

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 166:

Captain Natalie Voss[1,508 words]

Soon after, her lips formed a smile and she turned back to the TV.

30 minutes later.

After sneakily grabbing Simon's clothes, Miles came down the stairs.

,

"Oh, you're—done."

Delaney tilted from the screen and her voice trailed off to a stunned silence.

Her eyes landed on Miles' figure, and a glint of awe flashed within them.

"Hmm."

Miles softly nodded, purposefully having done this. He scrubbed his wet hair with a towel, faint droplets of water dripping down his arms as he also cleaned it up.

"Oh my gosh, look at those muscles. How did you change so much? Bulking it up, huh?"

Amazed, Delaney didn't bother hiding her surprise at how defined his overall physical appearance looked with his arms and legs out.

Wearing Simon's oversized jersey and a pair of short pants, Miles acted cool and nonchalantly nodded.

"Yeah," he said, walking towards the fridge to grab a bottle of water while swapping the towel over his shoulder.

"Not bad," Delaney commented, turning her attention back to the vintage scene.

'Rode for so long and yet I don't feel that thirty.'

While gulping down the bottle's content, Miles relaxed his shoulders, relishing the supernatural change of his body.

After throwing the empty bottle in the bin, he walked back upstairs to dump the towel and came down with a pillow.

"What are you doing?" Just when he came down, Delaney glanced and saw the pillow in his hand.

"Trying to sleep."

"Oh, what happened to the guest room?" Delaney asked, piqued since Miles was no stranger to the house and shouldn't be courteous.

"It doesn't look like a suitable place to breathe in," Miles replied, recalling the scene inside the guest room.

"Oh..." Delaney nodded her head, seemingly remembering something and didn't stress further.

And so Miles sat on the couch next to hers, positioning the pillow as he rested his head while watching the vintage movie.

Munching on some popcorn, Delaney secretly glanced in Miles' direction. The scene of their earlier conversation replayed in her head, realizing she had spoken to Miles like they were age mates rather than the usual tease.

'He's definitely changed.'

Taking a quick glance at his arms, she tilted towards the TV.

While listening to Delaney's constant chewing, Miles quickly wandered into the dream realm.

Meanwhile, somewhere in a dark lit room.

"Did you do it?"

"Yes we did. Had Tyler tail him with a GPS tracker, they've acted. He's probably dead by now," Chris whispered to the person on the other end of the room while sneakily glancing at the girl from the party now laying on the bed.

Despite Chris losing his challenge to Miles, he still had the prestige as a top dog so it wasn't hard to have a classmate lay over.

On the other end, the person hummed a response feeling it was normal; Miles' fate was sealed. The dark glint in his eyes greatly reduced.

Still, he needed confirmation.

"Did you get a confirmation?"

"No, not yet... uhm, I told them to torture him if there's an opportunity. They are probably doing that."

Regarding the matter of Chloe being involved, Chris didn't mention it, a sense of thrill blooming in his heart at the thought.

"Okay, good. Let me know when they contact you."

"Okay."

Following that, the call ended and neither party thought much of the matter, not knowing Miles was peacefully asleep.

—

As the moon shone bright from above, not everyone was peacefully asleep or fucking.

The police department of Dominic City had been stirred awake.

What was supposed to be a simple burnt car case was discovered to have six dead bodies charred and burnt to a crisp.

Much more, the bodies weren't strapped to their seats; they were more like dumped at the back seats atop each other after being killed.

Currently, the sounds of sirens blared at the scene. The fire department was also present as they cautiously took out the bodies.

"Can someone fucking tell me what happened and why we have six murdered bodies in my city?" a fierce feminine voice boomed, making the hearts of the police officers on site shudder in fright as a lieutenant quickly came to her side to brief her up.

Captain Natalia Voss, one of the country's fiercest detectives on a path to becoming a legend after cracking and handling many notorious cases in recent years. Just as her feats were known throughout the force, her fierce temperament preceded her.

Three months ago she had been demoted and sent to Dominic City as a punishment for disrespecting the higher-ups. Many thought that this unfamiliar territory would quell her for a while at least, but to their shock, she began actively seeking cases and was now on tight pursuit of a known local crime syndicate based in Dominic City.

