

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 171: Home Alone With Delaney Final[1,431 words]

Chapter 171 Home Alone With Delaney Final

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."

Delaney smiled before popping him back inside her mouth.

This time she went deep in one gulp.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Delaney moaned out loud, reaching a high pitch as she felt his cock thrusting deep inside her wet pussy, against the clench and burying nine inches with girth half the size of her wrist inside her.

It directly entered her womb, almost shifting it. Her G-spot was hit as she jolted forward against the bed.

Silence drowned the room an instant later.

Resting on her chin, Delaney stared dazedly at the sheets in a black-out state as her body tried to cope with the overwhelming pleasure dealt by Miles in an instant.

Having never experienced something like this before, she was submerged in a whole new realm, a sea of bliss and clouds of ecstasy, cloud 9.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The next moment it was like the roar of a lioness in heat. She exhaled, her moan reverberating through the house as she collapsed on her knees. Then her pussy clenched tight with so much suctioning force that Miles had to take a deep breath in order to endure.

Like a slingshot let go after a long deliberate pull, the tight clench of her pussy vanished and then came the swift gush of her nectar flooding her pussy.

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

Delaney took an equally long deep breath with eyes rolled back as she suffocated herself.

"Damn."

Miles cursed, having never seen a woman cum that much. He stared at the dripping fluid on the sheets and grinned afterwards.

"Seems your pussy has been craving a good cock after all."

He added, knowing she couldn't reply with her face stuffed in the dirty sheets, and pulled her hands like a horse, lifting her up with his cock buried inside her.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

The collision as he pounded her resounded through the room.

Delaney was like a lifeless hog in his hands, swaying and jolting under his rhythm without being able to do something as basic as a moan.

Her earlier teasing and confident demeanor no longer existed, submerged in the depth of bliss and pleasure that was never-ending.

"Argh. Fuck! Your pussy is so good."

Due to the fact that her pussy became loose, though squirming from time to time, with his big size and her orgasm, the pleasure when he slipped back and forth was multiplied.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

Every thrust was brutal and Miles made sure he reached her womb before pulling back.

Whilst, Delaney remained blank from the over layer being added with Miles's thrusts.

The pain of being suspended in the air from her shoulders, the feeling of his cock, the slam created when he pounded, and the jiggling of her tits afterwards. Even his words, she could feel every one of it to the extreme, as if in a trance.

But she couldn't control her body; the only thing she could do was the desperate attempt to suck in oxygen and the sound she let out was similar to a whistle.

No longer feeling content with pounding her like this, Miles switched. Rolling her over, he picked up her legs, placing them over his shoulders.

Staring at her boobs, he grinned at her dazed expression and thrust his cock inside her, watching her boobs quake with his rhythm, and groaned, raising his head towards the ceiling as he came minutes later.

"Arggh."

'Deactivate Paradise Embrace.'

With a thought, he withdrew the ability that locked Delaney in a dazed state.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Her trembling moan on the extreme of almost infinite pleasure filled the air once more and a tide of orgasm came gushing out.

Delaney arched her back up, her widened eyes closed shut as she dug her fingers into the sheets, grabbing the thick fabric like her life depended on it.

'Crap!'

The next moment a stream of colorless liquid streaked up, splashing his chest.

"Fuuuuucckkk! This is so great!"

Delaney shouted, opening her eyes with a wild and intoxicated smile on her face.

Grinning, Miles laid by her side and began rubbing her slit. And as expected, Delaney took in a sudden sharp breath.

"Fuck!"

She finally managed to say.

Miles let go and watched her squirt splash on the floor till it receded.

"Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm."

Heaving erotically, Delaney weakly turned her head towards him, her eyes shining with a brilliant glint like he was an alien specimen.

For a moment, she said nothing, seemingly searching for something in his eyes before giving up.

"You... that was honestly great," she said, chest still moving in high and low rhythm.

"The best fuck, right?"

Miles didn't shy away and grinned as he sat up a bit, resting on his left arm.

Delaney smiled and nodded with a happy smile.

"Yes. If I experienced something like this earlier, perhaps I wouldn't despise your gender for one man's evil."

She said with a melancholic hint, her face flushed with vitality.

"You still have a choice. Be mine."

Not to brag, it's not like there is a better cock than mine out there."

Delaney laughed at his words and turned to him with the little bit of strength she had regained.

"Are you asking me out? You know I'm quite older than you, right?"

She teased, grabbing his hand and placing it on her ass to express her response.

"Age? Trust me, you ain't the oldest I have gotten my way with. Also I'm not asking you out as per se, I already have a girlfriend," Miles said, groping her ass and rubbing her thighs.

"Oh really?"

"You wanna bet?"

"No, I don't know why but I kinda believe you won't lie about such things. Though I'm curious, who is the oldest you've fucked?"

At this Miles laughed and kissed her.

Smooch! Smooch!

They were locked in a passionate kiss for a few seconds before pulling away.

"In their forties, don't worry, you'll get to see them someday."

His response stunned Delaney.

Opening her mouth to say something, she held back and smiled.

"So are you planning to build a harem or something with all those women who you claim to be yours?"

"Yes."

Miles nodded with a portfolio grin.

"I like your guts. But then again, you managed to convince me. With your cock alone it would be hard for a woman to resist you after tasting it once. To be honest I feel like a fool trying to tease you earlier."

"Hehehe. No surprise, come over here."

Pulling Delaney above him, he made her lean down and began to suck her boobs.

Smoooch! Smooch! Smooch!

"Hmmmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmmm."

Delaney gripped his half-limp brother and hummed as the bliss of his tongue around her nipples made her wet again.

They did this for about four minutes before deciding to cuddle.

However, a minute in silence and the two's eyes almost widened in sync.

"Fuck." "Crap."

Exchanging a look of understanding.

"They are probably on their way now."

"This room is a mess."

"Well, we better get to it or Simon might pass out and hate me for the rest of his life. Poor boy."

"Are you really his best friend?"

Delaney asked doubtfully with a funny shake of her head.

"It depends actually."

Following that, both figures walked across the room, nudely interacting as they hid the scene of the deed done.

"Well, it seems we still have some time together. Why don't we take that bath you wanted earlier?"

"Ahhhh. How are you so strong?"

Lifted in his embrace, Delaney couldn't help but gasp.

"Gym."

Miles let out one word and carried her into the bathroom.

In the span of five minutes they were both done with scrubbing each other.

Under the stream of the shower, Delaney leaned on his chest, her hand stroking his limp dick as it slowly recovered rigidity.

"I can feel my inside hitch just from touching it alone. You were quite aggressive," she said.

"Hehehe and you were almost like a free-use doll. Receiving every thrust like it's nothing."

"It wasn't my fault. I fell into some kind of trance."

"Oh really?"

"Yes. Let's get quick with one more round before my brother and the rest come back."

"Go on."

Under the steaming shower, Delaney went on her knees and popped his cock inside her mouth.

Slurp! Slurp!

There was no prelude as she sucked, going deep with the first bop of her head.

She sucked and stroked him in a fast-paced manner.

"Argggh."

Groaning, Miles pulled her up and pressed her against the wall for a quickie.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!"

Not long after, the sound of thrusting and her moan eclipsed.

Walking out of the bathroom with Miles's cum inside her, Delaney picked up her clothes and wore them.

"Hello! We are back!"

Just then Simon's voice came from the living room and Miles, having just put on his clothes, froze.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 172: Naughty Girl[1,512 words]

"Argggh."

Groaning, Miles pulled her up and pressed her against the wall for a quickie.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!"

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Walking out of the bathroom with Miles's cum inside her, Delaney picked up her clothes and wore them.

"Hello! We are back."

In an instant Miles' brain worked at an exceeding 100%.

"Come." He pulled her arm towards the bathroom and Delaney almost crashed on the floor a bit but fortunately reacted and hastily walked behind him.

Miles took one glance at Delaney, noting the fact that they both had wet hair.

"Step back a bit."

He said, his voice low as the movement outside the door got closer.

