

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 181: Paradise?[1,003 words]

"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 of the conversation. He stared at them strangely, then led the stunned Jazmín out of the house, planning to stop by her house 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 see for yourself if they are worth it. Girls, dress up. We are going to this party."

"Why don't you come and wait in the house while I change? It feels stuffy out here under the hot sun."

Just as he was about to recline his seat to wait for her, Jazmín halted halfway through the door and spoke while facing him.

"Huh?"

Miles blurted, his eyes asking if she was sure.

"Yeah. There's no problem. Come with me."

Jazmín's smile broadened with a youthful flirtatiousness to it, not expecting Miles to be so polite.

"Okay."

Piqued, Miles glanced at the summoned screen hovering in the air, his eyes flashing with interest as he stared at the 75% Infatuation Gauge beside Jazmín's name. It was slowly rising.

A moment later, after inputting a series of codes, she pushed open the door and led him inside.

"Welcome to my humble abode. Wait, let me get you a refreshing glass of water."

She hurriedly spoke after seeing him sit on the couch, then rushed to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Miles studied the house interior, thinking it was actually the first time he had stepped into a neighbor's house.

'Damn. Mr. Marcus was loaded.'

Seeing the grandiose patterns of gold, Miles compared it to the Sinclairs' duplex.

'Our house is more like a sophisticated aesthetic model. But this, it's outright extravagant and immersive.

Damn, Mr. Marcus is a top-class player.'

Miles added, knowing that with such a style, more girls were sure to be attracted by the wealthy atmosphere.

"Here."

Just then, Jazmín arrived beside him and handed him a glass of water.

"Thank you."

Miles bowed his head slightly in appreciation.

However, Jazmín refused to accept it and did the same before turning on her heels.

"Thank you. Just give me five minutes max."

'Damn.'

Miles stared at her ass with a smile before she disappeared from view.

Using the spare time, Miles brought out his phone and began chatting with Chloe, who responded almost instantly.

The texts mostly consisted of him asking how her day was going, her telling him she was doing nothing but reading dark romance novels, how they both missed each other, and a little more chit-chat. All in all, their relationship was developing at the right pace.

About seven minutes later, Jazmín came down with an apologetic smile, obviously having spent more than five minutes.

But Miles wasn't disappointed. Growing up with stepsisters, based on his memories, thirty minutes to an hour was the usual preparation time.

Instead, he lowered his gaze to examine her outfit: a slim-fit tank top, ripped denim shorts, and simple sandals.

Sensing his gaze, Jazmín flirtatiously posed and, in the same jovial tone, asked,

"Do I look good enough... for a summer party?"

'...for you.' She corrected inwardly, stretching her smile.

Miles nodded.

"More than."

He gave a two-word compliment that left Jazmín feeling proud.

"Hehehe."

She laughed and didn't say anything more.

Soon they were back in the car and drove deeper into the estate toward its center.

Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum! We got parties like this thirty twelve tonight!...

After less than two minutes of driving, the blasting sound of music echoed from afar. Up ahead, Miles could see several luxury and family vans parked in rows, occupying the street next to a tall avenue of trees that stretched along the left roadside before curving inward, forming one side of a 300-square-meter area.

In between, lush green plants had been grown to connect together, forming a natural cover for whatever lay behind the tree barricade.

But Miles knew, based on his memories, that this was the Sunflower Swimming Park.

Meanwhile, Jazmín was greatly astonished upon realizing that the silent, almost deserted estate they had moved into could be so bustling and crowded.

Quickly, her curiosity peaked as she wondered whether the attendees were just old folks or mostly youths, her gaze filled with anticipation.

Meanwhile, Miles smirked and searched for an empty parking spot.

"This is the entrance."

After stepping out of the vehicle, Jazmín was in a hurry, carrying her tote bag, but quickly realized she didn't know where the entrance was and could only smile at Miles to lead the way.

Between the avenue trees, within the cover made by lush plants intertwining in an orchestrated manner, Miles pointed at a door that was almost unnoticeable due to being camouflaged among the shrubs.

"Wow."

Jazmín's eyes widened as they stepped through.

Bright sunlight filtered through swaying palm trees, casting a warm glow across crystal-clear water that shimmered like liquid glass.

The pool stretched across the center of the complex, reflecting the surrounding greenery and meticulously maintained gardens.

A small waterfall cascaded over an artificial stone formation at the far end, the gushing sound of water blending with the distant laughter of children, the shouts of teens playing volleyball across the pool, and the splashes from the waterslide alongside the music.

The swimming pool was divided in a way that wasn't immediately noticeable.

Sun loungers lined the poolside, some shaded by umbrellas.

Several women occupied them, sunbathing while reading magazines or chatting as they supervised their children.

"Tell me. Is this a paradise?"

Jazmín asked in a daze.

"Naaaah."

Miles bluntly rebutted, similarly captivated by the lively view filled with fun and warmth.

"That's a relief."

Jazmín replied with a smile.

"Why say so?" Miles asked, piqued.

"Well, it would mean the world somehow ended."

"Right."

"Miles... let's go and have fun."

As they got closer, the more eyes they attracted.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 182: Center Of Attention[1,011 words]

As the two got closer, their appearance became very eye-catching. A beautiful girl and a very handsome boy.

Although the older women were yet to notice, the boys who were doing one or two things in the pool and the girls gathered at the opposite side paused, staring at the two as they got closer. Whilst the much younger children didn't mind and continued what they were doing.

"Who are they?"

One of the boys who hadn't seen Miles before inquired, shifting his gaze to the girl walking by his side.

"It's him,"

Another boy answered, all eyes focused, seemingly trying to know what the newcomers were up to.

On the girls' side, some were instantly jealous of Jazmín, for her looks and the fact she was walking side by side with their crush, whose name they didn't even know.

"Who is that girl? She isn't his sister, right?"

Remembering Cassie's and Josephine's appearance, one girl asked, not trying to ruin her mood again because of two siblings walking together.

"I don't know. She seems, uhm... Mexican?"

A sharp-eyed girl quickly noticed the details.

"This is a private community pool. Outsiders can't be allowed, why would he bring his girlfriend over?"

"And I bet she's just a poor wretch. Look at the way she stared at everything."

Irritated and jealous, the sharp-eyed girl scoffed and turned her gaze away with pride, a bit of class too.

Meanwhile, Miles didn't notice any of this and suddenly grabbed Jazmín by her wrist to hold her back.

This sharply drew Jazmín's attention, turning to him with a stunned expression.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Miles asked.

"To swim?"

Jazmín replied, a look of interest as to why he asked.

However, Miles met her flirting eyes and directed them to the nearest outdoor shower stand.

"You have to change in one of those and rinse off before stepping into the pool," he said, and she revealed a look of realization—and inwardly cursed at herself for failing to remember such crucial procedures.

With Jazmín no longer by his side, he turned around and took in some minor details he had previously passed over.

'What the fuck.'

It was only then that he noticed the girls quickly turning away after he caught their gaze.

The boys, mostly similar to him in age, were also suspiciously staring in his direction.

Despite that, Miles made no friendly gesture and walked directly to an open shower stand at one corner and began to take off his clothes. His shirt and pants, leaving just the swim trunks he wore underneath. Dropping them on an empty lounge chair, he flexed his arms and stood under the shower, letting the water trickles slide down his muscles.

...the guys were the first to react.

"..."

"Oh my gods."

A look of shock and disbelief flooded their faces when they saw every part of his muscles sharpened and refined without seeming extreme. The sharp details from afar alone...

"Crap. That guy is loaded."

"Fuck. I have to agree with you on this one. He's a real gym freak."

"His gym instructor must be very high class."

While the guys felt intimidated and in awe, visualizing if they could win a fight against Miles, the girls were drawn in for a totally different reason.

From the moment he started taking his clothes off and walking under the shower, they said no word, with eyes glued to his insanely hot, sculpted muscles. None dared to breathe, fearing they would ruin this perfect moment.

At this moment, one of the women reading magazines just happened to put it down and turned to look around, wanting to stretch her arms, and froze. Her pupils zoomed in on Miles' figure and she suddenly felt thirsty.