An imposing figure in urban tactical attire—a fitted charcoal vest over a rolled-sleeve white shirt, tailored dark trousers, and polished black boots—walked towards the burnt car and the charred bodies placed outside next to it. Blonde hair tied in a ponytail, thick and tall. A big round ass and medium-sized boobs with a fierce expression as her eyes coldly surveyed the scene.

"So you extracted their blood?"

"Yes," the lieutenant quickly said, not daring to relax.

"DNA results?"

"Results will be ready in an hour."

"Okay." Natalia nodded and slowly walked around the car. "Have you checked the plate number?"

The heart of the lieutenant shook in fright.

"We are on it. We are still on it," he quickly lied, while secretly signaling at a nearby subordinate to have it handled.

"Lieutenant, what do you think we are likely facing this time?" Natalia asked, turning her gaze elsewhere as she slowly scanned the asphalt road.

"Robbery?" After panicking slightly in his heart, the lieutenant forced himself to speak.

"Robbery?" Natalia mused, furrowing her brows as she stared at the ground surface, something clicking instantly in her head. "Lieutenant, check the remains of those bodies carefully to see if anything valuable is hidden."

"Uhm, about that..." the lieutenant recalled something and became nervous. "We found some machetes, knives, and a shell casing."

Natalia froze, her eyes turning cold.

"Then why didn't you mention that earlier?"

The lieutenant kept shut, unwilling to set her off.

Seeing this, Natalia turned away with bright eyes, dismissing the lieutenant's oversight.

"I'm afraid this isn't robbery but a failed assassination attempt. And they came quite prepared." Pointing at the burnt bodies— "The predators turned victims. Looking at the way the vehicle is parked, it doesn't look like it slammed on the brakes at the sight of an armed robber. It's most likely a planned trap to assassinate the target, who halted his vehicle after seeing them have trouble with their wheels. Look here, the sharp burst on the asphalt seems to have been caused by a gunshot. So they must have shot out—rather, shot at the tire."

The lieutenant who was listening seemed to have entered a realm of enlightenment as he pointed at a small white circle with a yellow card marked 7 placed next to it.

"That's where we picked up the shell casing," he said.

"Nice." Natalia nodded and glanced back at the car. "Call an expert to take samples of the ashes beneath the wheels. The target must have taken one out."

The lieutenant froze and summoned the courage to speak.

"If it's just one tire, then the target must have a spare, right?"

"True, but still check," Natalia said, placing her hands on her shapely waist as she scanned the surroundings again. "Huh?" Just then, she noticed the pool of blood at several spots. "So they were killed and dumped inside the car?"

Thinking of who could kill six people in a planned attack, she was intrigued.

"Target is likely to be a combat expert in close combat. Brutal and efficient too. As if trained to kill. Target is most likely a war veteran or in the army."

Just as she was about to signal at the lieutenant, she noticed a silver handset lingering at the other edge of the road and walked to pick it up.

"A burner phone?" Her eyes shone as she picked it up.

Pulling the lid up, she called the only digit on it and placed it close to her ear.

Somewhere else...

Peep! Peep!

Chris's eyes shot open at the slightest sound and he picked up the phone in anxious excitement.

"Is he dead yet? That bastard—"

After sneaking into the bathroom, Chris placed the phone to his ear and spoke. And just as he did, he halted after a voice called, "Captain, there's indeed a—shut the fuck up." A fierce voice boomed.

Without hesitation, Chris dropped the burner phone in shock.

"Hello? Hello? Who is dead?" Natalia's voice came through and Chris hastily stepped backward.

"Oh, you can't speak? Don't worry, Natalia Voss promises to hunt you down. By then I'm sure you'll be very much happy to speak."

The voice cut the call.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 167: Delaney's Kink?[1,533 words]

Peep!

"Any reports yet?"

A calm, controlled voice came through the phone.

Showing an apprehensive look, Chris, perplexed, took a deep breath to think, due to the fact that the truth would implicate his life if revealed.

"No, not yet," he replied, holding his breath.

"Okay," the voice said, and ended the call.

"Fuck!"

Chris instantly crashed out and slammed the phone on the floor.

"I need to get rid of this." He stared at the burner phone in apprehension, ready to smash it just like he did to the smartphone, but froze.

