

# Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 191: Late Night Revelation[ 1,499 words ]

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.

"Looks like someone went shopping!"

The moment he walked through the door, he saw Cassie in her usual crop top and shorts, trying to change the TV station. She turned to him, and her gaze instantly switched to the big nylon bags in his hands with a happy smile, quickly walking forward to snatch two from his hands.

Her shout attracted Josephine, who was in the kitchen, to come and look.

Upon seeing this, Josephine quickly discarded her displeasure toward Miles and came forward to grab one bag after eyeing a few goodies inside.

They placed the bags on the kitchen counter and began to dismantle their contents.

"Oh wow. Ice cream!"

"He even bought chocolates."

They both marveled, realizing how thoughtful he was.

"What's going down there?"

Hannah's voice came through as she hurried down the stairs.

Seeing what was on the kitchen counter, she happily came over.

"Wow, Miles. You purchased all these? Cute."

She drew his cheeks and grabbed a chocolate bar.

"Naaah, it's nothing."

Miles shrugged but then appeared to have an idea.

"Mom, how about we dump cooking tonight and I order some junk food?"

Miles suggested, and the two girls quickly supported him with a cheer.

Under their pressure, Hannah gave in and accepted.

"All right, all right. Let's junk tonight."

Not long after, Deb joined in, and the atmosphere became very lively as they passed pizza boxes among themselves while seated in the living room, abandoning the dining table.

Much later, after clearing out five cartons of pizza, burgers, and fried chicken, with a couple of soft drinks to balance the equation, everything was wrapped up with everyone leaving for their respective rooms.

Except for Hannah.

She exchanged glances with Deb and chose to stay behind.

Later, after confirming there was no one in sight, she sneaked into Deb's room.

"Mom? What are you doing?"

Sitting upright with her lower body tucked under the covers, pressing on her laptop, Deb adjusted her reflective glasses as Hannah turned on the lights.

Hannah smiled and glanced around.

"Wow, I can't remember the last time I was in here."

She revealed, shifting her gaze toward Deb with motherly love as she proceeded to sit on the edge of the bed, placing her hand comfortingly on Deb's thigh.

"C'mon, baby. Let's not pretend."

Following Hannah's words, the room fell silent.

Hannah sighed and shook her head before proceeding.

"Let's talk about what you saw this morning..."

She paused before continuing.

"...me sucking your brother's cock..."

The room fell into another round of silence as Deb's eyes widened, choked speechless by Hannah's straightforward manner.

Hannah seemed to have seen through her thoughts and smiled.

"What did you expect me to say? Lie? Swear that it was the devil's handiwork? Blame temptation? Say I just couldn't resist and promise never to do such a thing again?"

Deb's lips parted in shock, appearing to struggle to say something.

"Mom... Yes. Yes, of course. Sucking Miles' dick? Why should you suck your stepson's dick and speak like it's a normal thing?"

Deb spoke exasperatedly, trying to hide her true thoughts and feelings while Hannah merely stared at her with a smirk, seeing through the pretense.

"Perhaps my perception is wrong, or do you sound jealous, Deb?"

Hannah asked, and as expected, Deb jolted slightly and avoided eye contact.

"Well, I am not here to act all saintly, baby. Or blame the devil for something I did of my own free will. But what do you think I am? A wooden stick?"

No, darling. I am a woman just like you.

Ever since George died, I have never entertained the thought of marrying another man for many years, nor have I slept around either. Until recently, I found something in Miles—something that reminded me of George, but much better, and yet a whole new person."

Her smile suddenly turned mischievous, filling Deb, who had been feeling solemn, with a sense of foreboding.

"Gosh, you saw his cock, right? We've done it, and he fucked me with it. Oh, that was so good."

"Mom!"

Deb could barely imagine the scene, and her face quickly flushed bright red. Shock and surprise filled her as she stared into Hannah's eyes, hoping to find any hint that her mother was lying.

But no.

Hannah was being completely honest.

"Mom..."

Deb was overwhelmed and couldn't speak clearly.

"Yes, baby. Your stepbrother already fucked me.

Don't be shocked, though. I know you also have something going on. Because on the night you all slept in my bed, someone crossed her arm over me and stroked Miles' cock.

I didn't know if it was you or Cassie, but I can now confirm it was you."

Hannah revealed, exposing the fact that they both desired Miles' cock, but Deb was struck by another wave of shock.

She clearly remembered that night, especially when Josephine and Cassie ruined her chance to sleep close to Miles.

*Cassie.*

Deb thought, and a web of thoughts quickly formed in her mind.

*Could it be... Josephine only knows about us. And I know about Mom and you. Mom knows about me and you... and Cassie.*

*The whole family was already involved with Miles, she thought.*

*Should I tell Mom?*

However, after reconsidering, Deb chose to keep quiet.

"It's okay, Mom. I understand..."

Deb lowered her eyes, blushing heavily as she accepted that she was also sharing the same cock.

"Yeah, baby. I knew you would understand."

Hannah teased.

But just then, Deb suddenly raised her gaze.

"Mom... how long do you think this will last? What if Josephine and Cassie know?"

Hannah froze upon hearing this, but to Deb's surprise, she formed a sweet smile.

"Then we'll go with the flow. Nothing else. We'll forever be together.

Good night, sweetie."

Hannah stood up and wanted to leave.

"Mom."

Deb called out after swiftly recovering from her dazed state.

"Yes?"

Hannah turned back.

Biting her lip softly, Deb proceeded to reveal what she knew.

"I wasn't the one who stroked his dick that night. Last week, Josephine caught me leaving Miles' room. We talked about it, and she knows."

The revelation made Hannah stand still for over a minute, trying to process everything all over again.

"Oh my."

She finally spoke, placing a hand on the left side of her chest, just beneath her breast, feeling her thrilled heart beat rapidly.

"...A lot has been happening in this house, and I'm amazed by my daughters' ability to act. You even fooled me."

After a moment of thought, she asked a crucial question, and Deb blushed before responding.

"Does Miles know about those two?"

"Yes, he knows that Josephine is aware. But Cassie... the room was dark, unless he knows the difference between the feel of my hand and hers."

She avoided eye contact with Hannah.

Hannah couldn't help but laugh with a look of understanding.

*Man of the house, huh? So this was what he meant.*

Thrilled, Hannah felt expectant and recalled Yasmin's proposal.

*I guess I'll have to get back to her sooner than I expected. I should give him a surprise.*

She stopped laughing and smirked at Deb.

"Let them be. I'm sure they're also up to something."

She paused before adding,

"Just so you know, I'm about to go and receive your stepbrother's cock. Do you want to tag along and enjoy a mother-and-daughter threesome, or will you pass until Josephine and Cassie welcome the idea?"

"Ahhh."

Deb experienced another wave of shock at her mother's words, realizing for the first time how wild she was.

She shook her head vehemently in rejection, her face totally flushed.

But the moment Hannah held the doorknob, she lifted her laptop, placed it to the side, and quickly stood up.

Hannah opened the door with a smirk, leaving one last remark before she left.

"Go and wait in my room. I'll be back shortly."

