

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 151: New Move Created

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.

On the other hand, having never walked this part of the estate before, Miles was surprised to find it was actually lively.

His shock was unprecedented when he saw kids his age lingering under a big tree that had been made into a little park.

Those on the other side were also surprised to see the unfamiliar pair, but those who recognized Cassie or had seen Miles when driving by revealed their identities.

"Wait, so that isn't her boyfriend? Let me go, what are we waiting for," one who couldn't control himself among the group said, his eyes shining with a lustful light.

But the ones with brains—either respecting Miles' athletic look, especially with his lean muscles being flexed, hands pocketed in his short pants, wearing a black singlet shirt, or having been coldly rejected by Cassie before—stopped him.

"Don't embarrass yourself, bro. You see that house over there? That's where the girls are, peeping and checking us out."

"Yeah, Anita stopped talking to Geoffrey after she saw him rejected by that girl. Poor dude, he decided to go and live in Italy with his mom after that."

—

In the window of the house where the girls in the estate were gathered, they peeped through the glass. A strange silence had fallen over them the moment they saw Miles.

"Quickly, check, who is he?"

One of the girls managed to recover and shouted at the girl with a magazine, who then hastily spread it open, their eyes flickering through the pictures of young guys in the estate.

Miles wasn't in the top ten, so they scrolled down, down, nearing the bottom before a girl pointed at a certain picture. A somber-looking boy with rough hair; he wasn't good looking or said to be ugly, he was just there.

The girls' eyes squinted at the picture, surprise on their faces as they noted the stark familiarity between the boy they saw and the picture.

"He's the one, but how did he get so handsome?"

They were left in shock.

Meanwhile, upon reaching the community center, without knowing the wave they had caused, Miles and Cassie asked the caretaker to use the yoga studio.

"It's bigger than I expected." Seeing the spacious studio, Miles was impressed.

But Cassie rebutted.

"Hehehe. Why won't it be? Those bunch of lazy housewives don't care about their physical condition."

Flashing him a bright smile, Cassie dropped the handy bag and began stretching her limbs.

"What are you looking at? We have to first warm up if you want to go to school tomorrow."

After that, Miles did everything she did and they soon got to the main course of the training.

This time, Cassie didn't search online for random videos; instead, she played several videos showing what they needed to perform to win.

"Not bad," Miles commented upon seeing the amount of close contact.

"Pervert. Don't you have any other thoughts? Remember?"

Miles rolled his eyes at her and nodded in agreement. Suddenly his eyes turned thoughtful as he spoke again.

"You said this is your previous plan with your previous partner who was bought. Isn't it too risky to keep up with it?" Miles couldn't help but ask, causing Cassie to freeze in deep thought before shaking her head in refusal.

"No, he wouldn't do such a thing," she eventually replied.

'Pffft. Look at you. He already betrayed you in the name of money, in the name of the fact that he's poor. What makes you think he won't sell you out completely for his own gains.'

Unwilling to trouble her mind, Miles could only swallow his thoughts and had one condition.

"At least change one."

"Hmmm. I already plan to do that since I plan to heavily utilize your strength." Shifting her head away, she suppressed her blush and turned on the portable speaker she brought along—an MP3 player.

As the Swan Lake symphony played, she signaled him to be ready. The next moment, she leaped into the air and Miles caught her, took a step that matched the playing instruments, and lifted her high with a swift turn.

In the scenes that followed, Miles was like a strong pillar that supported Cassie. And Cassie also felt fearless in his hands, making her do things she couldn't confidently do before. Working together, they easily synced up and kept dancing.

When it was time to perform a new move, Miles had the chance to perfectly grab her ass, finding it squishy despite its small size, causing Cassie to gasp instinctively.

"Ahhhhh."

Frightened by the satisfying feeling the moment he held her ass, Cassie leaped from his hands in fright. Just as she was about to fall in a way that she would be gravely injured, Miles used his hand to grab one of her legs, suspending her mid-air before letting her go again. Recovering her senses, Cassie used the opportunity to perform a side flip, landing gracefully after the near-death scenario.

The air froze as they stared at each other with lingering fear.

But Miles underestimated Cassie's talent in ballet.

A look of epiphany crossed her fearful face and her heart lit up in joy.

"We created a new move!" she shouted, leaping and spinning on her toes. "We did it."

"Huh?"

Miles stared dumbfoundedly at the excited, curvy, petite girl, shocked as she actually spun and hugged him.

"Thank you," she said, her voice filled with heartfelt gratitude before withdrawing the squishy sensation.

"Pervert," she blushed. "Let's do it again. If we can perfect it, we are definitely going to win."

"Sure."

Meanwhile, far away.

In the projects of Dominic City, a lean, dark-skinned youth Cassie would recognize suspiciously glanced around and stepped into a waiting black SUV.

"Poor Jeremy. What do you think of my offer? Still acting all tough and righteous, huh—"

"Okay, let's do it. I accept your offer," the dark-skinned boy agreed, leaving the flat-chested girl stunned.

"Finally having some sense. Come and stay with me till we get this done. I can't visit this tragic place everyday to pick you up."

Jeremy was stunned and was about to say he didn't bring his clothes along, but the girl showed him her arm card.

"Don't worry. As long as I deal with her and her arrogant brother, I'm willing to spend as much."

Chapter 152: I'm Freaking Handsome

After two hours of practice and a few shocking moments that couldn't be spoken of, both Miles and Cassie maintained an awkward silence between them as they walked back home.

Thinking of Miles's last words after she called him a pervert for the bulge in his pants while his arms were locked around her waist, Cassie guiltily bit her lip and glimpsed through the corner of her eyes at his groin area, feeling relieved that thing had disappeared.

"Oh damn. I'm tired of you calling me a pervert. What did you think? I'm gay? Or doesn't it occur to you how hot you are? So I should act like a stone statue because you can't handle the reaction to what you caused?"

"You, you, pervert!"

This was the scene when Miles could no longer bear Cassie's hypocritical comments, calling him a pervert for having a boner when her body was practically held in his embrace.

Recalling the night she stroked his cock next to Hannah, he was even amazed by how well she was acting.

Sinclairs Duplex.

"You guys are back? Hmmm... Did you go out together?"

The moment they got home, Josephine, who was just descending the stairs with a small pudding in hand, saw them and quickly expressed how rare it was that they went out together. Though her eyes subconsciously avoided Miles, she still acted well and smiled.

"Went to the community center to use the yoga studio for a dance practice with Miles. Oh, did you know Miles is a great dancer?" Cassie responded, exasperated, collapsing from the long walk while Miles dropped the handy bag by her side.

'Another great pretender.' Miles thought, noticing she didn't really want to talk to him.

"Dancer?" Josephine froze, stopped scooping her pudding, and a look of surprised interest flashed in her eyes.

"Hmmm. He's now my dance partner." Cassie revealed a brilliant, joyous smile as she said this, prompting Josephine to glance at him.

However, Miles acted oblivious to her gaze and walked past her, feeling a need to prepare for tonight. Cassie didn't notice this.

Early into the night, a couple of hours since the sun long disappeared on the western horizon.

Sharply, 8 pm.

"Not bad, not bad."

Standing before the full-length mirror, Miles adjusted the collar of his white dress shirt and straightened the brown tie hanging neatly down his chest. His gaze swept over the reflection staring back at him. The oversized brown jacket sat comfortably over his broad shoulders, while the baggy black jeans draped naturally down to his tan boots. The silver buckle at his waist caught the light, drawing attention to the chain hanging from his belt loop.