"No, no, no. This isn't right... I need this as evidence. I can't go to jail for aiding murder. I also have a future. I need to get out of the city or even the country. My future... think straight, Chris. I need money... Kelvin. I need to see Kelvin... No, he's probably flown out too... Him, yes, him. Blackmail, if I can..."

Chris's eyes shone with a crazy glint as an idea formed in his mind.

"Hum? Chris?"

Suddenly, the voice of the girl on his bed called out to him, waking him from his reverie.

Early the next morning, while all the news reporters were in a frenzy regarding the six scorched bodies last night, those who it truly related to remained clueless and began their days.

"Miles?"

Just as Miles closed his eyes, preparing to go back to sleep after visiting the bathroom, a sneaky voice, almost like a whisper, called out to him.

Raising his brows, his eyes lazily opened. Tilting his head slightly, he saw Theo, with three girls behind him in disarray. Their makeup and dresses were barely holding on through the support of their arms as they held handbags and shoes in their hands, looking a bit surprised as they saw him, the famous ongoing trend.

Seeing Miles move proved he wasn't hallucinating from the after-effects of the drunken feast last night at the party. Theo let out a relieved smile that quickly changed to a grin unseen by the girls behind him.

However, a moment later he seemed to realize it was a stupid move to wake Miles since their plan was to sneak out without anyone noticing.

"Sorry," he whispered to the girls and resumed the sneaky movements towards the door, leaving Miles speechless at the sight.

'Is this still blackmail?'

Watching the girls in tow behind Theo while seemingly embarrassed when they recognized him, Miles rubbed his chin, thinking maybe Theo had an unearthed charm to attract sluts or just a big dick.

A moment later, he heard the sound of the engine being ignited and prepared to adjust and lay back down when his eyes involuntarily lingered on Delaney, who was lying on the long couch, soundly asleep with a duvet wrapped around her body.

He was about to move his gaze when his eyes instinctively zoomed on the view after a slight movement.

In her subconscious act, Delaney had swung out her hand along with the duvet, perhaps in an attempt to feel a little bit of cold—

'Fuck!'

Miles inwardly cursed.

First, she was wearing a brown slim shirt, and considering the dark visuals of last night, he hadn't really noticed the gleaming poke of her nipples.

Delaney's shirt was raised up, hanging around her chest with one boob out and visible to his eyes after the duvet was swung sideways.

'Did she rub her boobs to get herself to sleep?'

Miles imagined the scene where he was fast asleep and she was rubbing her boobs. Suddenly discovering this so-called big sister's weird or rather kinky side, his morning wood, which had just been quelled, quickly formed again at the thought.

"Hmmm."

Just then, Delaney exhaled and wrapped the duvet around her once more before shifting to rest on her chest and face against the couch back.

'Is she acting?'

Miles couldn't help it, feeling a sense of déjà vu that she had purposely shown him a peek and turned the other way just to smile.

Focusing his eyes on her body to seek any subtle movement, he didn't sense anything out of the norm and recalled his imagination.

'She's truly asleep, it seems.'

Miles brushed off the earlier thrill of his imagination about getting lucky with Delaney.

Summoning the system's screen, he saw that her infatuation was only 40% at best, meaning she had strong impressions of him.

Resting his head and about to sleep for thirty minutes before the sun was fully up, the door opened with a click and Theo stepped inside rubbing his face as he gestured at him excitedly, but stopped after noticing Delaney on the couch nearby.

Seeing the former about to start a conversation, Miles shook his head—

"Gotta sleep, dude," he excused himself and laid down, while Theo exhaled to rein in his excitement.

"Damn."

A fucked look dawned on Theo and he sneakily climbed up the stairs, in haste to arrange the mess he made of the roof last night.

...It wasn't known how long had passed.

"Arrrrrrhhhhhhhhhh."

Delaney's loud yawn, uncaring of a lady's manners, made Miles' eyes shoot open and jolt up.

"Ehn?"

Shocked, he saw her stretching her limbs with eyes closed, a look of bliss on her face as she did.

"Arrrrrrhhhh."

Following one more loud shout, she smiled, satisfied, and stiffly placed her feet on the floor, then relaxed.

"Ahhhh. The reason I look forward to waking up every morning! Hoooh!"