She scanned him from top to bottom, thinking she might be mistaken, but saw the same appealing details of his body structure.

But unlike the girls in the pool who were a bit inexperienced and yet to notice, the woman's eyes instinctively lowered towards his trunks and extra zoomed in. There she saw something, as if a potato had been stuffed inside.

Unnoticeable at first, but the subtle outline tracing the trunks was there.

'Who is he?' The woman's heart skipped, with a hint of excitement out of nowhere.

'Didn't we say no dads...'

The moment she had that thought, her mouth opened agape upon seeing Miles' young facial appearance that didn't match the thing in his trunks.

Oblivious that a woman had noticed his slumbering dragon in his trunks, Miles guided the water to rinse himself and stepped out.

Just then, Jazmín came out, wearing a purple matching bikini that was soaked with the shower water. Her long hair was in a ponytail. Her long legs were out, with an ample view of her ass and cleavage while holding a tote bag.

Her sexy, hot Mexican figure stood out under the sunlight.

The guys that had been amazed by Miles' muscles quickly hushed into silent stares.

It was as if they had seen the porn star which they secretly watched at night.

Compared to the estate's girls who were mainly slender and reserved, on diets and formal ethics, Jazmín's ass was very well-shaped and her thighs were a bit thick, her appearance sexy to the core.

But the next moment, to the dismay of both genders in the pool, Jazmín waved towards Miles, who smiled and walked towards her, pointing at the lounge chair where he kept his clothes to tell her she could also keep hers there.

"Shall we?"

Miles stretched out his hand to Jazmín and she grabbed it, shaking her head, and then they dashed towards the pool, diving with a loud splash to the bottom.

'Fuck. It's been so long.'

Pushing himself to the surface, Miles spread out his hands and inhaled the refreshing air.

To his side, Jazmín hovered lightly in the water and turned to look around. Acting as if she had just noticed the staring boys and girls, she waved at them.

"Hi. I am Jazmín."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 183: At The Pool[1,002 words]

"Hi. I am Jazmín."

The guys who were admiring from afar were stunned when the hot girl swam up and waved at them.

"Shit. She's talking to us."

A meek youth amongst them touched his chest like he was in a daze. But those around him quickly composed themselves and smirked, nodding towards Jazmín with a "what's up" gesture.

The girls also saw this and instantly frowned.

The guys they were playing hard to get with—and secretly linking up with behind each other's backs—actually all smiled at the new girl after she waved at them just once.

"What are they doing?" The sharp-eyed girl with blonde hair gnashed her teeth, making the other girls keep shut, relishing great joy at the unfolding scene.

Because at this moment, about three boys were swimming forward from the group, and the guy the sharp-eyed blonde was forming a relationship with was also among them.

They stayed still and watched.

"Hey, pretty. Are you out all alone?"

The leading youth with a textured quiff haircut swam forward and asked.

Observing Miles from the corner of his eye, his tone carried a bit of a scoff to it. His taunt was clear because they had seen Miles and Jazmín drop into the pool just now holding hands.

'So what if he's got the muscles? Watch me snatch your girl.'

However, after hearing the stray bullet headed in his direction, Miles dove back into the water to enjoy its tranquility with a thought occurring in his mind.

'What a fool. I didn't even do anything and he's trying to look for trouble. He doesn't know the rule of never messing with a stranger.'

Up above, Jazmín still had the same smile as she watched the boys swim over.

"Nope. I came with a friend," she replied, noting that the guy wanted to taunt Miles, and wanted to roll her eyes when Miles disappeared from view.

"Oh, it doesn't matter, right? As long as he's not a boyfriend." The guy smirked, obviously delighting in his own delusion that Jazmín was denying her relationship with Miles for them. Exchanging a brief glance with the two next to him, he decided to introduce themselves.

"I'm Preston, this is Spencer and Chase," he said proudly, causing the spectating boys to open their mouths in awe.

"Damn. Preston is having it easy. Look at how hot she is and she dares to be arrogant."

"You're saying? She's prettier than Penelope in every aspect, yet he dares act like that."

"Uhm. Why is that boy not interrupting? Isn't she his girlfriend?"

"Are those muscles a joke?"

On the girls' side:

"Look, Penelope. Preston is flirting with her."

The sharp-eyed girl foamed with rage and turned away, walking out of the water towards her mother—the leader of the Sunflower Women Committee and a top-class housewife.

"Preston... What a cool name. Rich folks around here have nice taste," Jazmín smiled and teased.

But being referred to as "rich folks," Preston's pride and courage grew astronomically huge.

"I know, right? If you want to hang out with us, I don't mind," he said like it was a matter of fact.

"Great," Jazmín beamed. "This place is not so boring after all," she added, causing the three to exchange confused glances.

"Boring? Pffft. That's funny. We are all about fun. Not to brag, but my father has a small boat, so we usually chill there."

"Oh, really?" Jazmín revealed a surprised and piqued look with a hint of a playful tease.

'Are they kidding me? I just attended to a girl whose father owns a whole mansion and doesn't even come around. Why don't you come to my school instead for a show-off?'

"Yeah, and just imagine if you were mine. You would get to experience much more than you have your entire life," he said proudly with arrogance.

The two boys beside him laughed, then one suddenly seemed to recall something and asked, "Wait, which school do you attend?"

Jazmín dipped her head in the water, failing to realize Miles hadn't surfaced ever since. She flipped her hair and replied, "Dominion High."

The instant she said it, the boy almost burst into laughter but managed to suppress it with a "pffft" sound.

Preston's expression also froze, turning a little grim.

"Dominion High?" he inquired to be sure, and Jazmín nodded.

However, the two other boys weren't having it, their pride soaring higher.

"Isn't that like a private public school?"

"No wait, it shouldn't be. I heard the sole heir to Kingstone Group goes there."

"For real?"

"Yeah. But it's still not like our school." Facing Jazmín, he said proudly, "We go to Ashcroft Preparatory."

'Huh?'

Jazmín was stunned and couldn't help but ask, "Where is that?"

The three were stunned silent.

"Sorry, I just moved into the city—"

"Excuse me, young miss. Can I have your attention?"

Before she could complete her statement, a bossy, displeased shout echoed across the pool, and everyone's eyes darted towards her.

Jazmín, stunned by the abrupt change in the atmosphere, was taken aback. To be sure, she scanned her surroundings to see if there was any other young miss beside her.

Finding no one, she pointed at her chest and stared at the tanned, blonde-haired woman with a very slim appearance and almost nothing on her chest. Beside the woman, there was also a young girl who looked like an exact photo of the woman, staring at her with hostility.

"Yes, you!" the skinny blonde shouted with a tight and disdainful expression.

"Huh?"

Stunned and piqued by what could possibly be happening, she ignored the three boys and swam towards the edge, where the woman appeared proud and smug at her command being heeded.

"Who are you? What brought you here? And where are you from?"

Meanwhile, deep at the bottom of the pool, Miles raised his brows when he saw Jazmín heading toward the edge of the pool, and chose to swim upward to inquire if she was already tired.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 184: Dealing with a ‘Karen’[1,565 words]

"Who are you? Who brought you here? Where are you from?"

The consecutive series of questions said in an extremely rude and authoritative manner left Jazmín stunned—in fact, totally speechless.

She stared wide-eyed at the woman before her, and one word appeared in her mind.

‘A Karen?’

A self-entitled, demanding, rude, and overly self-important bitch that thinks she is the law and has the power to decide who gets to live. Jazmín saw through the woman’s demeanor right away, and her face changed when she saw the way everyone was silently staring at her—like an outcast who had begged her way here.

In an instant, her rage sparked. The carefree temperament surrounding her vanished like a tide and was replaced with an equally crazed look, matching the vibe.

"Excuse me? I beg your pardon? Did I hear you clearly?"

Her voice thundered, causing the woman to reel from the shock, not expecting such a swift rebuttal from someone she considered lowly and a prey.

"Oh, no. Becky is at it again."

The other women lying on the loungers were instantly attracted to the commotion and whispered among themselves; some were frowning, some were supportive, and others just wanted to watch the show. At this moment, Miles broke through the water’s surface and inhaled loudly due to holding his breath underwater for more than two minutes.