Tilting his head slightly, he lowered the brim of his Yankees cap and slipped one hand into his pocket. For a moment, silence filled the room. Then the corner of his lips lifted, revealing a self-fulfilling grin.

"Yeah, this will do," he muttered, picking up his phone to take a couple of pictures.

His outfit wasn't flashy but mature and striking. But of course, he wasn't a fashion freak and had looked up a couple of outfits online before ordering it. Coupled with a thick, ravishing cologne that cost \$500, Miles felt high. Thinking to himself, if looks could slay, then a few ladies would fall to him tonight.

Zzzz! Zzzz!

Just then, his phone notification blared. It was a group photo from Theo and the boys.

Apparently, they had taken his advice not to pick out their outfits themselves, but let Delaney handle it. And as expected, the result was astonishing. A striking concept from the geek attire they were set to put on before: a black suit for a birthday party by the pool.

"Looking great. I bet your dates aren't going to regret choosing you. That reminds me, I have a surprise for you three."

Miles grinned as he remembered having blackmailed three cheerleading girls with their sex tapes, threatening to upload them on the school's forum unless they blew three people. After sending them each a specific picture, he told them he would confirm if they fulfilled their part of the deal or face the consequences.

(8:05)

"Better early than late."

Lying on his bed was a bouquet of flowers, roses. Picking it up, he left his room and slowly proceeded down the stairs with a sense of premonition in his heart.

The television was on, and he could see Cassie's back, her attention swallowed by the huge screen. Debra also sat by her side, lying on the long couch with her PC resting on her boobs. 'Or is she resting it in them,' Miles thought, unable to make out the difference.

There was also the sound of movement from the kitchen. It wasn't hard to guess who it was. Josephine was nowhere in sight, meaning she must have headed for the party much earlier.

"Ahhhh! Miles?!"

Clack!

Almost making his heart skip a beat, Hannah, who had just stepped out of the kitchen wearing bunny PJ pants and a thick sweater, dropped her spoon in shock and screamed like she had seen a ghost.

Frightened by the sudden shout, Cassie and Deb swiftly turned their heads in his direction, their pupils dilating as they stared wide-eyed at him. A mix of shock and disbelief.

They both short-circuited, Cassie and Deb.

"Miles?" Suddenly, Deb broke the stalemate, calling out his name.

Whilst Cassie swallowed hard, her rapidly beating heart refused to calm down while staring at the deadly handsome boy that was her brother.

"You look... you look so freaking handsome," Hannah said, her voice dripping with excitement and joy to have raised such a specimen, even if he was her stepson. Her excited laugh caused Deb to blush, dropping her PC and using a quick second to compose herself.

"Looking great, bro." She winked at him.

Cassie dumbly raised two thumbs in silence.

"Hahaha. Thank you. Mom, you said I could use your vehicle, remember?"
Laughing a bit at their reaction, he smiled and rubbed his nose.

"A flower bouquet? He also has a date! Come, quick, give mummy a hug."

Before he could react, her squishy big melons pressed hard against him.

"Make sure you take care of her for me."

Chapter 153: Picking Up Chloe: Shocked

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"A flower bouquet? He also has a date! Come, quick, give mummy a hug."

Before he could react, her squishy big melons pressed hard against him.

8:29 pm. Briarston Estate...

"Number 55, there you are."

After a quick check by the security, Miles drove a beautiful, sleek, luxurious SUV across the big, well-lit neighborhood, pulling to a smooth stop as he arrived at house No. 55.

"Man, why the fuck do I feel a bit nervous?" Seeing his hands a little bit sweaty, Miles smiled and rubbed them off, picked up the flower bouquet, and coolly got down from the car with composed strides as he walked towards the door with anticipation.

Knock knock.

Hitting the door twice with his knuckles, he stepped back a bit and glanced at his watch. Six seconds to 8:30.

'Phew.'

Click!

Suddenly there was a distinct click. Hesitant at first, the door slowly slid open and it was as if a spectral, unseen wind blew at his face, stealing his breath at the forbidden sight before him.

Breathtaking would be an understatement, gorgeous wasn't enough to describe her figure. As for beautiful? It could work, but it was more of a puzzle piece to this description.

'A goddess.'

The words appeared in his mind as if whispered, coupled with the lights from the house slipping out.

Chloe wore a black mini dress with a fitted, ruched bodice that accentuated her waist, flowing into a flirty, double-tiered ruffle skirt. Completed with a small black chain-strap shoulder bag, silver hoop earrings, a delicate heart pendant necklace, a silver wristwatch, and black knee-high boots... she looked otherworldly.

Her luscious black hair was like a glistening wave resting on both sides of her shoulders. Her beauty seemed to have been reignited by a simple touch of light makeup.

'Oh damnation, let's not even talk about her chest—she's hidden them quite well but they are comparable to Deb's. A high schooler with a figure like that?

Oh fuck, look at her figure, it's so well defined. She has well-built thighs, fairly thick. Fuck school uniforms, how can she look so different in just a single night in a stunning dress.'

Miles was dazed, his thoughts on a rampage as he stared at the incredibly hot girl—a contrasting image to how she looked in uniform.

'They need to ban uniforms. Besides, they were very wrong. She's clearly the school's number 1 beauty and they would realize that today.'

Looking at Chloe, Miles felt Josephine was lacking compared to her.

In the same way he was stunned at her appearance, Chloe almost lost her balance when she saw his outfit.

Like star-struck lovers, they both stared at each other in shock and seconds ticked by till a figure happened to ruin it all.

'Billy.'

The bastard intersected himself intimidatingly behind his sister, his eyes cold as he stared at Miles like an enemy.

But before Miles could curse the bastard in his heart, another bastard, even more intimidating than Billy appeared. Then another, and another. The last one towered close to 2.5 meters with muscles that shone intimidatingly. They all wore tight singlets, each one more ripped than the last, looking sweaty like they had just run from the gym.

Four.

'Wtf.'

Feeling the cold enmity from their presence, Miles was stunned but not deterred. He couldn't help but feel amused amidst the surprise.

'Oh fuck. She's the only girl in a family of four giants?'

Looking at their intimidating silhouettes, Miles felt two of them looked familiar but couldn't exactly put his hand on how he knew them.

Shouldering their gazes, he nodded in respect and refocused his attention on Chloe.

"Eight thirty. I wasn't late."

Revealing a gentleman's smile, he stretched his hand and presented the flower bouquet to her.

"For you, princess."

He gave it to her, bringing Chloe out of her daze as she blushed upon receiving it.

"Thank you."

She almost stuttered but managed to compose herself despite the swarm of butterflies in her stomach. The current event felt so surreal after having dreamt of it countless times.

"You're welcome. May I?"

Chloe nodded and placed her hand on his outstretched palm.

Holding her fairy-soft hand, he bowed slightly at the four giants, showing he understood their threats, and kissed her gently on her finger.

"Brave bastard."

Billy almost couldn't take it and cursed Miles to vent his anger at his audacity.

"Calm down, we all knew this day would eventually come." One of the bulky dudes let out a heavy sigh as he watched Miles open the door for his only sister.

"Ladies first."

"Thank you," Chloe meekly whispered, almost devoured by the torrent of emotions inside her.

Miles nodded and closed the door after her.

"If she hurts a finger, we'll pay you a visit!" one of the dudes shouted.

"Yes, sirs!"

Holding back his grin, Miles responded with a shout since Chloe couldn't hear it, and quickly moved to enter the car.

'What a bunch of greedy bastards. As if they haven't dated someone's sister before.'

Inside the car, Miles made sure the air conditioner was turned on before slowly stepping on the accelerator.