She yelled, and opened her eyes to see Miles dumbly staring at her because her boobs were still out, and this time there were both of them.

"Hey." She smiled, but didn't expect the next moment for Miles to point his finger at her chest. Then she followed it.

Her eyes widened and she retraced her gaze to glance at his face, then instantly glanced back at her tits.

"Crap!"

Experiencing disbelief and shock, she instantly lowered her shirt, forcing it down to her waist, and heaved with her head lowered.

There was silence in the air afterwards, and Miles raised his two hands in the air, declaring it wasn't his fault for what he saw.

Now only her poking nipples, which seemed hard and erect, were noticeable through the fabric.

"You, what did you see?" Delaney raised her voice slightly, trying not to act awkward as she pointed her fingers at him.

"Nothing," Miles said, seeming unperturbed by what just happened and leaving Delaney a bit stunned by it.

However, she quickly nodded.

"Good. You saw nothing and know nothing, okay? You better not let the word of this get out."

Miles nodded. "It's okay, Delaney. I'm good at keeping secrets."

Hearing his words, she heaved a sigh of relief and said nothing more.

"Simon?!"

Her shout reverberated through the house, waking those who were still embracing each other.

Upstairs, in his room, Simon squinted his eyes as he quickly rubbed them and exhaled.

Beside him, Amelia, in just her undies, was also alerted by the shout and quickly glanced around the room in confusion.

"Where am I?" she muttered, but upon sensing the movement beside her, she tilted and saw Simon. Memories of last night flooded in.

"Sorry, babe. I'm coming." Simon kissed her lips and headed down.

A similar scene was happening in the next room, but the two were both shy and quickly got dressed.

—

'Fuck. It's 10 a.m.?'

Glancing at the time on his phone screen, Miles was surprised, thinking a planned thirty-minute nap had unknowingly lasted four hours.

Swiping up the home screen, he searched for online car purchases right away.

Just then, a series of footsteps came from the stairs and five figures descended from it: Simon, Amelia, Theo, Oliver, and Emily.

Despite having done all they could to look moderate, the ordeals of last night were still visible on their faces.

"Oh, girls, I hope you weren't mistreated."

Sighting the girls, Delaney smiled and teased them into blushing.

Emily and Amelia nodded with flushed cheeks, too shy to speak in these circumstances.

"That's nice. You don't mind lending him to me, right?" Already pulling Simon to the side, she said, and Amelia nodded.

Sensing the hidden meaning in Delaney's words, Oliver stepped in with a nervous laugh.

"Let's go ahead," he said twice, and the two girls nodded.

"I'll drive," Theo interrupted and proposed to join, while avoiding guilty eye contact with Delaney.

"Okay."

Soon, it was three people left in the house.

"Scoundrel."

The moment they left, Delaney tugged Simon's ears and the latter squealed like a pig.

"Arrrrhhhhh."

After a moment, Delaney let go, seemingly powerless as she picked up her phone.

"You three are going to clean up the mess you made. The whole house must be cleaned up today without a single dirty spot left. Including the trash."

Simon nodded, unable to refute, while rubbing his red ears. "Okay, okay. I've heard you."

"Good. Stop by the mall and get the stuff from the list I just sent you. I've sent you some money," Delaney ordered, and Simon nodded after winking at Miles, who hadn't been included.

Minutes later, the house was mostly empty with just two people within.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 168: Home Alone with Delaney 1[1,511 words]

"Good. Stop by the mall and get the stuff from the list I just sent you. I've sent you some money," Delaney ordered, and Simon nodded after winking at Miles, who hadn't been included.

Minutes later, the house was mostly empty with just two people within

After Simon and the other four left, it was just Miles and Delaney at home.

Neither exchanged a word as Delaney slipped her hand beneath the couch and casually brought up a laptop. She inserted her hand at the corner and almost magically pulled out a pair of computer glasses to put on.

She placed it on the small table where she had been resting her leg as her expression turned serious.

To the side, Miles noticed the change in her temperament and was amused. Lowering his head, he resumed operating the phone in his hand, making a purchase of over three thousand dollars in a couple of minutes like it was nothing. And this was to purchase a new car for Hannah, the latest model similar to the previous one, a Lamborghini Urus.

