

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 201:

Rachael's outburst[1,035 words]

"Miles?"

The incredulousness in her voice as she shouted his name was something that startled the two other ladies in the room.

Rachael stared wide-eyed at him, mouth agape as she turned to look at her surroundings, then shakingly pointed at him. She dropped her hand, turned again, and pointed at him once more. Too speechless, too overwhelmed, the shock was so peak that she couldn't process a single name from her mouth.

It went on for about ten seconds. Miles watched with an interested smile while Carolina was startled by her daughter's outburst and panic-strickenly tried to comfort her.

Aaliyah watched the comical scene and suddenly felt a sense of déjà vu. Similar to those big TV dramas, a big reveal was about to happen.

"Miles? What the fuck are you doing here?"

She finally managed to say, unwilling to believe the arrogant, egoistic talk of the school was the masseur she dreamt and fantasized about. Especially after what Alison said about him. A handsome fuck who would simply discard you after sleeping with you. Such a bad review was what had made the majority of the girls stay away from Miles despite how great of a catch he was. But now, Miles was in her bedroom as the masseur she had been fantasizing about.

"Wait!"

Miles was about to reply with a teasing word when Rachael suddenly barked as if having realized something else.

She began waving her index finger at him, slowly tilting towards her mother in even more disbelief.

"Wait! Mom? Has Miles actually been the one fucking you?"

Close by, Aaliyah's ears perked up, showing no surprise because she had expected something like this was going on due to how generous her bonus was.

Hearing her daughter's shout, Carolina's heart sank.

'Is Miles her ex? No, no, did he do something bad to her?' she asked herself, but Rachael didn't seem like she wanted to get a response and continued to fire on.

"For fucking sake, Mom. You've been fucked by a 17-year-old. And we both attend the same school—we are both in Junior year."

The room fell silent; at least other than Rachael's heavy breathing, nothing could be heard.

Aaliyah watched in shock. Carolina stayed silent, having long known that Miles was a teen. Though the fact that he attended the same school as Rachael came as a surprise, other than that, she felt nothing.

"Is he your ex?" Carolina asked with a thoughtful expression, while Rachael opened her lips in shock.

"Mom? Are you seriously kidding me right now? Out of everything I just said, your only question is to ask if he's my ex?" Rachael asked, appearing astonished.

"Hmmm," Carolina nodded curiously, and Rachael almost choked. She wanted to retort but suddenly realized that she had no reason to be so hostile towards Miles. He wasn't even her ex-boyfriend and hadn't offended her in any way.

Staring at Rachael with the same smile he had on his face, Miles watched her become speechless.

'Man, what a complicated gender. She's been ranting nonstop for nothing, yet her infatuation gauge is swiftly approaching 100%.'

"Is he your ex?" Carolina repeated the same question just in time for Rachael to cower, shaking her head in frustration.

"He isn't my ex. But just so you know, he's going to tell the whole school he fucked my mom. He's clearly arrogant. An egoistic fuck, so I know what he's going to do."

Suddenly realizing how stupid she sounded, Rachael tried to save the last bit of her image by puffing out her chest.

"Oh baby. Come here." Carolina walked forward and wrapped Rachael in a comforting hug. "Miles isn't a bad guy. He's smart, strong, and capable, and doesn't do any of those things you just mentioned."

Patting Rachael's hair, Carolina withdrew, winking at Miles from the corner of her eye.

'Huh? What does she mean by that?'

Strutting forward, Miles stood an arm's length away from Rachael, who tried to put up a brave front after her embarrassing outburst.

"Well, you kinda look prettier... and hotter while ranting about me." Speaking calmly in a playboy manner, he lowered his gaze, blatantly checking her out as he reached his hand toward her chin.

"...Rachael?" He smiled, seeing through her intentions to keep shut.

"You've said so much about me. Egoistic? Arrogant? Proud cunt? But if I remember correctly, you don't even know that much other than the fact that I attended your birthday party. Whatever, I don't actually care... Tell me something though."

"Did peeking while I fucked your mom give you sleepless nights? Her moans? Screams? That clapping sound when I thrust?" Miles smiled.

Standing by the side, Carolina's face flushed, her eyes closing briefly as heat surged through her thighs. She was incredibly turned on by the fact that Miles was preaching to her own daughter about things he did to her. Such filthy desire.

Bluntly exposed, Rachael tried as much as possible to keep quiet but failed, eventually biting her lips just so she could hide the blush threatening to reveal itself. Controlling her breath with difficulty, she spoke through gritted teeth. "Stop speaking lies."

