

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 141: Mrs Laurent Slutty Side

'Billy? Pfft. You wish.'

Seeing the astounded looks of Theo, Oliver, and Simon, who had been spectating from the beginning, he smiled with a victorious grin.

Although no bet had been made—because he genuinely wanted Chloe to be his main woman—Miles still felt a slight sense of loss, wondering what might have happened if they had gambled on something.

"Yo. Bro, did you...?" Simon asked as he got closer, expressing the eagerness of the other two to hear it directly from his mouth, even though they had witnessed the scene just now.

Miles smirked.

"Got myself a date." He tucked his hands into his pockets and walked past the three.

"Shit. You really did."

Even though the break was over, Simon and Oliver still tailed him to his class, hoping to receive a couple of pointers, but they were swiftly rejected by Miles.

"Learn. Create your own game."

This was the only thing he said before stepping inside the classroom.

At that moment, the classroom, which had been rowdy, quieted down slightly and resumed its noise the moment he sat down. Theo raised a thumbs-up at Miles and quickly settled down.

Not long after, class began when Mrs. Laurent stepped inside to teach.

In this class, Miles paid full attention. His eyes never left Mrs. Laurent as he studied every movement she made and every glance she gave him.

Meanwhile, facing the rows of students, Mrs. Laurent felt especially on edge. The feeling of being stared at like prey had long overwhelmed her. Currently, she was anxious and would frequently glance at the source of it.

'Why is he looking at me?'

'He's still looking?'

'Does he know?'

She asked herself these questions each time she confirmed he was still staring at her. It was strange, considering that he almost never paid attention in her class before, even though he did well.

As several scenarios and thoughts formed in her mind, moisture began to form between her thighs.

'Damn it, I'm in front of the class. I shouldn't feel like this. What should I do? Am I getting aroused by my student? What's happening?'

After several attempts to use her morals to stop the reaction her body was forming under Miles' gaze, Mrs. Laurent failed terribly and squeezed her thighs together.

'What should I do? I'm not even ovulating.'

Overwhelmed, she thought about ending the class early when she suddenly caught something in the corner of her eye.

(CALL ME TO YOUR OFFICE.)

It was a sentence written with a red marker pen.

Comprehending the words, Mrs. Laurent inwardly trembled.

'This boy. He knows... Did Miss Emily tell him? There's no way. She definitely wouldn't, especially since she gave me her nudes just so I could keep her little secret.'

Raising her eyes to meet Miles' nonchalant gaze, which seemed to hold zero interest in the lesson itself, she watched as he flashed the page of the book where he had written those words.

Mrs. Laurent felt embarrassed and strange, even as she began to abhor the thought. At the same time, she marveled at Miles' audacity to do something like that right in front of the class.

'Previously, wasn't this guy timid? I once caught him staring at my boobs back then and he quickly looked away while blushing.'

Thinking about it, she couldn't help but blush slightly, unnoticed by the dozens of students. Controlling her breath, she quickly turned to the board, letting her cheeks redden.

She tried to go on and teach a few more words, but she could no longer take it.

"Please use the remaining lesson time to summarize. Our next lesson will be a test because, as you all know, next week is our Revision Week before the exams. Please be careful not to make too much noise while you work."

Saying that, she took a dignified breath, summoning the courage for her next action.

"Miles Sinclair. Come with me. You're quite a brilliant student."

Following that, she stepped outside without a second word.

A moment later, Miles ignored his classmates' surprised looks and calmly followed behind.

"What? Is he about to receive a scholarship award or something?"

"Bite me, is this the second time he's been summoned this week?"

"Shhh. What could your dumb head even do if given the opportunity?"

In her seat, Jazmín paid attention to their discussion and smiled.

'He's not only fucking handsome, but he's a brilliant freak too? How come?' Jazmín was stunned.

Meanwhile, as one of Miles' best friends, Theo was dumbfounded. How could Miles be sponsored for a scholarship they didn't know about? Did the school board have two heads, or wouldn't Miles have let them in on it?

Theo felt suspicious, but then again, there was no way in nine lives his worst suspicions could be true.

'Miss Emily and Mrs. Laurent? Naaahh.' Theo blatantly rejected the idea.

There was no way Miles was fucking a teacher on the school premises, let alone doing so boldly right in front of the class. Besides, those two women were Dominion High's favorite teachers.

'Even if he had the heart of a bear, no way.' Theo firmly denied the thought. 'It must probably be a private matter.'

Meanwhile, walking through the hallway with Mrs. Laurent at the forefront, if Theo were here, he would probably have coughed up blood in shock. Miles was amusedly ogling Mrs. Laurent's ass, and the latter seemed to be flaunting it a little since she could feel his gaze hovering behind her.

'Oh my gosh! What am I doing? He's just a student.'

Despite her self-rebuke, Mrs. Laurent still walked in a way that seemed to tease Miles. This was the slutty side of her. From the moment she had discovered her habit of rubbing her pussy to the thought of Miles at night while her husband and kids were asleep, this outcome was bound to happen. It was just that she was a hypocritical bitch, still trying to act saintly.

Miles didn't say anything; they just kept walking.

When she got to an intersecting hallway, she paused, glancing in the direction of the staff restroom—the ideal place to do anything right now—but ultimately continued to walk toward the staff office, a large space occupied by all the school teachers.

Click!

The door opened and she stepped inside, followed by Miles.

'How lucky.'

Chapter 142: Making Dreams Come Through

"How lucky," Miles thought, scanning the whole place to confirm that there was no one else present.

At the front, Mrs. Laurent stood in place, silently contemplating how to act.

Meanwhile, Miles smiled, casting his eyes lustfully over her backside assets before turning to the door. There was a key inserted in the keyhole that seemed as if it hadn't been used in years, since the Staff's Office had never truly been locked before. But at this moment, using a little bit of his strength, Miles managed to turn the stiffened key and lock the door.

Click!

Naturally, his movement hadn't gone unnoticed at the front, but Mrs. Laurent remained still, unwilling to look him in the eyes just yet and hoping that he would make the first move.

Miles stood at the door, licking his lips as he checked the space for cameras.

'There's no time. I have to be quick,' he thought to himself, breaking the strange tranquility that had enveloped the entire space, making it feel isolated from the noisy school.

Step! Step! Step!...

Nervously waiting with her back turned to him, Mrs. Laurent felt like a gas being compressed, ready to explode with every step he took. In fact, she was so absorbed

in listening to his footsteps that she didn't realize he was only a couple of inches away from her.

"Ahhhh," she let out a sharp, erotic gasp, jolting the instant she felt his firm hands grab her frontal assets with a large swoop. His fingers dug into the plump softness of her breasts despite the hindrance of her bra.