With a pull with his strength he broke off the pipe head and a jet of water shot towards him.

Miles didn't try to dodge, letting the water hit him and splash on Delaney who was by his side.

"Fuck!"

Dazed by how he broke off the tap with a jolt of his arm, Delaney cursed when she felt the water splash on her, wetting the lower part of her shirt down to her pants.

Hearing the sudden curse word, Simon and the rest dashed towards the guest room.

"Quick, say it again. Act."

Delaney froze, recalling the severity of their current situation and did as told.

"Fuck— fuck. It splashed on me. Fuck."

She muttered repeatedly

The next moment Simon, Theo and Oliver rushed in.

At the sight of water rapidly spreading across the room, their minds didn't bother to take in the subtle details that seemed off and shifted their eyes towards Delaney who was cursing at her wet clothes while trying to avoid the water.

"Crap! You guys are back. Quick lend me a hand and grab a pipe wrench."

Before they could dilute the situation, Miles' voice came through, hurrying them to act and making them seem like a dumb bunch.

They tilted their heads in his direction and saw him drenched as he tried to block the rushing water from the pipe with his hand.

"Hurry Simon."

Theo shouted, shaking Simon's shoulder.

"What happened?"

Oliver rushed forward, stepping into the bathroom a moment later, squinting his eyes as the water sprayed on him.

After Oliver joined hands to block some of the gushing water, Miles acted relieved and finally spoke.

"I just planned to wash my face and turned on the tap before it went beserk. Look, the tap broke up. Delaney wasn't helping either when I called her for help, I'm so glad you guys are here."

To the side, receiving a stray bullet, Delaney hid her speechlessness at his Oscar-worthy performance and used an excuse to leave the room.

"Shit! Did the pipeline overload or something?"

Staring at the rapidly gushing water still spreading its reach, Theo said, feeling a bit amazed.

"Don't just stand there, dumbass. Try to grab a bucket or something."

Oliver cursed at Theo.

"This is the wrench. I got it."

Just then, Simon sped through the door, breathing heavily like he just ran a marathon as he handed it to Miles.

"Shit. Is that a shutoff valve?"

Theo said, noticing the main water valve at a corner of the bathroom.

"Crap. Quick, turn it off."

Oliver was the closest to it so he leaned backward and turned it off.

"Damn."

The four boys revealed an expression of relief as the gushing water stopped.

Totally soaked, Miles and Oliver sat still to catch their breath.

"What a relief. But we have to clean this off."

"I need to change my clothes first."

"Miles, you too. C'mon, we bought your favorite. Shorts and a tank top."

"Hehehe."

Exchanging a small laugh, the four quickly got to cleaning the room by first extracting the water.

It didn't take long under their combined efforts to put everything in place while Miles carried the sheets to the washing machine, not willing to take a risk.

After that, they didn't yet have their baths; instead, they helped each other till the rooms were cleaned and evidence of last night taken to the washer to be erased.

While at it, they each threw a jab, leaving a comment on what happened last night. Though there wasn't detail, everyone understood the need to not talk down on their woman, except for Theo. Not taking the three girls seriously.

When asked how he did it, Miles said he called in a favor, not revealing the fact he blackmailed them.

After they were done, they headed downstairs.

"Hey boys."

Whilst Delaney had dressed into something proper, a simple floral gown, even wearing a bra underneath to hide her nipples. Unbeknownst to the other three, she threw a secret wink at Miles while sipping the coffee mug.

"Let's cook."

Simon suggested enthusiastically.

As an only child in the absence of Delaney, he had learned to do a lot for himself with his parents often not around. So amongst the four, he had the best expertise in the cooking aspect.

Soon an hour passed.

The house was lively as what seemed like a magic concoction at some point turned out to be very good.

"Hmmmmmmm, yummy."

Scooping a spoonful of the clam chowder soup, Delaney raised them a thumb and nodded approvingly.

"Chef Simon."

The boys praised, knowing it would have been a disaster otherwise before each scooped down on their bowls.

When they were done, Delaney excused herself to her room, exiting the living room for them or more like she wanted somewhere private to do something.

Well, no one even thought about it except for Miles who followed the movement of her ass beneath the gown she wore. Imagining how it would feel to lift up the fabric and fuck her.

Then Theo, Oliver and Simon brought out a gaming console which they just bought from the mall, another reason they went there.

Well, they intended to surprise Miles and Miles acted his part so well that they believed he was surprised. After all, wasn't having a console a normal thing?

But he realized these were a bunch of bookworms and it was their first time having a game console.

Plugging it in, hours slowly passed till it was evening.

Ordering pizza to ease their growling stomachs, they continued gaming.

After dominating them for quite some time, Miles purposely lost a match, intending to excuse himself when he saw Delaney just coming out from her room.

'Hehehe.'

He laughed inwardly at her oblivious figure, slowing down his steps.

A second later, Delaney closed the door behind her, a little surprised as she saw him, then a small smile crossed her lips as she walked forward.

"Come here."

When she reached him, he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer to him.

"Hmm."

A soft, almost inaudible moan sounded as he kissed her lips, while groping her ass through the gown.

Smooch.

"Please go easy, I don't wanna get caught."

Delaney whispered as she broke the kiss.

Fortunately, the large TV down was at its highest volume so the little smooch sound went unnoticed.

"Did I say you could go?"

Pulling Delaney back into his embrace, he locked his arms around her this time and pressed his lips against hers.

Delaney struggled at first but gave in the next moment.

So while the rest were gaming, they locked into a slow, fiery kiss. Breathing into each other's mouths and constantly clashing their tongues.

Groping her ass all through the ordeal with her boobs pressed against him, Miles got hard.

Feeling the pressing bulge against her belly, Delaney withdrew and smiled at his face. First craning her neck to glance down at Simon and co, then grabbed both of his hands that were groping her ass with a low chuckle.

"You're such a sneaky freak. I love that."

She said, her voice lowered as she craned to glance down once more.

"Oh really?"

Miles responded in the same pitch then leaned closer, his teeth nibbling her earlobe, whispering...

"Then how will you feel to be fucked right next to your brother?"

Delaney's expression froze and the next moment Miles let go of her ass and directed her to position against the wall.

"Fuck, this is so wrong but turning me on." She whispered, arching out her ass and lowered her waist a bit.

"You don't have to thank me."

Miles replied and unveiled her ass by simply raising up the gown.

'Naughty girl. No panties huh?'

Miles grinned as he saw her pinkish wet inside.

"One had to go."

Delaney shook her ass, hinting that she did it just for him.

"Good girl."

Then while his best friends were playing the game, he covered Delaney's mouth with his left hand and used the other to slowly guide his cock inside her pussy. Feeling the wet tight clench squeezing the dry rod, he subconsciously held his breath to hold back his groan and slid in till he was entrenched deep inside her.

In order not to moan out loud, Delaney bit his hand.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 173:

Sneaky Night[1,007 words]

After the absolutely thrilling sexescapade with Delaney near the stairs and a meter away from being able to see those below, Miles was all smiles as he returned to the group while Delaney who had come down a minute earlier was in the kitchen, eating from a box of pizza with his cum inside her.

The boys remained oblivious as she secretly winked at him with a naughty daring smile across her lips.

Late in the night, with the dull moonlight spilling through the window and casting a tranquil glow across the room, Miles' eyes shut open.

Making sure Oliver was still sound asleep, Miles stealthily slipped out of the room, closing the door behind him with an almost inaudible click.

Standing at the corridor, he let out a sigh of relief and moved stealthily, climbing up the stairs without leaving a footstep behind.

To avoid sucking on each other's dick while asleep, a concise decision was made to stay in two separated rooms with a rock paper scissors between who would take the guest room stationed down and Simon's room which was up. Miles ended up with Oliver in the guest room, explaining the reason why he was going up the stairs.

Moving forward, he harbored the thought of checking if Simon and Theo were still awake but quickly discarded the thought, unwilling to stir up a sleeping variable.

He walked past the door and arrived at Delaney's.

Giving the corridor one last surreptitious look, he covertly knocked on the door.