After Hannah left the room, Deb froze.

*What am I doing? Am I really going to have a threesome with Mom and Miles?*

She facepalmed in deep elation and quickly scanned the room before stepping out.

...

Meanwhile, Miles had just finished taking a warm bath and was drying his hair while chatting with Chloe when an expected click came from the door and Hannah tiptoed in.

Wearing the same top that revealed ample view of her cleavage, her thick pointed nipples, Hello Kitty lounge pants, and fancy flip-flops, she leaned against the door and feasted her eyes on his muscles.

"Put on something. I've got a surprise for you."

Hannah suddenly said, using her hand to grip her melons in a sexy manner to persuade him.

"Okay."

—/-

A HAPPY NEW MONTH TO EVERY READER THAT CHOSE TO STICK AROUND

## Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 192: Late Night Threesome[ 1,009 words ]

"Okay."

Miles trailed behind Hannah's sexy, thick ass as they walked through the corridor with stifled steps. Watching both cheeks sway left and right, he let his intrusive thoughts win and reached out to grab them firmly.

"Hmmm."

Hannah hummed softly and stopped in her tracks to glance at him, seizing his hands in her grip.

"Naughty."

Hannah whispered with a smile, obviously loving it.

"You think your sisters would want you grabbing my butt like that?" she hinted toward Josephine's and Cassie's rooms, fearing that the pleased hum she had just let out could have been heard.

"Hmmm."

Hannah hummed again, much more intensely than before despite her effort to stifle it.

"Don't you like it?" Miles leaned in and whispered into her ear, squeezing her ass tighter.

Hannah inhaled in total bliss.

"Hmmmmmmmm."

She exhaled and opened her mouth, trying to stop his other hand from reaching for her butt.

She bit her lip and leaned into his chest, her big melons pressed against him.

"Didn't I say I have a surprise for you?"

She reminded him in a slutty tone before Miles finally let go, curious to see the so-called surprise.

Sensing his curiosity, Hannah held his hand and pushed her bedroom door open with a soft click.

"Huh?"

Miles walked in and was about to look around when he stopped in his tracks, his eyes zooming in on a human-shaped figure protruding from beneath the sheets.

Click!

Hannah locked the door and walked past him toward the window. She opened it wide and even raised half the curtains before turning to him with a smile.

The human-shaped figure beneath the sheets moved, seemingly wanting to bury herself even deeper.

"Well, don't be too shocked."

Hannah slipped off her slippers and walked toward the bed after saying this.

Against the figure's resistance, Hannah pulled away the sheets, exposing Deb in black nightwear, curled up on the bed, her boobs shaking slightly from the pressure of her elbows against them. Sensing the sheets had been removed, Deb parted her fingers to peek at Miles, who was staring at her dumbfoundedly.

"Deb."

Miles called her name, swiftly shifting his eyes toward Hannah, who stood by the bedside.

"Yup, this is your surprise."

Hannah smiled and climbed onto the bed on all fours, crawling seductively toward Deb.

"Why are you staring like that? Isn't fucking your stepmother and stepsister something you've been fantasizing about?"

*Damn.*

Miles cursed inwardly as his dick quickly sprang to action, creating a bulge in his pants.

Deb saw this and bit her lip.

"Well..."

Sitting up on her knees, Hannah smiled mischievously and began to pull up her top inch by inch.

Meanwhile, Deb mimicked her actions and began to unfasten the buttons of her shirt, slowly unveiling her navel, delicate white skin, and big, firm, round mounds.

At the same time, Hannah revealed her boobs—two massive melons that bounced with a soft clap, their big nipples, a sign of motherhood, pointed at him.

Hannah completely took off her top, and in sync, they both flung their tops in opposite directions.

Miles swallowed, a sense of thirst burning his tongue as he stared at those big milkers. One belonged to motherhood, the other to mature youth.

Though it wasn't his first time standing before a mother and daughter in such a manner, it was his first time that they both had wonderful big titties and were considered true family.

It took only an instant for his lust to ignite, and his eyes filled with hunger.

"You like what you see?"

Hannah teased, groping her breasts before his eyes in a slutty manner.

Meanwhile, Deb tried to suck her own nipple while casting provocative eyes toward him.

"Come."

Watching his stepmother and stepsister play with their boobs, Miles said nothing and simply took off his clothes. A moment later, he stood stark naked, his nine-inch cock hanging before him, completely captivating the duo with awe despite it not being their first time seeing it.

"Yes. I love what I see."

Miles climbed onto the bed, went down on his knees, and dominantly wrapped his arms around them, drawing them close so their nipples pressed against his chest.

Smooch! Smooch! Hmmmmmmm! Hmmmmmmmm! Smooch!

A synchronized chorus of smooches and hums quickly filled the room as they brought their tongues together, engaging in a triple kissing session.

Miles battled fiercely against their lips, sucking on their tongues as he dominantly pressed them into his embrace. Exchanging saliva for heated passion, their tongues slid in and out as the two ladies wholeheartedly gave themselves to him, especially Hannah, who was the type to fight for control.

It was unknown how much time had passed, but the tide of smooching sounds and the women's hums gradually receded.

"I love you, Miles."

Empowered by the lust coursing through her, Deb confessed with an expression bordering on fanaticism.

"I know you do, Deb."

Miles whispered to her, using his thumb to wipe the saliva from her lips before locking her into an intense kiss that lasted ten seconds.

He withdrew and turned to Hannah, who seemed reluctant to confess.

"I know you love me, Mom. But there's something I have to say."

I love you two, including Victoria, Vanessa, Josephine, and Cassie. Every woman that is mine, I'll love equally. If any one of you is hurt, even if it's just a strand of hair, I'll make sure that person goes through hell.

This is my love."

Deb and Hannah froze, butterflies filling their stomachs at his declaration. Neither woman could say a word.

"Seems like I said too much."

Miles got up from his knees and waved his cock before them.

"So who is going first?"

"Who is going first?"

The lust that had been suppressed in their hearts reignited fervently as they stared at his cock, his towering figure making them feel a deep sense of submission.

Naughty bad girls who needed to be disciplined.

AN/ I'll be uploading 3 chaps daily Till 10th. Okay for a mass release tight?

## **Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 193: Late Night Threesome 2[ 1,058 words ]**

Hannah and Deb exchanged glances. The next moment, both mother and daughter made their moves.

"Mmmmmm!"

Hannah grabbed the base of his cock and hungrily swallowed more than half of it. The sensation of her lips pressed tight around him, her tongue swiftly rubbing his cock and coating it in saliva, the tightness of filling her mouth to the brim, and her teeth pressing against him—all of this caused Miles to hold her head in place, clenching his teeth as he savored the feeling of his cock in his dear stepmother's mouth.

"—Arrrgh!"

Miles let out a sudden, loud grunt of pleasure.

With difficulty, Miles lowered his gaze and saw that Deb had managed to wedge her head upright next to Hannah's chin and had captured his two family jewels in her mouth, sucking them like candy while holding his thighs for support.

'Damn!'

"Hmmmmmmmm!"