Far away, in a grand symmetrical mansion, beyond the bustling loud music and revving cars, Carolina lay tucked in her bed wearing headphones as she watched a soap opera.

"Stop, I can't take this."

Feeling her interest in the show vanish, she stood up from the bed and walked towards the door, reaffirming that it was locked and the key was in her hand before heading to her closet to grab something.

She dropped the stuff on the bed and swiftly slid off the night robe, exposing her MILF assets. Picking up the remote control, she switched the scene on the TV to a video of where she was being fucked by someone.

Happy New Month!

Thank you for your continuous support!

Chapter 154: Appearance At The Birthday Party

Tonight, the silent grand Armon mansion had become a lively bustling hub.

Its sparse and almost desolate garages with a couple of luxurious vehicles were now filled to the brim as students of Dominion High drove in batch after batch. The sound of revving engines had become a nuisance as many flaunted their cars. There was even a spectacle of a batch with motorbikes that caused a cheer to erupt from the standbys.

The mansion was well lit and put in order, especially the rooms, but since it was so early, the main events were currently happening by the poolside, which was lit and decorated. A very skilled and popular student was the DJ, and he didn't hold back in the slightest. Releasing jams nonstop, everyone low-key vibed to it, but reserving strength for the latter stages.

Of course, what would a party be without colored lights and disco.

The pool glowed with beautiful neon colors; cocktails and vodka were abundant.

The whole design was extravagant, nothing held back.

Tonight, they would be experiencing the joy of youth once more.

Vroooooommm!!

At this moment, so loud that the bustling crowd at the entrance cleared way, a red, stunning, roofless Ferrari pulled in, causing a wave of exclamation to erupt.

"Look! It's Jason Kingsley."

"Wow!"

"The man of my dreams!"

"I love you, Jason."

"Fuck, is that a Ferrari?!"

"Damn! Look at that baby."

"Naaah. Bro ain't even tryna be humble. It's just a birthday party."

Jason Kingsley.

The calm-natured, blonde youth with blue eyes, dressed neatly in exotic outfits, diamond earring, silver neck chains, and an exorbitant wristwatch, remained cold and composed, not even breaking a little smile at the awed surroundings as he slowly drove into the driveway. And only then did the people around seem to recognize the beauty in a simple strapless dress, adorned in countless expensive jewelry, holding up a selfie stick as she live-streamed herself and Jason.

"Oh my gosh! Is that?..."

"Celeste?"

"Oh fuck! She's back."

A lot of voices sounded excited upon seeing the most famous student in Dominion High, Celeste Lawson. Although second in place in terms of appearance in the heart of Dominion High's students, she was famous beyond the confines of the

school, perhaps across the country and even a bit in the world. Having more than 1 million followers at such a young age, her future as a content creator was set.

Many stared at her in envy and jealousy because she didn't have to take school seriously and was already earning more than the teachers.

"Celeste is back!"

The mood soared.

After one of the VIPs' arrival, several more popular students made an entrance but couldn't compare to those two.

"Yo bro. Why didn't you tell us your sister was going to come?"

At this moment, a green, shiny truck pulled into the premises of the ongoing party.

Theo, being the third wheel, smoothly slid into a parking slot. Oliver, sitting next to him, shook his head with a wry smile.

"What if I told you she didn't come home? How was I supposed to know?" Oliver forced a smile and stepped out of the car.

"My lady."

He opened the door, holding the outstretched palm of a girl in glasses with a little bit of freckles on her face. Looking like a man that had won a priceless treasure, his forced smile was instantly replaced with a foolish one when he saw that the nerd-looking girl had been reborn; she was actually such a beauty. He had felt at a loss after Miles successfully got Chloe to be his date, but after picking her up, he was stunned by her transformation.

Taking his hand, the girl blushed and stepped down; after all, he wasn't looking bad either.

Whilst on the other side of the truck, Theo rolled his eyes and opened the door. It wasn't a shocking damsel that appeared but a grinning Simon while holding his date's hand.

Simon promptly got down with agility unbecoming his chubby body and gentlemanly guided a chubby, dark-skinned girl with curly hair and glasses. A huge contrast to how she looked in uniform, Simon was joyous as he peeked at her chest.

'I struck gold.'

He thought, relishing the feel of her palm as he led her to the front to regroup with Oliver, while Theo pitifully locked the car doors.

As expected, their arrival drew a bit of attention.

"Look. Aren't those Miles' underlings?"

"Hehehe, what a surprise. They were actually invited?"

"I thought they were a bunch of book heads. Quite the drip."

"You recognize those girls?"

"They look familiar."

"Wait, don't tell me..."

Amidst the dozens of students that had turned the garage into a fashion catwalk, there were some that recognized the girls.

Vrooooooooooom!

Dum! Dum! Dum!

Suddenly there was a loud rev that alerted the onlookers to turn toward the entrance. This was done only when a classic luxury car was spotted, because it meant that a famed student was probably arriving.

Incoming, Miles pulled a smooth transition from speed to slow-mo.

The Armon grand mansion was right before him, but today Grace wasn't by his side and he wasn't here for home service either.

He had a beautiful date by his side and the scene outside was bustling.

Although the glass had been pulled up with a slow love song playing within, the isolated world outside seemed extremely noisy.

He could see several students raising red plastic cups in his direction as a sign of respect.

'I considered buying a Lamborghini but didn't because I thought it would have been a huge tussle. But fuck, I'm regretting it now.'

Imagining what would have been the look on their faces if he had a brand new Lamborghini, he wished he could turn back time.

Under the curious eyes of the spectators, Miles slowly curved into an empty parking lot beside a red Ferrari, overshadowing it and earning a displeased exclamation from the crowd toward his audacity.

"Fuck! Who does that bastard think he is? He can't even afford a Ferrari, yet —"

The voice was left speechless by the identity of the person...

Chapter 155: Shocking Couples

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"Fuck! Who does that bastard think he is? He can't even afford a Ferrari, yet —"

The voice was left speechless by the identity of the person...

As if a spell had been cast, the spectators who were about to curse Miles for filling one of the four empty spots beside Jason's Ferrari were drowned in silence.

Amongst them, there were many who lost their composure and left their mouths hanging open in shock.

His appearance seemed to have been manifested from a supernatural realm; a heavy sense of respect quickly filled the eyes of the guys the moment they instinctively rated him.

Compared to Jason whose charm was radiant, Miles was like a black hole that pulled respect. Mature and even more exorbitant.

Especially his shoes—it wasn't a limited edition, but those who could afford it were high-class individuals, both pairs costing ten thousand dollars.

The simple-looking wristwatch and neck chain weren't ordinary either.

However, for Miles, these were just things he managed to find in a hurry. He didn't bat an eye while purchasing them.

Before the spectators could recover from his appearance, Miles, composed, got to the other side and opened the door.

Burning with curiosity, many arched their necks just to look, and the next moment sucked in a deep breath like they had received a fatal blow.

A much greater reaction than when Miles alighted from the car, their pupils constricted in shock. A hint of disbelief was in their eyes as they stared at the silhouette.

Shyly grabbing Miles' hand, Chloe regained her composure as she saw the shocked eyes of the other students.

"Didn't I tell you? You're a spectacle to witness."

Miles promptly whispered, causing her cold expression to crack and reveal a heavy blush.

"Thank you," she whispered under her breath.

"Shall we?"

Holding her palm in his hand, they slowly walked forward under the astonished gaze of everyone watching.

Meanwhile, a few meters away, Theo, Oliver, Simon, and their dates had witnessed this.

"Fuck," Theo cursed, waking the other two from their dazed states.

