

## TABOO STEPSON SYSTEM

### Chapter 11: Signature Masseur

Ding!

[You aced your interview, leaving a big load of your seeds inside your Boss's cunt so she's going to feel a part of you inside her all day.]

[Ding! Appraising...]

[Target: Grace Anderson

Relationship: Boss

Age: 32

Status: Experienced.

Circumstances: A test of skill verification escalates into a memorable scenario inside the VIP Spa Room.

Orgasm:2]

[Appraisal: A Grade Taboo]

Ding!

[You've received:

800 Taboo Points.

\$1500 Deposit.]

Ding!

[You've Unlocked a Title: Retired Gooner.]

[Retired Gooner: After years of solo stamina training, you've felt home once more.

Buff: Enlarged penis girth when active.

Debuff: Solo training will be severely punished.]

Seeing this, Miles had a strange feeling that the system was displeased with the fact that he gooned last night after rejecting Debra's attempt.

'Bastard.'

He stared at the list of his rewards and grinned.

'\$1,500? That's like the pay of an established female pornstar per shoot.'

While overjoyed by the thought of easily becoming rich, Miles felt the Taboo Points were never going to meet his demand.

+1 stats card was worth 400 TP, to gain noticeable increase in strength would need at least 5 Stars Card.

'I need more, this body is too weak. Let alone grow through the gym, I'll be easily ganged upon and thrown into the trash bin to die for real.'

Memories of his bullies surfaced and he clenched his fist for a moment then let go.

' I still have an Ace.'

Just then, a soft click rang, intruding his thoughts as the door by the corner opened to reveal Grace in her formal uniform that hid her shape.

She composedly walked to the desk, not giving him a glance till she sat and faced him.

The office went silent.

Noticeably forcing herself to keep calm, Grace spoke out.

"First, whatever happened was only as a result of procedure. Don't think you'll be so lucky again and don't ever- ever tell or bring it up again.

Second, I am your Boss from henceforth, be strictly professional. Even if you're just a high schooler you should understand etiquette right?"

'Such a perfectly recited script.'

Miles could tell she was doing everything in her power to keep a cold face, but still played along.

Nodding, he replied.

"I understand. You're the Boss and I'm the Employee."

" Yes." Content with his reply, Grace was about to speak when she saw him raise his hand.

Denying her surprise at his maturity, she nodded with a go ahead look.

"Okay. I'll be available on weekends only. During the week booking should be checked in with me before being scheduled."

Miles firmly stated, making Grace realise she had no hold over him like she thought.

Grace froze but then realized it all made sense. Other being in school, Miles was also doing her a favour.

" Also, I'll get 5% pay for each booking."

'He's not just smart, his background must be big.'

Grace nodded.

"I guess we have a deal, Mr Miles." She stretched forth her hands like nothing happened.

Reciprocating the gesture, Miles smiled and activated blissful hands.

"Sure Boss."

The moment their hands came in contact, Grace's composure crumbled and her face flushed. Fortunately she was able to hold back or would have been forced to bury herself in shame.

The air took a passive turn but Grace managed to act.

Picking up the telephone, she typed in 3 digits and placed it to her ear.

"Come to my office." She said,

Twenty seconds later, a knock sounded on the door and a figure walked in.

It was the female receptionist that gave him direction earlier.

Their eyes met for a moment and she gave him a weird look after noting his rumpled clothes but quickly diverted her eyes back to Grace.

"You wanted to see me."

"Yes." Grace nodded.

" I want you to add something new to our list of services. Tranquil Touch Signature; 5 Star Massage."

"Make sure to inform the VIPs and have the tech guy list it on the website."

Ignoring the receptionist's surprise, Grace waved at her dismissively.

"What a boss." Miles watched from the side.

After the receptionist left, Grace turned to him.

"I think you should change. There's a male set of uniform in the changing room. I'll see myself out for the time being."

With that, she left while Miles entered the dress room.

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'I look less of a nerd now. I also need to get a haircut on my way home.'

Staring at his reflection dressed in a male masseur outfit bigger than his frame but with a baggy swag to it, Miles took a few pictures.

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Thinking he would have the time to chill for a while before he was out to work. Miles had barely sat down when his first client walked in with her daughter, and it was someone he knew.

## **Chapter 12: First Client: My Crush Mom**

30 Minutes Earlier.

Inside a luxurious Honda driving down the road, two women could be seen. A woman in her early forties behind the steering who appeared to be the mother and a girl in her youth who was focused on her phone, totally oblivious to her surroundings next to her.

"So baby, what do you think about going to the Spa with me since your swim training got cancelled. A little girl's time with mom."

The woman, shaking her shoulders along with her wavy brown hair that screamed luxury, beamed a smile as she threw a glance at her daughter who seemed strangely too focused on her phone than usual.

"Hm, why not?"

Racheal shrugged out a response at her nagging Mom who was too desperate to spend time with her. In fact her eyes never left the phone screen, filled with curiosity as she chatted with the other girls in the swimming team chat group.

Earlier this morning a pool of blood had been found inside one of the lockers and a trail of bloody footsteps in the locker room. According to the latest gossip, the school authorities were trying to keep things low which is why their swim training was cancelled.

After getting her daughter's approval, the woman wasted no time and took a sharp turn. Deciding to head to her usual Spa Centre which was a minute away.

Not long after, they arrived at Tranquil Touch Spa. And as fate would have it, they happened to bump into the owner whose temperament was distinctively more attractive than ever.

Grace also revealed a smile and welcomed her VIP Clients.

Instantly both women hit it off and Grace introduced their new premium services.

"It's alright. Why don't you try it out and decide after. If it isn't worth it then don't pay."

Hearing Grace daring words, the woman smiled and took the bait.

She was Carolina.

To her side, Rachael tags along to see her mother off since they would both receive different massage before any other session.