Having finished signing the e-document, Miles got up and headed into the kitchen.

With Simon's parents away, this was within his temporarily acquired right over the years.

It wasn't long after that the sizzling sound filled the kitchen and a savory aroma wafted through the air.

Bringing out a couple of slices of bread, Miles divided the scrambled eggs into two dishes and also made a small cup of tea.

Thinking about how he wasn't allowed to cook at home but could here, Miles carried the plate and cup over.

When he stepped within sight, Delaney, whose eyes were glued to the screen of her pc, with an ear pod piece in one ear, appeared momentarily startled and quickly moved her fingers across the keyboard to hide the screen.

Of course, Miles couldn't see her screen and didn't take the suspicious action seriously.

"Where should I put this?"

He nudged his hands which carried the ceramic serving plate to catch her attention, which had drifted.

"Oh Miles, have I ever told you how handsome you are and how your future wife would be so lucky to have you."

'*wives.'

Though he thought to correct the little error in her attempt to flatter him, he smiled back at her.

"Indeed, they'll be lucky to have much more," he responded, seeing Delaney clueless about the intent behind his words as he moved the pc from the table.

"Don't be presumptuous," Delaney smiled, using her thighs to ease the sensation between her legs.

"We'll see."

Miles didn't think much of it, and turned to leave after dropping off breakfast.

Back in the kitchen, he leaned against the counter as he texted Chloe while sipping a cup of tea with a plate of scrambled eggs and bread before him.

(How was your night Princess...)

The chat went on, and due to this, Miles spent about ten minutes just to clear the dish before him.

Stretching his limbs as he prepared to get busy with cleaning the guest room, he walked into the living room and saw an empty couch, a half-eaten dish, and a folded laptop.

"Ehn? Where did she go?"

Muttering to himself, he didn't think much of it and walked towards the guest room which was located downstairs, not upstairs. This way guests wouldn't be able to reach the private quarters.

'It's been a while since I tidied up.'

With this thought, Miles opened the door of the guest room and entered only to freeze the next instant.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Hmmmmmm! Hmmmmmm! Ahhhhhhhh!"

Heart-stirring moans that awoke his desires and made his blood boil filled the room.

Miles stood in shock, trying to comprehend what was happening and the source of the sound.

One second... two seconds...

The moans didn't stop; instead, it became more erotic. Slow, broken, deliberate, extended, a lullaby that no man would ever dislike.

Miles' breath hitched and the sleeping dragon abruptly woke with a twitch.

'Delaney?'

The name resounded in his head as he slowly turned his head towards the bathroom, the door was half-opened. From where he stood, he saw a peek—two legs, one rested on the shower glass and the other hung in the air. The distance between them was extreme.

Looking closely, both legs were unsteady, shaking as her moans became more intense.

This was the only view he could see; half of her thigh and the rest of her upper body had been excluded by the door frame, but he could very much tell what was going on in there.

'Fuck!'

Miles cursed inwardly, his breathing becoming heavy the longer he heard.

Lowering his head, he saw that a big tent had formed in his pants. Without underwear, there was no way to hide it.

'Should I?'

Miles hesitated, which was rare.

And there were two reasons for this: one, Simon had speculated once that Delaney might be gay, in other words, a lesbian. Growing up, she had never been seen with a boy despite her looks. The constant girls' hangouts had given Simon a clue, guessing it was the reason she was so cool with them.

Two, she was Simon's older sister, one of his best friends.

That was against the bro code.

'Not exactly, the bro code is not to have thoughts about the younger sisters, and not talk bad about the big ones. Nothing about fucking the big sisters. Well, whatever, fuck the bro code.'

Still, Miles felt complicated on if he should act.

Zzzzz! Zzzzz! Zzzzz!

Just then, the distinct buzz of his phone caused the moans to disappear and the room to fall into a strange silence.

'Damn.'

Miles similarly froze and raised his hand to see the caller's ID.

(Big Simon.)

'Is this some kind of divine message?'

Miles thought, feeling it was too much of a coincidence.

After staring at it for a moment, he accepted the call and Simon's voice came through.

"Hey bro. Can't reach Delaney, her phone seems to be on dnd. Help me tell her we'll take a little bit of time. Tell her we encountered heavy traffic."