However, his appearance went unnoticed due to the ongoing face-off between Jazmín and the Karen named Becky. Miles was stunned by the scene and watched to see what had happened.

"Excuse me? Did you just bark at me?"

Kpa!

There was no climax at all; the woman swung her hand swiftly, slapping Jazmín.

"Ahhh!"

Not just Miles, but everyone opened their mouths in shock, too astounded to speak. Jazmín, on the other hand, was in total disbelief, but Becky didn't seem to care. After listening to what her daughter said, this girl was a lower-class girl brought by one of the neighbors' sons, so she probably lacked influence and backing.

"Fuck."

Miles' fury sparked and he grabbed the edge, stepping out of the pool. Before he could straighten his back to stand properly, a more thunderous slap sounded—it was on a totally different level.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

A sharp scream echoed as Becky stepped back and fell down, clutching her face. The disorienting pain, mixed with so much shock and disbelief, left her in a muddled state of mind.

Penelope stared at her mother's figure lying on the floor with one hand on her cheek and felt furious.

"You!"

She stomped her foot and wanted to slap Jazmín. But just as Miles wanted to react, Jazmín coldly caught Penelope's hand mid-air and delivered another remarkable slap that sent her stumbling.

Everyone reeled from the sight of the mother-and-daughter duo, with many yet to comprehend the reason behind what had just happened.

Just then...

"Fucking bitch! Who the fuck do you think you are? You dare lay your hands on me?"

Pissed, Jazmín stared at the woman in fury. Being slapped out of the blue for no reason with such audacity almost made her lose her sanity from rage.

"You!"

Becky pointed at Jazmín with trembling fingers and slowly got to her feet.

"How dare you?"

Though angered, she didn't dare strike this time and stared at Jazmín with hate, pretending to be a victim right away.

"I'll sue you. This is an estate-exclusive party. Go back to wherever you came from! Or you'll regret coming out of your mother's womb."

She ground her teeth.

Unnoticed at this moment, a group comprising five stunning and sexy ladies walked in—two mothers and three daughters. They had just glanced around when they noticed the unfolding scene and stood in shock.

Standing next to Jazmín, Miles frowned and stepped forward. As her guide, Jazmín wasn't supposed to encounter any trouble, much less be assaulted.

Everything had developed too fast for him to step in on time. But now, seeing how this woman continued to run her mouth like she was the final authority, his eyes glinted coldly.

When he stepped forward, the eyes of the spectating women widened in surprise as their gaze fell on his striking physique—better than their sons'. And like a chain reaction, their mouths hung open when they noticed how packed his trunks were.

'Did he put a potato there?'

This was their first thought, but their instinct told them otherwise. At this moment, the guys and girls in the pool noticed these details, and their expressions flickered with envy. The girls were lost in thought.

"How shameless can you be?"

Becky revealed a stunned look at Miles' appearance, noting his unfamiliar face and abs, taking a step back the moment he walked forward.

"Who are you?"

She shot back the same question, fear starting to bloom in her heart.

"Quick. Let's go help out," Preston urged the boys, using this opportunity to step into the limelight. The boys nodded and quickly swarmed ahead.

"Ask your father. Do you own this estate, or did the money used to build this pool come from your fucking cunt?" Miles barked.

At this moment, even without activating his ability, he was very intimidating. Behind him, Jazmín was dazed, not expecting him to stand up for her in such a manner.

Though Becky wanted to retort, the words seemed to elude her tongue.

"Mrs. Sunflower, should I explain to you who I am and what I am doing here on my property? Is that it? Should I ask for your permission before living in this estate? Or tell you before I come to this party? Mrs. Sunflower, can I go to the restroom so you can clean my ass and suck my dick?"

The moment he said it, he spat on the ground in disgust, turning to Penelope.

"Like they say, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Let me guess, you went to bitch to your mother that there was a girl you don't like? Hahaha, congrats to you, Queen Elizabeth. But wake up to reality. The world doesn't revolve around you or your skinny ass. So learn to accept that some people look better than you. I bet you're jealous of her ass."

Earlier, he had noticed the way they looked at him and Jazmín, but he hadn't considered them for a second.

Sniff... Sniff...

Sniff... Sniff...

While the whole pool area and music had gone silent to listen to Miles' fierce rebuttal, a distinct sniff suddenly broke through the silence, directing everyone's eyes toward Penelope, who started crying.

'What the fuck.'

"It's okay. That's enough."

Just then, a self-righteous and loud voice boomed. Wearing swim trunks, Preston led the boys over in a threatening tone, causing Penelope's tears to cease as her eyes reignited with hope at her savior, Preston.

"And you are?"

Miles turned to Preston with a cold, dismissive glare.

Seeing that Miles wasn't taking him seriously, Preston fumed.

"I said it is enough."

He stepped forward, chest out, and looked straight into Miles' eyes.

"Preston, get over here!"

A woman's voice shouted. Getting up from her lounge chair, the woman didn't care about the gaze of the other women and strutted forward, unwilling for her son to get involved. If one looked closely, she was the first woman to notice Miles' 'potato' earlier, and right now, she didn't want to ruin her chance.

However, Preston wasn't having it. Instead, he stepped a foot closer.

"I said stop verbally assaulting a girl, pussy. You think those muscles are going to impress me?" Preston sneered, foolishly meeting Miles' cold, silent gaze.

'What a dumb bastard.' Most held back their thoughts, seeing that Miles could easily beat Preston, but none of the adults decided to step in just yet.

"Thank you, but I'm not gay. It would be better if you listened to your mama, though," Miles warned.

"What? What are you going to do?"

Preston barked, stretching his hands to push Miles, but the spectators witnessed an astonishing display. Preston tried to push Miles, but Miles didn't budge, making it seem like the boy was merely feeling out Miles' abs. What happened next was even more spectacular.

Miles placed his hand on Preston's face like he was softly patting a child's face. With a jolt of his strength, he flipped Preston head-first into the water, creating a massive splash as the boy sank upside down before he could even react.

"What a gay fellow."

Miles stared disdainfully at Preston, who was trying to swim up, and shifted his gaze to the two leading guys next to him.

"Y'all want to swim too?"

Miles sneered, and they quickly stepped back in fright.

'These women probably hate each other's guts. No one stepped out to blindly defend one of their own.'

"I'm sure you all witnessed what just happened!" he shouted, pointing at the Karen who was trying to get her daughter to stand up. "Mrs. Sunflower assaulted a member of the estate unjustly and without any reason. She has disturbed the peace and loving harmony today. So I'm going to file a case against the Sunflower Women's Committee for her removal."

"You...!"

Becky grimaced instantly and pointed her finger shakily toward Miles. "...She, she isn't a member of this estate!"

"Bitch! You dare lay hands on my daughter?"

Hastily walking ahead of the group of five, Yasmin's voice echoed loud and clear.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 185: Dealing With A Karen, Betrayal[1,123 words]

Just as everyone thought everything was over, a sharp, angry voice echoed, drawing everyone's attention toward a woman in a blue swimsuit and flip-flops who was walking briskly toward Becky.

Instantly, many eyes widened in shock, both at Yasmin's beauty and the fact that she had referred to Jazmín as her daughter. Even if the similarity between them was as clear as comparing two white sheets of paper, it was hard to accept the reality behind those words.

Becky saw Yasmin walking toward her, and her mind trembled with fear.

'What's going on?'

This thought wasn't shared by her alone, but by everyone presently watching.

"Stop! What do you want to do? Who are you? Don't you dare hit me! Ahhhh!"

Becky tried to defend herself against the furious Yasmin, but Yasmin switched to her left hand and delivered an astounding slap that drenched the air in a cold silence.

In the water, after being pushed disgracefully by Miles, Preston continued to act like he was drowning, secretly wishing he could find a hole to crawl into.

Meanwhile, the slap Yasmin delivered left a deep red imprint, which Becky quickly covered in a pained daze, disbelief written all over her eyes.

Seeing her mother being slapped, Penelope wanted to bark, but she was instantly silenced by a harsh stare from Yasmin.