Knock.

He planned to wait patiently or try a couple of times but the next moment, the door gave an anticipating click and was pulled open to reveal Delaney in a long white bathrobe.

Before he could immerse in his surprise, she grabbed his hand and pulled him in. Gently closing the door and made sure it was locked before glancing back at him, savoring his speechless expression to her delight.

Her voice was low as she spoke,

"I could tell you were getting hard staring at me while I ate that pizza in the kitchen . Fucking me hard huh? I trust your imagination. So don't be surprised that I anticipated this move and I have been waiting for you. Hmmmm."

She seductively closed the distance between them, and he grabbed her ass right after she finished the statement, causing her to take a deep breath.

"And yet you always tease us as nerds. Genius runs in the family."

Miles whispered, grabbing both portions of her ass in a tight squeeze, and a little bit surprised that she was wearing a bra beneath the robe through the hard feel of it pressed against him.

"Hmmmmmm. Hmmmm. Hmmmmmm."

Delaney moaned heatedly with each firm squeeze.

One seventeen year old youth and a 25 year old lady in her prime, having just graduated from college.

At this moment, none of that mattered as they both felt each in private places.

Letting go of his dick which she had been stroking through his pants, Delaney craned back a little to avoid his insistent kissing, saving her neck from his bites and pulled his hands from her ass while trying not to moan.

"Okay. Okay. Don't make me loud and calm your restless hands." Saying this, she held his hands from her body with a roll of her eyes.

"Talking about restless hands after stroking it up."

He signaled at his erect cock with a grin.

"Didn't you like it?"

She rebutted, her voice low and making the circumstances much thrilling.

"Are you—"

"I have a little surprise for you."

She cut him off and took a wide step backward.

"A surprise?"

Miles stopped, his expression appearing to be piqued.

"Yeah. Close your eyes for five seconds and open them."

She said teasingly and Miles swiftly did as told.

'One, two... five.'

He opened his eyes and at this moment the light had been turned on with a red color.

Standing before him, Delaney was clad in a sexy red floral lingerie set.

Granting an ample view of her chest, belly and long legs in a seductive manner.

The thin choker collar on her neck didn't go unnoticed either, spiking Miles' desire.

"Hehehe. Easy there, you'll have to let me take charge this time."

Promptly waving her fingers to stop him. Feeling the surging heat within him increase another fold, his breath pace hitched and he agreed.

"Okay good, good, take three steps towards the bed and lay on it with your face up. Hands spread out. Don't try to take over."

"Okay."

Miles nodded and laid down on the bed.

"Yeah, good—"

She wanted to tease him but recalled his previous reaction when she called him a good boy and how hard he fucked her.

So Delaney walked closer and easily took down his pants, same with his shirt.

Staring at the huge dragon nodding upward, she marveled at it and slowly reached out her hand, wrapping her fingers around the girth with a firm choke, and slowly stroked it over and over again.

"MmmmmM."

Miles inhaled heavily at the sensation of her palm, jerking him while resisting the urge to end this torture by fucking her instead.

However, just when he was about to succumb to this thought, Delaney stopped and waved it a few times before straddling him.

Arching upward on her knees, she held his cock and slowly but eventually sat on it.

"HMMMMMMMMMM—"

She let out an extended moan, her eyelids trembling as she felt his cock slowly filling every inch of her pussy, to the brim.

Miles promptly reacted and reached his hand towards her mouth, stifling her moan.

"Ahhh—"

Feeling his hand over her mouth, Delaney suddenly lost balance and sat on his hips with his cock deep inside her from the sharp thrust.

Her eyes widened, temporarily freezing in place, as a jolt of pain and ecstasy coursed through her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm..."

Her stifled moan filled the room.

A moment later Miles finally relaxed and let go of her mouth.

"Arg."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 174: Sneaky Night 2[1,008 words]

, stifling her moan.

"Ahhh—"

Feeling his hand over her mouth, Delaney suddenly lost balance and sat on his hips with his cock deep inside her from the sharp thrust. Her eyes widened, temporarily freezing in place, as a jolt of pain and ecstasy coursed through her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm..."

Her stifled moan filled the room.

A moment later Miles finally relaxed and let go of her mouth.

"Arg."

At the same time he also couldn't help but let out a low groan as she ached upward, the wet squishy feeling of her pussy totally crushing him.

Seeing his ecstatic look, Delaney bit her lips and grunted. Placing her hands on his chest for proper support as she began to rock him.

Slowly and steadily, she would retract upward and then slip down. Trying desperately to keep it down as the thick girth of his cock stretched her to the limit. His length reaching deep inside her womb.

"Mmmmmmmmm. I can't take it any more."

She hummed in desperation, unable to bear the urge to scream at the top of her lungs.

"Come."

Sensing the tight clench of her pussy, Miles knew she was on the edge and grabbed the back of her neck, pressing her down, her lips crashing on his before she could scream.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Capturing her lips, she moaned, screaming in ecstasy down his throat with a hollow sensation.

Her walls clenched from the edges.

'Oh fuck!' Miles cursed in his mind, closing his eyes to endure the bliss and grabbed her tits with his free hand, squeezing and massaging them roughly.

Delaney's eyes rolled in ecstasy, her breath quivered before her pussy clenched around his cock, squeezing him tight and coming once more.

'Shit!'

Unable to take it any longer, Miles let go of her tits and quickly held her ass, pushing it down for her pussy to absorb every inch and began spamming shots deep inside her that more than flooded out.

"Mmmmmmm." Moaning in his mouth, Delaney arched her back and dug her fingers into his hair to ease the overwhelming pleasure.

'I came too early.'

Feeling thrilled by the situation, he saw the ten remaining drops of aphrodisiac and chose to use one.

Instantly, before Delaney could recover from the sensation of his cum leaking from her pussy, the shrinking thing inside her quickly grew large and thick, refilling her cum-filled dripping pussy.

'This... oh my goodness. I feel so fucking good. Hmmmmmm. His cock is actually growing big inside me. Oh my — how is this possible. Fuck! Yeahhhh!!'

Delaney exclaimed in her heart.

She clamped her legs tighter, digging her fingers into his skin as pleasure spasmed through her body, striking her core.

At the thought that her brother was in the next room while she was secretly riding his best friend's big cock, she came instantly, drenching his erect cock inside her in her fluid once more.

All the while, Miles' hand was still pressing her ass down on the dick.

They stayed glued for two minutes, Miles' pulsating cock inside her slippery pussy while each absorbed the warmth of the other's body.

Eventually, Delaney managed to catch her breath.

Smooch!

They broke their kiss.

Reaffirming her hands above his chest, Delaney smiled as sweat trickled down her forehead. Heaving as his cock filled her, and lowering a second later.

Huff! Huff! Mmmmmmm! The sound of her breathing and stifled moans rang through the room each time she lowered down.

Though far from the ferocity of Hannah's style, which consisted of slamming her big ass and thick thighs against him while squeezing him tight inside her pussy—a devious technique by the way—Delaney was normal, sliding in and out halfway, a smooth transition with both of their cum serving as the lubricant.

"Argh."

Groaning as she rode him for about 10 minutes, Miles eventually made her slow down by grabbing her waist and gently pushing her down.

Stopping, Delaney stared down at him with bated breath, evidently not satisfied despite being exhausted.

"Grab a pillow and bite into it," Miles said, and Delaney complied though she felt flustered.

She leaned forward to grab a pillow and suddenly bit her lips, stifling her moan with closed eyes as his cock slid out from her pussy.

"Mmmmmmm."

After grabbing the pillow, Miles positioned his cock for her to sit down on it.

"Hmmmm."

Five seconds later, Delaney managed to open her eyes again with her pussy now clenching his dick.

She heaved and stared down at Miles, pulling the pillow to her face.

"Good," Miles growled and guided her to lie on him. She did and he used one arm to lock her in his embrace, reaching her ass with the other.

He adjusted slightly beneath her, and arched his waist up twice to taste the water.

