

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 121: New Neighbours?

"Wait."

Clara shouted, panting heavily because her heart had been broken by his words.

Turning her pain into wicked glee, she smiled at Cassie with a look of contempt before shifting her gaze to Miles with pride and smugness in her voice as she spoke.

" You think you won? Your sister has already lost. She has no dancer. So I'm definitely advancing to the Principal Division."

" Huh?"

Puzzled, Miles glanced at Cassie and saw she lowered her head slightly and clenched her hand to a fist.

'Seems pretty important to her,' Miles thought, grasping a bit of understanding of the importance of Principal Division.

Seeing Miles was puzzled and Cassie unable to refute, Clara couldn't be more pleased.

"Now who is the loser?" She sneered.

'No way, I'm letting you win.'

Irritated by how haughty she looked, he stared at her with disdain.

" You bet. Even if you begged I wouldn't let your plank ass suck my dick."

Clara was about to speak but choked on her words the next moment. Her face flushed, becoming a mix of anger and shyness as she stood speechless. Unable to counter his out-of-the-blue rebuttal.

"And why- why would I bother to suck your disgusting dick."

Clara stuttered, at loss of words before she realised how weak that sounded.

Wallowing in helplessness, Cassie raised her head, dumbfounded by Clara's reaction.

'No way in fucking hell she likes Miles.'

Cassie rebuked in disgust as she saw the latter's cute look.

"Disgusting?" Miles asked, entertained by her weak rebuttal, then added

"Trust me. Your Mom will greedily suck it like her life depended on it. But like I said there's no way I'm ever letting you suck my dick."

He shook his head in disgust, placing one arm around Cassie's shoulder.

"Wanna bet you ain't getting to the Principal Division?"

Miles sneered, his words drawing everyone's attention.

This word instantly captured Cassie's attention that she rolled her eyes at him.

Miles didn't mind, before Clara could speak, he interrupted.

"Because I'll be her new dance partner."

"Let's go."

Miles grabbed Cassie's hand and they both left the studio.

Staring at their disappearing backs, the studio was filled with astonished silence.

Meanwhile, in the hallway.

"What do you mean you'll be my dance partner?" Cassie pouted, freeing her hand from his grip as they walked.

" You don't have to console me. They were right." Cassie added her face solemn but her mood had been greatly elevated by Miles' presence so she didn't think much of it.

" Did you think that was a joke I said to save your ass?"

Miles stopped and turned to her, a teasing smile played across his lips.

" C'mon. I know you can't dance ballet."

Cassie rolled her eyes.

" Well, what if I tell you tomorrow I'll be the best partner you can ever imagine. Phine must have gossiped about me didn't she? I am a multi-talented genius."

He grinned smugly.

Speechless by his confidence, Cassie shook her head piteously and walked at the front.

"We'll see."

As they exited the building, Cassie noticed that many students were pointing in their direction and blushed slightly.

'Gosh. When did he get handsome to this extent?" A little grieved by the attention, Cassie harrumphed and walked forward.

" Hey wait for me." Miles hailed and tagged along.

—

Whilst inside the car, Hannah heaved a sigh of relief as she spotted her two children.

Miles slid to the back seat and Cassie took charge in the front.

Cassie briefly leaned for a hug and kiss, greeting Hannah.

Being the third wheel, Miles shook his head.

"So how was school?" Hannah asked, igniting the engine as she drove off.

" Good." Cassie nodded and brought a bottle of water to her lips.

Hannah nodded in response and drove in silence.

25 minutes later...

"Bye mom."

"Bye."

"Okay sweet hearts."

Hannah blew a kiss at them, Cassie responded with the same whilst Miles rubbed his nose with a smile.

"Hurry. We have another appointment to catch up to."

Just as Miles and Cassie stepped on the walkway, they heard a hasty impatient shout. Curiously turning in its direction, they noticed a big moving van in their neighbour's house.

" Since when did Mr Marcus move out?"

Cassie asked, her voice tinged with surprise as she stared at the busy men in uniform carrying boxes inside the house.

Beside her, Miles furrowed his brows, recalling the scene of Mr Marcus being arrested.

"He got arrested by the cops the last time we saw him. I don't think he's moved out but someone is moving in to live with him instead." Miles summarised and Cassie nodded in agreement.

Just as they entered the house, a black Ford Mustang dark horse came to a stop in the front of Mr Marcus house.

A moment later, two enchanting figures stepped out from it. Both wearing denim shorts and armless crop tops looked exactly the same but differed in age. Same model but different version.

Older and younger.

" Look at that. He hoarded all this to himself without paying child support, how gullible." The woman said. Bearing Arabian-Mexican features took off her glasses with a victorious smile.

Also looking at the duplex with admiration, the girl appeared eager.

"C'mon Mom. Let's check it out. I bet our new home has some surprises for us."

She happily squealed.

Both mother and daughter exchanged a quick nod with the movers and entered the duplex.

Meanwhile, Sinclairs' Duplex.

Without having noticed the arrivals of their two neighbours, Miles quickly showered, ate and talked a bit with Cassie before setting out.

" Hello? Are you available today?"

" No, I'm quite busy. Maybe Monday?"

"Alright, no problem."

Following a brief interaction with Miles, Grace ended the call and shifted her gaze to the two clients before.

A mother and daughter duo.

"Unfortunately Miss Carolina, he isn't available for bookings. However, I can guarantee you that Monday is a sure deal. What do you say?"

Grace spoke in a measured calm tone, revealing to Carolina and her daughter.

Chapter 122: Easiest Infiltration

"Jeez, although I need pussies, is my cock that good?"

Just as he ended the call with Grace, Miles cursed under his breath, ignoring the cab driver's strange glance and zoomed in on the location map on his screen.

'It should be around here, the next turn.'

About thirty seconds later, Miles alighted from the cab and saw a red Renault Clio parked by the roadside.

Scanning his surroundings, he noticed the other cars were parked in a driveway or parking slot so he glanced at the phone and nodded.

" Over here."

He heard a soft voice call out and saw a feminine arm waving through the window of the red vehicle.

Miles pocketed his phone and walked towards it.

Knowing who it was inside, he didn't bother with courtesy and opened the driver's side door.

"You're here."

Miss Emily hummed as she rubbed a lip gloss over her lips while staring at the small hand-held mirror.

"Hmm." Miles nodded, humming in response as he glanced at her

"He sure has a good taste. Damn, that bastard."

Miles mused, his eyes ravenously taking in every inch of her appearance with a desire to fuck her right here and now.

Miss Emily wore a short white satin mini dress with a deep V-neckline and thin spaghetti straps. Almost every breath of her skin was exposed, the ample view of her firm cleavage and nipples creating a vague outline as it pressed against the thin fabric.