Just as she was encompassed by the sensation of her breasts being grabbed by him in such a dominant manner, he switched to cupping them with one hand and lowered the other to her waist.

"Hmmmm." Mrs. Laurent took a deep breath at this action, but the next moment, her body promptly reacted on its own.

From her ass crack to her spine, then to the back of her head, the sensation was so unique that her body wanted to melt in total submission. This was because Miles had pushed her into a complete embrace from behind, and his bulging erection was now pressed directly against her backside. Feeling the incredible size of it, Mrs. Laurent's eyes widened.

'Big!' she screamed inwardly, her widened, shocked eyes glinting with realization as the melting pleasure of that day flashed in her mind, recalling the ecstatic moans. 'Miss Emily... Now I understand you. Such a huge freaking thing. I can't resist it either.'

Overwhelmed by the pressing feeling of Miles' huge dick against her backside, she instinctively arched her body into his embrace, closing her eyes with a deep breath.

'Hehehe. Thought you would pretend not to like it,' Miles sneered behind her, fulfilling the wish of countless students. His crotch pressed against her rear while his hands continued groping her breasts.

"Mrs. Laurent... I didn't know you were a fan of mine? Letting your student play with your tits while enjoying this?" Speaking in a slow, teasing manner, Miles increased the pace at which he massaged her breasts, beginning to furiously squeeze them.

"HMMMMMM." In response, Mrs. Laurent took a deep, moaning breath and arched her hips to grind against him slightly, biting her lips with flushed cheeks.

She didn't want to talk, but the next moment, Miles' arm locked around her waist, unable to contain himself.

'My bad. I forgot for a moment how big you are,' he thought to himself. His right hand, which had been groping her breasts, snaked up to her neck and firmly tightened.

"Ahhhhgh..." Mrs. Laurent let out a sudden gasp, shock evident in her eyes at the suffocating hold.

"Can't you speak?" he whispered in her ear, tightening his grip as he withstood her desperate attempt to free herself. He choked her for twelve to twenty seconds, and when he let go, Mrs. Laurent desperately inhaled. She felt like collapsing, but he held her tightly against himself and resumed groping her breasts.

"Tell me. Or do you want to feel it again?"

Unsurprisingly, what was supposed to scare her actually turned her on all the more at the thought of it. Though she tried to rebuke the feeling, her core moistened faster. Her face remained flushed for a few seconds before she was finally able to respond.

"Hmmmm. In the restroom... Miss Emily... I was there," she revealed with some difficulty, briefly closing her eyes afterward due to the unceremonious hand massaging her breasts.

'Huh?' Behind her, Miles was stunned.

"You were the one?" he asked after a brief moment.

"Yes," Mrs. Laurent nodded, her eyes closed.

"Then how did you know it was me?" Rubbing her plump abdomen with his other hand, he leaned in and whispered, nibbling her ear to tease her.

"HMMMMMM," Mrs. Laurent blushed, gasping before responding. "Your voice—hmmmm. I recognized it."

"Oh..." Amused, Miles smiled behind her and lowered his hand to slip beneath her top.

Coming into contact with her bare skin, Mrs. Laurent froze, her eyes shut tight as she hummed in a breathless, erotic manner.

Miles grinned, using his left hand to choke her slightly while his right hand crawled up and found the nest that was her black bra, tightly caging those two large breasts. He slipped underneath, groping them for real this time, and pushed them out of their cups. Although they were still underneath her top, they were no longer caged.

"Ahhhh—!"

The moment he activated Blissful Hands and rubbed her thick nipples, Mrs. Laurent felt shocked and moaned out loud in a high-pitched tone. Fortunately, Miles reacted swiftly and clasped her mouth shut. Mrs. Laurent lost her balance

and leaned heavily into him with rolled eyes, wearing an immensely pleased expression.

"...In other words, you've been dreaming about me—or should I say, my dick?" Moving his hand to clench and grope her left breast, Miles whispered into her ear, knowing she could still hear him.

"Hmmm," Mrs. Laurent moaned, nodding with difficulty.

"Alright, let's make your dream come true by first testing how well you can suck a dick."

Chapter 143: Fucking Mrs Laurent

Mrs. Laurent felt shocked and moaned out loud in a high-pitched tone. But fortunately, Miles reacted swiftly and clasped her mouth shut.

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"... In other words, you've been dreaming about me, or should I say my dick?"

Moving his hands to clench and grope her left tit, Miles whispered into her ears, knowing she could still hear him.

"Hmmm."

Mrs. Laurent moaned, nodding with difficulty.

"Alright, let's make your dream come true by first testing how good you suck a cock."

'How can he say that...'

Her thoughts screamed, blushing at the scene in her head. Feeling Miles let go of her, even if it was just for a moment, Mrs. Laurent felt a lustful sense of void that threatened to consume her reasoning.

The next moment, Mrs. Laurent lowered her head and turned, unwilling to meet Miles's gaze.

She didn't say a word; instead, she locked eyes with the huge bulge in his uniform pants and gulped. Her eyes gleamed with lustful curiosity.

She wanted to feel it, she wanted a taste of it.

'Just how big is it?'

Her heart thumped and she went on her knees. Without hesitating, she raised her hands and proceeded to unbuckle his belt.

Soon his zip came undone, prompting her to gulp and slowly lower the bands of his underwear as if unpacking a surprise package.

"Ahh."

The next moment, Mrs. Laurent gasped and almost lost her balance. Shock filled her eyes as she stared at the thick, long rod that had bounced from its cage and now pointed straight at her face.

She instinctively swallowed again.

'This... it's way bigger than I thought. I can take it,' she marveled.

"Mrs. Laurent, I'm afraid if you stare at it all day we'll be caught before we are done here."

Speaking, Miles didn't want to entertain her shock; he grabbed her hair and guided her to look at him. Their eyes met and Mrs. Laurent bit her lips, a little bit ashamed but wanting his cock even more.

He was undoubtedly the biggest she had ever seen.

"What are you waiting for? Suck it," Miles said to her, his eyes cold and domineering.

'Shit. This feels so good. Commanding my teacher to suck my cock.'

Fearing he wouldn't let her continue, Mrs. Laurent unhesitatingly grabbed the base of his cock and popped it in her mouth.

Her eyes closed and she began bobbing her head, sucking him with delight as her mouth was filled to the brim.

"Argh."

Miles groaned in satisfaction and patted her head encouragingly.

"Good girl. Keep it up."

As he said these words, Mrs. Laurent's eyes widened and she choked on his cock.

'How am I a good girl? I'm clearly older than him and he's just—'

"Hmmm."

Slurp!

'I like it. Call me a good girl again.'