"You hit my daughter? Who the fuck do you think you are?"

Yasmin had absolutely no chill and went to kick Becky, but she was quickly held back by Miles.

After this wake-up call, some of the women finally reacted and stood up in a group from their loungers.

"How lousy. I never expected the standards here to be so low. Women 'of status' watching a minor being assaulted?"

A mocking, cold voice sounded. The women who were walking toward Yasmin to step in suddenly halted as they noticed a thick, voluptuous, and curvy figure. She was down-to-earth sexy, with two big melons proudly on display on her chest as she walked from the opposite direction.

What's more, walking a step behind her were three striking figures that almost choked the onlookers with envy. First was an equally voluptuous girl in a black swimsuit with big boobs and thick thighs. Next was a diva in a pink swimsuit with a medium bust size but a flawless, model-like body with matching specifications that left them in awe. The third was the blow that hurt the most,

because she was slender in an exceptional way—a perfect creation possessing the exact kind of body they all secretly longed for.

'How can she have such perfect daughters?' many inwardly lamented.

Of course, they all recognized Hannah right away; after all, she was their common foe. However, her appearance was entirely unexpected after so many years of absence.

Meanwhile, at the sight of the new arrivals, the youths—with no exclusion to gender—were in total awe. They couldn't help but think that if only their mothers and sisters looked like that, they would secretly goon every night. It was pure, heartfelt admiration for creatures much more endowed than they were.

In the pool, Preston swallowed hard, staring wide-eyed at the girls. But the biggest blow to the boy was yet to unfold.

"Hello, ladies."

Hannah walked forward without stopping until she stood right before Becky. She then craned her neck to look past her at the other women, acting as if the person in front of her didn't even exist.

"I trust we've all been good. Nice to meet you all again," Hannah said with a smile, while Becky couldn't utter a single word despite the countless scenarios she had simulated in her head for years.

Seeing how pleasantly Hannah greeted them, the great sense of foreboding in the women's hearts dissipated. It was a huge contrast to how they speculated she would react.

With Becky totally embarrassed and unable to speak, the women exchanged glances.

"Welcome, Hannah. It's such a great pleasure that you're here to join us today," Preston's mom said with a courteous smile.

"Oh, thank you. It's entirely my pleasure to be here among Sunflower Estate's elite. Truly, my pleasure," Hannah said, a heavy hint of sarcasm dripping from her tone, causing the woman's smile to turn awkward.

Acting as if she had suddenly remembered something, Hannah stepped to the side.

"Lest I forget, this is my new neighbor, Yasmin."

Passing the baton to Yasmin, who was greatly displeased and trying hard to suppress her rage, Hannah stepped back.

"Good afternoon, ladies—many of whom are mothers like myself. I would have said it is great to meet you, but when the ownership of my property was transferred to me, I wasn't told I needed to report to the Sunflower Women's Committee to have my daughter's and my identities registered. If I had known, I gladly would have done so, of course—instead of letting my daughter use a pool she supposedly wasn't entitled to, only to be assaulted by an esteemed woman of great authority."

Yasmin didn't offer a single smile, staring coldly at all the women.

Hearing what Yasmin said, Becky was embarrassed to the core. Who was she kidding? Assaulting someone who actually lived in the estate? Goodbye to her social status.

Beside her, her daughter Penelope lowered her head in shame.

"My name is Catherine. I'm sorry for the wrong impression. The situation unfolded too fast for any of us to react. But trust me, this woman isn't one of us."

To achieve her goal of becoming the leader of the Committee, Catherine coldly turned her eyes toward Becky, deciding to destroy their relationship once and for all with a sharp blow.

"Becky, even after all these years since you seduced your husband while working as a bartender, you still haven't let go of your lowly attitude."

This cold dismissal caused most of the women to gasp, and what remained of Becky's prestige instantly burst like a balloon.

"You liar! You bastard wretch! I always knew you were after my position. But to dare lie against me like this—I'll sue your ass!"

"Oh, please. It's time to stop pretending. Everyone knows your husband lost his job as a judge for corruption and bribery. Besides, your name is Becky; how exactly do you plan to prove I'm lying?"

"Let's go."

Holding her daughter's hand, Becky cast a hateful gaze at everyone and hurried away, her flat ass cheeks vanishing from sight.

"Come here."

Before Miles could even react, Hannah swung her arm around his neck and choked him into a jovial, tight hug.

'Crap, I'm going to get a hard-on.'

As his face was pressed firmly into her chest, the lips of everyone present—from the women to the young boys—parted in absolute shock.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 186: Maybe We Could Do It[1,010 words]

"Oh please. It's time to stop pretending that your husband lost his job as a judge due to corruption and bribery. Besides, your name is Becky, how do you prove I'm lying?"

"Let's go."

Holding her daughter's hand, Becky cast everyone a hateful gaze and hurried away, her flat ass cheeks twitching with every step.

"Come here."

Before Miles could react, Hannah swung her arm around his neck and choked him into a jovial hug.

'Crap, I'm going to get a hard-on.'

Being pressed into her chest—from the women to the boys, everyone's lips parted in shock.

The eyes of the boys, which had been staring at Hannah in awe, widened when they saw Miles being playfully squeezed beneath her arm with a quick noogie to his hair.

"You sure have grown, huh?"

Ignoring the eyes on her, Hannah joked loudly and pushed him into the pool.

"What? He's my son."

Meeting the stunned eyes of the women, especially Catherine, Hannah sneered, and they quickly tried to act natural. Behind her, Josephine and Cassie weren't fazed by what she did. Only Deb was, pursing her lips slightly as she recalled the scene of Hannah giving Miles a blowjob.

Meanwhile, Yasmin and Jazmín were just slightly taken back, trying not to harbor any thoughts about it.

In the pool, Preston swallowed his envy and dove into the water to distance himself from Miles.

Miles only surfaced when his stirred dragon went back to sleep.

"I guess we can swim now, right?" Hannah asked the woman named Catherine, already walking away to rinse her body.

Catherine didn't respond, only letting her gaze linger on their backs before shifting her eyes to Miles, who swam to the edge to converse with Jazmín.

'He's her son?'

She thought, a bit unwilling to let go of her interest in him, but she ultimately did.

Stepping into the pool again, Jazmín glanced at the boys—who seemed eager to earn back her attention—with disdain, then swam toward Miles with a beautiful smile.

The boys, seeing the stark contrast in treatment, quickly turned their eyes back to the other girls loitering in the pool and were ignored there too. They were losing both away and home games.

"Thank you."

Arriving before Miles with a full view of her cleavage, Jazmín smiled, a flicker of regret on her face that she had even come here.

"Naaah. It's nothing. She's just a paranoid bitch because her husband probably refuses to fuck her or something."

"Hehehe."

His response caused Jazmín to laugh lightly before her expression turned somewhat serious.

"Honestly... no one has ever stood up for me like that before, except for my mom..." She appeared hesitant and eventually chose another word to add. "...thank you." She said it genuinely, forcing a smile.

"Funny." Miles laughed and dove his head briefly underwater, popping back up a second later. "Perks of having me as your guide. Besides, it's such a fucked-up society. You can always hang out with my sisters if you feel bored."

Miles comforted her in a casual manner, shrugging his shoulders at the eyes staring at him.

Jazmín laughed and pouted.

"Okay, guide. If you say so. But first, let's race, and then you'll show me around."

"Sure."

"Three bouts."

"Sure."

"Ready? At the count of one, two—"

Jazmín dived in halfway through the count, leaving Miles behind with a fleeting glimpse of her ass.

Miles smirked and tailed behind her, quickly catching up.

By this point, Hannah, Yasmin, Deb, Cassie, and Josephine had all rinsed off their bodies and were entering the pool, wanting to take a quick dive before sunbathing.

"Look at them go," Hannah muttered with a loving vibe to Cassie and Josephine, who joined the race halfway through.

Soon, with the commotion quelled, the bustling scene regained its former energy.

"Arggh."

Poking his head out of the water with a loud exhale, Miles smiled at the sight of the three girls swimming toward him.