Her toned slender legs were also exposed up to her thighs, looking ravishing and spiking his desire.

With the push of a single wind she might as well be naked, unless she wore something between her thighs.

"Do you dress like this every time you two meet?"

Miles couldn't help but ask, piqued as he feasted on her appearance.

Feeling a little chilled by his gaze, Miss Emily involuntarily shuddered for a split moment before she recovered.

She covered the lipgloss and clapped the mirror shut.

" Well, not really. It depends if he wants to take me out or wants us to have sex."

She forced out a smile at the end and her eyes secretly lowered to his groin . Tasty for the big monster that was resting within.

Noticing her secret glance, Miles showed an intrigued smile.

"Why play modest? You could have just said when he wants to fuck you. Don't tell me you're embarrassed to be a whore?"

Furrowing his brows, he let his eyes convey his intention.

In response, Miss Emily bit her lips softly before shaking her head in refusal.

"To put it that way would be an exaggeration. Not everyone is like you." She swiftly said, turning away from him.

"Oh." Miles' grin widened, leaning forward, he stretched his hand and held her chin.

Tilting her head towards him, he rubbed her lips with his thumbs.

"Imagine if you taugt while wearing this. I'm pretty tempted to fuck you right here you know?"

Miss Emily didn't say anything, silently avoiding his gaze while showing no restraint.

Seeing this, Miles shook his head and let go.

"What a whore."

He said, turning on the car's engine.

" One final piece of advice. Dig everything you can from him and hide it safe because I have something in mind for you."

Miss Emily froze and nodded quietly, a hint of foreboding in her heart as to what it meant.

[...]

After a five minute drive, Miles halted before the estate's security checkpoint.

However, in contrast to the strict verification procedure upheld in Greenville Estate. The security here was extremely lax.

The moment the guard spotted Miss Emily, he broke a knowing smile and let them pass without asking anything.

Stunned, it took a moment to realise that Kelvin must have paid the guard in order to avoid Miss Emily's visit from being registered in their system.

'That means they'll probably delete the CCTV footage of our visit. Kelvin, what a smart fellow. Unfortunately, this could also cost you your life if I want it.'

Hiding his vicious thought, Miles drove past the guards.

"Remember, you said you weren't going as far as murder. If Kelvin asks how you got in. I'll say you threatened to ruin our secret and kill me."

Finally revealing her worries, Miss Emily reminded him.

" You don't have to worry. Just tell me when we get to his house."

Miss Emily nodded in response and pointed forward,

"Fifth block. The one with the black truck."

Following Miss Emily's direction, Miles pulled into a secured driveway after putting the pin she gave him.

After looking around, Miles casually followed behind Miss Emily.

Watching her back view in a short satin dress, he couldn't resist groping her little ass.

'Damn, she isn't wearing anything under. As much as I might commend your good taste, you'll never get a taste of this again.'

Surprisingly, Miss Emily also knew the code to the duplex.

" He likes surprises." she said to him as she pushed open the door, letting him step inside before closing the door behind him."

Stepping into the grand interior, Miles wasn't amazed as he studied his surroundings. He also lived in a duplex. However in stark contrast to his house. This place was noticeably devoid of warmth and more of a hotel suite.

Kelvin lived alone for all it seemed, he had no mother and siblings. His father was so rarely ever present that this could be considered his house.

"Where is he?"

Miles turned to Miss Emily and asked with an even tone.

"He likes to practice, bathe and sleep after school. So he's probably in his room. He loves it when I wake him up with a blow job, which is why he gave me his house code."

Evidently smug, Miss Emily narrated the advantage she had gained from charming Kelvin.

'Too stupid.'

Thinking of the fact that Kelvin was fast asleep and the woman he trusted had invited someone that could kill him. Miles felt the former was too senseless.

'Well, since you're sleeping. It would be easier to tie you down first and stage a believable scenario.'

Chapter 123: Let Him See Those Titties

"Where is the fridge?"

Miles suddenly asked and Miss Emily was prompted by his unexpected question.

'Did he come here to eat?'

Wanting to imagine the scenario where Miles wasn't well fed at home, she quickly diffused the thought and pointed at a secluded part of the wall with a fridge handle.

Noticing this, Miles walked towards it and grabbed the handle.

It opened revealing a cool almost freezing compartment that was well stocked with drinks and other beverages. His eyes landed on sealed bottled water and he picked it up.

Seeing this, Miss Emily subtly raised her brows but didn't ask any question and turned to lead him towards Kelvin's room.

'Summon Holographic screen.'

Willing in his heart, Miles quickly switched to Taboo Store and bought four thick ropes initially meant for bondage sex.

"Look, that's him."

Miss Emily whispered, pushing the door stealthily to reveal a figure lying peacefully on the bed while wearing just his underwear.

Tilting her head slightly to glance at him, Miss Emily was left dumbfounded by the white thick ropes in his hands.

Meanwhile, Miles was deep in deep thought, his heart growing colder.

'To think that after bullying innocent kids and killing one, you bastards sleep peacefully at home without a care in the world. There's no justice for the dead.'

" Wait."

Pushing aside Miss Emily, he stepped forward and walked towards the bed where Kelvin lay.

Seeing the latter's peaceful expression, he quickly began to tie the ropes and hooked it on each of Kelvin's limbs. Connecting the ropes together, he pulled it and the hooked ropes began to tighten around Kelvin's limbs.

After securing the ropes, Kelvin merely showed a look of discomfort and a frown as he slept.

Click

Miles signalled the dazzled Miss Emily to come and collected the bottled water from her.

" Straddle him." He commanded her.

Nodding in response, Miss Emily solemnly got on the bed and straddled Kelvin.

Seeing her glance at him for further instructions, he shrugged with a 'do-what-you-do' look and quickly uncapped the bottle of water.

Grinning as Miss Emily began to massage Kelvin's chest, he stepped forward.

" You like being woken by a blow job, huh? How about this instead?"

Without warning, Miles splashed and poured the bottle of freezing water on Kelvin's face.

"Arrrrrrrgghh!"

Instantly a loud savage, startled and desperate gasp filled the room.

Blinded by the freezing water and too disoriented to grasp anything in his surroundings. Kelvin's instinctive response was to sit up and quickly brush his face with his palm.

However, in the same manner he jolted upward, he was violently yanked down and slammed back on the bed.

Kelvin's eyes widened desperately, he gasped forcing his eyes to open against the freezing sensation.

Whilst, Miles watched from the side with a cold smile on his face.

" What are you doing you fucking bitch!"

Kelvin was overwhelmed by fury the moment his vision outlined Miss Emily's appearance and he decided to vent.