Sucking him more devotedly, her breasts jiggled and she leaned a bit to suck his balls, cleaning them with her tongue and saliva.

"Good girl. Stand up."

Pulling his cock out of her mouth, he slapped her face with it and stepped back.

"Ahhhh."

Though willing to suck more to her heart's content if he was willing, Mrs. Laurent didn't voice her thoughts, since she knew how risky their current ordeal was and the probability of another teacher coming soon increased as the seconds ticked. Still, she felt reluctant.

'Maximum of 18 minutes left.' Glancing at the wall clock, Miles felt a sense of urgency and helped Mrs. Laurent off her knees.

"Here."

Miles directed her to the nearest desk, which happened to be sparse and unused. Mrs. Laurent glanced at it and moved towards it, not questioning what he wanted to do.

Standing before it while heaving from sucking his dick, Mrs. Laurent stared at Miles with his cock out and took a deep breath. After a little hesitation in her mind, she winked naughtily at him and pulled up her top, exposing her abdomen and the surface of her plump skin, raising it until her big bra, titties, and nipples could be seen, inciting Miles to grab and suck them.

"HmMMM! HmMMM! HmMMM!"

Just as Mrs. Laurent experienced the peak pleasure of having her boobs sucked, he pulled back from her embrace and moved his hands past her waist to smack and grab her ass.

"Ahhhh!"

Mrs. Laurent gasped, sharply raising her head as he grabbed her butt.

Though he was far from containing them in his arms, his hands were so strong that she felt the smack rock her insides.

Miles didn't dawdle for long. The next moment, he began pulling up her skirt until it was up and hanging around her waist.

Mrs. Laurent held onto his shoulders, biting her lips as she felt the wind kiss her ass cheeks.

'Damn. I can't take off or shift her panties. I'll have to rip them.'

"Hold onto me tight."

"Ahhh."

Mrs. Laurent gasped and could only comply when she felt herself being lifted, wrapping her legs around him in the best way she could.

In his embrace, she felt his dick pressed against her and gasped again before Miles placed her on the desk.

"Lie down."

Smack!

"Ahhhhh!"

Mrs. Laurent gasped and laid on the desk.

'Perfect mix of chubby and thick,' Miles thought to himself, as he held her panties and casually ripped them.

"Ahhhh."

Ignoring Mrs. Laurent's gasp, he kept ripping until he eventually took them off and raised them for her to see.

'She isn't that chubby so the size looks quite normal.'

Placing them by the desk, he set his eyes on her pussy.

'Fuck. She's dripping.'

Colorless, sticky fluid was currently smeared around her thighs. The lips of her pussy were actually gleaming, causing Miles to take a deep breath as he lifted one of her legs above his shoulder and used his dick to teasingly brush her clit.

"Ahhhhh."

Without much fanfare, he slid it in deep.

Chapter 144: Fucking Mrs Laurent 2

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Mrs. Laurent's sharp erotic moan echoed through the staff office.

Gripping onto the two edges of the desk, Mrs. Laurent lay on it with widened eyes from Miles' chokehold as he leaned in to stifle her moan.

Mrs. Laurent was far from being athletic, so the adjustment of her leg being raised over his shoulder caused a sharp pain that was soon compounded with one smooth, direct thrust from Miles. It pistoled through her inner walls, easily crushing the tight clench of her pussy to strike at her core, her g-spot.

"A&:\$\$:><<}€|€}{...." Her shocked, never-felt-before moan came out as a breathless whistle as Miles tightened his choke.

A wave of ecstasy hit her, bringing her to orgasm instantly.

Kpa! Kpa!

Leaning his body as he stood on his tiptoes, Miles used the weight of his body to thrust, making it a rewarding exercise due to the retaliation of her pussy each time he pulled back.

Mrs. Laurent's pussy was extremely creamy, swallowing his cock size without difficulty, and the clapping sound produced as their flesh kissed was very satisfying, filling them both with passion and more desire to keep it going.

Miles didn't disappoint.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

He had sacrificed thrusting speed, but the sensation of each thrust was no less, carrying a sense of depth, power, and weight to it.

Thankfully, he was choking Mrs. Laurent, or else her loud, chaotic moans would have resounded through the school.

Despite three orgasms in a row, Miles never stopped; he pushed through the quivering sensation and still fucked her.

Naturally, being on the receiving end of such hardcore action, the current Mrs. Laurent was no longer recognizable. Her face was covered in sweat, strands of her hair clinging to her forehead. Her eyes frequently opened and tightened shut, her pupils vanishing as she jolted from each thrust. Her face was beyond flushed—slutty, naughty, and totally absorbed in the act.

"HMMMMMMMM."

Mrs. Laurent could only hum, firmly gripping his hand that choked her.

Also, the sight of her titties shaking without ceasing provoked the desire to deepen his thrust, leaving him a little aggrieved that he couldn't touch them at the risk of letting her moan as she wished.

'Fuck.'

Feeling close to the peak after eight minutes, Miles cursed and pulled out.

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Ahhhhhh."

The moment he let go, her stifled hums turned into erotic gasps.

Smack!

Miles tapped her face to wake her up.

"Shut up. Are you on contraceptives?"

Regaining some of her senses, Mrs. Laurent realized she had moaned too loud and quickly nodded.

"Good."

Feeling excited, he kept her leg down and smacked her thigh as a sign she should get up.

"Hmmmmm."

Stepping down, Mrs. Laurent didn't wait to be told before she turned over and positioned her ass to be fucked in a stand-up doggy.

Her ass was itching for a back shot.

Miles placed one hand on her back and easily guided his cock to find her pussy.

The next moment, he smoothly slid in and felt the tight warmth of her dripping pussy.

"Ahhhh—" Smack!

Mrs. Laurent's gasp was quickly cut short with a smack from him.

"Control it, or do you want to lose your job?"

If they were caught, Mrs. Laurent was going to receive the largest fallout from it, so he thought to remind her not to get too carried away.

"HmMMMMM."

Following a slow thrust, Mrs. Laurent bit her lip while holding the desk for support.

Whilst from behind, Miles held the two sides of her waist and began to thrust.

"HmMMMM. HmMMMM. HmMMMM."

Her erotic hums sounded continuously as Miles explored the depth of her pussy, the force of his thrusts enough to make her arms ache each time.

"Mmmmmmm. Faster, yessss," she squeezed these words through, hissing as her pussy clenched and fluttered, gushing out fluid that dripped to the floor.

"Argh."

But this time, she wasn't alone.

The seething sensation of Miles' cum spreading inside her womb as it overflowed from her pussy caused her to freeze and hold the desk tight.

Miles held her ass until he could feel the last of his cum deposited inside her. Pulling back his shrinking brother, his eyes darted towards the wall clock.

