman soon to be his part-time Boss stepped out with a white towel wrapped around her body while throwing a casual glance at the preparations he made.

She said nothing but expressed a deadpan look before lying on the massage bed with her back facing him.

'Look at her, she looked emotionally burned out from the start.'

Miles thought while he began to pour oil on his palm, his Masseur Talent activated and did its work.

[Hidden Stat: Dexterity activated! +15]

[Target identified as Grace Anderson]

↓←[Primary Tension Area: Shoulders]

[Action: Kneading x6 | Deep Press x3]

↓←[Secondary Area: Upper Back]

[Action: Palm Rub x8 | Circular Press x4]

↓←[Tension Detected: Neck]

[Action: Thumb Glide x4 | Hold x2]

Holographic arrows hovered in the air, providing guidance and steps on how to release the tension on her body.

'Damn, too easy.' Grinning Miles commenced to work.

"Argh!"

The silence in the room shattered the instant Miles' palm came into contact with Grace's shoulder, embedding into both sides with firm softness.

Her lips parted and her eyes widened, letting out a relieved grunt as her shoulders felt like it had met its true bane.

Miles was stunned for a brief moment as it dawned on him the extent of his dexterity stat.

'What the fuck? I haven't even activated my ace.'

"Are you okay? You seem to have a lot of tension around your shoulders? Does it feel good?"

While he spoke, Miles followed the instruction of the holographic arrows.

Whilst, Grace was unable to mutter any response, her breath stolen by the unprecedented movement of his hands that seemed to strike her very core.

Smirking, Miles stopped and withdrew his hands.

" Hmm, your leg muscles seem stressed too." Speaking in a lecturing tone, he uncapped one of the aromatic bottles and began to draw a clean stream that drowned her skin in oil.

'Activate Blissful Hands.'

"Ahhhhh!-"

Grace felt an electrical jolt travel up her limbs, striking something she was too embarrassed to label.

"Mmmmm, Mmmmm- Mmmmmm."

'Oh gods, what's happening? Is he truly from such a family. ' Grace's thoughts screamed, unable to speak because she was literally starting to moan at this point.

The upper Miles extended his reach over her legs, the more Grace felt aroused and helpless as his hands did magic and caused her body to feel inexplicably good.

Slowly, by the time she realised what the feeling was, she was already wet and horny.

'Grace, don't tell me you're getting wet for a high schooler.'

Even if she knew, there was no stopping Miles at this point.

She felt his grip on her thigh, having slipped underneath her towel, began caressing her gently.

"Ahhhh- Hmmmmm-!"

'Yes, good girl, keep it up.'

"I need more skin contact to show my techniques and your towel isn't helping... What do you say?"

Pausing briefly, Miles slipped his hands higher, dissolving the muscles around her butt-cheeks and leaving Grace more helpless.

Face flushed, Grace bit her lips- She felt the tease in his actions and words, but because she also wanted it, there was no way she could prove him wrong.

'Why did I even agree to this?'

"Take... it off." She told Miles.

Smirking from one end to the other, Miles felt his dick nod at the meal placed before it the moment he unwrapped the towel.

Grace was in a matching pair of underwear.

He didn't notice it before, based on the fact that she wore a loose uniform then swapped into towels, but Grace had quite the ass and was hot.

'Not bad but can't compare with Hannah's.' Thinking about his MILF stepmother and how he would later uncover all that she had underneath her pretty outfits, Miles felt thrilled and didn't hesitate.

" Ahhhhhhhh."

Grace moaned in delight the moment she felt his fingers dig into her ass and squeeze a handful of both cheeks.

She hissed and heaved, following every rhythm of his oiled hands.

-

'Phase two.'

Tracing his fingers up her spine, he felt her jolt and squirm from the sensation. Offering no resistance and as he unhooked her bra.

"Relax, don't stiffen your body."

Who could have expected that the words she said to clients so many times would be redirected at her one day.

Inhaling a deep breath, she turned over through his guidance. Her eyes closed in order not to feel awkward.

Miles poured a stream of oil on her breasts which were moderate in size and slightly firm, enjoying the sight of it with his hardened dick as he trailed it down her abdomen.

In the moment it took for a spark to fly, Grace's moans filled the room as Miles swooped down on her boobs and extended his fingers to her nipples.

Groping and massaging both tits with oils

"HmMMM, yessss-"

She gasped out loud, twisting her body and arching upward to feel more his grip embed into her boobs.

Unable to fight back his urge to latch onto her boobs any longer.

"This is called the C Hold Suction technique." Miles spoke hurriedly before demonstrating.

His lips latched onto one of her nipples, squeezing her boobs tight and sucked deep.

"Ahhhhhhh."

Grace moaned, digging her fingers into his hair and pushing his head closer.

"Yesss ! Ahhh! Please be gentle- Hmmm-

."

Miles bit her. She winced, pleaded but was cut off half way because Miles inserted one of his fingers inside her.

Taboo Stepson System c 10

Spreading her clitoris apart, Miles began to thrust with his middle finger.