He yanked his arms and legs but to no avail did he set free. Just as the sensation of the chill bite through his skin, Kelvin couldn't bear it.

" What are you doing? Cut these ropes this instant!"

Kelvin roared at Miss Emily, venomous fury etched in his eyes as he stared at her.

To his shock however, she didn't move and stayed still on his body like his order didn't matter. She shifted her gaze to Miles by the side, her eyes asking for his next instruction.

Kelvin froze, his eyes quickly traced the direction of Miss Emily's gaze and almost passed out in fright.

" Miles?!"

He screamed in fright, jolting but yanked down by the ropes. There was no escape.

Like an evil mastermind in novels, Miles stood by the side, his hands folded behind him with a smile that wasn't a smile.

Kelvin sensed the dark sinister intent behind it and fiercely tried to yank his limbs free.

'SURPRISE is now a stale line. I need to say something new.'

Miles thought for a moment before choosing to go neutral.

" Hello Kelvin. I must say it's quite a secret reunion isn't it?"

Miles paused, letting his words linger in the air as he took a step forward in a casual manner.

"Bastard. What do you want? Let me go this instant or you'll regret your life."

Frightened, Kelvin barked, putting up a strong front with a mask of anger on his face.

Miles calmly shook his head, grabbing hold of Miss Emily's hands he directed her to rub his chest and walked towards the closet.

"You bitch! Stop!"

Feeling Miss Emily seductive caress, Kelvin cursed but got a deaf response instead.

" You fucking bitch! You brought him to my house didn't you! Ungrateful Bitch I should have known! Fuck! I'll fucking kill you! Why did you betray me?!"

Kelvin kept cursing but got no response.

As if to taunt him, Miss Emily rubbed his face and neck like a child before resuming to massage his chest.

"C'mon show him those titties. He needs them."

His back turned against the duo as he searched the closet, Miles commanded Miss Emily.

The next moment, to Kelvin's shock, Miss Emily lowered the neck line of the satin dress he personally bought her and showed him her perky small but firm tits.

Filled with rage, Kelvin's lower part still reacted on its own.

"Yeah, found yah."

Finding what he wanted, Miles grabbed the hilt of a metal bat Kelvin had once used to slam his ass. It was a year ago, Miles could never forget that piece of inherited memory because his predecessor had been unable to sit well for more than a week.

Bang! Bang!

Miles slammed the hilt to test its strength and nodded with a commendable look.

Activating both forms of his Cold Blooded Heart ability, Kelvin was instantly horrified and his mind was captured in a mental hex.

'No! No! No!...'

Kelvin's instinct screamed, a sense of danger coursing through him like he just encountered a devil.

Chapter 124: Kelvin's Plea

Whack!

Miles lifted the baseball bat and straight up slammed it on Kelvin's kneecap. The distinct crunch of bones didn't go unnoticed.

"Arrrrrgggggghhh!"

An agonised cry filled the room, Kelvin's eyes bulged and he began to struggle furiously.

Stunned, Miss Emily could only enjoy the galloping feeling as Kelvin jolted up, twisting and shaking against the rope.

'Is he such a scaredy cat?'

In her view, although Miles had raised the baseball to furiously smash Kelvin's kneecap he slowed down at the end and playfully placed it on his joint.

" Arghh!"

Miles completely shattered the first kneecap.

He swung the bat again and another pained scream echoed.

"I'm sorry! Please!!! Stoop! Arrrrrgh!!!"

Kelvin pleaded, tears slipping from his eyes as the horrifying pain of his bone piercing through his flesh awoke him, completely crushed whatever pride he had left within him.

"Hehehe-? Should I stop?"

But this is only the beginning, there's more where that came from."

Miles' tone was exceptionally chilling as he used the bat to nudge the broken knee joint.

"Please, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything I did to you! I shouldn't have."

Kelvin pleaded.

" Too bad for you Kelv. Didn't all this start because I caught you fucking this bitch?"

Just as she was listening to Kelvin confess as a bystander between the two, Miss Emily yelped in pain as Miles grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked her off Kelvin's body.

Kelvin shuddered, his eyes widened as Miss Emily got on her knees before Miles .

She didn't even try to fake submission, appearing eager with her eyes locked on Miles' groin.

Miles grinned at Kelvin.

"Jokes on you, ever since I fucked her brains out on Monday. She's unable to get over him. And guess what? She didn't hesitate to bring me over here just because she wanted another feel of my cock."

Amidst the pain of his numb knees, the pang of Miss Emily's betrayal struck him deeply like a heavy blow.

Kelvin gritted his teeth, his eyes murderously staring at Miss Emily who acted like she didn't notice.

"So much for spending money on her only to be claimed with a penniless cock." Miles added salt to the wound as he patted Miss Emily's head, telling her to calm, that she would soon taste his cock.

"Though I admit, you are quite a thrill seeker. You are nothing compared to me. And please do enjoy the show as I fuck this bitch." Miles added a sinister tone, the underlying meaning in his words obvious.

'If he dares to have an erection, I promise I'm going to whack the life out of it with that bat and heal it again.'

"Suck it ."

Like a wolf starving for a long time and waiting for its master's order to feast, Miss Emily pulled down his pants and underwear with one swoop and let his half erect brother bounce.

On the bed, Kelvin's already horrified eyes turned to despair as he spotted the living thing that was set free.

'No! How could he have a bigger dick than me? It's not possible, he used an enhancer. There's no way.'

Remembering the days he had tortured Miles feeling like a superior being, he despaired further at who was being humiliated

'Dickhead...' one of the various names he had called Miles flashed in his mind.

Growing up he always thought he had an outstanding dick when he measured his 5.8 inches penis everyday. This size had boosted his ego to great height which was why he was able to successfully approach Miss Emily along with several other girls, thinking he was favoured playboy.

Having that reality crushed by Miles and Miss Emily's betrayal for it broke Kelvin more than Miles could even imagine.

To make matters worse, he was watching Miss Emily suck Miles cock like she was serving herself a cock feast.

Slurp! Slurp!

Watching Miss Emily suck his cock while repeatedly puffing saliva over it drove a sense of ecstasy through him.

Gritting his teeth, Miles held her head in place and began mouth fucking her.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

His every thrust created a slurp sound and a slimy drool to slide down her chin.

Miss Emily had eyes wide open, a look of ecstasy on her face he drove his cock down her throat, gagging in succession..

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

His balls slammed her chin each time, creating a wave of bliss through Miles.

"Ahhh! Slurp! Ahh! Slurp!"

Deep throating with seven inches, Miles could no longer hold back when he caught sight of her perky nipples bouncing and came. Diving deeper, he added another inch as he hurried his cock inside her throat.