Like wildfire, before Miles even got to the poolside, pictures of him holding Chloe's hand were sent and forwarded.

--

"Miles!"

It didn't take long as he walked alongside Chloe that a familiar voice shouted his name. Stopping to glance behind, Miles saw the rest of his crew walking towards him.

"Bro."

When they got close, Oliver shook his head, showing a smile of respect and defeat only boys could comprehend.

"Miles, this is Emily. Emily, this is Miles."

Oliver spoke with a hint of pride in his voice as he introduced the girl whose hand he was holding.

"Hi," Emily greeted, unable to contain her smile, and felt a little bit amazed that she was talking to two nonchalant, popular couples.

Even more so, they actually looked perfect together, filling Emily with respect and awe.

"Broooooooooo!"

Simon was more dramatic, spreading his arms wide for a strong hug, causing them to share a laugh of understanding.

Simon slammed his shoulders strongly, commending him.

Of course, the girls couldn't relate and shared an awkward glance at this behavior.

They separated, and Simon kissed the hand of the dark-skinned beauty, his date.

"Amelia, this is Miles, one of my good buddies."

"Buddy, this is Amelia, my baby girl."

To the side, Amelia cast Oliver a glance for 'just' introducing her, her words unspoken.

Theo simply pocketed his hands, trying to look cool without any dates.

"Well, Theo, Oliver, Emily, Simon, Amelia... this is, Chloe."

Taking a step back, Miles wrapped his arm around Chloe's waist, shocking everyone present, including Chloe who felt like her breath had been seized and instinctively leaned closer.

Compared to Simon's demonstration, his action resounded louder.

'I didn't want to be a jackass and take advantage of her in this way. But after Simon's introduction, introducing her as just Chloe would definitely hurt her considering her feelings for me. So it's better this way than lying she's mine without asking her out first.'

Reaffirming his actions, Miles continued after sensing no resistance from Chloe.

"Chloe... these are Theo, Oliver, Simon, my best friends. Emily and Amelia, their beautiful dates, or should I say women?"

Casting the latter end with a joking tone in order not to cause any friction, Miles smiled and the stiffened smile on Simon's face eased.

"Nice to meet you all."

Unexpectedly, it was Chloe who spoke with clear confidence, in contrast to the helplessness she showed to Miles.

Theo and the others were stunned but promptly reacted.

"It's my pleasure." Theo stretched his hand for a handshake, and the two other girls shook Miles' hand after a hug with Chloe.

'Women.'

It was a loving moment, and they each walked side by side to the pool area, arriving at the bustling scene and causing a wave of silence to erupt.

"What the fuck? Is that Miles and Chloe?"

"That bastard. He succeeded."

"Oh Billy, why didn't you mess him up for approaching your sister like you did to me?"

"Is it just me or did we just confirm the rumors?"

"Crap, those tits are bigger than mom's."

"What an insult to compare them. Drown, you bastard."

"Bunch of fools. Look how beautiful she is."

"Right, the school beauties ranking needs to be checked. This is so wrong."

Amongst them, the guys were the first to notice Chloe's spectacular appearance, causing a wave of gasps to erupt.

Sitting next to their dates or either sipping a drink, every girl in sight felt their hearts skip a beat the moment their eyes landed on Miles.

'Impossible.'

Chapter 156: Wave Of Jealousy

(QN: I'll agree something paragraphs sound cringe.)C

Sitting next to their dates or either sipping a drink, every girl in sight felt their hearts skip a beat the moment their eyes landed on Miles.

'Impossible.'

A certain person who was prideful and spectating the lively scene almost stood up in shock the moment he recognized Miles.

Nearby, all the girls glanced at the recent arrivals. Eyes darting towards Miles first, then to Chloe with a feeling of inferiority etched in their hearts because of her boobs.

At one corner, Josephine stopped taking pictures with her friends and froze when they all noticed Miles.

'Miles?'

She said in her heart, feeling her chest become heavy with jealousy the moment she took notice of the beauty whose arm was interlocked with him.

'How can she—'

Suppressing her emotions, she forced herself to turn away while secretly casting a few glances in that direction.

Surrounding one of the large tables, the Hayes triplets—Alice, Allison, and Alisha—and the new addition Jazmín, with some other guys, weren't excluded from noticing, especially Alice, Allison, and Jazmín.

However, the one who felt the biggest wave in her heart was Allison when she saw Chloe's big-busted chest, beauty, outfit, and figure.

Her eyes were filled with complicated feelings, recalling her last interaction with Miles.

'No wonder he didn't hesitate to be rude.'

With a beautiful girl like Chloe, Miles truly had nothing to lose; she would never beat Chloe.

'Perhaps, I shouldn't have talked to him like that,' she thought, beginning to regret her previous attitude.

"Allison. Take this."

Suddenly the boy beside her, her boyfriend, reached out to pour her more drink with a self-evident smile that showed he wanted to get her drunk.

A bit disgusted, Allison winked at Alisha.

There was also the likes of Britney and Lena who wanted to approach but stopped because of Chloe.

'Miles and Chloe? Never seen them together before, when did this start?'

This thought was shared by countless students.

Just then, a figure dressed in a shiny lace gown with a tiara walked towards them.

It was Rachael, the main course dish of tonight's events, dressed as a princess.

"... Miles? Rachael, thank you for coming tonight."

After struggling to recall his name, she smiled and actually leaned in for a hug.

'What's with the change, bitch?'

Stunned, Miles cursed at her and lightly wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling away as swift as possible.

'Phew.'

He heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed Chloe's expression didn't change.

Leaning for an equal hug with Chloe, they separated and Miles spoke up.

"Happy Birthday, Rachael," he smiled, whilst Chloe's eyes froze and she instinctively clenched his arm, unconsciously expressing her panic.

'Oh no! I was trying my best to look good for him that I actually forgot to bring her a gift.'

Chloe inwardly began to panic. Just as she was on the brink of feeling ashamed, Miles held her arm briefly and proceeded to bring out a little wrapped gift from the pocket of his jacket.

"May your heart's desire come true. Our little gift," Miles said as he handed her the little wrapped box.

While Rachael froze for a split second at the utterance of those words.

'If only you know what my heart desires. He just keeps rejecting our bookings.'

She thought back to the masculine back of the masseur that fucked the brains out of her body, wishing her desire to experience that same thing could come to pass.

"Thank you."

Instinctively clenching her thighs to hold back the moisture that had gathered there, she smiled and collected the box.

"Hmmm."

Humming a nod, Miles held Chloe's arm as they moved towards a large, unoccupied VIP table.

Rachael moved to welcome Theo and the rest, exchanging a brief handshake as she collected their gifts.

"Don't worry. That's a teacher's monthly salary," Miles whispered, easing Chloe's worries, and she nodded shyly.

'Now that I think about it, I feel scammed for ordering such a simple gold & silver chain for four grand.'

"Here."

Miles signaled at the boys who seemed hesitant in sitting around the table.

In a corner, at this moment, Tyler's eyes glinted dangerously as he stared at Miles. Beside him, the rest of the crew were nowhere to be seen.

Turning a little burner phone, he secretly leaned in, and a voice came from the phone.

"He caused quite a commotion. I can't believe that siscon Billy let him ask his sister out to a party."

"Yeah, he's seated but has quite the attention on him. What should I do?"

"Hmm, just find a way to make him come out unnoticed."

"Okay. That'll be hard."

"Just do it. He's spent quite a lot to make this happen. If you don't want to be the scapegoat, then you better do it."

"Got it."

Tyler's expression was beyond grim at Chris's last words.

Things had spiraled further than what they first budgeted.