Obviously it was a lie, but Miles still nodded, having tapped on the loudspeaker an instant ago.

"Sure, I got you."

He replied.

"Thank you." Simon abruptly ended the call and the room fell into deep silence once more.

A moment later, there was a bit of rustling movement from the bathroom and then the gushing of water, hands being washed.

Miles stood still, patiently waiting as the door was pushed in a full swing.

It was Delaney, she stepped out. Wearing the same top as earlier with several wet spots on it. It was raised up, just above her belly, this time making Miles notice she had a piercing on her bellybutton.

'Hot.'

Miles thought before his eyes flickered up at her hard, erect, poking nipples and down to her exposed long legs.

It was the same underwear, a hipster with several wet spots on it.

Delaney stared at him, her expression unreadable.

'He looks calm. Did he hear everything? I can't tell from his facial expression but he must have been here for a while. I didn't notice him enter due to how loud I was. What should I do... what should I do... I need a way out—'

Although she didn't show it, Delaney was a little worried and embarrassed about Miles hearing her moan, but the next moment, her eyes lowered down and zoomed in like an antenna that had caught a crucial signal. The air traversing her lungs froze as she saw the huge tent without a proper outline of the weapon within.

"Look, I just wanted to clean this place up. I didn't hear anything—"

Miles spoke calmly with great composure instead of stuttering and blushing like any other youth would, but Delaney cut him off.

"You didn't hear anything you say?"

She slowly and seductively stepped forward. The daring thought of seeing, no, touching her little brother's friend's dick took deep root within her.

Her lust, which had forcefully been quenched, began to rekindle at great speed and greater strength. Her eyes shone as she smiled, lowering her gaze to gauge the size of what could possibly be inside.

'He's definitely going to be very big,' she thought as Miles stood on the spot, dropping the pretense to leave the room.

"You are such a bad liar, Miles. What is that? Or rather what is this?— ahhh."

Delaney's voice passed off in a slutty tone, crossing the distance between them as she grabbed the tent but yelped the next moment. Instantly letting go in utter shock, her gaze lowered down.

She wanted to ask if he had put a metal rod in there to trick her, which would have totally embarrassed her, but she stared down at it, her thoughts held, and she swallowed back her saliva when she noticed the thing move like it had life within.

"You... how can you have such a big dick?"

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 169: Home Alone With Delaney 2[1,009 words]

"You... how can you have such a big dick?"

Her voice sounded shocked, tinged with disbelief as the sensation from their brief contact imprinted into her subconsciousness.

"Donno."

Miles responded with a simple shrug as he glanced down at the pitched tent, then redirected his gaze back to the speechless Delaney.

She stared at him with a heated gaze, swallowing her saliva as she glanced down.

A moment later she recovered and the previous smile found its way to her lips once more, her thoughts cleared and a brilliant light shone in her eyes.

"Say Miles, you got so hard listening to me didn't you?" she asked, reaching her hand to grab hold of his cock inside his short pants and stared into his eyes.

"Yes. Hmmm."

Miles replied, inhaling a deep breath at the bliss her grip over him brought.

"You wouldn't mind if I took responsibility for my actions and sucked you off right?"

She whispered, slipping her other hand into his shorts to grab the dry seething rod that pulsed with life, bobbing slightly in the comfort her palm brought holding it.

'Feels like porn script.'

Understanding Delaney's smutty intentions, he played along.

"Hmm, Delaney, you've always been like a big sister to me. I don't think this is right. You're my best friend's sister."

Quickly catching on, Delaney threw away her surprises and slipped her other hand inside his shorts, massaging his balls slowly as she moved her body closer, her breath itching as their lips were just an inch away. Yet Miles' eyes were unchanging.

"I know right. But big sister is ovulating. You can't blame me for seeing your big cock, after all you're the one who walked in on me while I was doing some girly stuff. Let this be our small little craft, fucking your best friend's older sister."

She spoke hastily, a bit impatient as she pulled down his pants and leaned forward for a kiss.

"Simon and the rest won't be coming back anytime soon."

Smooch! Smooch! "Ahhhhhhh. Hmmmmm."

Letting out one last reminder, Miles immediately grabbed Delaney's ass and closed the inch between them.