The next moment, Jazmín's head burst through, followed closely by Cassie and Josephine.

"Oh my gosh, Miles. Since when did you learn how to swim that fast?" Josephine asked sharply, awed by his skills.

"Really? Practice, I guess?" He grinned at her.

"Teach me," Cassie sassily harrumphed and rolled her eyes, reluctant to openly acknowledge his skills.

"Naaah. Practice makes perfect. I'm sure you girls will be able to keep pace with me next time with enough practice."

Cassie quickly splashed water on him. "Come here!"

Miles quickly swam toward the other edge to avoid their pursuit and get out of the water.

Josephine and Cassie didn't try to catch up, receiving a swift wave from Jazmín, who was already halfway toward the opposite edge.

"We still have other places to check out!" she shouted at them and kept swimming, eventually stepping out of the pool toward where she kept her clothes.

"Dry up a bit."

When she got to where Miles was laying, he signaled to the lounge chair next to him.

"Hehehe." Jazmín laughed and didn't say anything more.

About twenty minutes later, they both got dressed and left the pool area.

Scanning the more than a dozen cars parked under the tree-lined avenue, they quickly found Deb's car right where they had left it.

Isolated from the booming music the moment they closed the doors, Miles and Jazmín seemingly froze, deeply appreciating the sudden silence.

"My ears would cry if they had eyes."

Collapsing into the backrest, Jazmín joked with a smile.

"Funny, I thought about something similar too." After that, they didn't say anything else and simply enjoyed the quiet.

A minute later, Miles stretched his neck and adjusted his sitting position into a proper driving posture.

"So, where do you want to see? Apart from the pool party, the only noteworthy place is the Estate Hall where big events are held. There's also the Health Centre—it has a gym, a notable yoga studio, and emergency care," Miles explained.

Jazmín swiftly rejected the idea. "Doesn't sound fun. Let's just drive around."

"Okay."

'Maybe... we could do it.'

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 187: A Checkout Deal[1,530 words]

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"So, where do you want to see? Apart from the pool party, the only noteworthy place is the Estate Hall where big events are held. There's also the Health Centre—it has a gym, a notable yoga studio, and emergency care," Miles explained.

Jazmín swiftly rejected the idea. "Doesn't sound fun. Let's just drive around."

"Okay."

'Maybe... we could do it.'

"Who lives here?"

As they passed by a certain duplex, Jazmín quickly pointed at it and asked.

"Well, to be honest, I don't know much about the estate, nor its residents."

After hearing his response, Jazmín didn't think he was lying and readily admired the other buildings in silence.

But the silence didn't stretch for long. Jazmín turned to Miles with a smile, checking him out without trying to hide it. She placed her elbow on the armrest and her chin on her knuckles as she scanned his arms in great detail.

"You know..." saying so, she paused. "You know, seeing you for the first time, I thought you were the cold, arrogant, and nonchalant type."

Twisting her lips into a playful smile, Jazmín leaned towards him to observe his expression.

The corners of Miles' mouth twitched slightly at her first impression of him.

'What the fuck? I'm just trying to live a chill life. I don't even bully anyone, nor have I ever rejected a girl before.' He was about to say something against her impression but chose not to; instead, he simply glanced at her.

"So... what changed?" he asked, a look of interest on his face.

Jazmín appeared taken aback and then burst into a short laugh, her eyes scanning his face as if she were charmed. Eventually, she leaned closer again.

"I was wrong. You're still arrogant, but with a sweet edge to it. You're also loving, caring, and strong. I never thought I would see this side of you."

"Arrhh." She sighed and leaned back into her seat. The visual of Miles' back as he stood before Becky and her daughter flashed in her head, prompting a sweet smile.

"Hum? Can I ask you a question?" She swiftly turned towards him.

Miles nodded.

"Okay, I know this is kind of personal. But I just wanted to know... Chloe, the girl you were at the party with. Are you two a thing? Sorry if I sound bitchy, though."

Miles glanced at Jazmín, his eyes properly taking in her appearance this time.

'Quite bold and direct.' But he chose to respond, returning his gaze to the road.

"Yes. We just started dating."

"Oh..." Jazmín revealed a surprised look, catching an important detail in his words, and she quickly blurted it out without thinking. "How recently did you start dating?"

Miles didn't bother glancing at her this time.

"About two nights ago."

Jazmín felt like she had swallowed a fly; shock and realization appeared in her pupils.

"On the night of the party?" she blurted incredulously, knowing that if these words were to get out, the whole school would go wild.

"Yes."

Hearing Miles' response, Jazmín quickly calmed down, realizing a crucial factor.

'He boldly accepted that she's his girlfriend... Is that to say he is interested in me?'

Despite her thoughts, Jazmín refused to back down just like that and threw another question at him.

"So tell me. Two days, huh? Do I still have a chance?" she asked in a jovial tone, testing the waters and making Miles realize her intentions.

Miles turned to her, forming a slightly speechless expression, and turned back to the road.

"Well, it depends."

Jazmín was stunned by his reply, and then a smile bloomed on her face. "Depends on what?" she piqued.

"If you're trying to be my girlfriend, that seat has already been occupied. But if you want to, you can still have me on the condition that you'll be solely mine."

Seeing him speak with such a straight face while giving her a contract-like agreement, Jazmín parted her mouth in shock, realizing she had underestimated how arrogant he was.

'And who goes about talking about cheating in such a manner?'

Even more strangely, she realized she didn't feel repulsed or annoyed by his words, instead feeling like it was only natural.

After about ten seconds of marveling at his arrogance, Jazmín finally brought herself to speak.

"Wait, first of all, you're very arrogant. Second of all, who goes around talking about cheating on their girlfriend in such a manner? And third of all, what do you mean, 'in return for having you, I get to be solely yours'? What kind of a bargain is that? Why can't you be mine alone too?"

Jazmín pouted like she had heard something ridiculous.

Meanwhile, Miles was more stunned by her response, because her "third of all" threw the first and second in the trash, making him realize he had underestimated her interest in him.

"It isn't cheating if she agrees to it. I'm sorry, but you can only belong to me afterward. Think of it as a harem."

"What the fuck?" Jazmín blurted in shock, reeling from the revelation and feeling utterly overwhelmed by it. "Chloe agreed to this? A harem?" What's more, the possessiveness in his tone made her heart tremble with joy.

"Yeah," Miles replied as if it were a matter of fact, making Jazmín gnash her teeth.

She looked around and suddenly pointed ahead, next to an unkempt front yard belonging to a house no one seemed to be living in.

"Park there first, park there."

She hurriedly waved her index finger, and Miles came to a quick stop on the quiet street.

Following a slight jolt, the car came to a halt.

Jazmín took a moment to catch her breath, then turned to Miles.

"So, let me understand this. You mean Chloe said you could have other girls and that you're building a harem?" she asked with great fascination, causing Miles to purse his lips before responding.

"Yeah, something like that."

Jazmín's eyes widened, an idea suddenly birthing itself in her mind.

"So, you say you're creating a harem, right? How many members have you fished currently?"

"Around eight," Miles replied, paying close attention to Jazmín's expressions.

"Eight?!" Jazmín screamed out loud.

As for the reason Miles was willing to reveal so much, he discerned that Jazmín's interest wasn't something fickle, especially after she felt so grateful to him for stepping up for her.

After thinking about it for a moment, Jazmín stared at him with a renewed gaze, popping a smile as she checked him out.

"So does that mean we can do anything?" By "anything," she hinted at him with a seductive look.

"Anything? Maybe," Miles replied with a chill shrug.

"Hehehe, that's great. Hold on, let me think. Where should I start?"

She got an idea and leaned toward his ear.

"So it's also okay if I check out your dick? I saw how full your trunks were. And to be honest, I have been quite curious to know if you purposely stuck a potato there."

"Ehen?" Hearing her bold accusation, Miles lowered his gaze to his groin area and wanted to facepalm as a realization hit him.

'If she thinks like that, then she probably isn't the only one.' With this thought, he could easily imagine the thoughts of the other women present.

"You don't want to?"