"Lies, huh? Then why are you dressed like this?"

Taking a step back, he motioned at the towel covering her body and Rachael's face flushed. Feeling like the ground should open and swallow her up, she didn't even dare rebut. 'How could I know it was you? Oh no, what am I going to do?'

"Have no fear, though. Even though I might be egoistic and arrogant, this is business. My clients' satisfaction and confidentiality are my top priorities. So please, if you may?" He stepped to the side and motioned his hand toward the king-sized bed.

'Huh?'

Dumbfounded, Rachael couldn't help but feel ashamed by his cool demeanor after she had wrongly accused him with no proof.

Her face flushed momentarily, but she managed to quickly catch her breath. Glancing at her mother, she saw Carolina's encouraging smile that seemed to say it was all okay. She then bit her lip with hesitation and stared at Miles's chill look for a couple of seconds before stepping forward to the side of the bed.

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Miles chill look for a couple of seconds before stepping forward to the side of the bed.

To the side, Aaliyah uncapped a bottle of aromatic oil, preparing it for use. Meanwhile, Miles closed the distance between himself and Rachael until only a couple of inches separated them. Smirking because she was deliberately avoiding his gaze, he reached out his hand and held up her chin.

"Don't be shy. I'll treat you like one of my own, and if you can't bear it any longer, say the secret magic word and I'll erase your sleepless night."

Rachael didn't respond, holding her breath as she sassily glanced away, appearing not to care.

Miles let go of her chin.

'Hehehe.'

Laughing inwardly, he stayed quiet and observed her face in great detail until she couldn't bear it any longer.

"What are you looking at?" she sneered with a sassy roll of her eyes. However, Miles seemed to have waited for this moment to strike back.

"What do you think? I'm waiting for you to take off your towel, dumbass. It's a full-body massage. Do you want me to wipe my hands on your towel instead?"

Rachael wanted to retort right away but became speechless after realizing that his words made sense.

"You—why didn't you say so?" she barked, venting how embarrassed she was, and quickly reached out her hand to unfold her towel.

Fwoop.

The towel flapped as it fell off, revealing the hot piece of art that was her body in a tight-fitting pink bra and panties.

"Wow."

Witnessing such a toned, athletic figure with the youthful allure of a hot, sexy teen, Miles didn't hold back his admiration. He took a step back and appreciated the view.

"Hmmmm. Look at that. Smooch!" He brought his fingers to his lips and blew her a deep kiss.

Finally, Rachael's pretense cracked and she smiled, blushing as she looked the other way.

Both watching from the side, Carolina smiled beautifully and Aaliyah was left amazed.

'He knows his way around women. No wonder.'

After being flattered, Rachael proceeded to lie on the bed, chest down, her mind swimming around the fact that Miles had the perfect view of her ass.

'Calm down, Rachael. I'm always like this when swimming. No big deal, it's no big deal if he sees it.'

Biting her lip, her face flushed and she told herself to endure, not expecting the events that unfolded after.

"Mrs. Carolina."

"Oh, stop it, don't call me that."

Grinning, Miles called her name as he walked toward her, but he was quickly given a soft rebuttal. She smiled, her emotions in shambles as she lowered her gaze to his groin area.

"Well, if you say so, Carol," Miles said.

'Mom!'

Hearing the casual, naughty exchange between the two, Rachael screamed inwardly, burying her face against the sheets.

"Yeah."

Pleased by how he shortened her name, she nodded in agreement, closing the distance between them as she stepped into his embrace. His hand held her waist, his head leaned down, and they both locked into a deep kiss.

Smooch! Hmmm! Hmmm! Smooch!

Miles lowered his hands and meticulously began groping her thick ass through the bubu gown she was wearing.

Meanwhile, on the bed, Rachael, having picked up on the strange sounds, instantly perched up, tilting her body to glance behind her.

"Mom!" she shouted, her eyes widening at the sight of Miles wantonly groping her mother's ass as they shamelessly kissed like lovers.

But in contrast to her outward expression, she swallowed her saliva, feeling moist down there at the sight before her. She was greatly turned on.

Hmmmm. Hmmm. Smooch!

Despite Rachael's shout, Carolina still persisted, days of longing to be in Miles' embrace burning through her. She would have gone on and on, but Miles let go of her ass and brought everything to a halt.

"Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm."

Carolina heaved deeply and fast, looking like she had been pulled from a trance she didn't want to end. Rachael instinctively swallowed, sensing the lust radiating from her mother.