'Shit! Less than two minutes. Someone should be coming any moment from now.'

After a swift clean with Mrs. Laurent's dress, Miles tucked his pants and dashed towards the locked door while buckling his belt.

Click!

The moment he opened the door, he heard a couple of steps approaching.

In fact, they were seven steps from reaching the door, but the owners of those footsteps sounded to be in a conversation, so they hadn't noticed the click from the door.

Turning to glance behind him, he saw Mrs. Laurent still resting on the desk trying to recover as his semen dripped from her pussy in a thin stream.

'I'll be damned.'

Cursing inwardly since the people outside would probably hear what he was saying, he activated his true speed and appeared behind Mrs. Laurent in three steps.

"Are you stupid? They are coming."

The moment Mrs. Laurent heard this, she revealed a panicked expression, not knowing what to do and stunning Miles.

"Sit."

He quickly whispered to her and grabbed the torn underwear to clean the cum on the floor in one stroke.

He grimaced afterwards at the sound of Mrs. Laurent's clicking footsteps. Turning, he saw she had flipped her skirt down and was now fitting her boobs where they belonged.

By the time she sat behind her desk, she had pulled down her top.

Click!

"Are you always occupied?"

The door was slowly being pushed open and the conversation slipped through the cracks.

There was another click as a beautiful long leg in red-and-black designer heels slipped through the crack and presented a stunning Miss Emily.

'Fuck.'

Noticing he still held Mrs. Laurent's underwear that he had used to wipe the floor, he threw it to the latter.

At the door, Miss Emily stared in shock and instantly understood what happened.

Chapter 145: Lucky Escape

"Ahh. Issshhh. Hold on Mr. Thomas. I think I've gotten something in my shoe."

By the door, Mr. Thomas, who had tagged along after spotting Miss Emily by chance, revealed a dazed, stunned look as the gasp she let out just now replayed in his mind, striking a certain desire within.

'Miss Emily. No way I'm letting you go. I'll definitely make you mine.'

Mr. Thomas instantly reaffirmed his decision to chase Miss Emily after that gasp.

"It's alright. No problem. If you want, I can help you take off your shoes," Mr. Thomas simped, already aroused by the thought of holding her feet.

Naturally, this behavior didn't go unnoticed by Miss Emily; her eyes glinted with disgust as she stared at him.

"No, it's okay. I think it's gone now."

Forcing a smile, Miss Emily quickly stopped him from touching her as she opened the door for both of them.

By then, Miles had grabbed the perfume from her bag, sprayed it in the air, and was standing before Mrs. Laurent's desk as she appeared to be checking his note.

Stepping into the office while feeling a bit unfortunate that he couldn't touch Miss Emily's legs, Mr. Thomas noticed Miles and Mrs. Laurent. Glancing in their direction, he quickly dismissed the scene and turned his attention back to Miss Emily, who then ignored him as she walked towards her desk.

...

"Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Laurent."

Purposely increasing the volume of his voice, Miles uttered the words and smirked at Mrs. Laurent before turning to walk away.

"Mm."

Mrs. Laurent hummed a nod in response and instinctively clasped her thighs while sharing a secret glance with Miss Emily.

Today, she would be walking around the whole school with a student's cum inside her.

...

"Phew."

Letting out a relieved breath, Miles walked back to his class.

Upon getting to the class, the rowdy atmosphere quieted with his arrival and soon resumed.

In the back row seats to the right edge, Jazmín teasingly nudged Alice, whispering, "Are you sure you don't want him? If not, I'll claim him for myself."

She got a painful pinch from Alice in response.

"Humph. Do whatever you want, I don't care."

The day went on with nothing else to note.

Ding! Ding! Ding...

The school's electronic bell rang, buzzing afterward to signal it was closing time.

As usual, Miles linked up with Theo and the other two. But as they were walking towards the exit, Miles paused when he suddenly realized something. He turned, dashing lightly.

"Go on. I'll be back."

The hallway was boisterous, so no one paid attention to Miles's dashing figure as he sprinted quickly.

'Huh? Who is that?'

Upon noting a tall, bulky figure that sharply stood out from the rest of the crowd, Miles's eyes shimmered with curiosity, and he quickly recalled a certain figure.

'Billy? He's waiting for her. Good, how could I forget?'

Wanting to slap his own head, Miles rushed past Billy and found a certain figure who just happened to close her locker and similarly noticed him the next second.

...

'Miles? Oh no. Don't tell me he's running towards me? How do I talk to him?'

Chloe's eyes flickered with several emotions as she thought about how to respond. Eventually, she decided not to say anything and just go with the flow. In just a second, Miles arrived before her.

"Hey, Chloe."

Miles greeted her with a simple smile, unburdened by the run just now.

"Hi, Miles," Chloe responded, her eyes softening as she said his name.

Miles nodded. "Pardon me. I forgot to talk about your address the last time... and your phone number," he added.

"I'm so sorry. It totally skipped my mind." Similarly realizing the oversight, Chloe quickly apologized, sounding guilty.

'Stupid. How could I forget?'

Thinking about how tonight was going to be extremely disappointing if Miles didn't remember, her heart warmed and she berated herself.

"No, no. I'm sorry. I was supposed to ask. I honestly didn't know how it slipped my mind," Miles also apologized, shaking his head with an expression of self-blame.

Chloe was stunned seeing this and was left speechless.

'Did he really—'

She wanted to blush but spotted Billy slowly walking towards them and felt a sense of urgency.

"—No. 55 Briarton Estate..."

"My number is +1 (310) 555..."

Miles nodded. "Thank you. See you tonight."

Just then, he noticed the urgency in her voice and glanced behind him to behold the tallest senior year student—or rather, the strongest. Seeing the silent, stern youth with a height over two meters and a bulky physique, he squinted his eyes a bit and waved at Chloe before walking away.

At this gesture, Chloe and Billy were both stunned.

One expected Miles to leave her and run, and the other expected Miles to be frightened. Instead, Miles gave him a quick scan and walked past him after asking his sister out.

Bewildered, Billy traced Miles's figure, staring at his departing form and finding no sign that he was pretending.

"I like him. He's got guts."

Just when Chloe expected her brother to stop Miles, he observed him and spoke.

Her introverted brother actually spoke?

Chloe was stunned by this and blushed since no one could see her face.

"Hmph," she snorted coldly afterward, ignoring her brother to think about Miles.

Around them, those who were still loitering around their lockers were left shocked.

...

Outside, Miles noticed Theo, Simon, and Oliver waiting for him and waved at them before approaching.

"What the fuck, bro?" Simon's astounded voice sounded the moment he came close.