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In the office, just as he stepped in, Miles welcomed his first Client with a polite smile. She even brought her daughter along.

They both crossed eyes but the girl shunned his gaze away and resumed to focus on her phone.

'Damn.'

Meanwhile Miles cursed inwardly in his heart, feeling the blow was too much to bear.

Like every other beauty in Dominion High, his predecessor had a crush on her but felt too inferior to approach, which was a good thing considering the humiliation that would have been added to his plate.

She was way above his league and class, her boyfriend was even on the

school's football team.

She was also in junior year, class A while he was in B.

From the look of it, his infamousness wasn't at a level to keep in memory.

'Hehehe. Don't worry, even if I can't have you yet , I'll try my best to find your Mom for the time bei-'

"And this is?"

Before Miles could complete his thoughts, a voice interrupted him.

It was Carolina.

Slipping her wavy hair, she adjusted the grip on her branded bag.

Perhaps it was because of his predecessor's attachment to her daughter. Miles hadn't given her a proper glance.

Now that he did, he cursed Rachael.

'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree they say. Fuck you Racheal.'

Caroline was wearing a cropped denim jacket over a black maxi bodycon dress that accentuated her figure.

Although she wasn't a MILF yet, her body was that of a celebrity when combined with her face card.

Her hips drew a sexy thick curve, her ass definitely was no less.

The disappointing thing was that her breasts weren't big enough to suffocate his face between them, just bigger than the average.

Replying to Carolina.

"He's the masseur in charge."

Carolina's revealed a look of doubt then asked-

"Isn't he like, too young?"

Due to the fact his hair was covered by a cap and his Masseur uniform mostly hiding his frame, Carolina couldn't conclude her suspicion.

'His age is definitely a problem.'

Grace quickly jumped in,

"No need to worry, he has been trained, tested and verified in this field. Ease your worries, he's up to task."

Miles also bowed respectfully to show his etiquette.

Seeing this, Carolina couldn't refuse and nodded.

"Alright, please take care of my daughter too."

"Sure." Grace agreed.

Carolina walked past Miles in her heels, entering the VIP Spa Room.

Withholding a sly smile, Miles tagged along after receiving a nod from Grace.

Seems Grace wasn't as decent as she looked either. Telling him to go all out definitely meant she wanted to squeeze a huge amount as fee.

'My pleasure.'

## Chapter 13: Carolina's Need

Carolina lived the perfect house wife dream. Her husband was a wealthy tycoon, she had a handsome son and a beautiful daughter who were both in high school. She went on more shopping sprees than she could count and also spared nothing to keep her body in shape.

Visiting the Spa was part of her routine, and currently as she changed, wrapping a clean white towel around her body, she didn't think much of what was about to go down. Just a bit curious as to what this five star massage was really about.

Walking out of the dressing room, she saw the small comfy space had been set.

Miles had lit the calming sweet incense and played a low serene melody.

The candles were also lit.

Miles gestured at the massage bed in a gentleman manner, specifying that Carolina lay on her back instead of her chest.

This puzzled his crush's mother but the middle aged baddie complied.

"Okay, before we begin, you should put this on. It will heighten your other senses."

Miles spoke for the first time and brought out a sleeping mask.

Carolina didn't respond but did just that.

'I see, she's the kind of person that deems anyone outside her circle unworthy. What a prideful bitch, I wonder how you'll feel with my cock stuffed down your throat.'

Activating his talent, the system did its work and quickly pin-pointed her stressed spot.

Her shoulders, belly and feet.

"Hmm, you've been driving much more lately than usual. Your feminine energy has been strained and locked in several places.

I can see them. I bet your shoulders, waist and legs often ache."

Miles spoke superstitiously like an illustrious doctor, his every word shocking Carolina whose ears couldn't believe what she just heard.

Indeed, these parts of her body often ached. However, she never told anyone about it and thought it was a minor that would pass soon.

Her mind buzzed, 'How could this young masseur know this?'

But the next moment Miles' words completely rattled her.

"How fortunate of you to have come to this Spa. If you hadn't, this minor ache would have eventually faded in the next two days, but it would have left hidden imprints in your muscles. Causing them to weaken and in turn make your body age faster."

Carolina froze. If there was anything women like her feared, it was the thought of their body ageing. She remained silent, waiting attentively for his next words.

"Let's start. I'll use my family's heirloom technique, but you'll have to unwrap the towel to feel truly at ease."

Hearing this, Carolina was curious and nodded in relief.

Though the thought of Miles seeing her in just her undies prompted her to feel nervous for a moment, she squashed the thought and stilled her heart.

'Hmph, you wear a bikini on the beach every time, this is no different.' she told herself.

So under Miles' silent gaze, she slowly unfolded the edge of the towel and let it loose.

A green plunge bra with matching lingerie panty was revealed to Miles, prompting his breath to become heavy as heat surge between his legs.

Her bra held her breasts firm in its cage, her skin was perfectly toned. Without blemish it aligned with her slender, flat tummy.

The sight was extremely ravishing, Miles already pictured his cum spilled there.

Meanwhile, Carolina felt like a sacrificial lamb, not knowing why, just that her body began tingling strangely like something was about to devour.

'Oh no, he must be looking at my tits.'

When she realized that Miles was feasting on her with his eyes, Carolina didn't feel bad or try to remove the sleep mask. Instead she felt proud and satisfied by it.

'I haven't lost my charm.' she thought.

Just after, she heard Miles move behind her and a bottle uncapped.

The next moment, she felt droplets land on her face, trailing down her chin and neck.

What happened afterwards was beyond her comprehension.

When she regained her senses, she realized she had just moaned out loud and then the sensation of Miles' grip on her neck from behind caused her spine to chill.

"Hmmm-" she inhaled once more, sucking a deep breath as Miles ran his fingers deep around her neck, then let go and extended his reach across her shoulders.

'This feeling...' Carolina could barely think, her mind melted into the sensation.