"Fuck!"

Miles cursed loudly as wave after wave of semen shot out. Filling her throat and escaping through the corner of her lips.

Stilling her movement, Miss Emily held on tight to his waist, fearing she would pass out from the intense suffocation. Fortunately, she endured till Miles pulled out and desperately began to fight for her life. In absence of Miles' cock, air finally circulated through her mouth then lungs.

Holding onto the ground for support, she crawled on all fours, exposing her pussy and letting her little dress almost fall off.

Instead of fright and caution from the extreme deep throat just now, Miss Emily yearned for more. Her eyes glinted with lust as her pussy leaked her wet juice.

Whilst, temporarily ignoring Miss Emily, Miles' eyes set on the tent formed in Kelvin's shorts revealed a savage, ruthless glint as he grasped the hilt of the baseball bat.

"No! No! No! I'm sorry!"

Kelvin realised too late because he had been clutching his eyes shut after secretly peeking.

Whack!

With a brutal swing of the bat, the air caved in with a whoosh sound and the bat pulverised Kelvin's dick to a bloody filth.

" Aaarrrrrrrrrrrgghhhh!!!..."

A heart wrenching , despairing scream filled the room and Kelvin passed out.

But did Miles stop? No.

Without any physical damage done, Miles grinned and kept whacking Kelvin's legs to a bloody mess, forcing him conscious again to bear the pain.

At this moment, Miss Emily had been jolted from her knees and stared at the strange scene in shock.

'Voodoo?' she thought. 'But Miles only seems to be having fun.'

Chapter 125: Cuckolding Kelvin

"Arrghhhhhh!"

Watching Kelvin scream in terror, Miles willed for the unseen wounds to heal up, stopping Kelvin's pain.

His mashed knees, mangled with pieces of bones, were the first to mend. Then his legs and dick.

With a glance Miles could tell that the thing had shrunken even more.

Raising his gaze to see Kelvin's expression, he grinned.

Huff! Huff!

Kelvin was breathing heavily, the horrifying pain just now had scarred his soul. Though he couldn't understand what happened and how his wounds healed up, he felt deeply gratified and weakly tilted his head slightly to see Miles, the devil, smiling at him.

His heart quaked and he began pleading in tears.

"Please, I'm sorry! I'm deeply sorry. I shouldn't have done what I did. I know I'm definitely an ignorant fool. Please forgive me. I beg you!"

Listening to Kelvin's plea, Miles lost interest and turned to Miss Emily who was a bit dazed by what was happening.

Without saying anything, he grabbed a handful of her hair with his left hand and slapped her cheeks before pushing his half erection past her lips.

"Suck it." He urged her, closing his eyes as she savoured the sensation of her tongue licking and lubricating him with her saliva.

" Argh."

Massaging his balls, Miss Emily devotedly sucked him, jerking it softly to life while leaving deep smooch sounds behind.

Quickly, the limp dragon began to regain consciousness. Rapidly growing in size as it began to harden.

"Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!"

Noticing this Miss Emily sucked faster. She even deployed a few skills such as popping it out and spitting on it then began rubbing her boobs for him to see with the long thin line of cum trailing her neck and collar bone.

And as expected, it did the trick, the sight was very arousing. Feeling the desire to wipe off that naughty smile from her face, making her beg while he fucked, his dick became fully aroused and assumed its peak form.

" Suck it." He commanded Miss Emily and she did just that.

However, he suddenly held her head in place and began thrusting down her throat. Nine inches deep.

Caught unprepared, Miss Emily gagged and tried to put up resistance to buy a bit of time to adjust. But Miles crushed her attempts. She squelched, gagged, cough, drooled an unhealthy amount of saliva, Miles buried his cock inside her throat and fucked it till she was all flushed and seemed like she would pass out at any moment before pulling out.

" Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Miss Emily gasped desperately for air and collapsed on the floor.

Seeing his cock rigid, veins tracing its body, as saliva and pre-cum dripped from the tip. Miles nodded with a bestial grin.

His gaze shifted towards Kelvin, and saw the latter somehow folded his legs and was trying to block his ears.

" Knock! Knock!"

Suddenly, Kelvin heard the devil's whisper and froze, sweat oozed down his chin and before he could open his eyes.

Whack!

The crunchy sound of bone in a meat grinder sound, followed by an anguished, terrified scream filled the room.

Whack!

Doing the same to Kelvin's other leg, his anguished scream got louder on a whole new pitch.

Now that both legs were released he could spot that rapidly reducing tent between Kelvin's legs. Without a moment of hesitation, he swung the baseball as quickly as possible and managed to mangle it again.

" Arrgggghhh..."

Kelvin's heart wrenching scream grew faint as he began losing his voice.

Miles didn't quickly heal it up this time. Instead, he roughly helped Miss Emily on her feet and spanked her ass before, guiding her to hold onto the edge of the bed, ignoring Kelvin's scream.

'Heal up.'

Healing Kelvin up once again, he positioned in a way the former would be able to have the best view and grabbed Miss Emily's waist, then used his other hand to slip his cock inside her.

" Ahhhhhhhh...."

Following the slow insertion of his cock inside her, Miss Emily let out a long, exhausting moan with her eyes widening with every inch inserted till her pupils could no longer constrict.

"Hmm. Soaking wet bitch."

Miles also inhaled deeply as he felt the surprisingly firm clench of her soaking pussy around him.

" Ahhhhh! Ahhhh- ! Ahhhhhhhh! Please! Yesss! Harder!"

If his first three thrusts was to test the waters, then the thrust after was the real deal.

His hands grabbed both sides of Miss Emily's waist, tilting slightly to the side, Miles smoothly sailed inside her pussy. Conveying his strength into every thrust with the force of a piston.

Miss Emily moaned out louder, begging to go harder, destroy her pussy while barely able to withstand the weight of his thrust.

Diving exploring the reach of her womb each time, Miles widened her pussy walls, raising the threshold to pleasure it to a high standard.

Changing position, folded and grabbed her dress into a rein and swung his waist, thrusting and clapping her ass cheeks with the force of a bull.

As kept on, Miss Emily's cry for him to go deeper and harder, cursing and moaning had begun to wane. Replaced with a pleading wincing expression as he fucked her.

She wanted it and now she could no longer withstand it so she began to plead for him to stop as he fucked her.

"Ahhhhhhh! I can't take it! I can't take it! Ahhhhhh!"

She wailed, crying out loud as she shook and quivered with every thrust. Her insides shook with a hot burning sensation and her body joints squirmed.

Sweat dripped down every inch of her body and nipples, erect and pleading for attention.