"Were you in that much of a hurry to go to the bathroom?" Theo asked.

"Who said I went to the bathroom? I forgot to ask for her address and phone number."

Upon hearing this, the group froze with an expression that they all understood.

"Shit. Tonight would have been fucked up," Simon said, shaking his head as they walked towards the school bus. "Oh right. Your mom didn't stop by today, so we can take the bus and discuss tonight's plan."

"Sure."

"Sure."

Chapter 146: A Lift?

"Bye!!" Simon shouted through the window as the school bus quickly departed.

Curling his lips at the raised middle finger, Miles turned toward the Sunflower Estate security post and suddenly felt aggrieved that Hannah hadn't come to pick him up today.

'Doesn't matter. I'll use it as exercise. Besides, I have been doing this for years—rather, days. Two days aren't enough to pamper me to that extent.'

Thinking about it, he walked forward after adjusting his backpack.

Upon sighting him, the estate security made no sign to stop him. But just as he was about to walk past them toward the gate, the sharp sound of screeching tires forced him to take a step to the side. Frowning, he glanced over and saw a black Ford Mustang Dark Horse stealthily pulling up to the standing security guard.

'Huh? Isn't that Mr. Marcus's?'

Stunned, Miles recognized the vehicle as he recalled the flamboyant man who brought home countless women each day. Surprisingly, the vehicle seemed to have a new owner. Based on what he knew about the man, Mr. Marcus was selfish and wouldn't lend out his car to a woman he brought over for a one-time fling.

'She looks good.'

In an instant, Miles made a swift appraisal of the woman's features. She looked to be in her late thirties, Mexican—

'Is she Arabian?'

Surprised by how luscious and black her hair was, Miles couldn't affirm his earlier judgment.

'She looks somehow familiar... forget it. She's probably another neighbor's wife. Besides, it's a big, rich neighborhood; this kind of car isn't that much of a flex.'

Deciding to drop the thought, he withdrew his gaze and resumed walking forward, only to hear a muffled shout of his name.

'Huh? Did I hear wrong?'

Back in the vehicle, Jazmín had been jolted by the screeching tires just now, her focus interrupted from her phone screen.

"Oh gosh, Mom, take it easy." Jazmín swept the boutique bags scattered by her side over the seat and revealed a soft smile.

Shifting her gaze to the standing security officer, who was apologizing for not knowing they had just moved into the estate, she rolled her eyes. She was about to focus back on her phone screen to talk to Alice about the birthday party tonight when she suddenly spotted a familiar uniform.

"Ahh."

Her eyes intricately constricted and zoomed in on the lone figure. Following a light gasp of surprise, her excitement exploded as she recognized the person.

"Miles!" she blurted out loud, jolting her mother, Yasmin, who was behind the wheel.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Yasmin glanced at her, a mix of anger and displeasure on her face as she raised her brows.

But Jazmín didn't seem to care.

"Hurry, Mom. Stop so we can give him a lift." She excitedly tapped her mother's shoulder. Her phone dropped, but she didn't care.

Despite her displeasure, Yasmin was still interested in the reason her daughter had lost her cool. She looked over and caught sight of a lone figure walking into the estate, paying no heed to his name being called out just now.

"Oh." Yasmin squinted her eyes, and a playful smile crossed her lips. "Who is he? Don't tell me you've gotten yourself a new boyfriend on your second day and invited him over?"

Teasingly casting a side glance at her daughter in the rearview mirror, Yasmin resumed studying Miles's appearance.

Meanwhile, Jazmín rolled her eyes in an exaggerated manner. Her voice filled with excitement the next moment.

"No way. Do you know him? He's my classmate and also happens to be our neighbor. I saw him last night; he lives at the house after ours."

The moment she said that, Yasmin's attention was fully captured. Her eyes shone with a strange light, and she turned to give Jazmín a serious glance.

Was she joking?

"The house after ours?"

Jazmín nodded in confirmation, not knowing her mother's thoughts.

"Hurry, Mom. Let's give him a lift. This will give me a chance to talk to him. I haven't talked to him all day," Jazmín urged.

Shaking her head, Yasmin had no choice but to quickly step on the accelerator once more.

Screech!

"Miles!"

Just as he walked into the estate, there was a screeching sound and a voice calling his name.

'It's real?'

Realizing he hadn't misheard, Miles stopped in his tracks and glanced back. It was the same Ford Mustang pulling toward him.

'Perhaps...'

Knowing he had no friends or a neighbor who knew his name, Miles's heart skipped a beat at the thought of his eldest sister returning. But to his dismay, the car pulled up to his side, and it wasn't the two people he expected. In fact, they were total strangers.

He was about to withdraw his gaze when he suddenly realized that one person actually appeared familiar.

Jazmín's eyes lit up the next moment. "Miles, it's me, Jazmín."

Even if she hadn't said her name, Miles remembered the new transfer student who wanted his seat.

'What's she doing here?'

Having never had a classmate live so close to him, he was at a total loss on how to react.

'Wait, she's a new transfer student... so she just moved here?'

Despite that, Miles didn't connect it to Mr. Marcus's home having a new occupant.

"Yes. The new transfer student?" Sounding doubtful, he shifted his gaze to the lady behind the wheel, catching her dazed eyes. 'Is she her sister or mother?'

"Good day," Miles greeted, omitting a formal salutation.

"Oh, hey, how are you?" Yasmin forced herself to reply while trying to regain her composure.

'That brat. No wonder she acted insane,' Yasmin thought, suddenly understanding why her daughter had been so impatient earlier. 'With a face like this... even I am drawn in. Why wouldn't she be? He's just so handsome.'

Also recalling that Miles was from the other house, she inwardly squirmed with excitement to see what his father was actually like—the man from last night who had mercilessly pounded his wife.

"Do you want a lift?"

Taboo Stepson System

"Do you want a lift? We actually live close by," Jazmín asked, making it evident that she didn't want him to refuse.

'Well...'

"Okay. I live on the fifteenth block."

"Yeah, come in."

This time Yasmin butted in before her daughter could and slapped the front seat next to her. "You can sit here."

Stunned by the prospect of two ladies who were basically strangers being kind enough to help him to his destination, Miles didn't know how to refuse since he would probably sound hostile to their good gesture.

"Okay, thank you." He gave both of them a quick nod and got inside.

Yasmin smiled and started the car. But unlike the furious manner she drove before, she slowly stepped on the pedal, driving at a smooth, steady pace, obviously wanting to prolong the journey.

Meanwhile, Jazmín adjusted the way she sat and was boldly admiring Miles from behind.

'Wait, what's going on? Am I getting kidnapped?'