"Remember, bite on the pillow," he reminded, and Delaney tightened the clench of her pussy to let him know she understood.

Feeling it was safe, Miles moved his waist like a springboard, striking so fast that it created a clapping sound. But that wasn't all—lowering his waist, he didn't stop and stroked upward with unstoppable momentum.

On the receiving end, Delaney's eyes jolted, the anticipation in her heart instantly overwhelmed by the rapid thrusts that almost seemed inhuman, repeatedly hitting the very core of her body.

Delaney instinctively wanted to shout and scream at the top of her lungs, discharging the overwhelming pleasure, but she remembered Miles' words just now and pressed her face into the pillow, suffocating herself as she screamed into it.

Her muscles stretched and her limbs tightened around Miles, her actions similar to a woman in labor.

Miles didn't stop; for a moment, rapid claps filled the room and disappeared ten seconds later.

An instant later the whole room turned quiet. Both connected figures collapsed without letting out as much as a groan as they reached the peak of climax.

Under the red light, if seen, a trail of two different liquids flowed down Miles' ballsack and soaked into the sheet.

'Fuck.'

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 175: Behind The Scenes[1,023 words]

"Man, my sisters are pissed."

It was Sunday morning and the sun was shining bright in a yellow glow, making the grass and plants in the surroundings very vibrant.

Glancing at his phone, Theo grimaced upon seeing the text messages from his three little sisters, walking towards the green truck as Miles placed a comforting hand on his shoulder while Oliver and Simon laughed.

Yes, they were preparing to leave; the sleepover had come to an end.

Holding a sealed disposable bag in which he kept his blood-stained shirt and jacket, Miles gave the house a quick glance, feeling a bit reluctant as he recalled the events of these past twenty-four hours here.

For Theo, Oliver, and Simon, Miles thought it would have been a great brotherly time at best, but when accounting for his ordeal, he had an epic, almost legendary time fucking his best friend's older sister. Especially last night, the last few fast-paced strokes he delivered became a core memory after Delaney passed out from pleasure.

Even this morning, she was still in her room and didn't see them off because she was yet to recover.

'Well, it's from one pussy to multiple pussies. She'll probably find me when she needs it.' Thinking about the fact that she would never return to being a lesbian, loyal to just his dick, Miles withdrew the reluctance in his heart and entered the vehicle.

Somewhere else.

In a dark room with closed curtains that shrouded the space from the sunlight.

Ding!

Following the notification sound, a phone screen lit up, illuminating a familiar face in the darkness with a tense expression. Chris.

Hurriedly swiping up the lock, Chris' pupils fidgeted across the screen, darting wildly as he read the clearest news report involving crimes in the city.

Yet just like yesterday, there was no report about people being caught and the dead body of a high school youth, precisely Miles'.

"Fuck."

Chris cursed and slammed the phone against his bed, not doubting that Miles was dead but worried about the men that were captured after killing Miles and the police's silence over this.

Because of this, he stayed indoors at home fearing that he was on the police wanted list and hid in the basement.

He didn't share what transpired on the phone with Ben and Tyler, hoping to use them as bait if the police were onto him. However, after several calls at the end of the previous day, he realized the two were living much better than him and chose to leave the basement.

That person also called, asking if he received a confirmation of the deal done.

Lying with a racing heartbeat, he told the person that he received the call and those hired to kill Miles said they had a bit of a problem feeding Miles' body to alligators.

At this moment, pondering his life in silence, Chris rubbed his face and exhaled.

"Perhaps they never got caught to begin with or probably escaped.."

Chris muttered, feeling vexed, and stood up from the bed.

In a dimly lit underground parking lot.

Vroooooom!

A black Chevrolet Camaro pulled in and parked. Following the click of doors being opened, two figures calmly stepped outside of it as they gave the surroundings a quick scan and puffed the thick blunt in their hands.

"Smoke, got any news on Ace?"

The man to the right suddenly said, swaggering as he walked forward.

"Naaah. It's the usual routine dawg. Lay low after the kill. He's probably fucking some bitches with his boys right now. It's all good."

The other, referred to as Smoke, skillfully puffed his blunt, creating an interesting pattern with the smoke.

"True. Just thought to ask since it feels a little strange. He didn't report."

Placing the blunt between his lips, the man said.

"Relax Big D. Besides, from what I have heard, the target was a high school kid. What a cruel world for the kid."

Smoke said, leaving Big D quite astonished, which was rare for a hardened gangster like him.

"A high school kid? Since when did we start meddling in such affairs?"

Big D frowned, halting the blunt.

"Don't think about it blud. From what I know, the person who put the hit has a solid connection and paid a huge sum. Only the boss has a clue of the person's identity too."

Hearing the boss was involved, Big D could only dismiss how he felt.

Dominic City Police Department. Captain's Office.

"Sir, we've combed through the sightings of these individuals in the past five days and I think we've gotten a lead on what we are after. It's them."

The Lieutenant reported, submitting a series of files on the Captain's desk.

Whilst Natalie Voss, sitting with her back turned to the Lieutenant, seemed to freeze by the term 'them' and quickly turned her chair.

"Them?" She asked again for confirmation and the Lieutenant nodded, looking like he had something to say.

"Go on."

"Sir, after an extensive search, we discovered that the only active location on that night is a high school birthday party and after checking the house registration in the surrounding one kilometer, there is no family with a military personnel or linked to the police. They are mostly high-profile figures and not in the city at that moment. So an estimation of the target failed."

Listening to the lieutenant's report, Natalie squinted her eyes.

"So what are you saying?"

"I mean, what if it's one of the parents of those at the birthday party? They came to pick up or drive their child to the birthday party?"

Silence fell and Natalie furrowed her brows with utmost seriousness.

"You kinda make sense, Lieutenant. But knowing teens nowadays, do you think they'll allow their parents to babysit them and risk being laughed at for being babysat to a party?"

The lieutenant froze, seemingly recalling his own daughter.

Natalie shook her head and spoke up.

"You can personally check in with the parents yourself since your oldest daughter also attends the school. And make sure not to attract any form of suspicion or seem weird."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 176: Temptations[1,009 words]

"You kinda make sense, Lieutenant. But knowing teens nowadays, do you think they'll allow their parents to babysit them and risk being laughed at for being babysat to a party?"

The lieutenant froze, seemingly recalling his own daughter.

Natalie shook her head and spoke up.

"You can personally check in with the parents yourself since your oldest daughter also attends the school. And make sure not to attract any form of suspicion."

Sinclairs' Duplex

Outside on the drive, a clean black Lamborghini Urus was parked, attracting the amazement of the distant estate neighbors.

And at this moment, a green truck revved and came to a stop before the Duplex.

"—okay bro."

Closing the door right behind him, Miles saw Simon off and exhaled, taking a brief scan of the familiar surroundings. However, his gaze lingered on the preceding house with a new occupant, suddenly recalling that he agreed to accommodate their visit and also take Jazmín around on a tour.

"Man, I'm fully booked," Miles muttered and walked towards the door, inputting a series of codes as he stepped into the grand interior.

"Miles?"

The moment he got in, a shocked voice echoed and Josephine propped her hands to cover her soapy tits.

"What the fuck?!"

Miles cursed out loud at the incredible sight of her body, naked but blanketed in foam. Her hair was packed in a towel turban with a toothbrush in her mouth.

'Fuck.'

Miles cursed, his heart filled with exclamation as he stared wide-eyed at Josephine's gorgeous body, a mix and breed of hotness and seductiveness. Especially her tits and slightly thick long legs. Between her legs, there were also a few strands of shaven hair there.

'Damn.'

Fortunately, due to last night's ordeal, his dick was very exhausted and couldn't instantly pop, but Miles could feel it slowly getting warmed up.

Without another word, Miles swiftly turned his back against her, letting out an exasperated breath.

"What are you still standing there for? Or didn't you know I'll be back this morning?" he sneered in a loud tone.

Behind him, Josephine blinked her eyes, her blank mind suddenly recovering from the shock, and her face flushed in embarrassment, speechless to the core.