Noticing this, Miles let go of her dress and reached to grab her boobs. Folding them in the warmth of his palm as he slowed down his thrust.

" Hmnnnnnnm—" quivering in pain and bliss, Miss Emily sobbed as he pinched her nipples while slowly thrusting inside her.

'Fuck! I'm about to cum.'

"Are you on pills?" Miles asked hoarsely and Miss Emily promptly shook her head in elation. Feeling she was finally worthy of feeling the warmth of his seeds deep inside her.

"Hmnnnnnnnnnn!" She hummed in ecstasy as she felt his hands around her neck, suffocating her as he came.

Meanwhile, Kelvin watched the scene in a daze, glancing at his own erection and awaited his next fate.

'No wonder she betrayed me.'

Miles was such a sex beast, the dream of many women.

Chapter 126: Psycho Twin?

Kelvin's agonised whistles filled the room as Miles kept hitting his body over and over again. His erection had become a piece of mashed potatoes, bleeding profusely in his view.

On the floor next to the bed, Miss Emily sprawled on it, exhausted and spasming slightly from that remnant bliss.

"Kelv, Kelv, Kelv..." Miles called scornfully, pressing the tip of the bloody bat against Kevin's palpitating heart with a genuinely evil smile on his face.

Kelvin's heart froze and his already weak bated breath began to increase with a sense of urgency.

"Do you know what happened to Daniel? Didn't his sudden disappearance raise suspicions in your black-hearted group. Oh right, you guys already sold him out in the first place so he must have not been one of you. Or rather, you're just a bunch of disloyal friends that turn their backs each other?"

Miles shook his head and facepalmed exasperatedly. He lowered somewhat and then straightened his back, his eyes shifting from the holographic screen to horror filled Kelvin.

He smiled.

"Don't worry, I didn't kill him per se. But he sure did wish he was dead when he saw me fucking his mother. His mother's insistent moaning cry to be fucked, while he could only watch in defeat.

Coupled with the nightmare of the previous night, the damage his mental state suffered might as well be incurable.

How I wish you had a mother too, or a sister. I would have hanged you, roasted you alive, then fuck them before your eyes. Also compared to having your thing smashed, Daniel had his cut several times. Man, you should have heard his horrified cries in the middle of the night as it was as if no one in the world gave a fuck about him. His grandparents were even fucking. Hahaha.

Totally Epic."

Hearing Miles casually explain and narrate how he had dealt with Daniel. Kelvin no longer had any doubt that the person before him was a demon. Perhaps Chris' scenario was right.

"You're not Miles. You're his evil, psychotic twin aren't you."

Kelvin blurted, his lips quivering with wide eyes as an inexplicable premonition of death overwhelmed him.

"Oh?"

Having halted upon the first statement, Miles felt relieved and amused that Chris could come to such a conclusion.

"Twin? You call me a twin after you bastards slammed me against the wall and pushed me to fall, hitting the wash basin.

As it shattered, I can still remember the sensation of the broken shards piercing through my skull and smearing brain matter on the floor.

How can I remember that if I am a twin?"

Miles smiled sinisterly, whilst Kelvin's eyes were filled with the ultimate sense of death. He didn't want to die but he couldn't put up a struggle either.

In his vision, Miles began smashing his body in a fit of rage and the final thing Kelvin saw was a savage grin as he passed out.

" What a pity, I can't kill you now in order not to implicate myself. But like I said, I'll make this life a living hell for all of you. And as for Daniel, I'll let him recover for a while then kidnap him.

Wouldn't it be great if I could torture you guys for ten years in a basement or abandoned prison? Hopefully you guys don't die after the first month."

Filled with sinister intention, he began to clean up the crime scene by first loosening the ropes and cancelling the unseen damage to Kelvin's body.

Next he used the bathroom and got sucked by Miss Emily after transferring a little bit of aphrodisiac to reinvigorate her body.

By the end of the day, Miles drove out of the estate and dropped Miss Emily at her apartment before booking a cab.

'She's probably going to take a sick leave tomorrow.' Grinning at what he did, he left.

Sinclairs' Duplex.

This evening was exceptionally lively as Hannah busied herself in the kitchen.

Now that she was the Managing Director and owns 42% in the company's stakes. She could come and leave any time she wanted.

Smiling as she glanced at the steaming hot pots, she ignored her daughters consistent prob to know why she was cooking each of their favourite meals and even ordering a full roasted pork to host this night's dinner.

"You want to know? Wait till I'm done." She shushed Josephine away and removed her apron that hugged her sexy, thick, curved waist like an hour glass.

" Right, I almost forgot to tell you that we have a neighbour moving into Mr Marcus's house."

Cassie who was hanging around the corner quickly told the gist of what she saw.

"Being a playboy in his forties. What do you think? He's probably knocked up a couple of young girls and they sued him." Hannah said, seemingly disgusted at their neighbour.

Target: Miss Emily

Age: 28

Status: Single

Circumstances: A penniless good cock is worth more than a pocket full of gold. You buy her clothes? I'll take them off and fuck her right before your damned eyes

Orgasm: 3]

Ding!

[Appraisal... S Grade Taboo.]

[Rewards...

3000 Taboo Points

+\$5000]

[Bonus Rewards...

5% Lume Horizon shares

+1 Charm Stats]

[Taboo Points: 8200 Taboo Points.]

'Not bad. At this rate, I should have enough points to purchase a Ballet talent or something.'

Pretending to be focused on his phone screen, Miles summarised his total gains today as he walked through the estate.

—

"Wealthy Estate my foot. It's no fun living here. Look at the neighbourhood. Quiet, not a single soul around, it looks... de-ser-ted—."

Jazmín had just stepped outside, cursing the new neighbour while feeling discontent but froze as she caught a handsome silhouette walking past their house.

Her heart leaped in joy and her eyes were strangely drawn by the part of his face illuminated by the phone screen in his hands.

Following his every movement, she watched him enter the next duplex.

"I have a handsome neighbour?"

Her face lit up with elation not knowing this was going to be her hardest catch.

Taboo Stepson System

"Miles is back!"

Instantly spotting him the moment he stepped past the door, Cassie announced his arrival with a smirk.

Josephine happened to be descending the stairs and stopped to look at Miles, who similarly met her gaze.

'Bastard.'

She cursed inwardly and withdrew her gaze, acting cold whilst her heart was rapidly beating as thoughts of him fucking Deb flashed in her mind.

'Huh?'

Stunned by her refusal to admit his presence, Miles instantly summoned the holographic screen for her Infatuation Gauge.