Startled by the silent vibe, Miles inwardly joked that the two ladies were trying to kidnap him. But since the car moved very slow, he shifted his gaze to study the car's interior while being actively conscious of any sign of danger.

'Looking at it from within, the car doesn't feel like it's newly bought in the slightest. In fact, other than the heavy scent of their perfumes, it seems to have been dusty and was roughly cleaned up. Based on its overall condition, it probably belongs to a man. I wonder where they moved into—'

"Miles?"

Shoving him from his thoughts, Jazmín's voice sounded from behind him.

"Yes?"

Tilting a bit to glance, Miles suddenly noticed other features of the lady by his side.

She was wearing a white tank top and denim shorts, and had a striking dragon image tattooed flamboyantly over her thighs. From the look of it, it probably stretched up to her ass. That said, her thighs were semi-thick but looked hot, sexually appealing in several ways.

'Dragon tattoo?'

As someone who understood the dynamics of wealthy folks, especially the corporate ones, and had been in prison in his previous life—experiencing both high and low—Miles' eyes shone with strange suspicion.

'Is she from the ghetto? If anything, she's definitely not a high-class somebody. A prodigal rich daughter gone wild scenario?'

Keeping his thoughts and appreciation for her looks in mind, he smoothly shifted his attention to Jazmín, who seemed very interested in him and didn't bother to hide it.

'It's clearly our first time talking. Or is there any memory I failed to inherit? I can't seem to figure out the idea behind that smile.'

"As you might know, we just recently moved into this estate. I don't know a single thing about this place other than the fact it already feels boring as hell. As classmates, it would be totally fun if you could show me around. What do you say?" Jazmín puffed her cheeks, acting cute and excited as she stared at him.

'Huh?'

Amazed by how quick and shameless Jazmín actually was to pretend like she's known him for long and ask him for something, he stayed expressionless and suddenly nodded in agreement after considering all her prospects.

'Is she into me? Then why should I refuse? Who knows, she might be sucking my dick soon anyways. I just need to play it as usual.'

"Although I'm sure hell isn't boring, if anything, I agree with you. So why not?" Shrugging his shoulders in a simple manner and paying attention to the road, Miles agreed, leaving Jazmín stunned.

'He agreed? Hehehe, this is going to be easy. He's falling for my charm.'

After monitoring him in class, she had graded him as a difficult type.

'Cold, nonchalant... his temperament gives off the vibe that he's seen many beauties. Which isn't surprising because with his looks, there are many girls like me who have given him the green light. From the way he glanced at me, he doesn't look excited like boys usually do. Oh, handsome, more reason I should have you. So many girls in our class, but none seem to be on good terms with you because you rejected them. I wonder the look on their faces when you become my boyfriend. Alice won't be able to pretend anymore either.'

Cough. Cough.

Yasmin feigned coughing and interrupted the two.

Behind her, Jazmín secretly punched the back of her seat.

Pretending not to notice the squabble between the two ladies, Miles appreciated the view of the duplexes along the way.

'Was she speeding just now? What's with the change in pace, driving so slow?'

Sighting the Sinclairs' duplex four houses away, he held back his thoughts.

Cough.

"Humm, Miles. That's correct, right?" Sounding awkward, Yasmin spoke up, breaking the little silence just now.

"Yes." Responding with a calm nod, Miles glanced at the lady.

Feeling his heart stirring at the sight of her thighs, he held his gaze up to admire her other features, which were her beauty and the vague outline of her nipples.

'Although medium in size, they appear firm and strong. It's hard to notice that she isn't wearing a bra if not for the outline of her nipples.'

About to speak, Yasmin halted slightly, catching the fleeting focus in Miles' eyes toward her chest. Instantly, the unfamiliar burden she felt trying to speak vanished, and her lips curled into a small smile.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked.

'Asking if you can ask?'

Inwardly amused by this concept, Miles responded with a nod that encouraged her to go on.

"Good. It isn't hard to tell that my daughter and I recently moved into the estate. I have been meaning to introduce myself to a couple of neighbors around the block. Perhaps you would be so kind to help me out with food preferences."

'What the fuck?'

"Jazmín is your daughter?"

Recently he had been the one giving surprises on a streak, but the shock from this was unable to be kept inside, so he impulsively blurted out his thought while glancing at the mother and daughter duo with a strange light in his eyes.

Chapter 148: Surprising Neighbors

Recently he had been the one giving surprises on a streak but the shock from this was unable to be kept inside, so he impulsively blurted out his thought while glancing at the mother and daughter duo with a strange light in his eyes.

"Jazmín is your daughter?"

At the back seat, Jazmín was also stunned by the unexpected outburst. Seeing the skeptical look of surprise on Miles' face, her lips curled into a smile.

"Yes, she's my Mom. What about it?"

Sounding funny, her smile turned mischievous, making it obvious she wasn't surprised by his reaction. However, Miles already regained his composure and responded calmly.

"I thought you were siblings."

"Hahahaha. Oh my."

Characteristically, being an older woman in her late thirties who was mistaken as her daughter's older sister, Yasmin found it incredibly funny and was extremely glad, as this was a profound joy for any woman.

'Damn. I pretty much lost it.'

Feeling grim for having blurted out his thoughts, Miles didn't reveal much emotion at Yasmin's laughter. His eyes stayed glued to the road.

"Okay, that was a good one."

Noting Miles' silence, Yasmin subdued her joy and continued to say—

"I'm Yasmin, Jazmín's mother, even if I don't look like it."

Miles responded with a nod that he understood.

"Okay, so let me shoot straight to the point. I know this is a hassle, but I was wondering if you'll help me blend in by introducing us to a couple of friendly neighbors. It isn't for free, I know young people like to guard their interests and I am very much willing to pay you handsomely."

Her tone seemed to highlight the last phrase and she winked at him.

"What do you say? 500 bucks is a good deal, right?"

Feeling proud of the amount she offered, she glanced at him and almost choked seeing his calm, neutral expression, like he didn't hear her.

For a regular teen, this amount was beyond a good deal; even adults would be extremely pleased, considering it great luck. But for Miles, who had more than six million dollars sleeping in his bank account, he had no interest, nor did he pretend to be humble and accept it.

He shook his head, revealing a helpless smile.

'Neighborhood? Sure, I have seen a couple of neighbors, but other than seeing them, everyone goes on their day without interrupting the other. Even after living here in all my memories, I haven't stepped into someone's courtyard, let alone being on friendly terms. Zero friends. Other than a couple of step-cousins visiting over the years, I pretty much grew up in the same circle and routine for years.'

"Although I can't introduce you to the neighbors, I'm sure my mom and sisters will welcome you."

Grasping the underlying meaning unintentionally in his words, Yasmin revealed an 'oh' expression and nodded while misinterpreting the fact he didn't mention a dad in his statement.