How could she not know that he was coming this morning? Well, of course she knew, but a daring thought had formed in her mind while she was bathing. Feeling thrilled at seeking danger while harboring a 'what if' scenario that Miles happened to come in and see her. She bet on the fifty-fifty chance anyway, and now the results were out.

"You..."

She shouted and paused, quickly turning to the stairs and dashing up with her ass and boobs trembling slightly.

"Yeah, run," Miles jeered, forming an ominous smile as his eyes glinted with new desires.

No longer sensing Josephine's presence, he turned and shook his head, not surprised that his step-sisters used the opportunity when he was away to exercise their freedom of choice and walk nicely through the house.

Letting his gaze drift across the living room, he saw no one was present and resumed walking forward when a distinct crashing sound of glass hitting the floor echoed. Reacting instantly, he tilted his gaze to the kitchen, surprised as he saw a startled figure staring at him on her tiptoes.

It was Cassie.

Wearing her familiar style—a crop top—but with something more eye-catching this time: a stunning blue Victoria's Secret thong that was extremely sexy.

'I'll be damned.'

Having just arrived and been presented with so many temptations by his step-sisters, Miles fell into a state of lust.

He didn't take his eyes off her just yet; instead, he ravished the sight of her appearance for a couple of seconds more before turning his back against her.

"Don't you guys have some self-respect or something?" he exclaimed.

Seeing him turn, Cassie gently placed down her leg, trying not to get pierced by the shattered pieces of glass.

"Hurry up, or you'd better believe I'll keep staring and you can call me a pervert."

Cassie wanted to say something, but swallowed the words and hastily ran past him, heading towards the stairs.

Miles waited until her footsteps vanished before turning.

"Man, I can't wait to grab that waist. And as for fucking them? It's only a matter of time."

There was no sign of Deb, probably in her room.

"Home sweet home."

Stepping into his room, Miles inhaled the familiar warmth and jumped on his bed with deep satisfaction.

After a minute of organizing his thoughts, he decided to have his bath.

Thirty minutes later...

"Is Miles back?"

Stepping into the kitchen and wrapping her loose robe over a tight-fit pajama pants and spaghetti strap top underneath, Hannah opened the fridge and brought out a big bottle of milk, uncapped it, and poured it onto one of the prepared bowls of cereal on the counter.

Both Josephine and Cassie froze, recalling the recent incident, and exchanged a glance before Cassie nodded.

"Yes, he's in his room," she said, prompting Hannah to pause and shake her head.

"A whole day out and he doesn't come say hi to his mother. He's got quite the audacity."

Saying this, she poured milk into the other bowl and picked up both bowls.

"I'll be back," she said to the girls and turned away.

Two minutes later, in Miles' room.

There was no knock on the door, but a loud shout came through.

'Hannah?'

Standing up a bit absentmindedly, Miles walked toward the door and opened it.

"Mom?" he muttered as he peeked through and saw Hannah's figure in a black night robe while holding two white bowls of cereal.

"Aren't you gonna let me in, or are you now too—big—for—mama—to—come—into—your—roooooom?"

"Sorry."

Each word stretched an extra syllable, shock in her eyes as she locked onto his abs, then quickly down to the swinging cucumber in his underwear from the moment he stepped back and opened the door fully.

'Huh?'

Stunned by her gaze, Miles glanced down and realized he was wearing just his underwear.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 177: Making A Special Cereal[1,534 words]

Each word stretched an extra syllable, shock in her eyes as she locked onto his abs, then quickly down to the swinging cucumber in his underwear from the moment he stepped back and opened the door fully.

'Huh?'

Stunned by her gaze, Miles glanced down and realized he was wearing just his underwear.

'Oh...'

The thought echoed in his mind at the vague outline of his dick in his underwear, understanding the reason she was amazed.

"Unlike his sisters, Miles didn't act shy or hide it away.

Reaching out his hand, he collected one of the bowls from her hand, and glanced at its contents. Seeing it was cereal, he smiled.

"Thanks mom."

Miles said, planning to close the door with the thought that it was too risky to harbor such ideas, and she could only admire his dragon at the moment.

"Huh? What are you trying to do ? Na, naaah, nah."

Stepping her foot forward, Hannah obstructed the swing motion of the door then sneakily craned her neck to glance at both sides of the corridor with quick caution before waving her index finger from side to side, creating a 'don't do that' gesture.

'Is she being for real?'

As a thrill seeking sex-freak himself, Miles was taken aback by Hannah's audacity instantly realizing she was a notch crazier than him even if it was a hard thing to admit.

"Don't look surprised. Let's go in." Hannah whispered, unwilling to be sighted but already launched her hand to grab his warmed cock before she finished speaking.

"Argh."

She slipped in and Miles closed the door with a sudden groan, feeling the firm clench of her grip as if it was her most prized treasure.

"Yeah, that's my baby boy." She squealed as if his bliss brought her great joy.

"Hurry, come and sit."

She scanned the room and found the study chair next to the computer desk.

Leading him with a firm hold of his dick, Hannah excitedly turned the chair 160° but paused as she noticed the image flickering on the lit screen.

"Dominic City's cartels and gangs?" She read, raising her brow subtly. "What ? Are you doing some kind of research for school work?" asked.

'Crap!'

Behind her, holding a bowl of cereal with his dick in captive, Miles' inwardly cursed, preparing a quick lie but Hannah's next words quickly dismissed his guard and gave him an important clue.

"Whatever. Don't involve the Brick House Crew in your research. I heard they pretty strict on information circulating about them."

'Brick house.'

Miles zoned out because those two words struck a chord within him as he recalled the tattoo on the bodies of those men he killed. It indeed matched the concept of a brick house.

'I see.'

His eyes secretly glinted with killing intent but before he could form any future scenario, Hannah roughly stroked him through his underwear.

"Okay sit."

She finally let go of his dick and smiled lovingly. Leaning seductively, her back arched down, she placed one hand on his thighs for support, holding the bowl of cereal in the other and shook her tits right before his face with ample view of her cleavage.

"Want some milk?" She teased and Miles' eyes suddenly lit up. Noticing this, she let out a low laugh and whispered next to his ears.

"Too bad. It's difficult for me to lactate and it only happens when I'm ovulating."

'If I could milk those titties.'

Miles stared at her hanging melons and softly exhaled to release his desire.

Hannah's smile brightened and she went on her knees then sat on her heels before him. Placing the bowl of cereal to side, she placed her hands on his thighs and began to rub them.

"You bought me a new car... I checked, it is insanely expensive."

Looking up at him, she kept rubbing his thighs and slowly reached her hands towards his boxers in a seductive manner.

"Da—"

"And don't tell me Greg kept it for me. It's okay if you don't tell me, but I trust that you aren't doing anything illegal." She said assuringly, lowering her gaze to the nodding bulge with a proud slutty smile, slipping her hands into his boxers.

"My smart baby. Hmmmmmm."

She whispered, getting on her knees and inching closer to his groin.

"How sweet of you. Already a sweet handsome young man."

As a woman Hannah naturally felt very good, being spent on and cared for made her feel like she owned the world.

"Argh."

Miles groaned as he felt her fingers wrap around the base of his cock and massage his balls.

"Buh let's not dwell on that shall we? I came here for something much more important." She said each word slowly, stroking up his cock.

"Argh. What is it?"

Miles asked in a low voice, careful not to attract any passerby.

"I need your kind of milk."

At this point, she withdrew her hands through the space of his legs and began to push down his boxers while hinting at the bowl of cereal with milk. Reveal her intention to drink his cum with it. Free from its cage, a nine inch pumped rod stood upright, like a spear, its tip gleaming with a little bit of gathered precum.

Staring at it with refreshed amazement, Hannah instinctively clenched her thighs to hold back the surging currents inside her and exhaled. Ignoring the part of her that desired to mount.

She didn't outright grab his cock, she instead grabbed her boobs and shook them a couple of times with a smile then began to untie the straps of her night robe.

She took it off, then raised up her shirt, dropping two mouth watering melons with a distinct clap sound.