Miles inhaled a deep breath and clenched his ass in order to push his cock deeper into Hannah's mouth, stopping right at her esophagus. Feeling her clench around his cock, Miles pushed back her head and withdrew in one motion.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Hannah inhaled sharply, a desperate need for oxygen overwhelming her alongside the thrill of being brought to the brink of passing out.

Slurp!

Barely three seconds later, Miles pushed his cock back inside her mouth and began to thrust at a medium pace, each thrust burying seven inches down her throat while Deb latched onto his balls.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

Eventually, precum and saliva began to stream down her chin from the corners of her lips. Surprisingly, Hannah managed not to pass out.

Feeling himself at his peak from mouth-fucking her, Miles dug his fingers into her hair and pulled her head forward, thrusting deeper with one final plunge that made her kiss the base of his cock.

Hannah's eyes widened like a cock whore's. Stuffed with his cock down her throat, she felt it—seething, warm—her stepson's cum spilling inside her throat. She tried to swallow it all in one gulp, but she ended up choking on it.

Just beneath her, Deb was already dripping wet from listening to the slurp sounds each time Miles slid his cock inside her mother's mouth. Reaching one hand down to rub her pussy while desperately sucking his balls, her eyes widened when she noticed the protruding bulge in Hannah's neck, and then her ears picked up the barely audible splurt sound from her mother's throat.

Pffffffff!!

A piercing sound similar to a sneeze resounded, and a mix of cum and saliva splashed onto Miles' abdomen. Cum trailed down Hannah's chin and rapidly dripped onto Deb's face.

'Crap! Is she going to throw up everything she ate?'

Realizing what was happening, Miles held her head firmly until she recovered somewhat before withdrawing, feeling fortunate that the worst-case scenario didn't happen.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Hannah rapidly inhaled and lowered her head to catch her breath.

"Miles."

Using this opportunity, Deb, who had been stuck sucking his balls, called out to him. Looking down, he saw Deb's pitiful appearance, her face mostly covered in the cum spat out by Hannah.

"It's my turn," she muttered, reaching her hand out to grab his half-limp dick as she knelt upright. She stretched out her other hand and began stroking him.

"Hmm. I know I'm not as good as Mom, but do you like it?" Looking up at him, Deb bit her lip and suddenly asked.

'Huh?'

Looking into her expectant eyes while she stroked his cock nonstop, Miles was temporarily speechless.

"Are you kidding me? Do you know how many people dream of being in this position? You're very good," Miles answered, sweeping back strands of her hair with his fingers and placing his palm against her face.

Deb blushed shyly and lowered her eyes to his dick, stroking it with even more dedication than before. Beside her, Hannah had fully recovered and smiled at the scene.

'Summon system screen.'

Miles stared at the remaining drops of aphrodisiac; he had chosen to use two.

'This is going to be a long night.'

To the astonished eyes of Hannah and Deb, the half-limp dick quickly stretched and began to pulsate slightly as it regained rigidity, sharply pointing out. Deb had her hands around it the entire time and she stared at it in shock.

"Are you going to stare at it all day?"

Hearing Hannah's voice behind her, carrying a clear intent to snatch his cock away from her, Deb opened her mouth and began to give him a blowjob. She bobbed her head back and forth while her palms swept over his shaft repeatedly, stroking him with everything she had.

"Look at you, all grown up. Sucking cock like a pro. I knew getting you to have your nose pierced was a great idea," Hannah spoke, watching intently as Miles' cock disappeared into Deb's mouth with a loud slurp.

"Arrhgh," Miles groaned, reaching out his hand to pat her head encouragingly.

"Good girl," he complimented.

Deb pulled backward to stroke his cock with both hands. She glanced at Hannah, her face flushed, and suddenly let go of Miles' cock, raising her big, round boobs to press his cock in between them.

"Argh."

"Hmmmmmm. Hmmmm. Hmmmmmm."

Following Miles' groan, the sound of her heavy breathing filled the room as she juggled her tits around his cock.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Juggling it faster, her boobs began to make clapping sounds.

'Damn. Her tits feel good. But she's never been this aggressive.'

He controlled his breathing and turned his eyes to Hannah, who was playing with her own tits for him to see.

'They are competing?'

Intrigued, Miles reached out his hand and stopped Deb from juggling. Directing her to hold them in place, he began to fuck her boobs.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

Each thrust almost pushed Deb off her knees, but Miles held her in place and kept thrusting. Soon, he was no longer satisfied with just this and commanded Hannah to get down.

"Get down."

"Yes, Daddy."

Shaking her ass at him, she stuck out her tongue, flaunting it before getting off the bed.

"HMMMMMM," Deb hummed, her breath heavy as she let go of her boobs following Miles' command.

"Turn over on all fours."

Deb nodded and turned her ass toward him, kneeling on all fours by the edge of the bed.

## Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 194: Late Night Threesome 3[ 1,127 words ]

"HMMMM."

Miles took a deep breath as Hannah stroked his cock, her breasts pressed against him. Leaning in to kiss her neck, he wrapped one arm around her waist, lowering his hand to grab and feel her ass.

"HMMMM."

Hannah hummed, shaking her ass to make it clap and wrapping one hand around his neck, directing his head toward her massive melons while she kept stroking his cock.

Feeling his cock hard and erect, beckoning to be unleashed, he took her hand off his cock and grabbed Deb's hand instead.

Getting the cue, Deb stroked his cock a few times then guided him inside her pussy.

"Argh!"

As the tip of his cock pushed past her soaked petals and slimy substance, he smacked her ass and held her waist in place. Pushing his waist forward, he was quickly enveloped by the sensation of her tight pussy grip, leaching into his cock with every inch buried inside her.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Mmmmmmmm!"

Deb moaned out loud in ecstasy, gripping the sheets tightly as the familiar feeling of Miles' cock trying to rip her pussy apart generated a sense of pure bliss and pleasure.

In support, Hannah used her free hands to bring her breasts to his face, feeding him her nipple while he drove his cock in and out of Deb.

Gradually, Deb adjusted to the pace of his thrusts and began to move her ass in rhythm.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Hmmmmmmm!"

Smooch!

Deb opened her mouth and gasped in pleasure.

Hannah hummed from Miles roughly sucking her breasts and massaging her ass. The smooches were a result of Miles' greediness.

Sucking his stepmother's breasts while fucking his stepsister.

Smack!

Slapping Hannah's ass from time to time, he pushed his fingers between her ass crack and grabbed a huge portion of her ass, shaking it to clap with a firm hold.

At the same time, he switched to her other nipple, sucking it like his life depended on it while he continued to gyrate his waist.

A minute later, he let go of Hannah's ass, held both sides of Deb's waist, and began to pound her.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

His groin slammed against her ass with every powerful thrust, shoving his cock deep inside Deb's pussy with the intent to shift her womb.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Daddy! Yessss! Hmmmmm!"

Deb moaned, screaming at the top of her lungs as Miles fucked her. His hands, locked around her waist, held her in place. Even when her joints protested and gave out, he would pull her back to her knees, bury his cock inside her, and resume fucking her.