Thinking about the fact that they were about to commit murder for real this time, Tyler felt nervous. Raising his gaze towards Miles's clueless figure as they were served dessert and two bottles of vodka, his eyes became determined.

'You're a ticking time bomb. I have to do this.'

"Oh man."

The clique was visibly nervous due to this being their first time at a birthday party, except for Miles.

"Here, drink up."

His eyes scanned the girls in the pool, instantly locating the three he had blackmailed. They were already glancing in this direction, having already found their targets.

Pouring everyone a half cup of vodka, Miles smiled and leaned back in his seat to signal to Theo.

(Move in ten minutes. Your surprise will come for you.)

Although he wasn't one to condone cheating, he didn't mind ruining their relationships with cheating because high school love was a fairy tale.

However, just as they drank their first gulp, earnestly trying to keep their composure from the taste, a figure approached them and drew the attention of everyone present.

"Hi there."

Chapter 157: Celeste's Shock

"Hi there."

It was Celeste, Oliver's older sister.

Holding a selfie stick while live streaming everything around her, she lowered it and leaned a bit towards them.

"You two look great together. How come I've never seen you before? Chloe? How are you, Chloe? I almost couldn't tell it was you. Oh my, you look great."

"Thank you," Chloe responded, forcing a little smile.

Celeste rattled like a newscaster, exchanging handshakes with the goddess beside him while seemingly confused about his identity, but purposefully put him on hold as a tactic to grow his interest in her and her incredibly curious viewers.

Lowering her voice, she whispered, asking—

"Can I stream you guys?"

—but withdrew and promptly turned her back against them, then raised her selfie stick again before they could reply.

"Hello guys. Here we have one of Dominion High's finest. Pretty, isn't she? This is Chloe, and behind me we have her equally, no less handsome Dominion High's finest partner. But oh no, even I don't know his name. Hold on, let's ask the handsome guy."

Apparently, she had been so far away during the school week that she didn't see the headlines. And previously, Miles was a common-level character that barely etched itself in her memory as part of her younger brother's clique. In other words, he didn't exist.

Most of the spectating students at this moment sucked in a cold breath.

Who didn't know Miles after he brutally stepped on his bullies to fame?

"Handsome, what is your name?"

Without noticing the oddity in the atmosphere, she pointed the selfie stick to properly capture Miles' face for her viewers.

"His name is Miles, and please stop invading our privacy."

After noticing Miles' eyes turn cold at his sister's pretentious act, obviously not intending to play along, Oliver gritted his teeth and stepped in to save her from the embarrassment that could ruin her career.

"Oh—"

Celeste was taken aback, and wanted to say a couple of things, but froze when she recognized the voice and the sharp, defiant eyes behind it.

"You—" her eyes widened. She wanted to retort to him, to ask how he slipped in here, but choked on her words after properly taking in his appearance.

The simple nerd she knew and hated was actually dressed superbly and had a girl beside him, his date.

'How is this possible? What happened?'

Her eyes quickly shifted to Simon, who was staring at her calmly while holding the hand of a girl, not looking bad either.

'This...'

She found it hard to believe and shifted her gaze to the next person.

'Theo?'

A vague name surfaced in her mind. Indeed, the person fit the image in her head. But the simp and weak temperament around them was no longer there.

'Wait, don't tell me....'

Her heart leaped from the shock.

'...Miles.'

Although not many knew, there was only one person that shared the same last name as Josephine, her rival.

Indeed, how could she have forgotten the disgusting boy that hung around her brother?

'Miles.'

The person before her was Miles, but compared to the weak, lean image in her head, he had bulked up a lot and looked athletic, even taller. Handsome.

Seeing this, the other students began to buzz.

"What's wrong with Celeste?"

"Did she see a ghost or something?"

"I bet."

"Wait, is it only me, or does that dude actually share some semblance?"

"No way, are you blind—" the voice paused, startled.

On the live stream with 5,000 viewers, comment after comment spawned at the semblance between the two.

'Shit! Shit! What happened? How could they change this much?! Fuck! I filmed Oliver, I'm so done. What should I do now? What should I do...'

Instantly an idea sprung up; hopefully, she could divert everyone's attention from what just happened.

"Wow, wow, wow. What a surprise. Now that things are so interesting, why don't I suggest a game to spice things up?"

Celeste beamed a bright smile, using her acting skills to gather a few people to agree.

"But first, let's ask our birthday girl. Rachael, what do you think?"

"I'm excited."

Rachael agreed right away.

Amongst her guests today, Celeste had the highest priority. How could she refuse a person who was streaming her birthday, making her known by thousands of viewers?

"Alright. Let's start with an icebreaker."

Celeste walked away from the table, flicked her fingers in the air, and Rachael nodded at someone. Then, more than half of the disco lights turned off.

The pool became brighter and a wheel of countless names was projected in it.

"So here is the rule. Each time the wheel spins, the selected get to ask anyone any sort of question once. If you can't answer, then you'll have to leave a hundred bucks behind. Remember, always be honest."

"Woooahhhh!"

"Now we are talking!"

"Yeeeahh! Let's get this started, baby."

A wave of cheers and shouts erupted.

Those in the pool began slapping the water.

"Good," Celeste said, now holding a microphone as she walked towards the pool to stream the wheel beneath.

"Start."

Instantly the wheel began spinning, causing a lot of people to crane their necks just to look.

"Patrick Jones??"

Celeste called out the selected name, but unfortunately, the person wasn't present since the game had begun ahead of schedule.

"Maeve..."

"That's me! That's me!"

The girl whose name happened to be selected excitedly stood up.

"Okay, go on. What's your question and to whom?"

"Which girl do you consider Dominion High's finest? Directing the question to Jason Kingsley."

As expected, the first question instantly set up waves, lighting up excitement in the eyes of the crowd. Everyone turned to Jason, who had been silently brewing some serious thoughts, sitting alone at a big round table and not expecting to be implicated in such a manner.

Shifting his gaze, he saw the curious eyes of the others, including Celeste, but taking a secret peek, the girl he wanted most was actually staring at someone else at this moment.

He took a breath and smiled to rein in his emotions.

"Unfortunately, I'll prefer to leave behind a hundred bucks."

Chapter 158: Night Party Fun

"Unfortunately, I'll prefer to leave behind a hundred bucks."

Hearing this, the lit eyes and attentive ears instantly dimmed and fell.

Holding the microphone while streaming, Celeste quickly formed a smile.

"How unfortunate. Tonight would have been unforgettable."

There was a shared feeling of agreement as people sighed.

"Next spin."

The projected image on the pool floor began to spin and quickly selected a name.

"Eric..."

"What a lucky night."

One of the boys shouted as he raised his arm to draw attention while a scheming smile played across his lips.

"Celeste, is that your brother?"

This question caused a wave of silence to descend and everyone quickly looked in the direction of the boy's pointed finger.

Meanwhile, Celeste almost choked on nothing and her face flushed slightly before she forcefully composed herself.

Next to Miles, Oliver had a shocked look while holding his breath as this moment finally came through.

Like those beside him, Miles also looked on with interest as the highlight focused on the two siblings. Celeste, apparently struggling with what to say, eventually seemed to give up.

"I'm sorry, guys. I've never really got the chance to introduce him. Indeed as you might all have guessed, he's indeed my younger brother."

Flashing a smile, she said, unable to hide this fact.

"Hissss, don't tell me..."

There were sounds of sucking breath and it was as if a play button had been pressed, instantly chasing the silence to be replaced by a chaotic atmosphere.

"Hehehe, didn't I tell you? I knew they resembled each other."