"Do you feel it? Is it here?"

Smirking down at her, Miles made his voice soft, speaking next to her ear and listened to her illicit response.

" Yesss-."

A shuddering voice that squirmed with pleasure and bliss.

If Rachael happened to hear this, she would definitely think her mother was being fucked good.

But Miles had only just began.

His hands reversed and repeated the same action twice.

"Hmmm- Hmmm- Hmmm-"

Carolina inhaled deeply each time and resisted the urge to moan.

Controlling his lust at the same time, Miles stopped.

'No, no, please don't stop now.'

Carolina pleaded in her heart. Feeling her core already moist of Miles' touch, her face flushed. Nasty enough, she wanted more.

Just as she was out to speak out, wanting to tell Miles' to go on. She felt soft patters against her skin.

Miles was oiling up her legs, moving upward till she could finally feel the drops trail down her thighs.

Deep within her, Carolina felt a sense of need and anticipation she wanted to deny but couldn't.

Being wet and alone with a male Masseur wasn't an experience she ever thought or fantasized about.

Despite being the sexy and hot woman she was, having eyes over her wherever she went and often dressed to get such attention. She was very disciplined in staying committed to her husband. Not out of loyalty but from the fear that he had someone to watch her in secret. Cheating would make her lose everything. He literally promised her that.

Also her husband was gay and he barely slept with her 6 times in each year.

Currently, Carolina couldn't remember when she last had a real dick inside her. It had all been porn, vibrator and dildo.

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"Relax your muscles, breathe."

At this point, Miles could tell that she was horny by her body's vivid reaction each time his fingers pressed her muscles.

Smiling evilly, he activated Blissful Hands and placed one of her legs over his shoulder.

" Ahhhh- !" she moaned, a similar reaction to Grace but her tone was distinctively sluttier and more erotic.

Before she could catch her breath, Carolina felt her mouth gasping again, bliss surging through her.

"Ahhhh- Hmmm- Ahhhh-"

Miles rubbed her thighs sensitive spots, pretending he was massaging.

"I'm trying to release your energy flow." He explained over her ecstatic tone but she no longer cared. Instead the only thing she wished for, was for his hands to slip lower and touch that salivating spot.

Unfortunately she only fell deeper into his trap.

## **Chapter 14: Carolina Submits\***

"Hmmmmmm." Carolina let out an erotic gasp while Miles had one of her legs suspended on his shoulder.

Using the pretense of massage, his hands trailed along her glistening oiled skin. Each time he made sure she moaned before streaking backward.

" Ahhhhhhhh."

Every movement Miles made her wetter, moist and dripping.

Her ignited need to satisfy the lust within her brutally dismantled her pride, but each time she felt like letting those words loose, Miles would pause and switch to her other legs.

"Please just fuck me already. I'm begging you.-' "Ahhhh!"

Unable to take it anymore, she pleaded but Miles paid deaf ears.

This time he lowered his hands much further, grabbed her ass and pulled back against her skin.

Pleasure jolted through her and she moaned out loud.

He didn't stop, she could barely grit her teeth to express the frustration and shame she was feeling.

Miles lowered his hands once more and she grabbed one of them unwilling to let go.

"I said fuck me-mmmm." She tried to pose a commanding tone but ended up taking a deep breath due to the illicit sensation of his touch. She quickly let go.

"Hehehe- Why should I?" Miles laughed, a wicked grin taking place on his face as he stared at her oiled body, desire and lust shining in his eyes but he controlled them.

To his words, Carolina bit her lips, unable to respond with a heavy flush on her cheeks.

"What a slut." He lowered his hand and used his fingers to push her panty aside with ease, revealing her cleanly shaved clits gleaming with thick drool as run his thumb in between.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

In reaction to his touch, Carolina jolted in shock and hung her waist upward, leaning forward with trembling eyelids.

A single glance was enough to tell that she was on the brink and desperately in need. However, the insertion never came. Miles smirked and spoke teasingly.

"Tell me you're a slut. A slut that wants to be fucked so bad and cummed in."

Hearing this, Carolina felt her pride and esteem receive a huge blow. She had never been treated like this in her entire life. Anger and resentment surged within her.

'I can just leave here, and everything will be over. I'll sue the spa and make sure he rots in prison.'

She imagined Miles' face and venomously cursed him in her heart. But not even her own rage could save her.

Betrayed by her body, Carolina only wanted Miles to do what he wants with her.

" I am a slut that wants to be fucked so bad and cummed in!"

"Good girl."

Miles inserted two fingers and her Carolina felt her whole body explode in ecstasy. The world around her dimmed and she couldn't hear herself screaming at the top of her lungs.

"Ahhhh- yesss!!!"

Squick! Squick! Squick!

What followed next was Miles finger fucking her at a fast pace and rocked her insides.

Her pussy overflowed with juice that dripped on the massage bed.

"Say it again." Miles commanded.

" Hmmm- Ahhhh- I am a slut that wants to be fucked so bad and cummed in!"

"Again."

" Ahhhh- I am a slut that wants to be fucked so bad and cummed in!"

Carolina's screams filled the room as she repeatedly called herself a slut with every thrust of Miles' finger.

Feeling his arm ache, Miles decided to switch to the real deal.

"You want to be fucked huh?"

"Yessss-!!!"

Carolina shouted, already twirling her waist to his fingers.

"Here, how about my dick?"

The moment he said this, Miles pulled out his fingers and Carolina collapsed like a toy that had lost its battery.

Only her ragged shaky breath could be heard as she squirmed on the bed.

"Yess." Carolina responded shakily.

"Beg for it. Beg to be fucked."

At this point Carolina was completely intoxicated by lust and horny to the point she couldn't think.

"Please fuck me. Fuck me with your dick. I want your dick."

As her desperate voice passed, Miles already took off his clothes and was holding his 7 inches with a slightly wide girth.