[Debra Sinclair > 100%

→ Hannah Sinclair > 95%

→ Josephine Sinclair > 95%

→ Cassie Sinclair > 93%

→ Victoria Sinclair > 82%

→ Vanessa Sinclair > 82%]

'As expected, she's only putting on a front. Even after knowing that I fucked Deb, her Infatuation Gauge didn't decrease but increased.'

Seeing Hannah and the rest had all exceeded 90% Infatuation, Miles' fantasy ran wild as he imagined the whole house becoming an orgy palace of just one man in the midst of beauties. If he got to that point, he would create a rule that would make their bodies visible at all times and fuck them. Thinking about it, his blood boiled.

Unfortunately, Victoria and Vanessa weren't home.

'I have to unite the family.'

With this thought, a smile curled up his lips as he stared back at Josephine.

'Just a little push and you'll be mine.'

"Hi mom! Cass, Phine, Deb. I'm back. I need to take a shower. Yes! My favorite!"

While ascending, Miles caught a whiff of his favorite meal and quickly added it before disappearing from view.

In the corridor, just as he was about to enter his room, he heard a click from one of the doors and turned his head towards it.

It was Deb, clad in black baggy sweatpants and a tank top that didn't try to hide her nipples.

"Deb?" Miles called out, a bit surprised since he thought she had been in the kitchen when he passed just now.

Hearing her name, Deb raised her gaze and froze as their eyes met. Instantly, before Miles could say another word, she turned and stepped back inside her room with a bang.

"What the fuck?"

Speechless, the words instinctively left his mouth before he knew it.

'I thought I was the one trying to avoid you; who knew you would avoid me too.'

Miles shook his head, suspicious of the reason she was trying to avoid him.

Knock, knock.

He went towards her door and knocked.

"Deb? It's me," Miles called softly.

He wanted to push the door but sensed the resistance behind it and stopped. She was probably resting with her back against the door.

One second... two... three... there was no response, but then just as he was about to turn away and leave, he heard Deb speak.

"Go away. I promised Phine not to see you again."

Behind the door, Miles shook his head with a smile. Indeed, it was just as he expected; Josephine probably felt jealous and used her advantage to rein Deb from collecting his D.

"You didn't promise her not to talk to me again, right?"

Honestly, he found it funny and was doing everything he could to keep from laughing out loud because, in reality, Deb was 25 and Josephine was 18. Deb was Josephine's senior by a couple of years, but he couldn't have expected her to be led by the nose by her younger sister.

Deb seemed to have sensed the amusement in his tone and broke out a smile.

"No, she didn't. I was also coming down for dinner. It's not like I am not going to talk to you again, but because I simply can't withstand being alone with you. Even just for a moment, just now I got wet upon seeing you and wanted you to fuck me," Deb confessed, biting her lips at the end.

"I understand. It's because I haven't fucked you enough in these past few days."

Behind the door, Deb looked like she had choked on something after hearing what he said. But she couldn't refute, so she stayed silent.

"You know what I think? Phine is probably too jealous. If you can try to convince her, maybe she can join the fun."

Once again, Deb felt forced into a dazed state by how thick his skin was, saying such words casually like it was nothing.

'He wants to fuck me and Phine?'

Her heart raced at the thought, thrilled as she imagined the scene and what it would feel like.

Just then, she heard the footsteps of Miles leaving, bringing her out of her daze. Pressing her ear against the door, she listened intently until they disappeared and there was a muffled sound of a door being shut.

Deb heaved a sigh of relief and stood up.

"Now I need to clean up." She involuntarily quivered and squeezed them tight to hold back the thick moisture.

'I am not even ovulating and it's already so hard to keep myself sane around him. I need to initiate Phine too. Perhaps she would understand after getting a taste of it.'

Muttering to herself about the taboo she was planning to commit, Deb wiped the surface of her tender folds before she was finally able to walk well again.

Twenty minutes later.

Miles calmly strutted down the stairs to the dining table with a smile on his face.

Hannah, Cassie, Josephine, and Deb couldn't help but stare at him at this moment, reserving their thoughts about how good-looking he actually turned out to be.

"Hmnnnnnnm—Heavenly," Miles complimented Hannah's cooking, taking an exaggeratedly deep breath, and took his seat next to hers with Cassie by his side.

Glancing around, Miles was stunned to notice that there were actually five main dishes, eight side dishes, a whole roast pig, two bottles of champagne, and one bottle of alcoholic wine.

Miles grinned. Pretending not to know, he quickly picked up one chicken drumstick and devoured it before they could react.

"So? What's the celebration about?"

He licked his oiled lips, seemingly unable to restrain his hunger to pounce on them.

"What's the celebration about?"

Hannah repeated his exact words, her eyes brimming with excitement as she showered them with her gaze.

Cassie, Josephine and Deb's eyes were all lit, appearing eager to hear the good news.

Seeing this, Hannah pursed her lips and grabbed the bottle of wine to pour herself a glass while also signalling that they do the same .

Pop! Pop!

The champagnes were popped and Miles quickly gave himself a full glass before handing it to Cassie.

" Well, guess who is now the Managing Director of Lume Horizon."

Hannah shook her body with a girly attitude, waving the wine glass slightly.

The girls matched her vibes and also did the same, squealing in joy as they waited for the second shocking part of the good news.

"I also now own 42% of Lume Horizon total stakes."

"What?"

"Mom, are you serious?"

The girls looked incredulous, unable to believe it but seeing Hannah roll her eyes and begin to twist her waist in a slow rhythm, they quickly hopped on.

'I'll be damned.'

In contrast to the atmosphere, Miles felt a sense of gloom as his dick awakened and quickly got hard.

There was Hannah's jiggling tits, Cassie's waist highlighted by her crop top and ample view from beneath the gaps.

Josephine was extremely beautiful, when coupled with the outline of her boobs and body shape, she was like a Diva Queen.

Deb in her black tank top that cropped out her melons.

How could Miles remain calm? If he did then he would be gay or a non-living thing.

In the jubilation of his step mom and sisters, things shook, Miles enjoyed the view and got a boner. Luckily no one noticed and he hid it well by lowering himself a bit under the table.

Forcing out a smile, he low-key vibed to the mood on his chair.

A minute later, finally tired of gyrating their bodies, they sat back down while he had already begun to wolf down the food.

Seeing this, Cassie hit his shoulder—

"Boar." She sneered.

"What do you know? As a guy I need this." He retorted, thinking about how his life recently had mostly been about fucking.

If he didn't eat well, could he bear the shame of fainting from sex or dying?

Miles shredded the meat from the pork and ate wantonly.

Josephine rolled her eyes at the scene. Whilst Hannah and Deb showed loving smiles.

'This is why only girls with big boobs deserve to be called mummy.'