Taking his stunned silence as rejection, Jazmín couldn't help but add with a hint of panic in her heart, "Okay, okay, I'll make it a fair trade. You'll let me check it out to confirm the truth, and you can check any part of me you want. Deal?"

Hearing her proposal just as he was about to give her the go-ahead to stick her hand in his pants, a true, pleasant smile formed on his face, and the sleeping dragon's eyes shot open.

"Deal," he happily replied, passing the stunned look back to her as she realized she had offered the deal too early.

Not dwelling on it, she swept her hair to the back and focused her eyes on his pants.

"Wait, before I touch it... how big is it?" She stared him in the eyes and asked.

Meeting her gaze, he replied, "Why don't you find out for yourself?"

"I knew you would say that." Jazmín playfully rolled her eyes and adjusted her seat.

Miles didn't reply, doing the same as she leaned toward him.

"What are you doing? I didn't say I wanted to give you a blowjob," Jazmín teased, squinting her eyes slightly at his reaction.

However, Miles replied with a good defense. "Don't worry, it's for medical reasons."

"Oh, I see." Smiling, Jazmín leaned down, grabbed, and lowered the waistband of his pants to reveal his underwear, which looked like it had been stuffed with something. But at the thought that this might actually be his dick, her heartbeat began to accelerate with great curiosity.

Her eyes stuck to it as her hand moved, finally lowering the band of his underwear to reveal the truth.

Right then, she let go of the band and leaned back in fright.

"What is that?" she asked, refusing to believe that was a cock.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 188: Check Out**[1,501 words]

. But at the thought that this might actually be his dick, her heartbeat began to accelerate with

Her eyes stuck to it as her hand moved, finally lowering the band of his underwear to reveal the truth.

Right then, she let go of the band and leaned back in fright.

"What is that?" she asked, refusing to believe that was a cock.

"Why don't you measure it and find out?"

The corners of Miles' lips formed a smirk, not expecting such a dramatic reaction.

Jazmín didn't reply; her eyes darted toward his thick, boneless meat in amazement. Seeing it coiled and slowly enlarging, her heart trembled and she reached out to touch it.

"Wow," she marveled the moment her fingers wrapped around the limp shaft, feeling it to be soft but thick—a compressed mass of flesh.

Just then her heart skipped. Staring with wide eyes at his cock in her palm, she felt a catalyst take place. Like flowers unfolding their petals at dawn, the stirred beast began to stretch, seeking to embrace the warmth of her hand. She watched it grow in girth and length.

Meanwhile, Miles held his breath, holding back a groan against the soft coolness of her palm. Controlling his voice, he decided to tease her for the first time.

"What? Haven't you seen a cock before?" he sneered, causing her to glance at his face. She suppressed her amazement and smiled.

"Are you kidding me? Even a five-year-old knows what a dick is." She retrieved her gaze and stared at his now semi-hard dick. "But I have never seen anything like this. It feels surreal—" She paused, looking like she had realized something, and smirked at him. "Now I suddenly know why you intend to form a harem. It's hard to imagine those eight women have tasted this," she flirted, naughtily staring at him as she readjusted her grip to the pace of the rising beast, yet to stroke it as if she was waiting for something.

"Yeah, and just like you, they all said something similar. But you know, we can't really tell our limit until we test it."

His words were covert, but Jazmín instantly understood and parted her lips in an 'oh' motion.

"Limits, huh?" she added, and flipped his cock to her other palm as if trying to engrave the sensation of it.

"Aren't you done checking it out yet?" Miles couldn't help but ask, his voice a little stifled because he was holding back from groaning.

"Chill, what's the rush? I want to see how big it can truly get," she replied with a slight tease, but Miles wasn't having any of it, too strained from trying to control his desire.

"You might as well hasten it up. How long do you think we have until the party is over?"

"Oh, that's right," Jazmín agreed, turning her eyes back to his cock. Then, she began to stroke him. "Like this?"

She reached with her other hand to massage his balls, adjusting herself to kneel on the front seat.

"Argh." Miles couldn't take it and let out a stifled groan of satisfaction. Jazmín paused and smirked at his face without stopping.

Under her firm, steady strokes, his dick grew to 9 inches long, with a girth half the size of a wrist. Seeing it could no longer increase as it stood rigidly, Jazmín finally stopped. But first, she scooped the precum on the tip and rubbed it between her fingers.

"Oh my, is this your precum?" she teased with a naughty smile, but Miles merely stared, thinking of how to pay her back.

"Are you done?" he asked her.

"No." Jazmín shook her head, grabbed the base of his cock, and began waving it in the air. "I'm awed. This should be called a weapon of destruction," she laughed. Rubbing his balls, she lowered her body and brought her mouth close to it like a mic. "Hehehe. I still have to check out how it tastes—"

With a single motion, she sank downward. Her lips parted in order to accommodate the girth of his cock, but her mouth failed to serve as a restraint; her cheeks bulged, stuffed with the thick, rigid flesh.

Meanwhile, feeling the warmth of her mouth, her slippery tongue around his tip, and her teeth pressing against him, Miles felt a jolt of ecstatic pleasure travel through him. He instinctively reached his hand toward Jazmín's hair, locking her firmly with his cock in her mouth.

"Suck it," he commanded in a guttural tone, clenching his teeth tight as his dick pulsed inside her mouth.

Meanwhile, Jazmín froze, shocked by his exhibited dominance. Her heart fluttered with compliance; she was even happy that he took charge. Saying nothing, she voluntarily began to bob her head on his cock, her ass arched against the window while her hands stroked and rubbed his balls. Her saliva quickly trailed down his shaft, mixed with precum. It was thick and granted fluid movement, making the stretched corners of her lips slide in and out.

"Yeah, good girl."

As Jazmín continued to increase the pace at which she blew him, Miles held his breath and applied more force, directly pushing past the boundary her mouth could take and choking her with his cock.

"Arrrhh."

She gagged, a thick mix of saliva and precum puffing out from the corners of her lips, her face flushed. Choking her for about five seconds, Miles lowered his grip down to the back of her neck, and Jazmín quickly withdrew with a sharp intake of air.

"Ahhhhhh."

Letting out an erotic moan, she whipped her hair back and began gasping. Her pupils glinted with remnant shock and secret thrill. She stared at Miles with a beautiful, intoxicated smile.

"Oh my gosh, that was fucking great," she said with elation.

"Then keep sucking it." Miles bent her neck, and Jazmín offered no resistance.

Slurp!

She was back to bobbing her head and coating his cock in her saliva.

"Arrrh."

With a push, she choked on his cock once again. But this time, she didn't stay still from the shock, and despite feeling her gut squelch, she bobbed her head the best she could and deepthroated him.

"Mmmmm."

Miles inhaled deeply, slowly pushing her head down and his dick deeper into her throat until more than seven inches was covered.

"Yes. Good girl," he growled, and let go of her neck, winding up the tinted windows at the sight of an incoming vehicle.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

Jazmín didn't stop and continued sucking his cock. Meanwhile, the incoming vehicle passed by without noticing what was going on. Miles breathed a sigh of relief and leaned back in his seat. Watching Jazmín bury his cock inside her mouth, his hand didn't stay idle for long.

"Ahhhhhh!" With one smack of her ass, Jazmín jolted forward, her mouth slipping from his cock as she gasped. She held the base of his cock, a thin line of spit drooling from her lips, trying to catch her breath while seemingly relishing his firm grasp on her ass with a slutty look.

Meanwhile, just as he smacked her ass and fiercely pressed, Miles was astonished by how soft it actually was.

"You've got a soft ass."

Smack!

He slapped her again, and this time slipped his hand beneath her ripped denim jeans to feel the incredible softness.

"Ahhhhhh.... Hmmmmmmmm." Jazmín moaned from his smack and rapidly inhaled when he slipped his hand from behind, grabbing her ass directly.

"You aren't the only one with special attributes, you know. Although it can't compare to your monster..." she stroked his cock, "...it's something girls rarely have—Ahhhhh!"

"True," Miles replied, squeezing her ass and cutting her off. "Are you done checking it out?" he asked with a sneer, meaning to let her know how far they had gone from just trying to check out his cock.