"What a big reveal."

At the same moment, in the eyes of some girls, Oliver became more handsome and their interest in him grew.

'Huh? What's happening?'

Having expected a wave of laughter to follow, Celeste's eyes trembled when she noticed that no one cracked a joke about Oliver like she always thought would happen.

"C'mon. Next spin! I can't wait for my turn. I've got a question in mind."

"Yeah!"

"Me too!"

The guys cheered while the girls looked towards her with expectation.

Celeste quickly smiled and held up the microphone, unaware of what happened on Wednesday morning.

"Okay! Let's go!"

The wheel spun and this time the name it settled on drew surprise in their eyes.

"Josephine... Sinclair!"

Celeste forced a smile and called out the name despite the bitter aftertaste it left on her tongue.

At one of the VIP tables, Josephine paused and slowly raised her head, feeling everyone's gaze on her.

"What?"

She muttered, a little dumbfounded before the girl beside her secretly pinched her thighs, whispering a few words while arching her neck a bit in Celeste's direction.

'Oh.'

Josephine seemed to grasp something and a look of realization flashed across her face, followed by an amused smile.

Her eyes didn't have to search through the crowd before instantly landing on Miles.

"Miles Sinclair. What's the name of the prettiest woman or girl you know?"

At this moment, many who didn't know about the relationship between the Sinclair siblings were stunned, feeling overwhelmed by the discovery streak.

"What? Miles is Josephine's brother?"

"Fuck no."

"How is that possible?"

Outraged cries rang out, but the girls were more focused on Miles' answer.

'Phine, just how petty can you be for your jealousy. Fuck.'

Feeling the eyes of Chloe beside him also peek, her attention solely focused on him, and Josephine's cold smile as she squinted her eyes.

'Damn, it feels like I am being pierced by countless needles.'

Without hesitation, Miles slipped his hand inside his pocket and brought out a minted 100-dollar note from his wallet.

He didn't talk; he shamelessly raised the dollar bill for all to see and placed it on the table.

"Fuck, not again."

"Damn, my girl broke up with me yesterday for him. I hoped she would commit suicide to know he doesn't give a fuck about her."

This time the boys were more displeased than the girls due to their girlfriends' nonstop blabbering about Miles.

Unfortunately, things didn't play out as they wished.

Seeing Miles' refusal, Josephine huffed, feeling victorious.

"Thought so too."

Beside Miles, Chloe lowered her eyes slightly, a bit down that he didn't answer.

'I'm so stupid. We just hung out tonight. What was I thinking? Besides, his sister, Josephine? She's probably prettier than me.'

Chloe thought with a bit of self-loathing.

However, as if reading her mind, Miles leaned close.

"To be honest, I think you're the prettiest," he whispered.

Dazed, Chloe blushed hard, losing the cold composure she always put on.

"Fuck, look, Chloe is blushing."

"What did he tell her?"

"Miles, what a bastard. He stole her from us."

The boys from Junior Year class 1 who had been staring intensely in jealousy all felt their hearts ache.

The wheel spun again and another person was selected.

"Celeste, would you rather date Miles or Jason?"

Celeste almost choked on the mic but managed to compose herself.

"Jason, of course."

Secretly glancing at Jason, she replied but saw not a flicker of emotion in his eyes, so she quickly added, "Besides, don't you see Miles and my brother are pals."

Much was left unsaid, but everyone understood the underlying meaning.

'I am pretty much sure that Oliver wouldn't mind me cracking you up. As for the age difference? I'll fuck even your mother if I want to.'

But of course, he had to respect Oliver's dignity, so he withdrew his interest.

'We shall see.'

Beneath the table, Chloe made a bold move and slid her fingers between his, trying to express that with her presence, 'fuck Celeste'.

Miles didn't refuse and held her tight.

"Sorry, excuse me," Theo said politely, standing up from his seat with a secret wink that the boys understood.

However, Oliver and Simon exchanged a glance then adjusted their sitting position with no motion to get up.

Theo could only shake his head and walk away, feeling pumped about Miles' surprise.

In the pool, three girls noticed and walked out, causing a couple of whistles to sound, but no one bothered to approach them since this was quite normal.

The game went on, but this time everybody seemed to have agreed that they wouldn't get Miles or Jason to say anything, so they shifted to easier preys, using the opportunity to ask a girl they were interested in.

"Alright, everyone. It's time to head inside for the main fun of the party to begin."

For tonight, thrilling fun games have been specially selected. With a smile that wasn't a smile, Celeste winked to her viewers, hinting at what was going to happen.

"Oh, oh, oh, where are my manners. The birthday girl has to smash her cake and give us a proper fun opening."

Following this announcement, everyone, including those that had been lingering in the parking lot, quickly and excitedly began walking towards the mansion.

With more than 180 students present—a total from sophomores to senior students—the grand mansion was quickly occupied.

At the center of the interior, a big round space was made. The dance floor.

"Alright, everyone. In 1, 2, 3!"

"Happy Birthday!!!"

A chorus shout reverberated through the mansion as everyone screamed out loud.

Smiling, Rachael swung the aluminum bat at the center of the huge cake, managing to destroy the top layer, and cheers rang out following the confetti pops.

"Let the dance begin!"

Music played and many quickly led their partners to the dance floor; some picked up small dishes and received a huge slice of the cake alongside another cup of vodka.

"May I?"

Stretching his hands towards Chloe, Miles bowed slightly.

Chloe quickly nodded and held his hand, stepping onto the dance floor.

Following the swift beat of the ongoing music, they both merged into a popular dance style.

Miles held her waist from both sides and Chloe placed her hands on his shoulders.

Across the dance floor, many did the same.

Thirty minutes later, dripping with sweat, the dance finally subsided.

Heaving while exchanging a smile, Miles led Chloe to exit the dance floor.

Celeste grabbed the mic again. This time there was an employed cameraman—more of a fawning male student who had offered to ease her troubles.

Sweeping her hair in a sexy manner at the stream camera, she tapped the mic, drawing everyone's attention.

"Alright, alright. That was fun!"

"Yeahhhh!!!"

"Calm down, guys, because now it's time to have even more fun."

"Drink and don't be caught while driving. Now, in order for diversity, we have several rooms for different games."

"Spin the bottle? 7 minutes in heaven? Truth or Dare? I have you covered!"

The moment the crowd heard this, a roar of cheers and claps erupted.

"Yeah! That's what I'm talking about!"

"Also, for our little nerdy and smart asses, Rachael understands your plea, so there are Trivia Challenges, Escape Room Puzzles, and Hunt Murder Mystery Games just for you."

"Please have fun."

Blowing a kiss, Celeste dropped the mic.

Meanwhile, noticing Celeste's uncomfortable look at the games being mentioned, Miles smiled and leaned closer.

"Should we make a run for it?"

Chloe, after a stunned moment, nodded excitedly and they both moved in opposition of the crowd, exiting the mansion.

'Yes! Yes! Yes! The bastard is heading outside.'

Tyler could barely control his excitement when he saw this, and excitedly phoned those outside.

Chapter 159: Bloodbath 1

Hidden Location...

Zzz! Zzz!

"He's heading out now, my GPS is on."

Tyler's excited voice hummed through the burner phone, letting the eight figures in the black minivan let out a hollow breath of relief after more than an hour of waiting.

"Okay. Don't let your eyes off him and don't call again. Also don't let him notice you early or you might as well be dead."

Chris' heavy voice came through, warning Tyler of the severe consequences of making any mistake.

"Hum..."

At the other end, swallowing hard, Tyler shook his head, sounding like he wanted to say something.