Grace was so wet, moaning out loud with his mouth on her boobs, viciously trying to suck the juice out of them.

If Miles took off his shirt, red prints would be seen, done by Grace in her ecstatic state.

—

Compared to the vibrators she used, his fingers were undoubtedly the best.

Thrusting faster, Miles began to hear the sultry sound of her dripping hole. The next moment, Grace's body froze, holding him tight and suddenly letting go.

Her thighs began spasming and Miles' fingers were quickly drained in her orgasm. But he didn't stop, Grace began squirming, the bliss from his fingers like a tickle that fanned the flame of desire within her.

Although she had enjoyed being fingered, Grace's discipline still held her consciousness from submitting to the lust, knowing where it would lead to.

'No, no, I can't do this... He's a minor. I can't let him fuck me.'

Grace's already flushed face revealed a sense of shame, blaming herself that it was her fault but still moaning from the blissful sensation.

Somewhere within her thoughts, she very well enjoyed it just like her body did, but didn't want to admit it.

—

'Damn, she already came?'

Finally satisfying the desire to have her nipples in his mouth, Miles realized she had already come and chose to withdraw with the thought that his employment application had been successful. In a minute, the system would also reward him.

'I wish things would progress further and I'll lose this body's virginity.'

Glancing at her flushed sweaty face, Miles suspected that he was probably being put to test to see if he would forcibly enter a client without permission.

'Right?'

In his past life, he had been a Psycho Killer not a womaniser. His knowledge regarding the heart of a woman was on a surface level that surrounded flattering and compliments. Not the carnal ways they wanted to be treated and dominated in bed.

But Grace was going to enlighten him.

'Wait, is he planning to leave me like this?'

Suddenly, Miles felt a fierce grip around his wrist.

"Wait..." Grace's eyes shot open, exposing the complicated glint within them as she met his gaze.

There was no way of hiding his erection, and it took Grace a quick second to find it.

'Hmm, so he's having an erection. His bulge seems quite big, bigger than I imagined.' Her face flushed further at the thought but didn't stop her assessment.

'To think he didn't take the cue to take advantage of me. He must really be from a historical family of royal masseurs. Disciplined or else his family would have been killed off for being unable to control their libido.

The way he sucked my boobs and his erection is proof that he's hardcore straight.'

Granted that she orgasmed, Grace had enough respite from the lust to form logical assessment of everything so far.

But if she felt all these from a single massage session. What would her clients feel?

'You've gotten the job. But you have to finish this first.'

"Fuck me."

Hearing Grace say this, Miles was a little speechless, thinking it was too easy to be real. His plan had been to make her mind restless, thinking of everything that had happened and finally give in to sleep with him tomorrow or so.

For a moment he wondered if she was the same woman 15 minutes earlier with a burned out look, asking him questions on her desk.

—

Seeing him dazed, Grace unexpectedly bit her lips and still pressed forward.

"I mean... Have sex with me."

"Sure, why not?"

Click

It took barely a moment for Miles to take off his pants, revealing the big bulge to be much bigger than expected.

He hastily unbuttoned his shirt , threw it to the side and popped out his slender 7 inches weapon.

Grace involuntarily bit her lips at the sight, spreading her legs wider as Miles positioned between them.

'What a big dick nerd-'

"Ahhhh-!"

Her thoughts were hijacked the moment he plunged into her.

Miles also let out a deep grunt, overwhelmed with the sensation of her wet slippery cunt wrapped around his virgin dick with intent to squeeze it dry.

Grabbing onto each leg, he began to slowly thrust deep inside her.

" Ahhhh- yessss- Faster, hmmm-."

Relishing the blissful pleasure of his dick, Grace wanted to muffle her ringtone, but remembered the room was sound proofed and resumed to jolt slightly with every thrust.

"Faster! Faster! Ahhh! yessss-! Faster!"

Miles widened her legs even more and did as she wished till they both quickly reached the peak of ecstasy.

When she felt him about to cum, Grace prompted him not to pull out.

"Hmmm-. Cum inside me baby. Yessss-!!!"

"Arrrgh!" Miles felt a wave of erotic bliss wash over him while depositing everything.

The Spa room went quiet with only the sound of their rough breathing in their frozen position.

Seconds passed, Grace legs loosened around him and Miles slipped out his limp brother from her dripping cunt. Apparently, he had unloaded quite a huge amount as a first timer.

Thinking about the fact that she was going to feel his seeds inside her all day, developed into a sense of thrill he never expected, making Miles realise there were other things than killing.

'This life is going to be fun.'

But then he noticed Grace's eyes were closed and picked his cue to dress up and wait in the office for the official announcement that he was employed.

Not after cleaning up with a few wipes he saw on the table.

—

Hearing the door closed, Grace finally opened her eyes and released a breath of relief. Although she felt like whore with Miles seed inside her, she couldn't deny how slutily good she was.

As for the fear of getting pregnant, Grace was already on prescription due to her ex's repeated blackmail.