"Okay, I'll be sure to pay a visit—"

"—Oh yeah, we've arrived."

Pulling to a stop before the Sinclair home, Miles alighted from the vehicle in a smooth fashion.

"Thank you."

Miles lowered his head in gratitude as he got down from the vehicle.

"It's nothing."

"Byeeee."

Jazmín waved at him with a secret wink at the end.

"See you tomorrow."

"Yeah."

Just as he was to turn and head in, he stopped in his tracks, raising his brows as the black Ford Mustang pulled a smooth reverse turn into Mr. Marcus' driveway, and the older woman, Yasmin, stepped out of the vehicle and winked at him. The next moment, Jazmín hauled the shopping bags through the front seat and also came outside.

She had a wide smile on her face as she stared at his shocked figure, then waved and walked into the house with her mother.

'Perhaps I somehow entered a filmmaking set?'

Recalling the moving truck from yesterday, a smile spread across his lips and he turned to walk inside the house.

'What a surprise. They must be Mr. Marcus' family.'

He took a step into the house and suddenly stopped, summoning the system's holographic screen.

Although most of the features had dulled, there were still a few active icons.

The Infatuation Gauge, for example.

Miles tapped it and a long list of names and percentages appeared.

100% >> 30%

A descending order of highest to lowest.

'Jazmín.'

Due to the uniqueness of this name, he quickly found it sitting at an Infatuation Gauge of 70%.

'Shit, she's indeed the one from the cafeteria.'

He thought, confusion in his eyes as he wondered how a girl that had just moved in yesterday thought so much of him.

[Jazmín Rosselle Infatuation Gauge 70%]

'Rosselle? Not Marcus?'

'It seems they aren't related. Could they have bought the house?'

Shaking his head, he quickly searched for another name he had received a notification for.

[Rosselle Yasmin Infatuation Gauge 33%]

'Rosselle is her first name? How confusing. Jazmín's surname is Rosselle. Whatever.'

Giving up on figuring out the confusing mother-daughter relationship, he refocused his attention somewhere else.

His eyes scanned the interior, noting how shallow it felt.

"I wonder if she's back."

Ascending the stairs to his room, Miles had a long, refreshing bath before stepping out again.

He headed down to eat, then ascended towards Cassie's room.

Meanwhile, far away.

Lume Horizon headquarters.

Sitting inside the large, spacious office, Hannah stared at the big tablet in her palm, confusion in her eyes as she scrolled through it a couple more times.

"Who is it? What's going on?"

Shockingly, all the shareholders and board of directors had sold off their shares the previous night to a mysterious buyer, leaving her as the sole board director since the remaining had quit.

Currently, she didn't know how to make sense of this unprecedented scenario and was mulling over it.

—

Meanwhile, back at home.

"Ahhh."

Cassie exhaled as she stepped out of the refreshing hot jacuzzi, wiping her long silk hair with a hand towel before picking up the blue towel to wrap around her slender, moist frame.

Knock! Knock!

Chapter 149: Shocking Cassie

.Meanwhile, back at home

"Ahhh."

Cassie exhaled as she stepped out of the refreshing hot jacuzzi , wiping her silk long hair with a hand towel before picking up the blue towel to wrap around her slender moist frame.

Knock! Knock!

Cassie froze mid-movement as she heard the distinct sound.

"Miles?" she muttered, guessing who would be home by this time, and sighed exasperatedly.

"Coming!"

Scrabbling to clean her body as quickly as possible, she flipped the towel and hung it on the towel bar.

Standing nude, Cassie saw her immaculate reflection, the definition of perfection. Slender, very curvy, a little ass and boobs there. She blushed and held her breast, cupping it in her palms with pride. Compared to the likes of Clara and co, she was their dream and envy. Her cups were perfect for her figure, even if they weren't as big as her mom's or the rest of her sisters'.

She shook her head with a smile and halted when a certain memory flashed in her head.

'Right, he's also very big.'

Knock!

"Cassie? Are you there?"

The moment she remembered, Miles' voice came through, forcing her to take a deep breath and blush.

Harumph.

"Bastard," she cursed under her breath and hurriedly picked up the sexy underwear she had picked out earlier.

"Coming! Don't break my door, you pervert!" she shouted, blushing at the last part and slipping the panties up her waist.

Whilst at the door, Miles was stunned when he heard the word pervert out of the blue.

"What the fuck. Is she bathing or something?"

He shook his head, brushing away the thoughts, and waited patiently.

Click!

After a minute or so of waiting, there was a click.

Vooooo!!

"What the fuck?!"

Cursing with a loud voice at the hair dryer suddenly pointed at his face through the crack, Miles took a huge step and smoothly avoided the heat.

Pulling the door open, Cassie revealed herself through the crack, giggling the moment she heard his reaction.

"Hehehe. That was a good one." She smugly shook the hair dryer in her hand and even teased him with it.

"You're crazy." Miles stared wide-eyed at her, slowly feeling the effect of his danger sense deactivate, and shook his head.

"At least I'm not perverted like you," she joked and signaled for him to come in while turning to resume blowing her hair.

Looking at the door open wide ajar, Miles shook his head and went in.

The interior looked girly, as he always remembered, with the faint scent of several creams or perfumes. Not like he could tell the difference since all of them smelled good in several ways.

Just then, his eyes landed on Cassie, finally having the time to take in the details of her appearance since the earlier scare had distracted him.

'WOW.'

Compared to her usual provocative crop tops, she was actually wearing something decent this time but no less effective.

A purple-blue spandex long-sleeved top, a form-fit that highlighted her shape.

Surprisingly, she seemed to be wearing a bra.

'That's new.'

Lowering his gaze, his eyes landed on her small, round ass in extremely short black denim jeans, slowly tracing her slender long legs with a satisfied glint in his eyes.

'As expected, even if she isn't blessed with massive boobs or a big, thick ass, she's no less charming,' Miles thought to himself.

"So?"

Cassie slowly turned to him, and he instantly withdrew his gaze, unwilling to be called a pervert.

'Come to think of it, I'm actually a pervert, so she isn't wrong.'

"Hmm. I told you I'll be ready today."

Activating Gifted Dancer, Miles grinned at her.

"I'm ready," he said, meeting her stunned eyes.

"Pffffttt."

The next moment, Cassie burst into a fit of laughter, holding her stomach.

Miles watched speechlessly, not knowing she had this side to her.

However, noticing his silence, Cassie quickly calmed down, feeling incredulous.

"What? Are you actually serious?" she asked.

"What did you think?" Miles nodded with a serious look.