Smooch! Smooch!

Their lips entangled into a fierce heated fight with unprecedented aggression.

Moaning at how firmly and roughly he grabbed her ass, Delaney didn't dare slack off and hooked one arm around his neck while stroking his cock.

Smooch! Bang.

Smoooch! Bang. "Ahhh!"

Slamming her hard against the wall, Delaney acted like a wild beast and hooked her legs around him, then used the momentum to slam him against the wall.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

The next moment Miles freed his hands from her ass and groped her boobs, firmly cupping both supple medium-sized breasts in his hands as he broke their kiss and swiftly advanced toward her neck as he ducked like a vampire.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Delaney gasped erotically, jolted because that was a weak point.

Unwilling to fall, Delaney let go of his cock and wrapped both hands around his neck, forcing a heated kiss once again, gaining the advantage.

Ahhhhhhh!

Delaney moaned from the shock as Miles briefly activated Blissful Hands.

"Hmmmmmm!"

Afterwards they took turns slamming each other against the walls.

Meanwhile, far away, Simon, Theo and Oliver were totally oblivious to what was happening as they entered the mall with their companions, intending to go for a bit of shopping.

Back at home.

"Ahhhhh."

Smooch!

An erotic moan filled the room as Miles bit Delaney's neck and sucked on it while grabbing her ass.

"Hmm, we can't do this all day can we? So let's quickly get down to it before they come back."

Delaney said, tying her hair into a ponytail as Miles' hands kissed her neck and touched every part of her body.

Pulling away as he felt content with biting her delicate neck, he let go of her ass and admired her mouthwatering, fair supple tits, yet to be blessed by his mouth and teeth, barely holding himself from leaning to suck them.

In their heated aggressive kiss which was very unexpected, they both took off each other's clothes and were now standing nude.

After regaining a bit of their sanity, Delaney finished securing her hair.

"Hmmmm. Now this is what we call a cock."

Stroking his cock as she finished tying her hair, Delaney promptly went on both knees, nude, and popped his cock inside her mouth.

"Hmmmm."

She hummed with half of his cock inside her mouth, savoring the taste of it and also testing the thickness of its girth.

"Argh."

Miles groaned as the feeling of her slippery wet tongue with saliva snaked around the girth, her tongue wrapping around him with a bit of suction force.

Slurp!

She sucked hard and it let out a pop sound.

Stroking him down to the base, she held it and withdrew her head, shaking it briefly like a wave and licking the glans then the girth.

"Arggh."

Miles groaned again, inwardly marveling at how she used her tongue and lips to the extent to trigger him without taking him deep down her throat. He didn't have time to marvel for long because the next moment, his hands instinctively grabbed her by the hair as she lowered and swallowed his balls, using her tongue to softly massage them before popping them back out.

Delaney glanced up at his ecstasied expression.

Slurp!

"Although I'm not a bitch, I'm quite good at sucking plastic dicks."

She slowly coated his cock with a stroke, lubricating it with her saliva, smiling as a trail of his precum drooled down her lips.

Holding her head while she held his dick in place, Miles inhaled softly and spoke.

"So it's true, you're a lesbian."

Still stroking him, Delaney briefly sucked the tip and withdrew with a pop sound.

"Oh, how did you know?"

She asked, intrigued and licking his girth to tease him.

"Hmmm, it wasn't hard to guess. No boys."

She smiled and popped his cock like a toothbrush, then leaned back to catch her breath with her other hand rubbing his ball sack.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 170: Home Alone With Delaney 3[1,016 words]

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She asked, intrigued and licking his girth to tease him.

"Hmmm, it wasn't hard to guess. No boys."

She smiled and popped his cock like a toothbrush, then leaned back to catch her breath with her other hand rubbing his ballsack.

"Oh, about that. A man once tried to assault me when I was 12, so I kinda stabbed his dick. One of my little secrets, only my parents knew. Isn't it intriguing though, your dick is the realest I have held in years. Even if I don't like boys, I would be a fool to let this opportunity pass by."

Whilst hearing the part where she stabbed someone's dick, Miles was momentarily stunned and intrigued. However, Delaney mistook the subtle change in his expression.

"...are you scared?"