He waved it in the air and guided Carolina to come down from the bed.

" Good girl."

Soon she hunched, her hands placed on the bed while Miles positioned and tore off her panty.

Her supple big ass was bare for Miles to feel and touch.

Kpa!

Using the chance to smack her hard, Miles thrust and plunged his dick inside her juice filled cunt from behind.

Firmly grabbing both sides of her soft, thick ass, he made sure to spread them apart as he pounded.

"Slut!" Smack!

" Yessss-! Fuck me! I'm a slut!"

Smack!

" Bitch."

" Yesss I am bitch! Fuck me!"

They changed positions. Miles had her lie on the bed and placed her legs on his shoulder.

Going with full throttle, Carolina body quaked with every siege.

To hype this up Miles grab her tits and kept fucking her.

"Mmmmm Mmmm Mmmm." The room turned into a mayhem of melodies

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Meanwhile, in one of the massage rooms suited in the building, Rachael had just finished her massage session and was busy on her phone not knowing her starved Mom was finally getting the best fuck since she married her dad.

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Kpa kpa!

The rhythm sound of their pace filled the room.

Carolina was on her knees, while Miles grabbed by the hair.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum."

Feeling his balls tightened, Miles cursed and pulled out. The next moment a series of cum shot out and splattered on her ass.

Meanwhile, Carolina began her fourth orgasm and found herself weak, juice dripping from her ruined pussy.

In the midst of it, her previous anger, pride or whatever it is that made her feel superior had been completely eradicated by Miles' domination.

The massage room welcomes silence once more.

## **Chapter 15: New System Feature**

Ding !

[Impressive! Right after you aced your interview, you dominated your first client into submission. A 10 out of 10 satisfaction rate.]

[Ding! Appraising...]

[Target: Mrs Carolina Armon

Relationship: Spa Client

Age: 39

Status: Married.

Circumstances: A Spa Massage session is guided into a spiral of lustful domination.

Orgasm: 4]

[Appraisal: B+ Grade Taboo]

Ding!

[You've received:

550 Taboo Points.

\$1000 Deposit]

Miles stared at the holographic screen with doubts, his awarded Taboo Points didn't match his reward.

'Seems like the more orgasms I create increases my awarded Taboo Points.'

Currently he had the same towel Carolina had wrapped around her body earlier to cover his waist, sitting around a corner of the Spa Room. His whole body felt fatigued and drained, Miles could even swear he heard his joints creak one time.

Fortunately, the other party hadn't been unscathed.

After picking up her bra, he had watched Carolina take one sided steps to the dressing room. Her hair was in disarray and her ass cheeks red with his palm prints.

It would take at least 10 minutes to make herself presentable to her daughter again.

Just as he had this thought, the system's holographic changed swiftly, causing him to raise his brows.

Ding!

[Easter Egg Achievement triggered!]

Ding!

[In less than 24 hours since your transmigration, you've left a streak of deep impression on every woman you encountered.]

[New System Feature Unlocked.]

[Infatuation Gauge: Only females with a favorability rating of 30% or higher will now be visible.

The higher the infatuation, the greater likelihood of a Taboo being completed.  
Resets after every hit.]

"What the fuck?"

Miles saw the new system feature and couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Before he could react, the holographic screen changed once more and processed a list of names marked with percentages. When he realized what they meant, his eyes widened as he read through them.

[Infatuation Gauge:

→Chloe Beaver >100%

→Cindy Harper >99%

→Debra Sinclair>90%

→ Hannah Sinclair >85%

→Josephine Sinclair>83%

→Cassie Sinclair>82%

→Victoria Sinclair>82%

→Vanessa Sinclair>82%

→Carolina Armon>66%

→Grace Anderson >65%

→Alice Hayes >33%

→Alisha Hayes>30%

→Alison Hayes>30%]

'You have to be kidding me.'

Miles was struck with awe beholding the only filled gauge and having no clue who it was.

To think his predecessor had a secret admirer who was literally obsessed with him.

'Chloe Beaver huh?' Miles recited the name but there was no memory or clue regarding who this person was.

Based on the percentages, he was able to summarise that a tight family's love was around 80-85. Further than that was bordering a Taboo relationship.

Miles confirmed this when he saw Debra's infatuation gauge reading 90% and knew it was a result of their little late night adventure.

'Cindy Harper?' Miles was no less shocked when he saw the second most filled gauge. Unlike the first, he actually remembered and knew who she was.

According to his memory, Cindy was his childhood sweetheart. They both competed academically back in elementary school until her parents decided to move out to another state.

It was so long ago and to think she had a maddening infatuation with him.

If only he knew where she was.

When he noted Carolina and Grace names, Miles furrowed his brows in silent amusement.

Both gauges had a 1% difference.

From the look of it, their gauge had once reached 100% but had been set back. Also, their infatuation was superficial at best and lust driven.

'Alice, Alisha, Allison?' Puzzled at first, Miles suddenly remembered the 3 girls he met at the pool.

It wasn't hard to guess that it was because of his bloody appearance that left a deep impression on them.

'This will make things easier.'

Just as he had this thought, the door to the dressing room opened and Carolina stepped out. Glancing in his way and quickly turned away.

Miles smirked at the sight and didn't say anything.

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Appearing in Grace's office, Carolina saw Grace behind the desk. As their eyes met she blushed heavily.

Composed, Grace smiled.

"So how was it?" She asked the embarrassed woman.

Remembering everything that had happened and what Miles did to her, Carolina wasn't able to summon her grace at this moment. Instead she let out a subtle cough.

" It was great."

"I'm glad to hear that." Grace responded.

"Here."

Carolina brought out her private card and handed it to Grace.

Grace smiled and collected the card.

In a minute the transaction was completed.

---

Meanwhile, in the receptionist area, Rachael furrowed her brows with a thoughtful glint in her eyes as she stared at her phone screen.