"What?" Chris asked sternly.

"Miles, he isn't alone. Chloe, Billy's sister is with him."

Unexpectedly, Chris revealed a cold sneer—

"That's unexpected but no problem. Billy has always been an eyesore, I'll take this opportunity to become the captain after the death of his sister leaves him devastated."

Chris said, killing intent glinting in his eyes despite the dark interior of the minivan.

Over the phone, Tyler found his heart skip, wanting to retort after all they were only after Miles, not real killers, but stopped, unwilling to get on Chris' bad side sensing the latter had actually accepted this dark role.

"Okay."

With that he ended the call.

Meanwhile, inside the ordinary looking minivan, at the back and front seat, the eyes of the other figures shone.

One of them was Ben who trembled slightly, feeling threatened by the other figures who had dangerous gang tattoos over their bodies that were hidden under the moonlight.

Knowing they were part of a local crime syndicate group, he didn't dare speak a single word, only following Chris' lead.

"Is that it?"

Suddenly one of the men spoke—the one sitting at the right front seat. The leader of this group asked, his voice sounding playful like everything was a big joke.

To think they were actually paid to eliminate a high schooler of all people, Ace naturally had a little bit of misgivings, but considering the pay and the identity of who sent them was related to this high schooler, he agreed.

Not that he was a saint or anything, since he had taken much crueller jobs that couldn't be mentioned.

"Yes."

Chris nodded a bit hesitantly, then added—

"Is it possible if you try to capture him, alongside the girl with him? I can torture and slowly kill him. We'll take turns with the girl too."

Chris suggested, deciding to enjoy the evil since he had already committed a crime.

"Hehehe. Kid, you sure are cruel, aren't those two your classmates? I like you, totally my kind of bro."

A figure at the back seat laughed, licking a small machete as he grinned, thrilled by Chris' words.

"He's got guts."

Another voice commented.

"Enough."

However, Ace seemed not to care, silencing them as he grabbed the GPS tracker from Chris.

"We'll strike when they are far enough from here. You two, go back and check if there are any CCTV cameras at the party. If there are, delete 30 minutes worth of footage from it. We'll let you know when we have them."

Hearing Ace say this, Chris felt dismayed, knowing they would all have their fun with Chloe before they let him know. Despite knowing, he couldn't refute this dangerous fellow and agreed.

"Okay, see you later."

After that, him and Ben exited the minivan and it drove off.

After they departed a bit distant, Ace spoke again.

"We'll kill the target and dispose of the body. And as for the girl, she will be for you guys to deal with. That blabbermouth has no right to tell us what to do, a mere pawn. Target comes first."

Meanwhile, totally oblivious to the fact that he was being followed, Miles led Chloe to the parking lot.

"Ahh- ahhh- ahhhh- hmmm."

"Shh, don't moan so loud."

"Ahhh, yesss. Fuck me too."

"Ahhh, ahhh, yess."

Both Miles and Chloe froze, the latter instantly turning into a tomato the moment she realized what was happening behind those sounds.

Whilst Miles felt like the voice actually sounded familiar and there were actually from multiple sources, meaning it wasn't a 1v1 game.

"Give me your breasts to suck."

The moment he heard this, Miles felt like he had swallowed a stone and his face turned strange.

'Theo... Fuck! Is that bastard seriously fucking the three of them at the same time? He's actually having a foursome before me,' Miles thought, his eyes narrowing to where a green truck was parked. It was the direction the voices came from.

'How shameless, how can they be doing it here.'

"Let's go."

Reassuringly clenching Chloe's palm, he eased her frozen figure and led her towards his vehicle, opening the door with the same gentleman treatment.

After Chloe got inside, he got in and wound down the glass by his side.

"There's something I want you to see," he said to Chloe and ignited the engine.

'Oh my goodness! He wants to show me something?' Her heart began beating rapidly, a sense of curious excitement bubbling within her.

'His special place? On a date? His house?'

Imagining the scene of them together doing all sorts of unspeakable things, Chloe's usually calm expression became nervous once more. She secretly pinched her thighs to feel if it was all a dream, but the pain came and she smiled a bit.

By this time it was past 10:30, so her heartbeat couldn't calm.

Pulling a reverse, Miles played music and drove out.

'Fuck.'

Somewhere beside the green truck, covered in darkness that escaped the moonlight's reach, Theo froze, cursing in his heart that they had been found out, but the car quickly drove away.

Heaving a quick sigh of relief, as the girl next to him was about to press her small boobs against his mouth, there was a series of hurried footsteps and another car drove off in pursuit of the first.

After a moment of silence, the four resumed, with the girls actually liking Theo.

3 Minutes Later.

Just as the mood settled with the ongoing music, Miles silently drove under the beautiful glow of the moonlight tonight. Due to this district being a wealthy one, there wasn't any car driving by this late.

However, just as Miles was absorbed in the thought of how to proceed with Chloe when they got to the lake, he noticed a black minivan that seemed to be going through a quick repair parked in a way that occupied more than half of the asphalt road.

Pulling closer, he registered that there were three figures clad in black puffer jackets huddled around the minivan's tail lights, seemingly discussing something, but then raised their heads towards him after he flickered the headlights.

'What the fuck. Who wears puffer jackets during summer.'

Instinctively furrowing his brows, Miles started feeling unease the moment the men raised their heads. They were clearly adults, the youngest looking to be in his late twenties.

Raising their hands to block the headlight from their eyes, one of them—the oldest with a bald head and a glaring tattoo by his upper neck side when he turned—gradually walked towards him.

"Excuse me." He raised his voice a bit, squinting his eyes and getting closer to the car.

Chloe's handbag slipped from her shoulder with a rustle, prompting Miles to turn to her and hold her palm.

"It's okay," he muttered reassuringly, just then noticing the approaching man from the corner of his eyes frown slightly.

"Excuse me—" the man said, moving closer as if to get a proper glimpse of their faces before appearing surprised.

"Oh, it's a kid." He elevated his voice, revealing a friendly smile and dropping his guard. "Hey kid. How fortunate that you're here."

The man let out a relieved sigh, appearing to have found his saviors.

However, Miles showed not a flicker of emotion as he stared at the man.

'Fuck. Are we about to get robbed?' he thought, a bit intrigued and fascinated that such a thing was actually going to happen to him.

Seeing Miles' cautious eyes—

'This kid, he's no fool or kind-hearted person to not have been fooled.'

In contrast to his thoughts, Ace stuck to the act and made his smile appear pitiful.

"We are stranded, lost two tires. My wife is about to go into labor, please do you have a spare? I promise to buy it at twice the price."

The man sounded so convincing that Chloe, who seemed unsettled, pitied him and let down her guard.

But Miles wasn't moved in the slightest. Instead, he was even more convinced that the man had ulterior motives and secretly reached his hand to grab the gear stick.

THWACK-pffft!

Pew!

Psssssssssss!

"Not so fast, kid," Ace sneered.

"Shit!" Miles cursed.

The car first jolted from the right back, then the man slipped out a silenced pistol to take out the left tire. Before Miles could step on the accelerator, the man pointed the gun at him.

"Stay still, kid."

The two other men by the car got up from their hunched posture and grinned at him. Miles could hear the blaring danger sense at maximum capacity.

'Activate Cold Blooded Heart.'

'Talent: Combat Instinct.'

'Full power.'

Chapter 160: Blood Bath 2

'Activate Cold Blooded Heart.'

'Talent: Combat Instinct.'

'Full Power...'

In an instant, Ace, who thought his target had been easily secured and wanted to kill Miles without leaving a trace, felt a sense of imminent danger from the high schooler.