The bed, which once had a semblance of order, was now scattered.

Deb came twice in a row, but despite her pussy leaking juice, Miles didn't stop for a moment. Relentless in his ways, he pulled her to her knees each time she collapsed.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

The room was filled with the sound of flesh clapping alongside Deb's ecstatic moans.

Watching Miles fuck Deb in such a bestial, rough manner, Hannah was so wet that slimy liquid could be scooped with a spoon from her pussy.

She tried to rub herself to quell the rising heat within her, but it only served to fuel it. Her little fingers couldn't compare to the big monstrous thing that was railing her daughter. So she laid on the bed, legs spread apart for Miles to see, while waiting for her turn.

Meanwhile, over in the next building, there was a woman completely spent and unable to ignore the shouts coming through the window.

After orgasming five times from fucking herself with a dildo, Yasmin couldn't even pull out the rubber dick that was about 6 inches inside her pussy.

"Ahh-! Ahh-! Ahh-!..."

Deb moaned nonstop, forming a rhythmic, melodic sound that could stir the hearts of many.

'Paradise Embrace.'

Feeling himself on the brink, Miles pulled his trump card, sending Deb into a world of infinite pleasure as he came inside her womb, filling it up to the brim.

Pulling out his cock with a push, Deb collapsed with a dazed, happy smile on her face. Between her thighs, a mix of their fluids gushed out like a stream, soaking the sheets beneath her.

Glancing at his cock, which was still standing but with less rigidity, he saw Hannah's pussy beckoning to him. Without hesitation, he chose to use another drop of aphrodisiac, leaving just two remaining.

In an instant, his cock, which was showing decline, regained its full might and veins popped all over it, clearly ready to go for one last stand.

Pulling Hannah to the edge of the bed, he spread her legs to the limit and positioned himself between them in an inclined direction. His arms were firmly planted by her sides, his face just above her tits like he wanted to do push-ups.

Hannah held his cock and slipped the tip inside her pussy, holding her breath with a deep sense of foreboding.

Kpa!!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

It wasn't just a motion of applying force to the movement of the waist, but pure and straightforward weight. Miles sank the weight of his body into his cock, and the vibration of their clash exploded inside her pussy.

Hannah's eyes widened in shock as she uttered an unexpected, sharp gasp. A wave of disorientation rocked through her soul and her mouth hung open in the air.

But it was only the first. Miles kept thrusting, the sound echoing as the weight of his body bore through her with every thrust.

Getting the pace of it, Miles adjusted and began to land each thrust every 0.80 seconds.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhh!"

Disoriented moans soon filled the room.

Ignoring Hannah's attempt to stop him and catch her breath, he completely destroyed her pussy.

When he saw she had lost the strength to stop him, he finally pulled out and stood upright.

Staring at her pussy, which was leaking fluid, he waved his glistening cock and placed one of her legs directly over his shoulder, fucking her numb body in several positions until he finally came inside her pussy.

The aphrodisiac wore off and Miles almost passed out from the sharp pang of weakness that shot through his brain. Fortunately, he managed to lean on Hannah's ass in time and was able to barely stay conscious. An hour later, he struggled to stand, stared at the two female figures sprawled naked on the bed, and went to sleep in the hot jacuzzi.

When he woke up again, the water had gone cold. He covered the two ladies in new blankets before leaving the room.

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit room, a certain neighbor curled under her sheets, unable to sleep due to something she had discovered.

'It was a threesome.'

## Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 195: Morning Squabbles[ 1,030 words ]

It was Monday morning. The Sinclairs' duplex, which was usually bustling with individuals trying to get to their places of work and school, only witnessed three individuals: Miles, Josephine, and Cassie.

To the two girls' surprise, Miles hadn't just woken up earlier than them but was already in the kitchen when they came downstairs, with two bowls of cereal waiting for them on the kitchen counter.

Seeing Miles with a milk mustache while absentmindedly chewing on a piece of carrot, and an empty bowl before him, Cassie and Josephine exchanged a speechless glance before beginning to laugh.

"Looks like someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today." Josephine joked as she walked towards the fridge.

"Pregnancy symptoms. You know, if you're trans, we wouldn't mind, right?"

Cassie pulled out a chair to sit, dipping her hand into the big bowl at the center of the counter as she did.

As siblings, the two weren't going to miss the chance to pick on him. However—

"That's a good one. He probably threw up everything he had last— What the fuck?!"

Having used her strength to secure a firm grip on the bottle's handle, Josephine expected the weight of about 3 kg but found it unexpectedly light. Instantly squinting her eyes, she saw that the bottle of milk, which had only been opened yesterday morning, was now down to just 10% of what it had contained.

Cassie, who had dipped her hand inside the bowl hoping to grab an apple, surprisingly grasped nothing, her fingers clenching around empty air.

Tilting her head towards Josephine, who had just cursed, her hand rested on the edge of the bowl, causing it to flip and clatter onto the counter.

Cassie opened her mouth in shock, knowing the bowl had been stuffed with fruits from Miles' grocery shopping last night.

As if sensing something, they both turned towards Miles, who flinched under their gaze, exposing himself.

"Selfish bastard. Did you do this?"

Bang!

Josephine slammed what was left of the milk onto the counter before him.

Cassie picked up the empty bowl, hinting that she would hit him over the head with it if he didn't speak up.

*'What? Am I supposed to tell you two that I fucked the brains out of Hannah and Deb while using three drops of aphrodisiac on myself?'*

However, this was a response he didn't dare give.

Glancing at Cassie and Josephine's expressions, he sighed, knowing they wouldn't understand the kind of hunger that had almost killed him twenty minutes ago as a repercussion of overloading himself last night.

Every ounce of nutrients had been absorbed to repair the vitality he had spent last night, and his stomach had sunken by the time he woke up.

Rushing into the kitchen, he had devoured everything in sight. The fruits in the bowl were the first to fall prey, then the box of cereal and bottle of milk.

*'I wonder how they'll react if they know the cereal is gone too.'*

Breaking the looming silence by first taking a deep breath,

"I was hungry," he replied, meeting their gaze.

Cassie and Josephine didn't expect him to reply so seriously. They temporarily paused, blinking twice, then quickly withdrew their threats.

"Hmmm."

Cassie let out a cold harrumph and placed the big bowl back down, whilst Josephine took a breath and lashed out one more time.

"Still not enough reason to drink so much milk. You better replace it."

She turned her face away, rolling her eyes in displeasure.

"Ah. Thank you. Catch you later. I want to go have my bath."

Miles nodded appreciatively and was about to dash up the stairs when the doorbell rang.

'Ehn?'

Cassie and Josephine glanced at him. With no choice, he walked towards the door, wondering who it might be this time.

Click!

To his surprise, he saw Jazmín, half-dressed in her neatly ironed school uniform while wearing flip-flops.

"Hi."

Seeing his taken-aback expression mixed with surprise, Jazmín waved her fingers at him, smiling as she also took in his appearance. He clearly wasn't ready to be in school anytime soon.

"Uhm, hey, Jazmín. Good morning. What's good?"