For the next one hour, Hannah talked about events that followed after she was made the managing director and how many tried to suck up to her.

Miles also listened, nodding approvingly from time to time while chewing.

"Here, take a sip. You will be 18 soon anyways, I don't see anything wrong."

Already tipsy from drinking half of the bottle's contents, Hannah smiled and poured him a glass of the wine.

"Mom, I also want to take a sip, this is unfair."

To the side, Cassie protested upon being denied. Whilst Miles grinned and gulped the whole glass with one move.

Just as the sizzling hot sensation traveled down his throat, he growled and crackled his neck a few times.

Such action instantly earned the awe of Josephine and Deb who were already drunk from a single glass of the wine.

"I'm feeling light headed." I don't think I can bear this any longer. Good night mom."

Josephine stood up and almost stumbled.

"Hold up."

Miles quickly stood up and grasped her waist, supporting her to ascend the stairs and tucked her in bed.

Deb was in similar condition by the time he returned so he led her to her room.

"Come to bed with me. Don't leave me, fuck me."

Before she got on the bed, Deb tried to drag him along with her but Miles easily dodged.

'How can I possibly fuck you in this drunken state. You want to host a stellar show?'

Miles cursed, closing the door behind him as he departed down.

When he got back, surprisingly, Cassie had gone to her room.

Leaving just Hannah with flushed cheeks but sober eyes, unlike Deb and Josephine.

Currently, she was up picking the dishes on the table presenting her back view to him.

Easing his steps, Miles walked quietly and enjoyed the sight longer before deciding to expose himself.

"No need to stress mom. I'll take care of the dishes."

Miles promptly urged, trying to take the dishes from her and their arms came in contact.

Usually it would be a normal thing that didn't hold much thought to it, but at this moment it seemed to have created a spark in the intoxicated silence of the night between both step mother and stepson.

'What the fuck.'

Being a realistic person himself, Miles couldn't help but inwardly curse at this situation.

They only froze for a moment before recovering.

Hannah's eyelids fluttered.

She forced herself to calm down and spoke in a simple motherly tone that hid the thoughts that spawned within her just now.

"If it was the norm then I would have definitely let you have your way. But the dish this time is too much for you to handle alone. So let me help out."

Hearing, Miles no longer tried to persuade her and nodded.

He unhurriedly began to pick the dishes.

Clank! Clank Clank...

Although they could afford a dishwasher, for unknown reason Hannah had refused to purchase one so they had to use the kitchen sink each time.

Hannah washed and Miles rinsed. Such a lovely mother and son moment actually held a silent tension between them.

Hannah was grossly occupied by her thoughts, seemingly dazed as she handed the plate over.

Whilst Miles had gotten a boner from his own imaginations after seeing Hannah's Infatuation Gauge rise to 98%.

Lifting a stack of ceramic dishes, Miles took a step back, wanting to move behind the little space between Hannah and the centre kitchen counter when suddenly, Hannah felt like she had been electrocuted by a rod happening to brush her ass.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 129: Stepmother and son

It was as if time stopped for a moment.

Truly it had been Miles's own intention to begin with but the sensation of his erection pressed against Hannah's backside caused his breath to hitch, excitement coursed through him like a tide that he was temporarily dazed.

He almost lost his sense of touch, grip on the porcelain dishes due to the sensation of his dick against Hannah's ass.

'Did he...'

Hannah was in a daze for a long time.

The intoxication wearing her down had completely cleared from her eyes but in turn generated a heat within her.

'His dick is pressed against me? He also has an erection? Why?'

So many questions passed through her mind at this moment, but fortunately, before she would be unable to contain it, a few things erupted. Miles took a step forward and quickly yanked his erection from her ass.

"Sorry, sorry. It was a mistake. I didn't mean to. I truly didn't know."

Miles stuttered, repeatedly apologizing and bowing his head slightly as if to amend the forbidden contact just now.

Unknowingly, Hannah's heart sank when she felt the pressing rod no longer there.

Hiding the turmoil and torrents of emotions within her quite well, Hannah showed an awkward smile and quickly tried to console him.

"It's okay, it's nothing. You didn't do anything bad. You don't have to apologize—"

Hannah spoke in haste, already rinsing her hand to console him.

However, by the time she cleaned her hands with the towel and was about to reach out to him, she came back to her senses and her gaze instinctively lowered down to his pants to see the pitched tent along the outline of his gland, the tip.

'I'm such an idiot.' Hannah cursed herself in realization as she was caught in an even more awkward position.

She froze and was staring at her stepson's erect cock. Speechless as all the words she wanted to say vanished like it never existed.

At the moment, even a pin droplet of water could be heard as they both froze in place.

Two seconds later, Miles decided to give her a break and turn away to arrange the dishes .

Gulp.

Hannah swallowed hard and promptly shifted her eyes away.

After that she resumed washing the dishes and Miles had to circle the kitchen counter to stand next to her.

The atmosphere was extremely awkward and tense as both stepmom and stepson pretended that everything was fine.

Till...

...Miles had finished rinsing the third batch of dishes and was about to pick it up.

"Miles..."

Hannah stopped washing the dishes and called his name with a hint of premonition in her voice.

Halting, Miles tilted towards her, saying no words but letting his gaze answer

Hannah fidgeted with the soft sponge by squeezing, revealing her inner turmoil before taking a deep breath of resignation and turned away from the sink to face him.

"Miles..." she called softly, looking into his eyes with clarity and they held each other's gaze.

"About the stakes in Lume Horizon, George didn't keep it for me did he? I thought about it and came to conclude there was no way he could keep such from him. You... it belongs to you right?"

Her voice cracked, loving tears of deep gratitude slowly slid down her cheeks as she stared at him like he was the most precious thing she had.

' I knew she eventually wouldn't buy it after giving it a deep thought.'

Not surprised, Miles nodded in response, his eyes fixated on her face.

"Thank you."

Shortly after managing to recover, she said to him with a dazzling smile. All the unsaid words she wanted to say were expressed at this moment.

Miles nodded silently, pretending it was difficult to speak but spoke anyway.

"It's okay mom. Didn't I say I'll be in charge of the family? It's nothing."

He smiled, shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly and causing Hannah to giggle slightly.

"You look so much like Greg." She said, opening her arms.

"Don't tell me you're now too big to give me a hug."

'Crap. She's definitely up to something. How can she say that with a straight face after what happened just now.'

[Hannah Sinclair 100% Infatuation Gauge]

Indeed his suspicion was on point.

Revealing a gentleman's smile, he stepped forward and also stretched out his arms enveloping her in his embrace.

Her soft thick body, especially her big melons and thick nipples from being a mother of 5 pressed firmly against his chest.