Watching all this while sticking to professional etiquette, Aaliyah felt awe toward Miles.

'The woman is almost obsessed with him, and now she's even involved her daughter in it. With such skill, he's going to milk her dry soon.'

As a person who was familiar with the streets and had heard too many stories, Aaliyah could tell where this was going. She thought Miles would use Carol to get rich. But then again, if she knew Miles had chosen to take less than 5% from the deal he made with Grace, she would be totally embarrassed for thinking like that.

'Two rich idiots,' she thought to herself and kept watching.

Smirking at the reluctant Carolina, Miles stepped to the side and spread out his arm, gesturing toward the bed.

"Please do me the pleasure."

"Why not? I have waited long enough," Carolina promptly replied, inwardly squealing in excitement.

Meanwhile, as if being ignored wasn't enough, Rachael watched her mother undress, pulling up the fluffy gown to reveal her ravishing body. She stood before Miles in nothing but a white thong and a transparent white bra that flashed everything.

What's more, Carolina did a 360, her tits bouncing for Miles.

'Mom?' Rachael thought, dumbfounded.

"Splendide!" Miles licked his lips and grinned at her Insta-model-like appearance.

Carolina blushed.

Smack!

"Now let's get the massage started."

Happy that Miles spanked her ass, Carolina bit her lip seductively and laid on the bed next to her daughter.

"Baby."

Seeing her daughter's speechless look, she reached out her hand to touch her face, softly placing her palm on Rachael's cheek in an affectionate way.

"Don't worry, baby. You'll love it," she said encouragingly, hiding the glee in her heart at the thought of being fucked right in front of her daughter.

Rachael bit her lip, her face blushing, and didn't say anything. Instead, she quickly turned away to face the sheet after realizing Miles had his eyes on her.

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"I bet she's wet," he suddenly said with a sneer, and Rachael blushed into the sheets, feeling her index finger churn at his words.

Meanwhile, with a sign from his hand, Aaliyah handed Miles the bottle of oil she had been holding. Taking it from her, Miles slowly walked from the right corner of the bed, pouring a clean, thin stream of oil on Carolina's back shoulder as he trailed it down to her ass, then down to her legs.

"Hmmmmmmm."

Carolina hummed, enjoying the tickling sensation of the oil dropping on her skin and sliding between her cheeks.

To the side, hearing her mother exhale a light sigh of satisfaction, Rachael swallowed and involuntarily gripped the sheets with a tense sense of anticipation. Her pussy was wet just from her mother's breathing. Fortunately, she didn't have to wait long to feel the same thing.

Grabbing a new bottle from his assistant, Miles let the thin stream of oil trail a zigzag pattern over Rachael's back. After activating his masseur talent, a detailed outline of her body's nerves, sore spots, and weak points appeared right before him like a map.

The room fell strangely quiet as he did his job. Feeling deeply stimulated by the oil pouring over her skin exactly where she needed it, the tickle and jolt of pleasure was too much. Rachael refused to admit it and bit her lips tight, but her heavy breathing still resounded clearly for everyone to hear.

To the side, Aaliyah watched in amazement at how fluidly Miles moved, like a master at work. As a masseuse in the salon, she instantly recognized the real deal and the fact that Miles was way better than her.

'Just who is he? I thought he was just a fancy youth gigolo Grace was using to push her business to big clients. Perhaps I thought too little of him?' she thought.

Meanwhile, Miles had just poured the last drop of oil from the bottle and passed it back to Aaliyah.

Standing back, he took a full view of the oiled-up mother and daughter, comparing the quality of their asses as a funny thought occurred to his head.

'It's the same feeling when you spread the sauce straight down the middle of a hot dog. I feel hungry just looking at them.'

Gritting his teeth to hold back his twitching cock, which was caged tightly in his boxers, he raised Rachael's right leg, bent her knee, and suddenly pushed it backward.

Crack!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Her joint snapped and she jolted up on her hands, opening her mouth to let out a sharp, relieving gasp of bliss that filled the room.

Before she could realize what she had done, Miles released her leg forward and twisted her ankle with another distinct snapping sound.

Crack!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael, who had just lowered her body in a dazed state, jolted up in shock again, small veins popping from her neck as she gasped out loud with an erotic ring to it.

Her eyes were still dazed, trying to comprehend the innate feeling stirred from the depths of her soul, when Miles let go of her right leg and switched to the left. He performed the same act, relieving years of tension in her ankles from swimming so much.

'I've never felt this good in my life.'