The latest update on the blood scattered in the locker room was that it belonged to a certain student named Miles after a DNA check.

Just as she tried to form a vague outline of a familiar face, her mother arrived looking refreshed in ways she couldn't tell.

"Baby I don't think we'll get that pedicure today." Her mother revealed.

" Sure, whatever." A little bit vexed by this, Rachael exited and headed to the parked vehicle without noticing the change in her mom's footsteps.

## **Chapter 16: The Cops**

The day skipped fast without a second VIP client at the Spa.

Feeling famished and exhausted, Miles clocked out around 6pm after receiving \$500 pay from Grace for a job well done. Though the latter looked strangely relieved when she did, he didn't think about it.

Miles stopped at a Chinese buffet afterwards and made sure to eat his fill before stepping out.

It was getting close to 7 so he ran as fast as he could until he found a bicycle store.

Heaving as he entered the store, Miles saw that there was only one person inside. A man in his late fifties but more physically fit than those his usual age.

While he admired the rows of bicycles, the old man walked towards him ready to escort him out since nothing here cost as little as a few hundred dollars.

"I want that. How much is it?"

Miles pointed at a black built racing bicycle within the first rows.

Hearing this, the old man paused then revealed a wide smile.

"Oh, the alloy model? That's a grand and a half."

" I'll pay you one grand,"

The old man looked at the clock, shrugged, and said, "Sure, I'm closing anyway.'"

A few minutes later the transaction had been completed and Miles could be seen riding the bicycle in steady motion as he headed home.

He didn't buy this form of transport movement out of impulse but because he truly needed transport. A car would have raised suspicion from his family and a bike wasn't stealth enough to do the job.

In his past life, it was a routine to stalk out a prey before carrying out the kill. Although he was yet to decide on killing anyone in this life, Miles had selected his first payback target. And it was Deb's ex-fiancé. The bastard had it coming for backstabbing his sister so he was going to do something that the system very much wanted.

"Damn it." Halfway through the journey, Miles stopped to catch his breath, feeling his legs muscle seize in exhaustion.

He hesitated for a moment and summoned the holographic screen to purchase stats cards with the accumulated Taboo Points.

[Taboo Store.]

[Taboo Points: 1450]

Seeing the total amount of Taboo Points he had, Miles felt a newfound joy bloom in his heart.

Unfortunately, as he spent it to purchase, his joy quickly diminished and his chest tightened.

The first Stat card he purchased was [+2 stamina.] The moment he bought it, Miles felt his fatigue vanish almost immediately and a strange calm filled his muscles.

At the same time his accumulated Taboo Points was more than halved.

[TP:650]

[+1.5 strength.]

For the ordeal ahead, Miles didn't dare spare his Taboo Points. Instead, a joyous smile showed on his face as he felt the subtle shift in his muscles.

It was as if +1 stats was worth one week of intense training in the gym.

Feeling rejuvenated, Miles resumed his bike riding.

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Meanwhile, Sunflower Estate, Sinclair's Duplex.

Josephine was in the kitchen alongside Cassie, they were about to start dinner preparation when a sudden Ding Dong that represented the door bell resounded through the kitchen.

Both girls froze slightly, glancing at each other with questioning eyes.

The Sinclairs' house was filled with girls but none currently had a boyfriend or a friend that would consider stopping by at this time. The rest of the family knew the pass code.

Ding! Dong!

The door bell resounded again.

"I'll get it." Letting out a quick exasperated breath, Cassie stood up and left the kitchen.

"What's going on?"

Spotting two police men in uniform through the door cam, Cassie raised her brows and opened the door.

She thought the cops had most likely come to the wrong address but when they spoke, her heart almost left her chest.

"Please is this the house of Miles Sinclair?"

"-What happened to my brother?"

Cassie's voice came as a shock , a little loud that Josephine who wasn't far behind heard it and ran next to her sister.

"Huh?"

Both cops were stunned and speechless by the girls' reaction.

A moment of silence passed and they eventually brought themselves to speak. The bald one taking the lead.

" There's a case in Dominion High which has led us to come check on him and see if he's alright."

Hearing this, the worry in the eyes of both girls lessened greatly.

Letting out a relieved breath, Josephine replied.

"Well, he's okay and left for a job this morning and yet to return. Is there any way we can help?"

The two cops exchanged glances, then the bald one spoke again.

"We'll have to see and confirm before reporting back to the station."

"I'm here."

Just then, Miles walked across the driveway, pushing a new bicycle. His formal nerdy appearance was untidy, showing how much of a rough day he had.

The two cops exchanged a glance, according to the investigation, at least two liters of blood had been found at the scene and everything belonged to just one person, Miles.

But seeing him healthy with a bike, the two cops didn't know what to say.

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Meanwhile...

'I expected this. I should have gone back to clean up the blood.'

Without knowing how to explain if he was to be questioned, Miles felt nervous.

Fortunately the two police men didn't know what to think about it.

"Come over."

The other cop motioned at Miles, and they began to search him.

Josephine and Cassie watched nervously, but after the search the police men began to ask questions.

"Are you okay? Did you have any injuries?"

" Do you have any scars?"

No matter what they asked, Miles continuously gave them a negative nod.

Not long after, the cops left, leaving his two sisters to welcome him.

Josephine also asked about how his job went before they dismissed and he went to have his bath.

## **Chapter 17: Hidden Currents**

West part of Dominic City, Kingstone Private Club.

At this moment, a fancy sports car parked to a halt before the renowned Kingstone 5 Star Hotel owned by one of Dominic City's Elite.

A young man with charming blue eyes stepped out of the car, dressed in a designer collection from head to toe.

Adjusting his glasses, he swept the building and the lounging guest a quick glance, then coolly handed his car key to the glazing valet on standby.

His steps were straight, filled with an innate, unrivaled pride.

Without a word, he stepped into the VIP elevator.