Blinking his eyes, Miles facepalmed, realizing he had said too much for a simple greeting.

Understanding that he was still running through some morning brain fog, Jazmín smiled, finding it cute.

"Well, as you can see, I'm good. I just wanted to ask if you'll be taking a ride so maybe I can tag along?"

Jazmín stretched out her hand and pressed a finger against his chest, tracing a series of letters to form the word *'please?'*

"Uhm..."

Surprised but even more speechless about how to break the news to her, Miles hesitated.

Seeing his hesitant expression, Jazmín asked,

"Thought you said she wouldn't mind." Jazmín pouted.

"Well, that's not it. I'm taking the school bus," Miles revealed.

Jazmín became speechless. The smile on her face froze as though she had heard something ridiculous.

"The school bus?" she repeated, as if recalling something archaic—a term she had long forgotten.

"Yep!" Miles nodded, not feeling embarrassed since it was a choice he and the boys had made. Besides, the whole junior year already knew about it.

"Never mind. Let's pretend I never asked. Not everyone can be you."

Jazmín instantly switched expressions and shook her head with an exasperated sigh.

"I guess I'll see you at school then. Try not to be late."

She teased him about his appearance before quickly running away in her flip-flops while Miles shook his head.

"Who was that?" Josephine asked when he got back inside.

"Jazmín," Miles replied before dashing to his room.

**40 Minutes Later.**

Dominion High.

"Hey, you good?"

"Broooooo!"

"Don't be scared. We've got you."

The bustling hallway witnessed something astonishing as the school's most infamous clique of bullies hugged and shook hands with people they would usually rough up or slam against the lockers.

Chris walked silently at the center with a cold expression while Ben and Tyler happily greeted the other students.

However, just as they were merry over a secret only they knew, Chris stopped in his tracks after spotting a certain figure, who also happened to glance at them.

## Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 196: Love Ghost?[ 987 words ]

"Yo man!"

"Bro!"

"Man, you look huge. Let me guess. The gym?"

Getting on the school bus, Miles did a group handshake before taking his seat.

"What's up?" he asked, and they quickly locked into an endless chatter until they got to school.

At the sight of the bustling scene—students hanging out in groups as they talked or walked into the school building—the four let out an exasperated breath at the sign that read "**Dominion High School.**"

"Another Monday morning." Theo shook his head, but the next moment, Simon and Oliver placed their hands comfortingly on his shoulders.

"Sorry, bro. Gotta go."

Unlike before, when they would walk each other to their classes, Simon and Oliver quickly parted from the group. Not far away, two girls discreetly waved at them as they hurried over.

However, Theo wasn't jealous and merely sneered instead.

"Look at them. Wasn't it supposed to be bros before hoes? Sigh... I guess it's just me and you then."

Miles shook his head in refusal.

"I'm sorry, man. Bros ain't got no holes or tits either. It's just you."

Miles patted Theo's shoulder but unfortunately couldn't spot Chloe anywhere in sight, so they both walked into the hallway.

"I think I'm going to be a bachelor. That'll be so freaking cool, right?"

After thinking about it for a moment, Theo spoke up with a grin and reached out to pat Miles on the shoulder, but almost dislocated his own shoulder joint from the abrupt shift in force.

"What the fuck?"

Theo cursed, failing to find Miles.

Meanwhile, ignoring the jealous whispers and glances, Miles held Chloe's hands as he stared at her beautiful face, which was trying its best not to blush.

"How are you doing, baby?"

he asked, and she revealed a pleasant smile.

She was about to reply when the boisterous shouts coming from the other side of the hallway drew their attention. Turning just in time, they saw Chris.

'A ghost?'

Chris' brain short-circuited the moment he saw Miles.

The elation in his heart instantly vanished as though swallowed by a vacuum, replaced by horror. His heart almost stopped beating, and he halted in his tracks.

Previously shouting and being a nuisance, Ben and Tyler noticed the strange behavior from their leader and stopped.

*'A love ghost?'*

Chris' heart began to palpitate as he recalled that Miles and Chloe had definitely died together.

What was more, the two were currently looking at him while holding hands.

*'Ghosts. They are so fucking real.'*

Swallowing his saliva, Chris was so terrified that he turned around and began walking back in the direction they had come from—the exit.

Ben and Tyler were stunned.

Speechless, they were about to ask Chris what was wrong when their eyes happened to land on Miles and Chloe.

"Ahhh—"

The two jolted back in fright but knew that if they pointed out what they had seen, the deaths of Miles and Chloe would somehow be linked to them.

They turned and quickly hurried after Chris. Glancing back, they saw that Miles and Chloe still stood in the same position, their eyes glued to them, and quickened their pace.

*'A ghost! We've seen a ghost.'*

As ridiculous as it sounded, they knew Miles couldn't possibly have survived another day at the hands of such people. They firmly believed he was dead.

Watching the three turn back in fright for no apparent reason, many students glanced at Miles in awe.

Whilst...

*'Could it be...?'*

Amused at first, Miles' eyes turned cold as he recalled the night of the party.

*'No, it couldn't have possibly been these idiots, right?'*

Finding it ridiculous that Chris would have the guts to hire a hitman, Miles quietly withdrew his suspicion.

*'They seem to know something, though.'*

"Damn, did those three just run after seeing Miles?"

The news quickly spread amongst the students as the hallway buzzed with excitement, eventually reaching the ears of a certain senior-year student.

Walking side by side while holding hands, Miles led Chloe to her classroom before finally parting ways.

"I love you," he whispered into her ear and turned to walk away when he noticed an unexpected crew together with the school's famous triplets.

Rachael, Alice, Alison, Alisha, and a couple of other girls he didn't know.

He was about to look away when he noticed an unexpected figure walking with them—Jazmín.

*'She sure sticks fast like glue.'*

Miles subtly nodded towards Jazmín, who winked at him. He then continued on his path without bothering to act like he knew the others, walking right past them.

The corners of Rachael's, Alice's, and Alison's lips twitched, each with one word in mind.

*'Arrogant.'*

*'Proud.'*

*'Pervert.'*

Whilst Alisha merely adjusted her glasses.

When he arrived at the classroom, the noise quieted, followed by whispers.

"He's the one. He scared off Chris and his crew."

"No way. What did he do to them?"

"Why don't you ask him yourself?"

Some boys felt proud to have such a badass in their class, while others felt wary of Miles.

Except for Theo, who simply raised his middle finger at him.

Five minutes later, most of the students who had been lingering outside had returned to the classroom.

Among them, the notable ones were Britney, Lena, Alice, and Jazmín.

Not long after, a teacher walked in, causing the class to fall silent.

"Hello, everyone. Hope you had a nice weekend."

The man then cut straight to the chase by writing something on the board.

**(Revision Days 1–2)**

"I know this might come as a shock and will leave everyone displeased. I have come to announce that you will be having both revision and your exams this week because it's been discovered that we've been lagging behind in our curriculum activities.

Monday and Tuesday will be used for self-study and revision. Please get ready for your exam papers from Wednesday to Friday.

Prom Night will be on Saturday night."

"What the fuck!"