Her body, the unclimbable treasure of many, was wrapped in his arms.

A pin drop silence then ensued.

At first it was a familia kind of hug, one of warmth and compassion. But as the two began to listen to the sound of their breathings, paying attention to the rhythm of their hearts and testing the waters for who would let go first. A different kind of warmth began to bloom.

Hannah hugged him tight, savoring his scent and the warmth of his firm arms wrapped around her.

This was what she wanted and she had made the first move.

Thinking of having sex with her stepson, Hannah felt her breath hitch and moisture quickly form between her thighs.

While hugging him, she could also hear his breathing become heavy and steady.

His hands wrapped around her began to loosen and readjust. Slowly and gently as if afraid she would let go, he reached for her waist, wrapped firm around it and pressed her closer then used his other hand to slowly slide on her backside.

He perched on it for a second before lowering, spreading and slid beneath, just enough to scoop the weight and shake it.

"Hmm." Hannah's breath hitched, doing her utmost best to hold back from moaning. She stilled as he began rubbing her ass.

'Naughty boy.'

In her mind, she giggled with excitement.

"Hmmm."

Miles moved his waist slightly and let his erection push against her stomach and Hannah to let out a light gasp.

Chapter 130: Hannah's Wet-dreams

Feeling Miles dick pressed against her stomach, Hannah froze but then recovered.

"Hmmm." She gasped lightly, leaning into his embrace and enjoying the strong warmth from it.

'Hehehe.'

Sensing no resistance. Miles lowered his other hand and carefully grabbed Hannah's ass, capturing both sides in his palms and giving it a firm squeeze.

"HmMMMM." She hummed softly in him , leaning onto him on her tiptoes.

"HmMMMM."

"HmMMMM."

"HmMMMM."

With every firm squeeze, Hannah would hum, lean in and rise on her tiptoes..

Holding her ass firm this time, Miles enjoyed the silent warmth for a moment before detaching his hands from their grip and took a step back after her hands had loosened around him.

As a result, Hannah panicked, feeling unwilling that he would separate from her.

'No, don't let go. Don't let me go.'

She screamed inwardly.

However —

"Mom." Miles called, taking a step back to meet her eyes.

Hannah met his, and without hesitation closed her eyes.

Smooch! Smooch!

Grabbing the back of her necklace, Miles pushed his lips against hers and pressed her against the counter.

Smooch!

After almost ten years without a kiss, Hannah was swept by an overwhelming sense of hunger to devour her stepson.

Smooch!

Counter attacking, she pushed and pressed him against the kitchen sink with uncanny strength.

'what the fuck—'

Miles could barely react and before he could convey his amazement she rushed him, her lips tangling with his tongue in a heated battle.

Unwilling to lose, Miles used his strength to push her against the kitchen counter.

Smooch! Hmmm!

Before she could resist, he grabbed both of her wrists and parted her hands from his face, firmly locking her hands on the counter.

Surprised, Hannah was swallowed by awe, unable to contend with his strength and was completely at his mercy .

Smooch!

With intense passion and vigor, their lips clashed, producing a smooch sound as they kissed.

Hmmmm! Hmmmmmm! Hmmmmm!

Their heavy pants filled the kitchen, the small fruit basket placed on the center of the counter had been pushed over and they both didn't care.

Smooch!

In the heat of the moment, Miles firmly grabbed Hannah's ass and hooked her thighs.

Smoooc— hmmmmm!

Hannah huffed as he lifted and promptly wrapped her legs around him.

Smooch!

Feeling his firm press as he lifted her and kept her on the counter, Hannah melted and gave a chance to suck her lips while she dived her her tongue.

'I'm really doing it. Kissing Miles.

My Stepson is grabbing my ass and kissing me. I'm also acting without morality. I can't stop. Fuck! He's so good at this. His cock feels like it wants to pierce through me. I'm so wet, I don't think I can endure this torture.'

At first they were thoughts of doubts based on surreal sensations that she was actually doing something like this with her stepson. But as time went on, she was constantly aroused and thrilled by these thoughts that she felt the need to explode in order to release the raging tide of emotions coursing through her.'

Smooch! HmMMMM!

Unable to bear it any longer, they both separated and stared at each other like two beasts in heat, eyes flickering with burning lust,

Across the kitchen, a couple of things had fallen from the counter. There was a rinsed stack of porcelain dishes that was yet to be put in the rack.

One of the sink taps was still running, a couple of plates left in the sink.

However, neither Miles nor Hannah paid attention to any of this.

Suddenly Hannah broke the status quo and lowered her eyes to his tent, the glint in her eyes glowing feverishly.

Without a moment of hesitation she boldly reached her hand to grab it.

"Hmmm."

Inwardly Clenching his teeth, Miles sucked a sharp breathe.

Hannah also closed her eyes, relishing the sensation of how it to capture such a big dragon in her palm.

In truth, ever since that night's incidence. She's had a total of two wet dreams. They weren't of her and Greg, but Miles.

In the first dream she sucked him till he spewed semen all over her face.

In the second dream she had been fucked mercilessly by him.

Waking up, it had taken a big chunk of her mental health and moral values not to do something nasty.

But not anymore.

Beholding his monstrosity in her palm had sparked her desires and fantasy.

She could barely remain rational, every other part of her wanted to go on rampage. In fact, if Miles wanted or ordered her, she wouldn't care being fucked on the kitchen counter.

Stopping in time, she imagined a 'what if' scenario and her heart shuddered.

Whilst, Miles was just about to lean in for another round of kiss before doing the deed but was stunned to see Hannah pressing her finger against his whole hinting a shush gesture.

"Come with me."

Hannah leaped from the counter, holding his dick as she led across the upstairs. Tiptoeing as they walked through the corridor afraid of alerting anyone.

Located at the center end of corridor, Hannah led him inside her room and locked the door behind her with a soft click

Making sure it was locked properly, she heaved a sigh of relief and straightened her back.

She was about to turn but there was a sudden bang and she found herself pressed against the wall.

"Mom. Sorry I don't think have enough of you."

Miles voice was raspy and deep as he whispered these words.

He freed his dick from her and locked her hands up.

Smooch!

He lowered his head, leaving a hickey on her neck as he kissed every part of her.

on

"HmMMM. HmMMM. HnMMM..."

Hannah squealed, squirmed and twirled, but was as helpless as a little girl when being caged by him.

It was until Miles let go that she pushed him in fit of lustful fury.

.

Miles exaggerated and stumbled till he fell on the bed sitting upright.

Hannah smiled at him and the next moment ripped apart her shirt and letting those twin jiggle before his eyes,

'Fuck.'

Miles cursed in shock.