"Like what you see?"

She teased and began to rub her titties before his gaze. Groping them in a slutty manner that left Miles almost unable to hold it any more. Fortunately she stopped and leaned closer, stretching out her tongue to lick her boobs then placed them on his cock, burying the shaft of the valiant warrior in the softness of her tits with just the tip to see.

"Hmmmm."

Hannah hummed softly and began to grind him with her boobs.

On the receiving end, Miles closed his eyes in immense pleasure, his breathing heavy as he gritted his teeth to hold himself from groaning.

Hannah didn't hold back, using her two sets of massive melons, she buried his cock in between and tried to crush it by constantly rubbing them together.

Compared to having her hand do the job, the pleasure was extra fulfilling.

The chair groaned slightly under their weight but persisted.

Hannah juggled her tits around his cock while licking the tip.

"Argh."

Unable to bear it anymore, Miles placed his hand on her head and guided his cock inside her mouth, grabbing her hair, he suckled in a cold breath and she took him in. The slightly rough surface of her tongue and saliva enveloping him in bliss. Miles closed his eyes shut holding her head as she began to slowly bop her head in a rising descending manner while supporting it with a stroke at the base.

"Argh."

Miles groaned, feeling her tits jiggle and his thighs, he reached out with his other hand to grab one side and began to roughly massage it.

"Hmmmmmm."

Hannah hummed softly, lowering her voice to the best she could and downing his cock inside her throat for a slippery deep throat.

"Argghhh."

Groaning a pitch higher this time, Miles arched his waist upwards, burying his cock inside her and Hannah stilled. Choked by the big thing, her face quickly turned deep red from the lack of oxygen.

However, before she could completely give up, Miles let go of her head and she finally had a chance to withdraw. This time she coughed violently, trying hard to recover with a haggard breathing pace.

"Ahhhhh, be gentle— slurp."

Cutting her short, Miles placed his hand on her head and choked her with his cock straight down her throat.

"Hmmmmmm'mmmm."

Hannah tried desperately to breathe, holding on both sides of his thighs but failed.

Slurp! Slurp! "Ahhhhhhhhhhh."

She rapidly inhaled, face flushed and saliva precum dripping down her lips.

"That's good enough."

Satisfied with that desire to choke her with his cock, Miles returned to being passive and helped Hannah sweep back the strands of hair by her side.

Cough!

Hannah coughed, recovering a little bit and smiled sluttily. Showing that she loved every moment of being choked by his cock despite the intensity.

Grabbing the base of the glistening cock in saliva and precum, Hannah began to stroke it swiftly, careful not to let out too many slurp sounds as she sucked, deepthroated and licked his balls for 3 extra minutes.

"Argh- I'm going to cum now."

Miles growled, doing everything he could to buy her time to pull out.

Slurp!

Hannah withdrew, stroking his cock with one hand and picked up the bowl of cereal towards his cock.

"Hmmmmmm."

Click!

The next instant, the door pushed open revealing a stunned figure that had been listening for a while now.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 178: Awkward Moments[1,500 words]

Slurp!

Hannah withdrew, stroking his cock with one hand and picked up the bowl of cereal towards his cock.

"Hmmmmmm."

Click!

The next instant, the door pushed open revealing a stunned figure that had been listening for a while now.

Two minutes earlier...

"He's back, maybe I should go and see him now and talk about it."

Deb muttered after a long night of running what she wanted to say repeatedly in her mind.

"We need to stop this..." she added, despite feeling greatly conflicted and even a little pissed.

Walking out of her room, she saw no one in sight and felt relieved.

Glancing at her satin pajamas, she adjusted the long-sleeve button-up shirt and suddenly paused with a hesitant expression, then glanced at her ample tits which had been packed in a black bra this morning. Biting her lips, she decided to unclasp three buttons of it and revealed her tempting cleavage. Exhaling, she glanced at the rest of her body and walked to Miles' room.

"Slurp. Slurp. Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Arrrgh."

As she got to the door about to knock, Deb froze in place, her expression startled, and her eyes appearing dazed.

For a moment she blanked out but swiftly recovered.

Her ears perked, picking up the faint sound traversing through the house, and she leaned in closer.

'There is no mistaking it.'

She thought, her heart starting to beat faster as she listened. Recognizing the frequent groans to be Miles', her mind raced with several thoughts and scenarios.

'Did he bring home his girlfriend?'

But no, she quickly eliminated the possibility because today was a Sunday morning, too early to do such things when everyone was home.

The more she thought about it, the more her heart raced because that left one clear possibility. Miles was fucking one of her sisters.

'Cassie? Josephine?'

Deb thought, shocked to the core, then an impromptu idea made her act. She stood straight and twisted the doorknob, and what she saw was something she never thought was possible.

The thick MILF frame of her mother, Hannah, kneeling between Miles' legs with her two big, large melons out and her night robe on the floor.

Even more incredulous, she had one of her hands stroking Miles' cock and the other moving a bowl of cereal to her face.

Under her shocked, trembling gaze, a web of cum shot off from Miles' cock, splattering on Hannah's cheeks shot after shot and dropping down into the bowl of cereal.

'Fuck.'

At this moment, Miles felt the bliss of his seeds shooting out multiply threefold, and he shot three extra shots, splattering it on Hannah's hair.

"Arrrgh!"

Miles groaned in ecstasy, leaving the mother and daughter to stare at each other in shock.

Deb's chest visibly rose and deflated as she struggled to believe the sight before her.

Who would have thought the person inside the room to be her own mother.

Deb swallowed hard, said nothing, and closed the door the same way she opened it.

"Deb..."

Hannah muttered, wanting to reach out a hand towards her daughter, but the two were occupied.

Hannah stared at the door, her eyes shining a troubled gleam within them as she contemplated on how to go about this.

However, Miles didn't care, feeling incredibly thrilled with a rush of adrenaline. His lips formed a villainous smile as he stared at Hannah, who was still holding onto his deflating cock with her head turned towards the door.

"Mom."

He called and reached out his hand to grab her head, tilting it towards him.

"Your milk is ready. Clean it up." He motioned at his receding cock which rested on her bowl, dipping in it a bit.

Though stunned by this calmness, Hannah swiftly recovered with a smile and didn't say anything.

She stroked the limp meat and popped it inside her mouth.

Sucking it like a popsicle, she rolled her tongue and licked every drop of his cum before raising her head to meet his content gaze.

Slurp!

With one last suck, she let go and glanced at the bowl, her eyes lighting up as she saw his thick semen inside.

"Now let's see."

Using the spoon to twirl the cereal, she scooped a spoonful and placed it inside her mouth.

Due to the fact that it had been soaked for long, there was no crunch sound. Hannah's chin moved in rhythm, eyes closed for a moment as she inhaled.

"Mmmmmmm." She hummed.

"This tastes better."

She licked the cum with milk spread across her lips and raised a thumbs up at his dick.

"Enjoy."

Miles grinned.

Hannah nodded, scooping another spoonful.

"Oh, you've got some on your hair."

Miles reminded her, leaning to grab her robe with the intent to wipe the cum off, but Hannah stopped him and used the spoon to scrape it off, mixing it into the bowl.

"Also here..."

Miles held the hem of her top and pulled it down to cover her tits before putting on his boxers.

They didn't say much after that. Hannah patted his shoulder and left the room without picking up her robe.

"Well..."

Staring at the screen, he suddenly grinned.

"I wonder how they are going to resolve it and the look on Hannah's face when she knows I have been fucking Deb.

Damn, it's so fulfilling."

Feeling reinvigorated, Miles began a new search on the Brick House Crew, the underdogs that dared come after his life. While at it, he also kept tabs on Kelvin's location by sending a threatening message.

30 minutes later...

At the dining table.

Dishes of biscuits and gravy sat steaming in the center of the table, spreading a rich and yummy buttery aroma across the room, alongside the savory scent of warm sausage and pepper.