She spat her saliva on his shaft, using her tongue to lick it up while staring up at him as her grip on his shaft tightened slightly.

"Argh."

Miles groaned, closing his eyes briefly and opening them.

"Scared?" He replied, moving his waist to guide her tongue. "Far from that, I'm thinking of making you my personal cock sucker. Enlightening you on the right path."

Hearing his words, Delaney didn't feel insulted but rather strangely piqued. Her eyes stared at him with interest and she increased the pace at which she stroked his monstrous cock with a quick dip in her mouth.

"How audacious. How come I never saw this side of you. Your best friend's older sister, your cock sucker."

She smiled slutty, sucking him like a popsicle before speaking again.

Slurp!

"What happened to 'bro code.' Does that mean you don't mind fucking your best friend's mother?"

Saying this, her eyes squinted as she monitored his expression while flaunting his precum on her tongue.

Miles didn't mind, nor did he care. He groaned, enjoying the interaction while she gave him a blowjob.

"Mmmm. I would, but unfortunately that's the bottom line respect I have for them. Unless they make me their enemy." His thoughts flickered to how he fucked Daniel's mom; the last time he checked, her infatuation was around 99%. A night before, he had also fucked his own stepmother like a whore, cumming in her asshole, so there were only three women he wouldn't go after.

"Oh, but trust me. If roles were reversed right now, I'm sure they wouldn't reject the invitation to fuck my sisters too. But unfortunately that isn't possible," Miles added.

"How confident. But let me tell you, the heart of a woman is a complicated web of desires. You wouldn't know, just like I'm sucking your cock just now."

Miles nodded without taking her words seriously due to the system's infatuation panel.

Slurp!

Delaney sucked his balls so good that he had to clench his teeth.

After a minute or so, she released it to catch her breath while staring at him.

"Tell me Miles, have you ever had the thoughts of fucking me before now?"

Asking this, her eyes were a mix of curiosity and expectation.

"Not really, at least until last night," Miles simply responded, honest to the core with no attempt to fawn.

Unexpectedly, Delaney didn't seem surprised and leaned down to suck him.

Slurp!

This time she held nothing back and swallowed him whole down to the base, a bulge protruding around her neck, her face flushed with suffocated slurp as she bobbed her head.

"Fuck."

Miles cursed, grabbed her head with both hands, and began to mouthfuck her.

Stunned by the sudden development, Delaney choked, feeling his cock roughly traverse her mouth down to her throat with consecutive thrusts.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

The wet sound as he pushed past her lips echoed.

"Hmmmmm."

Feeling Delaney's quick tap hitting his waist with her eyes widened, Miles instantly pulled out his cock from her mouth.

"Ahhhhhh!"

She gasped loudly, breath tinged with heavy lust as she stared at the ceiling, a bit dazed by the sensation of his brutal mouthfuck.

Eventually, she was able to speak again with Miles's cock pointing right at her face, ready to dive back in.

"Damn it, fuck me."

Delaney got off her feet and proceeded to impatiently position herself on the edge of the scattered, unkempt bed, which she didn't mind.

On her knees, on all fours, she revealed the dripping slit between her legs to Miles, using her finger to make a come-here gesture in a provocative and seductive manner.

A bit stunned, Miles was a moment late to act and Delaney used the opportunity to bruise his ego.

"Wait, don't tell me you are shy now, are you?"

She smiled, seeing his face turn grim as he covered the distance between them and smacked her ass with powerful force.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Delaney hissed out loud, feeling her ass scarred by the pain as a wave of slutty ecstasy traversed her core.

Smack!

Miles slapped her other ass cheek, causing another sharp hiss to erupt as he flicked his dick and brought it towards her dripping pussy lips while holding her waist in place.

"Fuck me already!—"

Delaney cursed out loud, but the next moment her voice halted and her eyes inevitably rolled back.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!" She gasped, feeling a jolt of pleasure through her.

However, just as her pussy expanded to accommodate his size, Miles pulled out and slipped the tip between her folds.

"Beg for it," he whispered.

"Please fuck me."

Delaney begged, reaching her hand to grab his cock by herself in order to put it in, but Miles quickly grabbed her hand and folded it behind her back.

He hijacked her other hand which served as support and made her crash face-first into the bed, locking both of her hands, then thrust in.