The whole class erupted in a disgruntled uproar.

## **Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 197: Chloe's Secret Identity[ 1,030 words ]**

**(Revision Days 1–2)**

"I know this might come as a shock and leave everyone displeased. I have come to announce that you will be having both revision and your exams this week because it's been discovered that we've been lagging behind in our curriculum activities.

Monday and Tuesday will be used for self-study and revision. Please get ready for your exam papers from Wednesday to Friday. Prom Night will be on Saturday night."

"What the fuck!"

The whole class erupted in a disgruntled uproar.

**Break Time.**

Following the announcement that exams would be held in two days, the cafeteria was bustling with arguments and shouts. The whole school was on the brink of protesting as many lamented that they weren't going to partake in the school exams.

Meanwhile, at the table that usually held just four nerds, there was an addition of three girls—Chloe, Emily, and Amelia.

Sitting next to their boyfriends, the sight drew several glances from those passing by amidst the exam uproar.

Meanwhile, seated on the senior-year students' side of the cafeteria, someone coldly observed the scene with turmoil in his heart.

*'Impossible! Didn't they say he was dead?'*

*'Chris, seems it's time to clean up loose ends.'*

The person's eyes turned cold and ruthless as he glanced at Josephine, who was jovially interacting with her friends, before calming down.

Meanwhile, at the hot table that was constantly attracting glances from both genders, Miles nodded frequently as he listened to what was being discussed, occasionally chiming in with a few words while trying to eat his fill.

"What about you, Miles? Any plans for the summer? Honestly, I can't wait for senior year."

Simon asked, causing everyone at the table to perk up their ears, especially Chloe.

Meeting their gazes, Miles shook his head with a wry smile.

"Actually, I'm yet to give it much thought. Maybe I'll just go with the flow or something."

Hearing his response, Chloe was inwardly dismayed but didn't let it show on her face.

Poking the small carton of milk with a straw, she was about to bring it to her lips when Miles turned to her.

"What about you, Chloe? Any plans?"

A flash of complicated emotions crossed Chloe's face before she nodded.

"Yes. My brothers have been planning to take me on one of their tours for a while now. And this time I can't refuse."

She bit her lip and lowered her eyes guiltily to avoid his gaze.

"No problem, baby. I can come see you whenever you want."

However, everyone else around the table had picked up on something from her words and suddenly fell strangely silent.

"Tour?" Theo asked in bewilderment.

Chloe's expression, which had only softened at Miles' words, suddenly revealed a rare look of realization—the *'Oh fuck'* kind of look. She had obviously said something she shouldn't have.

Earning the curiosity of everyone at the table, including Miles, who suddenly recalled how he had felt when he met her brothers...

"Yeah, one of my brothers is a professional golf player."

She said dismissively as though it were no big deal, but something clicked within Miles, and he uttered two names.

"Rory Beaver and Rickie Beaver."

Two world-renowned siblings in different fields. One was a world-champion golfer, while the other had won the Super Bowl.

Known as the power siblings of the century.

The table fell silent—or more accurately, the boys fell silent, entering a dazed state as they pieced the clues together.

A moment later, they slowly raised their heads and stared at Chloe in disbelief.

Miles also snapped out of his enlightened state and realized he had accidentally sold Chloe out.

*'Fuck.'*

"Sorry about that."

He quickly apologized to Chloe.

"No, it's okay. It's nothing."

Chloe smiled and shook her head, lightly punching his shoulder for apologizing.

Realizing Chloe didn't want to reveal her identity, Simon lowered his voice with barely contained excitement and leaned closer.

"No way. Are you freaking fucking kidding me?"

He almost bit his tongue trying to keep his voice down.

Theo and Oliver had their mouths hanging wide open, whilst the other two girls recognized the names but not the weight they carried.

If the whole school were to find out, it would explode, setting the internet ablaze, and thousands would probably request transfers to Dominion High.

Flattered by their almost fanatical expressions, Chloe merely shook her head with a forced smile.

"Wow."

Exhaling deeply, Simon shook his head and began stuffing his mouth with the food on his platter.

Knowing it would be uncomfortable to press further, they chose not to ask any more questions and ate in silence.

When break was over, they parted ways to their respective classrooms, diving into self-study for the upcoming exams.

"Any news from Ace?"

Somewhere in an abandoned underground bunker that hadn't seen the light of day for decades, inside a roughly extravagant office, the grim voice of a man sounded.

Puffing out a thick cloud of smoke from a joint, the face of the man was revealed.

Dark-skinned, with menacingly cold eyes.

In his hand was a beautiful silver Desert Eagle, which he was carefully cleaning with a white cloth.

Sitting on a couch halfway across the office, another man in his early thirties puffed on a joint as he dropped the game controller onto the table before him.

Appearing thoughtful, he shook his head.

"I already asked some guys to check out his base. He's probably dead... or maybe he quit."

The man behind the desk paused cleaning the Desert Eagle and removed the blunt from his lips, frowning deeply.

Ding! Ding!

Just then, the screen of his main phone lit up, revealing two new text notifications.

Picking it up, he tapped on the inbox with a carefree smile, only for it to disappear.

His countenance turned grim and cold as he read through the texts a second time.

The man sitting on the couch noticed this and quickly stood up.

"So my own men can't even take out a high school kid? What a joke!"

Dropping the phone onto the desk, he gave a cold order.

"Put a hit on Ace and his crew. Get me his head—or proof that he's dead."

# Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 198: Back To Work[ 1,030 words ]

**Dominic City Police Station, Homicide Department.**

"Any progress?"

Leaning back in her seat, Captain Natalia shuffled through a file as she asked the attending lieutenant.

"Yes, according to our informant, some rats have been sniffing around for someone called Ace.

I'm guessing he should be the leader of those bodies."

Hearing the lieutenant's report, Natalia stopped shuffling through the file and grinned.

**Bang!**

She slammed her hand against the table.

"Now this is what I'm talking about. We're back in the game."

She grinned and gave her next order.

"Compare all sightings of those bodies one month prior using their DNA database results. Also cross-check the identities of those they communicated with. Anyone without a clear source of income should be marked as a gang member.

Then compile a list and assign three officers to randomly tail them to avoid alarming their spider senses.

Hand the informant some incentives and have him spread the news that we landed a big hit on six men."

**Ding! Ding! Ding!**

The electronic bell rang, signaling that school was finally over for the day.

The hallways and parking lot, which usually held gatherings of students chatting in groups, were somehow sparse. The veil of pretense from those who had cursed all day and threatened to protest was quickly discarded as many planned to lock in.

After seeing Chloe off to her brother's car, Miles perked up and regrouped with the boys.

While they walked toward the bus, Simon suddenly let out a disgruntled sigh, his face serious as he spoke up.

"We'll be in senior year soon, and things are clearly different now. I honestly don't think it's cool for us to keep using the bus.

Look at me, for example. I had to escort Amelia off to her car, and she offered me a ride. I felt like a pussy."

Hearing the last description, Miles, Theo, and Oliver exchanged amused looks in silence.