However, the usually lively dining table was strangely awkward as everyone sat, each bearing their own thoughts over what had happened hours ago. Except for Miles, the cause of it.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Taking a dramatic inhale of the aroma, Miles showed a pleased look. Turning to Cassie and Josephine, who avoided his gaze a little:

"Have you two ever considered being a chef? I think you should go for a career change. People will definitely spend to have beauties cook for them."

He grinned, breaking the awkwardness as the two girls joined against him.

Cassie hit him with a spoon and Josephine retorted verbally.

"You should serve as an example and pay for the cooking right now. Five hundred bucks."

She rolled her eyes and grabbed a biscuit.

"What the fuck. Since I brought up the business idea, then I'll probably be your manager. You can't charge me for this."

Miles joked, causing her to roll her eyes dismissively.

"Idiot."

She hissed.

"Deb? No gym today? I was hoping to tag along, you know."

Hearing his words, Deb, who was staring at her food trying not to make eye contact with Josephine and Hannah, bloomed a smile.

"Do you? Today is a rest day, but if you want, we can go after this."

"No thanks. I am hoping to retain this breakfast in my stomach till it's converted to waste."

Miles shook his head, not harboring the thought of gymming.

"Hehehe, look at those muscles."

Hannah interjected, reaching her hand towards his arm to feel it.

"Huh, mom, that reminds me. I happened to bump into the new neighbor yesterday."

The moment he mentioned it, everyone's attention perked.

"You did?"

Hannah asked, and Miles nodded in response.

"Quick, tell us. What are they like?"

To his side, Cassie impatiently asked, stuffing her mouth with the biscuit and gravy.

"Well, they were pretty interesting. A woman and her daughter who is of age, but you can easily mistake them as siblings."

Hearing his high appraisal, the girls were a bit stunned and listened more attentively as he went on to narrate his encounter.

"Oh right, they are so Mexican—or no, Arabian. It's hard to tell. Each stunning. The daughter was recently transferred to my class, so we are kind of classmates too."

I think they are Mr. Marcus's abandoned family or something. She was riding his car when I saw them."

When they heard this, everyone appeared visibly surprised, knowing the old playboy would never let anyone ride it.

"From my guess, I think they kind of inherited everything he owned and we won't be seeing Mr. Marcus anytime soon.

Also, she asked me to help her pull strings and connect her with the neighborhood since everyone is so introverted. But I refused, and offered to welcome her today instead. Mom."

Miles added, shifting his gaze to Hannah for confirmation.

"That's quite a story. I never knew Mr. Marcus would let one slip in," she joked. "But since you've accepted, there's no problem, after all you're the man of the house."

She teased.

Ding Ding! Ding!

Just then, the doorbell, which rarely ever made a sound, reverberated through the house, causing everyone to freeze as silence descended.

Updated

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 179: Guest[1,524 words]

Also, she asked me to help her pull strings and connect her with the neighborhood since everyone is so introverted. But I refused, and offered to welcome her today instead. Mom."

Miles added, shifting his gaze to Hannah for confirmation.

"That's quite a story. I never knew Mr. Marcus would let one slip in," she joked. "But since you've accepted, there's no problem, after all you're the man of the house."

She teased.

Ding Ding! Ding!

Just then, the doorbell, which rarely ever made a sound, reverberated through the house, causing everyone to freeze as silence descended.

Everyone exchanged glances, sharing the same feeling.

Stunned and surprised, all eyes suddenly focused on Miles, their meaning clear as he paused in the motion of putting a biscuit into his mouth.

Ding! Ding!

"Okay. I'll get it."

Miles gave in and dropped the biscuit, cleaning his hands as he stood up.

Click.

"Hi."

"Hi."

The moment they saw him, Jazmín and Yasmin lit up with smiles and greeted him in jovial tones. The difference in their appearances was barely noticeable because of their matching vibe.

"Miss Yasmin, Jazmín..."

Due to the sunlight, Miles had to squint his eyes in order to take a quick scan of their appearance with a welcoming smile. He was dazzled to see Jazmín in a white knee-length dress with colorful floral embroidery around the neckline, chest, and skirt. Especially the ample view of her cleavage.

Holding a wicker basket covered with a cotton cloth, her mother, Yasmin, wore a brown sleeveless fitted top paired with blue embroidered jeans, a western-style belt, a black cowboy hat, sunglasses, and ankle boots.

Once again, her breasts were quite pronounced, and yeah, she was wearing a tight bra.

"...you both look stunning. And I have to say, the sun looks very good on you too. Welcome."

Miles stepped back and opened the door wider.

Meanwhile, having put in their best efforts to appear casual, Yasmin and Jazmín didn't shy away from Miles' compliment and accepted it wholeheartedly.

"Thank you."

Yasmin laughed lightly and stepped inside.

Just then, Miles noticed that Jazmín was also holding a basket, albeit a smaller one.

They both stepped in.

The dining room was situated a moderate distance from the living room, offering a direct view of the door from both sides of the table.

Except for Hannah, the rest caught sight of the new arrivals almost at the same time.

Deb, Josephine, and Cassie felt their protective instincts trigger at how beautiful the two women were, especially since Yasmin didn't look much older than twenty-eight. They thought there was a high chance Miles could fall for either of them.

At the same time, Yasmin and Jazmín were also stunned by the sight of so many beauties gathered around a single table.

They were genuinely shocked.

'So many beauties. No wonder he looked so nonchalant when he looked at me.'

The scene from the day she transferred and Miles barely gave her a glance without any sign of surprise replayed in Jazmín's mind, making her feel a little inferior to the girls before her.

As someone who was always fawned over, this was a great wake-up call.

Next to her, Yasmin also had her own thoughts.

'So pretty. Seems like it genuinely runs in the blood. But then again, with all that effort, how could their children be ordinary? Truly—'

Just then, she lowered her eyes to Deb's chest and almost choked on her thoughts.

Shifting to Josephine, the weight she carried was even slightly bigger than hers. Except for Cassie, whose chest was smaller.

Noticing the slight tension in the air, Miles quickly moved in to mediate.

"Please, please. Let me introduce you to my awesome mom and beautiful sisters."

Hearing his words, the girls wanted to roll their eyes but suppressed it, inwardly feeling pleased and revealing satisfied smiles.

With him taking the lead, Yasmin and Jazmín followed, crossing the distance only for Hannah to stand up and turn toward them.

This action caused them to stop.

"Hello. Nice to meet you."

Hannah smiled, waving her hand girlishly as she pulled her chair back.

Her eyes clashed with Yasmin's, who was abruptly intimidated by how tall and voluptuous the woman before her was. Thick and curvaceous, with a figure that looked sculpted by a group of lustful gods.

Compared to her, Yasmin felt inferior. The confidence she had in her charm and beauty vanished before Hannah's figure alone.

"Wow—"

Yasmin blurted out, taking a dramatic step back to get another look at Hannah.

"You're gorgeous," she said with genuine admiration.

"Oh, Miss Yasmin. Don't be polite. Miles was just telling me about you. But damn, even I'm a little jealous. Raising your daughter into such a beauty is something any woman would envy."

"Mrs. Sinclair, why tease me? Your girls are wonders. I wish I could take some lessons from you in case I decide to try again."

"You flatter me. And oh, just call me Hannah. Don't be formal."

"Okay, Hannah, but you still have to consider giving me those tips."

"If it comes to that, I'm down for it. But I'll tell you now, I can't guarantee anything."

"Hahahah."

Yasmin laughed, throwing aside whatever ulterior motives she once had about seducing Hannah's husband.

With a sense of humor like this, a woman like her was probably an expert when it came to keeping a marriage alive. If anything, her husband had been abundantly blessed.

Seeing Hannah hit it off with Yasmin, even exchanging a hug right away, the girls were speechless.

Disbelief filled their eyes as they stared at their mothers.

"Okay, these are my daughters. Debra, Josephine, and Cassie. You've already met Miles, my son."

"Jazmín..."

At her mother's cue, Jazmín smiled and respectfully introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Jazmín. It's nice to meet you all. We just moved in next door."

Hannah smiled, a little impressed, and offered them seats.