"I know you were just trying to speak up for me. There's actually no need to act on it. Or did you actually decide to be a dancer in one day and think you'll be able to help me?"

Cassie shook her head, a pained smile across her lips. She had actually accepted her loss and didn't want to think much about it, but now, she couldn't bear it.

"You're a girl but already acting tough and handling such on your own. To be honest, I feel embarrassed as your big brother—"

"You—"

Cassie wanted to cut him off, obviously not admitting he was older than her since it was just a couple of months, but Miles timely placed his hand on her left shoulder.

"It's okay. I'm still older than you, so I'm your big brother," he sneered, the look in his eye telling her there was nothing she could do about it.

"Fuck you."

Cassie cursed breathlessly, unable to refute, and coldly stamped her foot.

"Hehehe." Miles laughed slightly and took a step back, letting go of her shoulder as he slipped off his flip-flops to one side and began stretching his limbs.

"What are you doing?" Cassie blurted out, intrigued by his movements.

"Showcasing one of my genius talents I wanted to die with because of you," he announced smugly.

Displeased by the switch, Cassie sneered.

"You wish."

"Yeah, sure. Before you say whatever you want, play me some music—most preferably breakdance sounds, or anything of your choice," he said to her.

Stunned, Cassie complied and dropped the hair dryer to pick up her phone.

In a few seconds, she searched her playlist and selected a dance-pop song.

Dum dum kaaa! Dudu Dudu ka kaa!

Dum dum kaaa! Dudu Dudu ka kaa!

Closing his eyes, Miles inhaled and felt a strange feeling stir within him. The next moment, without even consciously controlling it, his body moved to the beat, and Cassie opened her mouth in shock.

"What the –

Chapter 150: The Promise

"What the –"

Watching Miles move his hands so casually in the air yet each shift and turn of it smoothly synced with the beat left her breathless in shock.

'Am I daydreaming?'

She thought, the moment Miles moved his feet, performing a seamless moon-walk.

In fact, there was so much beauty in his movements that it could be compared to famous dancers all over the world.

'He's a born dance genius.'

As Cassie continued to watch him, the realization dawned on her that his earlier words weren't a joke.

"Okay, stop, stop."

She stepped forward, patting and shaking him out of his dance mode with a wide smile on her face. Her excitement couldn't be hidden.

With Miles' impressive talent, her previous dance partner who had been bought with money could only hold a candle to him, let alone Clara and her clique of bootlicker dance partners.

'My brother is a genius.'

Opening his eyes as he stood still, Miles saw Cassie's excited expression and grinned smugly.

"Didn't I—"

"I know, I know. Come let's try this."

Though it was difficult to swallow her pride, Cassie didn't care and cut off his smug comment.

The next moment she brought up her phone and searched up video clips.

In the scene of the first video that appeared, there was a male and female ballet dancer in white silk clothing. Under the classical symphony, the dancers stood close to each other. Then the next moment, the girl tiptoed and kissed the boy, locking their lips still, then slowly, in a rhythmic manner, wrapped her arms behind his neck, holding her elbows to create a lock.

Standing composed while keeping his hands to his side, the boy leaned backward and began a steady fast spin.

The girl's feet left the floor at the same time, spinning mid-air.

(Performance: The Flying Kiss)

A strange familiar silence befell the room as both Miles and Cassie stared at the screen in a stunned daze.

The next moment, Cassie's cheeks heated up and she swiftly swiped the screen repeatedly, finally stopping at a random video.

'Wow. That was quite intense. Come to think of it, being a ballet dancer isn't so bad.'

But as if there was an unspoken agreement between them, they both didn't speak and stared at the screen at the next video.

In it, a boy turned a girl then grabbed her firmly by the waist and lifted her in one smooth motion.

The girl elegantly stretched her limbs, perching on her toes as she landed on the floor then stretched her legs high with the boy supporting her with a firm hold.

'Quite a lot of physical touch, I wonder if she's going to agree to it.'

After her shy outburst just now, Miles doubted her credibility to act natural with him but the next moment, Cassie raised her head and gazed at him with a conflicting expression, then a resolute glint flashed in her eyes.

"Miles, promise me not to get any perverted thoughts."

She spoke solemnly, her tone filled with seriousness as she stared into his eyes.

'Huh?'

Stunned, Miles dumbly nodded, intrigued by what she seemed to want to say.

"Say that you promise me."

However, Cassie persisted, not taking his nod for it.

Amused, he nodded and spoke.

"Alright. I promise you."

"Good."

Cassie nodded, her serious face cracking to reveal a slight blush.

"Okay. I agree you're talented. However, I need to taste your core strength. So lift me like in the video just now."

Stunning Miles, Cassie actually stretched out her arms, staring at him while biting her lips.

"What are you waiting for?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Yes, ma'am."

Miles reacted and acted fast.

"Who are you calling— Arrrrghhhh!"

Halfway, Cassie screamed out loud at the top of her lungs as she felt her vision blur. The floor which had been so close was now distant. She almost couldn't feel

her own weight due to the soft, firm grip of Miles' hands that felt like it absorbed her weight.

Realizing this, Cassie quieted down with mixed feelings.

5, 10 seconds... he didn't even tremble or shake once, leaving Cassie in awe as she came to know the tip of his strength.

"Put me down."

Eventually she said after thirty seconds, her voice laced with a defeated sigh at his stamina.

Miles did as told and the corner of his mouth raised as if mocking her.

"What do you think?"

He asked her with a smirk.

"You win. Let's go, there's a yoga practice studio at the community center. It's used by housewives every morning but it should be unoccupied now. My room is too small for practice."

Cassie said, turning away from him with a roll of her eyes and walked towards the shoe rack where she carefully selected a black pair of ballet shoes and put it inside a small handy bag.

"Grab two bottled waters downstairs. I need to pack up some other things. I'll fill you in on my ideas on our way."

Shaking his head unwillingly, Miles still left the room.

"Shit! I should have known."

The moment he descended the stairs, he recalled the sudden promise he made to Cassie and the fact they'll actually be in close physical contact while training.

Under such a situation, his chance to fuck her was incredibly high but since he already made a promise, the meaning was now clear to him.

'That damn. Am I so dumb to not have realized the moment she said it.'

Shaking his head, his impression of her deepened.

'To think she instantly thought so far before I made sense of it. But whatever, it's going to be her loss.'

Thinking of how he now had Hannah and Debra, his regret faded.

'There's also that rogue, Josephine. She's definitely up to something.'

After grabbing what was needed for their journey, in the hot afternoon, the Sinclair step-siblings walked through the isolated Sunflower Estate, wowing a few neighbors who happened to be passing by with their handsomeness and beauty.

(Sorry for the two failed Chapters. I have been putting up.)