However, in response, Jazmín smirked and popped his cock back in her mouth, applying a huge suction force, then licked the head clean before turning to him with his balls in her grasp.

"Hold on, just a few more checks. It seems to like me, though," she joked and began stroking him, then lowered her mouth for another round of deepthroat.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

She bobbed her head endlessly, coating him in saliva that soaked his balls for a whole minute, then proceeded to lick everything beneath it.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

"HMMMMMM." Jazmín choked on his cock as he rubbed her ass fiercely.

Slurp!

"Arrrhhhh." She withdrew and took a sharp breath, then lowered herself again to lick his shaft clean, tracing every crook alongside his throbbing veins.

"Yes, daddy." Feeling his massaging hand over her ass, Jazmín could no longer bear it and wriggled her ass against his touch.

"I'm done checking it out," she said breathlessly with eyes closed, feeling his fingers move through her ass crack to her pussy.

"Take it off. Let's check out your limit."

(I'm Sorry Guys)

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 189: Check Out 2[1,511 words]

She bobbed her head endlessly, coating him in saliva that soaked his balls for a whole minute, then proceeded to lick everything beneath it.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

"HMMMMMM." Jazmín choked on his cock as he rubbed her ass fiercely.

Slurp!

"Arrrrhhhhh." She withdrew and took a sharp breath, then lowered herself again to lick his shaft clean, tracing every crook alongside his throbbing veins.

"Yes, daddy." Feeling his massaging hand over her ass, Jazmín could no longer bear it and wriggled her ass against his touch.

"I'm done checking it out," she said breathlessly with eyes closed, feeling his fingers move through her ass crack to her pussy.

"Take it off. Let's check out your limit."

Withdrawing just as his finger was about to slip between her coochie, Jazmín's expression visibly tensed, and she sucked in a quick breath before nodding.

She leaned back, sitting on the back of her legs, and proceeded to take off her shorts. Then came her thin bikini panties.

Miles watched from the side, his dick throbbing as it sought the wet warmth of her pussy.

"Hmmm."

Jazmín smiled, waving her bikini before his eyes before dropping it.

"Check out my limit? You're smooth," she joked. She reached out to stroke his cock, giving it two firm strokes before letting go. Then she placed her hands on his chest for support, crossing one leg over him.

"Hmmm."

She breathed as she adjusted the position of her knees after straddling him. Her hair brushed against the roof of the car despite leaning down, her boobs hovering directly above his mouth.

There was silence for a moment—a prelude to what was to come—as the sound of their controlled breathing filled the cramped space.

"Ever had car sex?"

Jazmín was the first to break the stalemate of their pretentious act, knowing what they were about to do.

Miles broke into a smile.

"No, but I've been looking forward to it."

"Me too."

Jazmín felt relieved after hearing his answer.

At least, even if I'm not your first, I'll be the first you're going to fuck in a car, she thought to herself with unexpected joy.

Just as she pushed her hand behind her back, planning to grab his pulsating cock, she felt a sudden movement around her waist as Miles grabbed her and swiftly pushed up her top.

"Wait, it was only to check out one part," she squealed sharply, reaching to grab his hand because she wanted another bargain.

Knowing this, Miles slapped her hand away, his eyes already set on her boobs.

"I know. I'll owe you a checkup too. Now move those hands."

Jazmín grinned and moved her hands, helping him slide off her tank top, leaving the only piece of clothing on her body to be a bikini bra that exposed much of her cleavage. But she had been wearing it at the pool, so it didn't matter much.

Miles fixed his eyes on her nipples and slipped up her bikini bra with a flick.

"Great nipples."

At the sight of her erect nipples, looking so sumptuous, Miles' breathing grew heavier with desire. Yet he didn't impatiently bite in. He held back.

With one hand placed on her back, ready to push her down, his other hand traced along her side—from her waist to her thighs, then to her ass—before sustaining a firm grip.

"Hmmmmmm."

In reaction, Jazmín hummed in delight. Then she reached for his cock, lowering her grip to the base before squirming mischievously as she lowered herself at the slowest pace she could.

"Ahhhhhhh."

"Arrrgghh."

They both let out synchronized moans as the two parts connected.

Jazmín slowly sat on his cock, using the two hands planted beside his head for support.

Her mouth hung open, an expression of bliss etched across her face as the feeling of the tip entrenched itself within her, stretching what she had always known as her limit.

She stopped, unwilling to go any further before digesting the bliss and comprehending its size.

Beneath her, Miles kept his eyes closed. Firmly gripping her soft ass, he clenched his teeth in utmost delight at how tight her slimy pussy was.

She wasn't a virgin, but it felt as though she were.

Also overwhelmed by undeniable pleasure, he slowly pressed her down and latched onto her right nipple.

Smooch!!!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Jazmín gasped sharply, instinctively lowering her waist before freezing in shock.

The sensation of his tongue brushing over her nipple while her pussy accommodated more of his cock left her unable to move. Yet she suffered even more because Miles chose to vent his excitement on her tight pussy by taking it out on her innocent boobs.

Smooch! Smooch! Pop!

First, he stretched his mouth to its limit and clasped her breast, rolling his tongue over her nipple before sucking while sealing his lips around it.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Unable to bear it, Jazmín moaned at the top of her lungs, her hands suddenly becoming numb. Unable to support herself, they gave way, and she collapsed onto him.

"Hhhh..."

Her screaming moan turned into a breathless whistle as more than seven inches buried themselves inside her.

Smooch! Smoooch! Smooch!

Miles held her ass in place and continued sucking on her other nipple while Jazmín wrapped her arms tightly around his head, digging her fingers into his hair.

It continued for about five minutes before she finally regained her senses after an intense orgasm.

Feeling her pussy clench and unclench around him, Miles held his breath and immersed himself in the sensation. Though still latched onto her breasts, he was no longer as intense, simply savoring the taste of her nipples.

Trembling slightly with his cock still inside her, Jazmín slowly sat up, her head brushing against the roof of the car.

After orgasming, her mind regained some clarity, but her body still wanted more.

"Fuck. I wanted to suck them while you did your thing, you know."

As her breasts slipped from his mouth, Miles couldn't help but reveal his regret while reaching to grab both sides of her soft ass.

However, Jazmín wasn't going to let him have it.

"Easy for you to say. Your cock isn't even bulging after being inside me for so long. I should be the one complaining. Did those eight women last long?"

Miles grinned as he stared at her boobs. Her head was directly above his, so he couldn't see her expression.

"You bet. They mostly couldn't walk. I remember having to carry one of them down the stairs from the eighth floor to the first. What a hurdle."

As he finished speaking, he gently gyrated his waist to match her slow riding pace, as she was still adjusting to his size.

However, Jazmín seemed hooked on the part about not being able to walk.

"She wasn't able to walk?"

"Yeah. Scared?" Miles grinned.

"Not really. Just amazed. Can you make me unable to walk too?"

She suddenly asked, sounding both crazy and expectant.

But Miles was even crazier.

"Why not? I nicknamed it Wombshifter. You're probably going to pass out."

"Crap. Have you fucked a woman until she passed out?"

"Yeah."

"That's a lie. Hmmmmmmmm. Fuck, it's about to tear me apart. Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Interrupting their conversation, Jazmín jerked as her legs began to spasm while another wave of orgasm washed over her.

Her pussy clenched and loosened, and she locked her knees around him.

As her orgasmic fluid leaked from her pussy, Miles moved his waist gently, making slow movements inside her until she could finally catch her breath.

"Are you done?" he teased.

She nodded with difficulty.

"What were you saying?"

Guiding her waist as she settled deeper onto his cock, moving in a rhythmic fashion, Miles asked her to continue where she had stopped.

"Hmmmmmm. Ahhhhhhhhhh. Mmmmmm... Bastard, aren't you going to cum already? I'm already at my limit."

Miles sneered.

"Then start crying. Pass out even. I'll fuck you while you're unconscious."

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

His words stirred Jazmín, and she began humping him faster and faster, holding her breath with everything she had.

"Fuck!"

Stunned, Miles cursed, tightening his grip while spreading her ass as he felt himself nearing the edge.