"You're welcome. Come join us. We just happen to be having breakfast, even if it's a bit late."

"How can we refuse? Thank you. And we also brought this."

Raising the basket, Yasmin handed it to Hannah, who seemed a bit stumped.

Noticing this, Yasmin quickly elaborated.

"These are Mexican welcome delicacies. It's a tradition and a sign of goodwill. I hope you enjoy them."

"Oh, no problem. Thank you. I've never actually tried Mexican delicacies before, so why not give them a try? Please, join us."

Following the two women's agreement, the dining table gained two new occupants.

"This is called Chicken Enchiladas."

Warmly helping Hannah take out the food, Yasmin introduced its name, causing everyone's eyes to light up.

"And these are Tamales, traditional corn dough filled with meat, cheese, or vegetables and wrapped in corn husks."

"Wow."

As a kitchen fanatic, Josephine's attention was immediately captured by the tamales, and she picked one up.

Meanwhile, Hannah carefully took a bite of a chicken enchilada.

"Hmmmmm."

Soon, similar sounds began occurring as everyone got their first taste of Mexican food.

In the spirit of mutual exchange, Yasmin and Jazmín also dug in, suddenly raising their brows as they tasted the delicious biscuits, not expecting them to be so good.

"Wow."

And so everyone got busy chewing like one happy family.

A minute or so ticked by, and when the dishes were almost cleared out, Hannah picked up her second chicken enchilada and started a conversation.

"That reminds me, what brings you to this part of the city? It's pretty boring over here."

She probed.

Hearing Hannah's words, Yasmin picked up a glass of water and drank subtly.

"Ahhhh, that was greatly satisfying.

Hmm, about that... it has a pretty disturbing backstory."

She said, twisting her lips knowingly.

"Oh please. I've got time," Hannah replied.

"Okay. Well, I didn't really plan to move here either.

But it was my only escape from the dangerous place I used to live.

Marcus slept with me when I was fifteen and left me with a baby.

He was on the run for many years until I recently tracked him down and filed a case against him. To cut the story short, he's in jail now, and everything he owned became compensation for us."

When she said this, the table froze for a moment.

The silence was quickly broken by the sound of Hannah gulping down a glass of water.

"Wow, I didn't expect that."

"Didn't know the man was such a monster."

"Well, it's been close to two decades, so I don't really dwell on it anymore."

"That's great. You're a strong one. Hahaha."

Hannah laughed, easing the gloominess that threatened to fill the atmosphere.

However, Yasmin took the opportunity to ask about something that had greatly piqued her interest.

"Yeah. I thought we'd see the whole family. Is your husband out golfing?"

At those words, the girls subtly stopped chewing.

"Haha. I wish that were so. I really would. But he's no longer with us.

He's passed away."

Hannah forced a smile, surprising Yasmin.

Sensing that her mother had touched a sensitive subject, Jazmín quickly interjected.

"Miles, I'm done eating. Didn't you say you'd show me around?"

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"That's great. Hold up..."

"Thanks for the meal. I think I'll have to show Jazmín around now."

Dispelling the solemn mood, Miles said to Hanna, tilting his head towards Deb, who was very quiet and wanted to avoid eye contact.

"Deb, can you please lend me those?" he pointed to the car keys placed on the table before her.

"Oh, here."

Taken aback, Deb lowered her gaze, saw the keys, and handed them to him.

Meanwhile, Jazmín, who wanted to suggest they use her mom's car, took back her thoughts and smiled, lowering her head slightly in an appreciative manner.

"Let's go."

Just then, picking up her phone, Josephine saw a notification on her screen and seemed to recall something.

Hesitating for a moment, she raised her voice toward Miles's departing figure.

"Miles. The aquatic center is open and there's also a communal summer party going on."

"...It says moms and children," Josephine added, turning the screen toward Hannah and Yasmin.

"A pool party?"

Jazmín's ears perked, exclaiming in her heart, tilting her head toward Miles, who was then taken aback by her bright, pleasant smile, hinting that she wanted them to attend.

"Okay, that's great."

After seeing Jazmín's pleading expression, Miles answered, casting a lowered glance at his appearance, then added with a wave of his hand.

"Hold on, I need to grab a few things. And you also need to."

He hinted at her outfit and turned to walk away while she waited.

Seeing Miles raise her a thumbs-up, Josephine rolled her eyes and was about to resume going through her texts when Hannah raised a displeased expression.

"Don't we own a property in this estate? Why weren't we invited?"

At this question, other than Yasmin and Jazmín, who had no clue, Deb, Cassie, and Josephine exchanged a familiar glance, a strange silence settling between them.

Eventually, Josephine let out an exasperated sigh and turned to Hannah.

"Mom, are you honestly going to say that after declining every attempt they made to link up with you? You remember the Sunflower Women Committee you rejected joining?"

"Or last year, when you received a handwritten invite to their Christmas Eve party?" Deb added, speechlessly.

"I'm pretty sure they've sent you more than 1,000 email invites over the years, which you never opened," Josephine continued.

"Right now, you're their number one public common enemy. And they are probably tired of hating you, because why hate someone who doesn't give a damn about your existence or opinions?"

"And you know what they say anytime I attend their parties?"

"Hey, Debby, is that her daughter? The prideful core bitch that thinks she is all-knowing? Her mother looks down on us just because she has a nice body."

At this moment, Josephine mimicked the women's words with a funny duck sound, feeling a bit vexed and irritated by how they tried to vent their pain on her.

Meanwhile, Hannah, Yasmin, and Jazmín listened speechlessly, not expecting so many answers from a single question.

'Wait, did I just befriend the common foe with the intention to link up with the other women?'

Yasmin thought, feeling a bit dazed by all the accusations against Hannah. Now not only did her attempt to see Hannah's strong husband fail, but also the upcoming connections she wanted to gain.

'I can't lose on both sides like that. If the person who f**ked her isn't her late husband, I should look for a proper time to ask her to connect me.'

Yasmin turned to Hannah, forcing a smile, as if she needed a hint that everything Josephine said wasn't true.

"This..."

Hannah struggled to speak, now realizing how bad her reputation was in the estate, even though she didn't involve herself with them.

Eventually, under the girls' stare, she raised her hand helplessly in an innocent manner.

"Well, it's not like I intended to ignore them like that... right?"

However, seeing Josephine roll her eyes, she quickly corrected herself.

"Okay, I admit I don't want anything to do with them. I thought they took the hint and forgot about my existence, in fact. Also, I didn't see myself having the free time to participate in leisure activities like they do."

The girls still weren't convinced.

"Okay, see. They are a bunch of housewives. Skinny bitches addicted to herbal teas, caring about weight gain. Don't eat much and spend their mornings doing yoga.

Did you think if I bothered to relate with them they still wouldn't hate me? Talk bad about me or whatever?

Well, that's where you're all wrong. A phoenix doesn't hang with pigeons. Or what do you think?

I'm thick, curvy, I've got big boobs. And super beautiful, not to brag. Yes, I am very prideful to the core.

And it's much better than being invited to a party where their husbands get to check me out and secretly approach me. Of course they'll get jealous and then they'll claim that I'm a husband thief.

Coupled with how not-so-appealing they are with small chests, I'll still be their common enemy because they don't have what I've got.

So did you think I'm wrong for having never paid heed to their invites and impression?"

With a loud exhale, Hannah ended and stared at her daughters, smiling at Yasmin and Jazmín, who had similar looks of enlightenment.

The silence stretched for almost twenty seconds, and it was Yasmin who spoke up, her voice tinged with awe and inspiration.

"Honestly, you blew my mind. To have thought things through ahead of time. You are truly amazing."

Just then, Miles came down and saw the silent table, having missed the full gist. He stared at them strangely, then led the stunned Jazmín out of the house, planning to stop by her place so she could change.

Meanwhile, after they left, Hannah's lips suddenly formed a smile.

"Yasmin, didn't you want to connect? Come, I'll link you up and let you see for yourself if they are worth it. Girls, dress up. We are going to this party."