"What the—"

Bursting out a curse, his heart shuddered and his eyes widened.

Ace realized he couldn't move any of his limbs. But as someone whose life was at risk by just living, he pushed onward with his will, hoping to press the trigger.

Bang.

Shatter!

Utilizing his full strength, backed with combat instinct, Miles was like a terminator.

The car's glass didn't even last a split second before Miles' hand shot through and grabbed Ace's hand.

Before the latter could react, he felt a powerful jolt that outright dislocated his shoulder joint, threatening to rip his arm off with just an extra pull, but instead a crushing crack sound distinctively reverberated through the air.

The eyes of the other two people approaching from the front widened in shock by the scene they witnessed next.

As it turned out, after pulling Ace's arm halfway through, Miles yanked it down with tremendous force.

Ace's arm broke easily as a twig stick, a shift from vertical to horizontal, an L-shape. His bones completely shattered so that only mangled skin, after being pierced by the bone, still connected the arm.

"Arrrrrrrrrrghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!"

Ace, the leader of this crew, let out a heart-wrenching roar as he saw and felt what his arm had become.

Blood spilled, but before it could reach him, Miles punched the door out and it flung backward, dislocated from its hinges.

Bang!

"—rrrrrrrrggghh—!"

Ace's agonized scream, which stirred from the depths of his soul, was cut short as the door slammed into him, cutting him off and sending him skidding on the floor with his head landing first, silencing him for eternity.

The eyes of the two followed the body of their lieutenant.

'He's dead.'

The words sounded in their heads and they but swallowed their saliva, their pupils constricting as Miles stepped out from the car, his face stained with a splatter of blood while holding Ace's broken hand with sharp bones bloodily piercing through.

His gaze felt terrifying, especially the sense of danger originating from him.

'Run.'

The words sounded in their minds, but the next moment a valiant shout reinforced their courage.

"Kill him!!!"

This was the voice of the man holding a machete that had complimented Chris earlier.

Wearing a black singlet with full tattoo sleeves related to gang signs, he was the one that had punctured one of the tires just now.

Having seen what Miles did to Ace, he was filled with maddened rage rather than horror.

Taking advantage of ambushing from behind with two other men by his side, each holding a long tactical knife, he charged forward with a cruel smile, already imagining a bloody gash on Miles' back when the match landed.

'Oh, there are more?'

Inside his lucid state of mind with a desire to kill, feeling his danger sense alert, his lips curled into a slight smile and he viciously side-stepped the incoming blade. His hand formed a quick fist and struck the man's arm, throwing him off balance with a pained growl and punctured flesh.

There were two figures charging at him from each side at this moment.

Watching in a daze and yet to properly grasp the reality that had unfolded over the span of ten seconds, Chloe's heart chilled at the sight as four men attacked with knives and machetes.

"Watch out!"

She instinctively screamed at the top of her lungs, fear gripping her as tears instantly rolled down her cheeks.

Inhaling slightly, Miles easily leaped into the air with a jump, performing a three-meter-high front flip as he weaved through the air.

Whilst the eyes of the four men widened, following Miles' figure as they instinctively halted in their tracks.

Bang.

Miles landed and the asphalt road cracked slightly under his boots.

'Activate ability: Subzero Agony.'

Setting his eyes on the man with the machete, he obscured the man's reality and appeared to be holding a bloody axe.

"No, please stop!"

To the shock of the other four, Dice, who was known to be the third cruelest person in the group, shouted, dropping his machete as he stared at Miles who was swiftly charging towards them.

"Bastard, what are you doing?"

Butcher, who had been punched away by Miles, clutching his side as he tried to stand up, cursed seeing this.

But before any of them could step up to help, Miles decided to be creative and formed a tiger paw grip to thrust forward.

Puchi!

The man who raised his hand to block the invisible axe got his chest punctured through.

Wanting to grasp the man's heart, Miles easily crushed it, splattering the arm side of his jacket in blood.

The man's eyes widened as he escaped from the control of Subzero Agony in his last moment, then collapsed in a pool of his own blood.

'Fuck! That was satisfying,' Miles thought, relishing the after-touch of crushing the man's heart.

Some blood happened to splatter on his cheeks, too.

Suddenly appearing like a demon in the eyes of these men that prided themselves in doing evil, he grinned.

"Demon! Run!"

Even Butcher, who had cursed them previously, struggled and tried to run.

"You think you can escape?"

He sneered and dashed after them.

Kick, kick, grab.

Two men were sent skidding on the floor, with the one holding a tactical knife happening to hit his head on his own knife after crashing on the floor, while the other peeled half of his face on the asphalt floor, resembling a human anatomy mannequin.

"Arrrrrggggghh!"

A miserable cry sounded and the man began clutching his face to stop the bleeding.

The one that had been grabbed by Miles also suffered a rather quick death. Miles grabbed him and directly hoisted the man from the ground, then performed a ruthless smackdown that crushed his skull with a bang.

Watching the pool of blood quickly gather beneath the man, he let go and grabbed the silenced pistol lying on the driver's seat.

Picking it up, he glanced up at Chloe's shocked expression, then smiled with blood on his face.

"Shut the fuck up."

Without a moment of hesitation, he fired it at the screaming man.

A blood pool formed right away.

The surroundings instantly quieted and the sound of dragged steps became discernible.

Tilting his head, Miles saw the man that had tried to strike him from behind earlier and a cold smile formed on his face.

He slowly raised the gun towards the man.

Sensing a hint of premonition, Butcher quickly turned to Miles.

"Wait, wait, I'll tell you who sent us to kill—"

Pew!

At the same time, Miles' cold eyes widened, wishing he could retract the trigger as he watched the man collapse with wide eyes, the rest of his thoughts remaining unknown.

'Fuck. Did he just say they were sent to kill me?'

Piecing together the incomplete last words, Miles' heart shuddered at the realization that somebody wanted him dead.

'Do they have the guts?'

Just then, as he scowled thinking about Chris and his group of gullible bastards, he felt a soothing, warm embrace wrap around him from behind and two big, squishy sensations. Glancing down, he saw Chloe's arms around him, making him pause his lips and slowly smile after glancing at the Infatuation Gauge.

'You've got to be kidding me. Is she really this obsessed that even if I killed so many people before her eyes, she doesn't run away or seem scared?'

Miles said no word and silently enjoyed the feeling of Chloe's boobs pressed against his back.

One minute passed before she lowered her hands.

Turning to face her, she bit her lips, appearing hesitant, and then met his gaze.

"They were no good... They didn't have good intentions."

After saying these words, she hugged him again before he could speak.

After contemplating if he should wish for an ability to wipe her memories, he held back and accepted her hug while keeping his bloody hands away from her body.

"Don't think about it."

Chloe actually comforted him in a tone as if he were the victim.

"Thank you."

Leaning closer, he inhaled her arousing scent and smiled. Moments later, she propped up a smile and reluctantly detached her embrace.

"Okay, go and wait in the car. I'll be done in a minute."

Chloe nodded and unhingedly gave the surrounding dead bodies a quick scan before walking back.

'She's definitely a maniac. I better confess all my deeds or she might somehow manage to cut my dick off later on.'

Smiling at Chloe, Miles felt a sense of thrill and proceeded to study the two punctured back tires.

"Bastards."

Opening the trunk, he brought out a spare and took out one of the minivan tires.

Working through the pile of dead bodies, he changed both tires and put the punctured two back in the trunk.

Stuffing the dead bodies in the minivan, he found a lighter on one of the corpses and stuffed a piece of lit cloth inside the fuel tank.

Fwoosh.