Seemingly catching up to the meaning behind the silence, Simon raised his middle fingers at their faces.

"Bastards."

Unable to hold it in any longer, the group finally burst into laughter.

"Man, this cracked me up. A pussy suddenly realizing he's a pussy?"

Another round of laughter erupted.

"I'll admit I'm usually timid, but not a pussy that relies on my girl for things like this. You guys feel me, right?"

"Yeah, yeah."

Theo responded, laughing hard as they got on the bus.

"I'm definitely going to have my mom buy me a car."

"Well then, we better cherish the bus ride before it all comes to an end."

**Knock knock!**

Not long after returning from school and entering his room, a series of knocks sounded at the door, forcing Miles to get up from the bed and answer it.

*Cassie?*

Seeing the slender silhouette in a ballerina outfit, Miles suddenly recalled that he was supposedly going to practice with her.

"Hehehe."

Letting her eyes linger on his muscles, Cassie laughed lightly and raised her head to meet his gaze.

"Hey, didn't you say we were going to practice?"

She asked straight away, placing a hand on her waist as though expecting an excuse from him.

*Oh shit.*

Miles cursed inwardly, knowing he was about to sell himself out.

"Uhm, I need to go to work. You remember the part-time gig I got, right? I haven't turned up in a while, so I'm kinda needed. I'm sorry, but can we skip training today? I promise I'll clear my schedule tomorrow."

Miles forced up his lips, revealing his clean rows of white teeth.

Staring at him with her nose scrunched in disdain, Cassie rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Alright, if you say so. Remember, you promised to teach them a lesson, and my ballet recital is on Sunday night."

She reminded him before turning her back on him and leaving.

"Yeah, thanks. Tomorrow, alright."

Miles closed the door and stretched his limbs to ease his sore joints from last night's gym session.

But halfway through, his phone rang.

**Zzz! Zzz!**

Glancing at the caller ID, Miles picked it up, and Grace's voice came through, somewhat cold and carrying a sense of exasperation.

"How's your schedule? Still going to come today, or do you want to put me out of business?"

Grace asked, leaving Miles stunned on the other end of the phone.

"Uhm, yeah. I just wanna have my bath first. Any problem?"

He asked cautiously, sensing she wasn't in a good mood.

"Problem, huh? You established yourself as my business partner and suddenly ghosted me. I lost more than ten clients who tried to book appointments for your special treatment because I couldn't guarantee a schedule."

Grace revealed.

"Well, according to psychology, it ain't really gonna be worth much if it can be easily accessed. I'll compensate."

Miles joked and promised to compensate for her loss to appease her.

"If you say so. Carolina will be on her way."

At the mention of Carolina, Miles suddenly realized she must have also been in the mansion on the night of Rachael's birthday. A scenario of him sneaking in to fuck her while everyone partied formed in his head.

*Still a win though.*

Shaking off the scenario and recalling how he later ended up taking Chloe's cherry that night, he smirked.

"She's coming to the spa?"

He asked just to be sure he had heard clearly and got an affirmative response from Grace.

"Ask her if she would prefer home service instead."

It had been a while since they last met, so there was a lot to unleash. The little massage room would be greatly inconvenient for such things.

In the Armon mansion, just as they were preparing to head out, Carolina received a call from Grace and readily accepted a home service instead.

Behind her, Rachael, who had come back much earlier than usual, was dressed in a fitted long-sleeve scoop-neck top and a tiered maxi skirt, feeling both nervous and excited to the extent that her palms were now sweaty.

After days of cancelled appointments, her emotions had both risen and waned. Seeing her mother on the phone, her ears perked up.

"Oh, baby. We are having a free home service instead."

Carolina turned to her and said.

## **Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 199: Carolina[ 1,014 words ]**

"Tranquil Touch Spa."

Reading the signboard mounted above the doorway in an eye-catching manner, Miles couldn't help but pause.

"Damn. It's only been a couple of days, yet it feels like it's been more than a month," he voiced, shaking his head slightly as he walked inside.

Upon seeing the door being pushed open, the receptionist's eyes lit up and she was about to spring into action when she recognized Miles.

"Good day."

Miles greeted with a simple nod and walked past her toward Grace's office.

Knock, knock!

"Come in."

Grace's cold, authoritative voice with a sense of leadership came through.

Revealing a subtle smile, Miles twisted the doorknob with a click and stepped inside.

Sensing his presence, Grace sharply lifted her gaze from the desktop screen, her nonchalant eyes fracturing with emotion as the office momentarily fell silent.

Facing Miles after a couple of days that actually felt like a long time, Grace felt mixed emotions.

Anger that he had practically bailed on her after making her set up an expensive spa signature. A deep sense of appreciation for saving her from the traumatic ordeal with her ex. But deeper than that, she missed everything about him. Be it the know-it-all temperament he exuded, his big dick, his wonderful touch, or perhaps she just missed being fucked by him.

Without realizing it, she lost herself in these emotions, instinctively closing her thighs.

"Hello."

With a wave of his hand in front of her face, Grace woke up from her daze.

Click! The door closed right behind him.

"Sorry, you seem kind of different. That's why."

She said dismissively, pretending to play it cool, but Miles had already seen through her and merely shrugged.

"Good day, Boss."

Miles greeted with a grin, checking her out.

"I should be the one saying that, partner," she replied, her face scrunching into a frown with raised brows.

"Well, in my defense, I'm just a high school kid still trying to juggle personal and work life."

Raising both hands innocently, he teased her.

"If you're a high school kid, then act like one and also go for someone in your league instead."

Grace sneered, thinking of how mature he always acted, his big dick, and how he had managed to fuck her. There was also Carolina, a woman old enough to have birthed him, who was currently begging for his dick. At least, as far as she knew.

Such feats weren't something a high schooler could achieve.

"Hehehe."

Miles laughed and didn't try to deny her claim any longer.

"Well, I trust you've been doing well lately."

He said.

"Yeah, thanks."

Grace nodded.

"There are things I would like us to discuss, but it's going to have to wait till I'm back."

Miles swiftly got up, taking a step toward the VIP spa room, before pausing.

"Right, didn't you assign me an assistant? What was her name again?"

"Go get dressed. Aaliyah will be here with you shortly."

Grace said, giving him a look before resuming her stare at the desktop screen.

Miles grinned and turned away.

Five minutes later, he was back in a masseur's uniform with the Tranquil Touch logo.

Unlike when he left, the office now had one more occupant besides Grace.

Dark skin, neat braids, big ass. The premium ebony you could goon to while watching her ass clap.

'Aaliyah.'

Having recalled her name, Miles smiled subtly as he walked forward.

The older lady, about twenty-five years old, noticed his presence and revealed a rather surprised expression. Having not seen him for days, the rumor around the spa was that he had stolen a client's payment and run away.

From the look of it, their speculation had been completely wrong.

Seeing Miles, Grace snapped her head away from the screen and spoke to Aaliyah in a cold tone.

"You'll drive. This is the address."

She passed over a piece of paper and continued,

"If you don't get it, ask Miles to point out the direction. Also, your job here is as an assistant. The rest of what you do is up to you, but don't let me hear a bad review."