—

"What are we going to do now?" Daniel's agitated voice rang through the VIP suite, gnawing his nails nervously as he shared a glance with the other four who looked similarly worried with nervous sweat trickling down their foreheads.

" I heard the body wasn't found, it was just a pool of blood and a bit of brain matter. The Cops matched the DNA and discovered it belonged to Miles."

Much better at hiding his emotions than the others, Daniel spoke out in a measured tone, rubbing his buzz hair cut with a hint of frustration.

Ben was a youth with a solid frame, not just intimidating, he was a talented gridiron player on the school's team.

Ben picked up the wine glass and slowly twirled its content. " Instead of panicking, why don't we spread out and look for his body." He said but was interrupted by Kelvin.

"-or we could all go out separate ways and flee the country till things calm down."

The moment he said it, the room quietened down and they all exchanged solemn glances.

Tyler clenched his sweaty palms into a fist and was about to lash out at the wall when the doors to the room parted open to reveal the charming youth earlier.

"Fools." His cool voice laced with authority pierced the sudden silence in the room.

" You're here." Standing up with a flattering smile, Daniel quickly approached the figure. The mastermind behind the reason they had bullied Miles and eventually to his death.

Everyone here would most likely get a record if this got out and that would definitely ruin their lives.

The charming youth stood by the door, not stepping in and said-

"Don't do anything. Stay at home and resume on Monday like nothing happened. Hope I made myself clear."

The rest of them instinctively nodded, not daring to voice out a complaint.

The charming youth turned and left.

---

Sinclairs' Duplex

Miles had just returned with Hannah, his mother, from the Police Station to clear whatever it is that happened.

His three sisters were sitting on the couch, staring blankly at the TV when they arrived.

"So how did it go?" Josephine sat up and enveloped him in a warm hug.

" Well, they said it was a mistake on their part."

" Hmph, I thought so." Cassie rolled her eyes disgustedly at the memory of the police earlier and walked to the dinner table.

Meanwhile, only Hannah was worried since the Police's claim matched Miles' bloodied appearance the previous day.

'He isn't hurt.' She told herself and finally revealed a smile.

Whilst Deb exchanged a secret, awkward glance with Miles then took the chair next to him by the dinner table.

Thus the whole family gathered and shared how their day went. Deb was comforted about her cheating asshole fiancè.

When Josephine revealed that Miles had gone for a part time job interview, the dining reignited with a livelier vibe as they all made fun of him.

Unwilling to reveal the nature of his job, Miles lied that he was a waiter at a luxurious restaurant.

When they were all done, Miles took the pleasure of contributing his own share of labour and washed the dishes while the rest of the girls went upstairs. Except for Deb who sat on the couch and pretended to be on her phone while stealing glances at him.

Eventually she stood and approached him in the kitchen just as he finished washing.

"Uhm, Miles... I think we need to talk."

Her voice sounded behind him, laced with nervousness and he could even hear her heave.

Wiping his hands, Miles turned to face her with an ignorant expression.

"Deb? what's that?"

Her face flushed but she managed to say it.

"It's about last night. What happened last night?"

"Oh..." Miles dropped his pretense and revealed a serious look.

Deb struggled for a moment and eventually took a deep breath.

"I don't think what I made you do was right... I'm sorr--"

"No, there's no need to apologize about what happened. I kind of like it too." Lessening his confidence, Miles pretended to avoid her gaze when he completed the statement.

Deb blushed heavily too.

There was an awkward silence between both step siblings before Miles decided to speak.

"Hum... I have been thinking about this. How about we give Ethan a payback."

## Chapter 18: Enjoy the Show

It was Sunday morning, the Sinclairs' Duplex was much livelier than it had been all through the weekdays.

Today it wasn't just Josephine, other members of the family, Hannah and Cassie were also present in the kitchen.

While Hannah, being the head of the family handled the main dish preparation, Cassie and Josephine busied themselves with other things.

Deb and Miles were nowhere to be seen but no one bothered because earlier, Deb had volunteered to take Miles to the gym after he requested so.

The mystery of Miles' change raised jokes between all siblings but no one felt suspicious and would even do anything he requested to further this change.

---

Meanwhile, 30km away, SilverCrest Avenue, Brook District. In a desolate parking lot, Deb could be seen in her car, blushing heavily and even giggling any time she caught her reflection in the mirror.

"Be calm, be calm. He's going to call for you." She giggled and inhaled a deep breath to steady her bubbling excitement.

Last night, Miles had shared a shocking revenge plan to payback on Ethan.

'Imagine something you tried to get taken before you in the most humiliating manner.'

She remembered his soft cunning words, filled with vile evil intention as he whispered into her ears. Thinking about it, Deb giggled and blushed like a little girl whose crush took notice of her.

At first, she had felt nervous about the whole ordeal. According to Miles, he was going to knock out her ex-fiancé Ethan and then invite Anastasia, her ex-bestfriend over to do the same.

After that, he would inject them with an aphrodisiac and make them experience something they had never felt before.

Of course, Miles revealed what her role was going to be and what they were probably going to end up doing.

Considering everything, Deb was currently filled with anticipation, excitement, lust and thrill.

Before she could burst into another round of giggles, her phone rang.

Zzz!

A moment later, Miles' voice came through.

"It's done."

That was her cue.

---

Ethan's Apartment.

Skillfully waving the knife in his hand, Miles stared at the two figures tied to the chairs as he sat on the bed.

Ethan and Anastasia were both greatly shaken, a ceaseless sense of fear coursing through their bodies.

Earlier, Ethan heard the doorbell ring, he opened the door, thinking it was Deb since she texted that she would be arriving soon. But instead his body froze from primal fear and then a sharp pain struck him, he passed out afterwards.

Anastasia saw Ethan's text, proclaiming how deeply he loved her and would love them to spend their time together. After stepping into the apartment, she saw Ethan tied up and then passed out from a sharp pain.