Jazmín seemed to have entered a dazed state and came shortly afterward, but she didn't stop rocking him.

"Damn it, I'm going to cum."

Miles quickly warned, and Jazmín's eyes shot open.

"Fuck! Don't cum inside, or else I'll be having your baby."

The next moment, she hurriedly slipped his cock out and got off him. Seeing he was about to release, she didn't hesitate and managed to catch it at the last moment.

Mop!

A soft pop sounded as her mouth enveloped his cock, taking about five inches in, nearly reaching her throat, as web after web of cum shot down her throat extravagantly.

Some cum slipped from the corners of her lips, and Jazmín's eyes widened, swallowing it bit by bit with every things she could with hands holding his balls

The climax had been reached, and a wave of silence settled between the two.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 190: Hannah's Shock[1,495 words]

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Slurp!

Jazmín cleaned his cock after swallowing every bit of his cum.

"Hmmmmm."

With a satisfied huff, she withdrew and unclenched her hand from around his dick.

Lying down, Miles watched the scene with a small smirk on his lips. His gaze shifted to her boobs and ass, feeling satisfied that he had left his mark on them.

Reaching for the tissue on the dashboard, she pulled out a couple of wet wipes and began wiping her fluids off herself.

"Oh no. We made such a mess. Your sister is going to be pissed. Besides, the scent is going to stay for a while."

Jazmín sniffed the lingering scent of sex in the air and turned to him with a hint of worry.

"What are you looking at?" she sneered, her tone jovial as she glanced at his limp cock.

"Don't tell me you want to go again," she asked, a little afraid because she knew she wouldn't refuse him.

"Not really, just appreciating the view."

Miles replied, grinning at her hot, naked body.

Jazmín slapped his thigh and quickly covered her twins with a pout.

"Cracking naughty jokes. I'd better get dressed before it wakes up again."

She hinted at his dick before letting go of her twins and picking up her bikini panties.

A minute later, the rustling sound of fabric filled the car as she put on her top, finally covering her body in a somewhat decent manner.

Meanwhile, having already pulled up his pants and cleaned up the evidence of their entanglement, Miles sniffed the air before turning to Jazmín.

"Let's grab an ice cream," he suggested.

She agreed without hesitation.

Following a ten-minute drive, they arrived at a gas station not far from the estate and left the car for an automated wash and a manual interior cleaning.

Meanwhile, back at the Sinclairs' mansion, as everyone got out of the newly bought luxury vehicle, Deb, Josephine, and Cassie entered the house after making sure Miles wasn't around.

"You said you wanted to ask me for a favor."

Hannah turned to Yasmin, a little curious about the usually jovial and straightforward woman's hesitant expression.

At that moment, Yasmin, who had remained seated in the car, inhaled deeply and sighed before speaking.

"Yes, it's something private, and I'm afraid it might upset you."

Yasmin admitted, still hesitant, unwilling to ruin their newly built friendship, yet unable to keep quiet about that night.

Hearing that she might be offended, Hannah also became serious but nodded, signaling for Yasmin to continue.

"You know..."

Yasmin began.

"...it's been a few days since I moved into the estate, and to be honest, ever since what Marcus did to me, I've been very reluctant to get close to any man. Trust me, I've tried being in several

relationships, and it just isn't my thing. So I've spent several years by myself, focusing on my daughter before finally finding Marcus and suing him..."

Yasmin paused to catch her breath while Hannah's mind worked rapidly, piecing the details together.

A fucked-up, traumatized life.

A deep dislike for men.

A sense of feminine conquest.

No way... is she a lesbian trying to ask me to become her girlfriend?

Arriving at that conclusion, Hannah was amused and planned to decline after thinking about her stepson's huge cock, which could satisfy her every need.

Or maybe I could do both... and let Miles fuck her with the dildo. Wait, I shouldn't jump to conclusions yet. Besides, I'm still cleaning up my mess with Deb. After all, she caught me sucking her stepbrother's cock. Poor girl.

Her thoughts quickly wandered away from the topic before Yasmin's next words pulled her back.

"...three nights ago, I was resting by the window, cursing at the sky after exhausting myself cleaning Marcus' room."

She spoke softly, appearing slightly dazed as she tried to recall every detail of that night.

"I lamented how boring the neighborhood was while smoking. Then I heard the lustful screams of a woman.

At first, I thought I had mistaken the wind. A misperception.

But no.

I perked up my ears and listened more closely, and the sound came again.

Much louder than before, in fact.

I thought someone was being assaulted and calling for help.

But then the screams changed.

A loud, frantic scream of the word *Yes!*"

The interior of the car fell utterly silent, to the point that even their subtle breathing became distinct.

Hannah's mind, which had already run through countless scenarios and reached its own conclusion, shut down after hearing the details.

She stared blankly at Yasmin, who now turned to face her.

"I craned my neck a little and saw that the next house's window was wide open. That's where the sounds were coming from.

Hannah, judging by the identical layout of the estate's houses, that should've been your room, right?

You don't have to deny it. I recognized your voice and could repeat every scream you made if you think I'm bluffing."

Yasmin smiled and slowly reached out with both hands to wrap Hannah's palm in hers, stunning Hannah with her desperate plea.

"I thought you were with your husband, and I felt deeply jealous. But after spending time with you today, I believe what you said about not having a husband.

And my desperate plea right now is that you introduce me to him.

Please."

Thinking Yasmin was about to blackmail her or confess something romantic, Hannah's eyes fluttered, and her lips parted slightly in shock, convinced she had misheard.

But Yasmin quickly added,

"Honestly, I picked up my dildo that night and fucked myself while fantasizing about being in that room, receiving the same treatment as you.

I know this is improper, but could you please let him fuck me?

Even if it's just once.

I'll even pay for his services."

Yasmin tightened her grip on Hannah's hand with a pleading look, causing Hannah to blink repeatedly, never expecting such an unexpected twist—that her ordeal three nights ago had driven someone to grab a dildo.

Hannah felt shocked, surprised, disbelieving, awestruck, and, above all, strangely aroused.

She shuddered and took a deep breath, her emotions tangled.

This is Miles we're talking about. Will he agree to fuck her? Or am I willing to share him?

she wondered, already knowing her answer as an image formed in her mind.

Seeing Yasmin's earnest expression, Hannah slowly shook her head.

"I'm afraid I'll have to think about it and get back to you."

"Ah..."

Yasmin opened her mouth in surprise, not expecting Hannah to respond so readily by saying she would think about it instead of getting angry over such a secret.

"Surprised?" Hannah joked, though she was more curious to ask something else.

"Yeah," Yasmin replied with a smile.

"But... about that night.

Was I really that loud?"

Hannah asked, wanting confirmation.

"Yes. I could feel how intensely both of you were trying to stay in control."

Hannah pursed her lips.

Oh fuck. We really were that loud.

She smiled teasingly at Yasmin.

"Well, it's getting late. Do you want to stay for dinner?"

Hannah asked.

But Yasmin declined.

"As much as I'd love to stay somewhere lively, I think I'll sit this one out and let you think."

Though she didn't say it outright, Hannah understood and nodded.

"I'll get back to you then."

"Thank you. See you around."

Yasmin stepped out of the car and walked across the driveway toward the neighboring house.

Just then, a black car rolled to a smooth stop in front of her.

Jazmín stepped out carrying a white disposable plastic bag while munching on an ice cream that was already half gone.

Still unaware of her mother's presence, she closed the car door and waved at Miles.

"Thank you."

She beamed as she watched the car enter the next driveway before turning around and spotting her mother wearing a knowing smile.

"Mom!"

Startled, Jazmín squinted her eyes and called out.

Yasmin walked over and took the bag from her, giving Jazmín a suspicious once-over before checking its contents.

"I know you like him, but did you notice how his sisters seemed determined to protect him from you?"

Yasmin teased.

"Hehehe."

Recalling that Miles already had several women, Jazmín laughed.

"They shouldn't be," she replied to her mother, saying nothing more.

Meanwhile, after parking the car, Miles stepped into the house carrying two large disposable plastic bags filled with groceries, including ice cream, bread, eggs, and more.