Finished speaking to Aaliyah, Grace turned to him.

"She says her daughter wants a spa treatment too. It's going to be a double treatment. Can you handle it?"

'Her daughter? Does she mean Rachael?'

Surprised, the image of the beautiful girl whose birthday party he had recently attended surfaced in his mind.

'Interesting. But come to think of it, she was here with Carolina the first time. How unremarkable was I back then that she didn't even recognize me? Otherwise, she would have experienced a huge shock.'

"Hehehehe."

Miles laughed, leaving Aaliyah stunned.

'Is he stupid or something? She's going to fire him.'

To Aaliyah's shock, Grace didn't seem angered in the slightest.

"You know me. I'm more than capable of the job," Miles added.

"Good."

Grace nodded.

"Let's go."

Miles told Aaliyah, who was unable to believe that he was going to get away with saying something like that.

Under the surprised gaze of the receptionist, they left the spa, and Aaliyah drove.

Ding Dong! Ding Dong!

At the door of the quiet grand mansion, while Aaliyah marveled in astonishment at the building, thinking of how wealthy the client was, Miles pressed the doorbell twice before a click came through and someone pulled the huge door open.

"Miles!"

Carolina blurted his name in elation, joy vivid on her face like a girl whose daddy had just come back from a long trip.

"Good day, Mrs. Carolina."

Miles greeted with a wide smile, lowering his eyes to check her out.

Carolina was in a stunning boubou gown with thin straps that held the neckline just enough to offer a glimpse of her cleavage. Other than that, her curvy figure was hidden.

"It's been a long while."

Carolina opened her arms and hugged him as if trying to extract every bit of warmth from him. Inhaling deeply with her eyes closed, she didn't notice Aaliyah, whose lips parted in shock at the unfolding scene.

## **Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 200: Do Not Judge A Book By Its Cover. Rachael's Shock[ 1,032 words ]**

"Good day, Mrs. Carolina."

Miles greeted her with a wide smile, lowering his eyes to check her out.

Carolina was wearing a stunning bubu gown with thin straps that held the neckline just enough to offer a glimpse of her cleavage; other than that, her curvy body shape was hidden.

"It's been a long while."

Carolina opened her arms and hugged him as if trying to extract every ounce of warmth from his body. Inhaling a deep breath with closed eyes, she didn't notice Aaliyah, whose lips parted in shock

at the unfolding scene. She was surprised that a woman living in such a mansion would act so friendly with a youth who had probably yet to clock twenty.

Reciprocating her loving gesture, Miles wrapped his hands around her waist, holding both sides as he took a whiff of her scent.

"Missed me?" he asked after catching his breath, and Carolina hastily nodded.

"Yes."

Miles smirked and held still.

'Ain't life so full of surprises?'

He recalled that it was just two weeks ago when Carolina had walked into Grace's office in a cropped denim jacket over a maxi bodycon dress, looking completely out of his league—and today, she was all over him, giving him a chance to fuck her daughter. Stroking the sides of her waist, Miles enjoyed the moment until Carolina finally let go, having calmed her longing for him a bit with the warmth of his body.

Sliding her hands from his shoulders as he let go of her waist, Carolina tilted her head in search of Grace but saw Aaliyah instead, raising her brows slightly at the unfamiliar lady.

"Grace couldn't make it. This is my new assistant, Aaliyah."

"Oh..." Carolina softly exclaimed. She didn't reveal her discomfort, feeling reassured since Grace had arranged this.

"Welcome, come inside."

She quickly invited them in, moving away from the door as she glanced at Miles with a look of excitement, impatient to get things done.

Miles walked in and Aaliyah tailed behind him, fully accepting the role of a subordinate after realizing things weren't as simple as they seemed.

The whole mansion was strangely silent; only the sound of their footsteps could be heard. Clearly, Carolina had sent the staff away.

Clack, clack, clack!

Click!

Carolina opened the door to her grand, luxurious bedroom and led them inside.

Though Miles remained composed since it wasn't his first time, Aaliyah was awed. Having only seen rooms like this in magazines and movies, the feeling of actually being in one was exceptionally mind-blowing.

Miles glanced around; it was all tidy and neatly arranged.

"Please excuse me, I will have my daughter here in a minute."

The formality was just for Aaliyah's benefit. Carolina walked toward Miles with a look that suggested she wanted to ask him for a favor but was a bit awkward about how to proceed.

Miles grinned as she grabbed his wrist and led him to the far corner of the room.

Taking a breath to calm her nerves, she spoke in a low voice.

"What we did last time... My daughter saw everything," she revealed.

'Ehn?'

Miles' eyes widened at the revelation. His expression froze from the shock, his lips parting slightly agape. Not in a thousand years could he have imagined something like that had happened if Carolina hadn't told him.

'Rachael saw me?'

The thought resounded in his mind, but Miles quickly discarded the possibility that she had seen his face after checking her Infatuation Gauge: 47%. That meant she probably just thought he was handsome and had no other impression of him apart from their one-time conversation. If she knew it was him, her Infatuation percentage would have long gone past the 85% milestone.

'She probably didn't see my face, or didn't see everything clearly.'

After making a quick, detailed analysis of what Carolina said, Miles concluded Rachael didn't know it was him.

Meanwhile, seeing that Miles was also surprised, Carolina gave him a moment to recover before continuing.

"She said she wanted to experience the same thing... She wants your service. But please, I want you to treat her gently, even if she wants it the other way."

'Rachael. She always looks so calm and innocent walking with her clique.'

Recalling the girl he had walked past just this morning, Miles felt fascinated.

'Who knew she harbored the thought of getting railed by the same cock that drilled her mother? Damn, never judge a book by its cover, they say. Such a dirty mind—she's exactly my type.'

'Right, didn't she have a boyfriend? The one who plays on the school football team. Can't remember the last time I saw them together, so they've probably broken up. What a loser.'

Thinking about Rachael's upcoming expression when she realized it was him, he grinned and nodded at Carolina. He pressed his thumb against her chin, rubbing it a few times before trailing his index finger down her neck toward her cleavage, where he stopped.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure to take care of her for you."

Carolina bit her lip, trying to hold back a whimper because she was turned on by his touch. Nodding like a good girl, she turned and left through the door.

Naturally, these details didn't go unnoticed by Aaliyah.

Walking toward her, Miles merely pointed out where she should place the calming incense and the bottle of aromatic oils.

Click!

Not long after, the door opened behind them and Carolina stepped in with a nervous figure beside her.

Wearing a white towel cap and a towel tied tightly around her chest, Rachael nervously peeked her head through the door. She carefully looked around with an intense sense of anticipation as her nose picked up the calming incense and her eyes landed on a familiar back.

'It's him.'

As if entranced, the ripped back of the person fucking her mother—which had been engraved in her memory—overlapped with the one before her. The only difference was the fabric of the masseur uniform.

Seeing her daughter's nervously excited look, Carolina held her hand and stopped just a mere step behind Miles.

'Here we go.'

Forming a wild grin, Miles turned and faced Rachael.

"Miles?"