[Ability: Cold Blooded Heart active!]

"Well... that was easy." Miles said as he gazed at the two terrified figures.

Strangely though, Ethan was tied nude an improvised stand was set above his thigh and groin area. There was a candle sticking diagonally placed between the desk, and a metal spoon placed inches beneath it. Wax dropped on it each passing second.

A slight tilt was what it would take for the spoon to pour down the oil wax dripping from the candle.

"What... What do you want from us." Ethan stuttered cowardly, desperately trying to escape captivity but the rope didn't even budge.

Whilst, Anastasia was experiencing a whole new scenario as a sudden heat began to spike within her.

"You dropped by almost every day in hopes you could have a taste of the forbidden fruit, yet you don't even know your ex-fiancée's brother?"

Not in the least intrigued, Miles' eyes turned cold.

"I guess my sister has been such a goal that you wanted to achieve badly. You wanted to suffocate your face into her melons didn't you?"

Each of Miles' words caused Ethan to feel more frightened than ever, he knew it, he had been caught.

"Let me guess. Your proposal must have been a huge lie too. You thought she would easily agree for you to let her take off her pants didn't you?"

"My, how fun was it when she gave you a blow job to quell your lust?"

The room turned tenser with every question Miles threw.

'Damn it. I never knew she had a psycho for a brother. Deb you're so fucking dead when I'm set free.'

Ethan swallowed his saliva, heavy sweat trickling his face as he wallowed in resentment towards Deb. Not expecting what unfolded next.

—

Click!

Suddenly a soft click rang through the apartment, filling Ethan with renewed hope.

Anastasia on the other, could barely savour the hope, briefly glancing at the door before resuming to squirm against the heat inside her. Ethan didn't even notice.

The door opened, revealing Deb in a long-sleeve zip-up cropped top with high-waisted leggings. Her baddie shape, big boobs and beauty totally entrapped the eyes of anyone who saw her. Miles included, but when he turned to see Ethan gawking, he dropped the knife and punched the former so hard that a sharp scream filled the apartment, followed by a trail of blood from his lips.

By the door, Deb felt frightened but quickly calmed when she realized Miles had done it for her.

She saw Ethan and Anastasia tied to chairs. Her two enemies.

A sense of conflict sparked in the room as both girls clashed gaze.

Using the sudden interaction Anastasia finally understood something.

"What have you done to my body?"

She struggled to say, struggling against the restraint and squirmed roughly.

At this moment, Ethan finally realized that his current partner was struggling strangely.

"Oh... I spiked her with a heavy dose of aphrodisiac. You don't need to worry much compared to what's going to happen to him." Miles pointed at Ethan, and then to the couple's surprise, Deb walked forward and settled into Miles' embrace.

"One more thing , you should both enjoy the show."

## **Chapter 19: Hot and sexy Deb\***

Before Ethan and Anastasia, Deb inwardly felt nervous as she swarmed into Miles' embrace.

His arms moved quickly, smoothly wrapping around her waist and the other even grabbed her ass, digging his fingers firmly.

"Hmmm-," Deb inhaled roughly due to the roughness in his fingers tips, she instinctively wrapped her arms around him and raised her head slightly upward to meet his eyes.

Both step siblings stared in silence for a few seconds, Deb heart raced, beating loudly against his chest and as the moment passed they both launched at each other.

Miles was the first to press forward, capturing her lips and grinding her ass more firmly at the same time.

"HmMMM-."

Whilst, Deb could only let out a muffled gasp into his mouth as his tongue parted open her lips and straight up battles with her tongue.

Smooch! Smooch! Slurp!

There wasn't the slightest bit of romance in their actions, more like a dance of fiery lust. Uncoated and simple.

Miles navigated her mouth using his tongue and even sucked on her tongue when he managed to catch it.

Deb on the other hand struggle fiercely against her junior step brother, she lost every time their tongues clashed, mixing their saliva.

At the same time she grinded her body against his, pressing her chest into him as both spectators gawked at the sights.

Even Anastasia was momentarily relieved from the aphrodisiac effect surging within her.

'Perhaps this is an effect of being drugged? There's no way this is happening right?' Contrary to Ethan, Anastasia knew who Miles was, the younger brother that would blush from even a single glance. Other than this striking comparison, she couldn't believe that her ex-bestfriend would have such a taboo ongoing.

But as soon as she realized this, the sultry sound of their kisses further fanned the flame of lust within her.

Her whole body screamed to be relieved, but her restraint was too tight to set free.

Meanwhile, Ethan had realized how dangerous his situation actually is.

Despite his heart aches at the sight before him, his member was beginning to rise on its own. If it ever became fully erect, it would tilt the spoon and let hot wax pour on it.

Ethan felt horrified.

"Please let me go, please I'll do anything, whatever you want, please let me go." His voice trembled as he spoke but neither of the two siblings seemed to hear.

To be quite honest, Miles had intentionally chose not to gag them so he could listen to their futile pleading while he fucked Deb.

And it went as expected...

Deb was in his embrace, tingling from the sensation of his exploring tongue while grinding her body against his.

They were both starting to reach the peak of lust, where kisses couldn't contain it and would leave them unsatisfied after every exchange.

Instinctively letting go of each other's embrace, Deb found the hem of his shirt quickly began to raise it up.

Separating, their kiss broke and Miles' lean upper body was revealed.

Although nothing seemed special and attractive about it, it didn't faze Deb.

They reignited with a passionate kiss once more and her palms instinctively explored his upper body.

But it was only for a moment before they broke apart again.

Miles held the hem of her top and finally pulled it up after some difficulty.

Soon the top was flung away, revealing Deb's big boobs caged in a black sport bra.

They held firm, but the burst was threatening to let loose .

Meanwhile to the side, Ethan gulped and forced himself to close his eyes. How he wished he could also block his ears.

---

Seeing Deb's captivating melons in a sports bra, Miles didn't hold back his compliment.

"Deb..." his voice turned hoarse, laced with lust and excitement. "... You are so hot and sexy."

Deb blushed heavily hearing this.

What more, the look of desire and ownership glinting within his pupils completely melted her.

Before she could react, Miles stepped forward and put his strength into ripping apart her sports bra.

Following the tearing sound, Miles watched with fascination as two big melons fell freely and even bounced.

" I can't wait-" Miles' didn't even complete his words and latched onto Deb's breasts. He grabbed a handful of both and swiftly took a whiff then pressed his face in between both melons.

" Ahhhh- !" In reaction, Deb gasped sharply, inhaling a deep as his mouth latched onto her right nipple, sucking tightly like a suction hole and firmly dug his fingers into their softness.

" Hmmm- ahhhhh." Hissing, she didn't push Miles' away but consciously pressed his head into her bosom.

Ethan saw this and his heart shattered into a million pieces. The same scene where he had, desperately repeatedly pressed Deb for was easily given to Miles'.

While watching Miles' suck those pair of forbidden fruits, Ethan inexplicably felt a hot tearing pain start from his groin area, when he caught of what happened --

" Ahhhh!" A sharp anguished scream erupted and filled the apartment.

## **Chapter 20: Cuckolding Ethan\*\*\***

Not only did the seething wax pour on Ethan's little member, the red hot spoon fell on it, scalding its skin as it fell down with a clang.

Deb wanted to tilt her head in fright towards the tortured Ethan but her attention was instantly drawn by a soft bite on her nipple.

"Ahhhh-" a soft hiss escaped her mouth followed by a pleased tone.

Deb had no choice but to keep feeding her tits to Miles' who didn't seem like he would ever get enough of them.

"Hmmm-." "Hmmm- " "Hmmm-" erotic breathing sound filled the apartment alongside agonised groans and defiant struggle from Anastasia.

A few minutes passed.

Unable to take it any longer, Deb had taken the initiative and began to stroke his bulge, humming softly with an intoxicated look in her eyes.

Understanding what she craved for, Miles stopped sucking her tits and withdrew.

Deb's breathing pace surged nervously as their eyes met once more, sensing the tension, Miles broke a grin.

" Don't worry, I'll be gentle." Following his words, Miles tackled Deb and she fell on the bed in one swoop.

" Ahhh."

Deb let out a surprised gasp as the world blurred, collapsing on her back with a soft thud.

When she did try to recover from the sudden push, she saw Miles towering directly above her, on his knees in between her legs as the bed caved under the pressure.

Looking her right in the eyes, he held her gaze then promptly began to push down his pants to reveal his thick 7 inches long dick.

The atmosphere in the room changed in this instance. It was not just Deb who froze in shock witnessing Miles' weapon of destruction. To the other side of the room, Anastasia found a target to lock her cravings on. The aphrodisiac was constantly wrecking her body that she had to clench her thighs in order to ease it. Her pussy was starting to drip and even tears had begun to pool in her eyes.

"Please give me that dick... please come and fuck me."

Not in a thousand lifetimes, had Anastasia imagined she would beg for a dick so bluntly. To say she was ashamed wasn't an understatement but lust could do crazy things.

Unfortunately for her though, Miles didn't glance in her direction but did something stunning.

The sound of fabric being ripped apart flashed for a moment. Miles had torn Deb's leggings right in the middle, exposing the black thong she had underneath.

Seeing the soaked underwear he didn't wait and activated Blissful Hands.

"Ahhhh-!"

A moment after, Deb's eyes widened in shock, jolting with a look of disbelief mixed with ecstasy as Miles' finger slid between her tits.

"Ahhhh- Hmmmmmm. Ahhhh- Hmmmm."

Deb's moan soon filled the room as Miles thrust slowly, exploring her sweet dripping virgin pussy with his middle finger.

—

Meanwhile as a spectator, listening to Deb's ceaseless moan, Ethan was inwardly shattered beyond recognition by the scene and agonising pain of the candle flickering next to his member. He was practically roasting his dick every seconds it increased or hardened.

Beside him, Anastasia was going through a much more violent internal battle. Gritting her teeth with closed eyes but listened to the squishy sound from Miles' finger.

"Hmmmmmm... yesss-."

Unable to take it any longer Deb shyly moaned a pitch higher while holding his hand in place as she came.

Miles watched, feeling his dick hitch even more .

"Hmmm-. Hmmmm-."

Heaving in ecstasy, she finally let go of his hand. Miles grinned and went on his knees, positioning his cock right before her soaked clitoris.

Meanwhile, Deb froze nervously, watching with a pensive look as he slowly inserted the cap inside her hole.

Enthralled by the sensation of how it bulged and expanded the squishy walls of her pussy, she closed her eyes and inhaled a deep breath.

"HmMMMMM."

—

Sensing her hymen, Miles stopped and glanced to see her completely flushed face.

" Give me your hands." He said softly.

Whilst Deb did as she was told, using her thoughts to blur her reality in order not to pass out from blushing alone.

'It's finally happening. I'm going to lose my virginity to my own brother . Besides he's way better than Ethan, I can't help but want him to fuck me already.. like in those porn.'

To her surprise however, Miles' palm felt inexplicably good , comforting even as his fingers slipped between hers.

"Ahhhh-" the next moment, she grunted in pain as a sharp pain pierced her abdomen. Silencing the movement in the room.

—

Seeing half of Miles' dick buried inside Deb, Anastasia cravings flared violently.

" Fuck me too... please." She struggled against her restraint but to no avail.

For Ethan it was even worse, moments from the years he spent pestering Deb to have sex with him, desperately at some point flashed before his eyes. And now to see it taken right before him Ethan almost coughed blood...

Just as he felt things couldn't be worse, Miles threw him a wink as he slowly began to thrust after Deb seemed to recover her breath.