In her daze, Rachael's mind formed a thought she didn't expect, acknowledging Miles as the feeling of emptiness around her legs elevated her state of mind.

Aaliyah watched with amazement, entranced by Miles' precise movements, as if he knew every inch of her body.

He moved from her legs, passing the side of the bed, and grabbed her hand.

"No, no, no—not my hand too—Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Crack!

Her erotic gasp resounded. First came the pain of the snap, and then ultimate bliss that wasn't even sexual in nature.

Rachael blinked rapidly, trying to fight against the comfort that made her sleepy from the pure bliss. But by then, Miles had already grabbed her other hand and yanked it like he wanted to pull it right out of its socket.

Crack!

"—noooo!"

Rachael's protest died before she could even scream it out loud. Her voice was knocked out cold, overridden by the bliss.

"Don't worry, she'll be up in a minute. Her brain is kinda overloaded from her squirming nerves, so it'll just factory reset."

Miles gave a simple, casual explanation to the shocked assistant and moved toward Carolina, his current favorite.

Spank!

"Hmmmmmmmm."

He slapped her ass, grabbing and shaking it a few times before letting go.

Reaching for her leg, he raised it up and slowly pressed it backward, contrary to the sharp snap he had given Rachael.

"Hmmmmmmmm."

Carolina inhaled deeply as the soreness in her knees disappeared.

Miles held on for five seconds before bringing her leg forward and began to massage the sole of her foot, kneading his thumbs against it.

"Hmmmmmm ahhhhhhhhh!"

Carolina let out a curling moan filled with ecstasy and satisfaction, her body relaxing completely as if it had met its perfect match.

Shifting, Miles kneaded her toes, making them let out subtle cracks.

"Hmmmmmmmm."

Carolina moaned deeply, biting into the pillow she lay on.

Moving to her other leg, Miles proceeded to do the same, causing the room to be filled with another round of moans and ecstatic grunts of relief.

Meanwhile, as a living being and not a mannequin, Aaliyah's breathing steadily grew heavy and fast. Right now, it would be a lie to say she wasn't horny or that her panties weren't starting to get wet just from listening to the ladies moan.

What was more, she had a great curiosity toward Miles' skill.

'What is he doing to make them all scream like this... is it just raw skill?'

Looking forward to how it would all proceed, she watched silently, holding out another bottle of aromatic oil for Miles to pour on their bodies.

"Ahhh!"

Just when he finished massaging Carolina's hand, Rachael gasped and woke up.

"Look who's awake. Hehehe, luckily you're just in time for the next step."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 204: Mother and Daughter Massage 3[1,032 words]

"...luckily, you're just in time for the next step."

Just after she awakened, feeling reinvigorated like never before, Rachael heard these words.

She saw her mother's face flushed, her hands spread helplessly over the bed with a look of joy she well understood. Sensing her daughter's gaze, Carolina briefly opened her eyes.

"Hmmmm, baby, good, you've regained consciousness."

Her words passed off in a slow, drawn-out manner, as if she were too lazy to speak, intoxicated with relief spreading through her limbs.

'So I passed out?'

At the thought of this, Rachael felt slightly ashamed of being unable to endure Miles stretching her limbs.

"Alright, ladies, please relax."

Before the two could share the moment, they felt the bed press under Miles' weight as he knelt between them.

'Activate Blissful Hands.'

With a thought, Miles activated his hands of magic and motioned for Aaliyah to pour him some oil.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Both mother and daughter cried out in shock as they felt a jolt of bliss travel down their spines at his touch. Carolina closed her eyes and enjoyed the pleasure, her pussy squirming, inwardly tightening with lust for his touch.

Meanwhile, Rachael blushed, feeling embarrassed for moaning from just his touch, and tried to deny the moisture gathering in her pussy at the thought.

It was only the beginning.

Pressing one hand against each of their backs, Miles began rubbing them in a circular motion, spreading the oil as both Carolina and Rachael took in a slow, deep breath, clenching the sheets while their wet pussies squirmed.

"Hmmmmmm."

"Hmmmmmm."

Moving his hands up, Miles raised his reach to their shoulders, massaging them as their erotic breathing filled the room.

"Relax. Relax. Relax," he said reassuringly in a measured voice.

Unexpectedly, his words only served to stimulate the heat within them. Rachael closed her eyes shut, blushing as she curled her toes from the pleasure.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

"Ahhhh!"

Their moans shot up again when he pressed his thumbs against the back of their necks, kneading slowly. Suddenly having an idea, Miles smiled and lowered his fingers to join the fray, choking them lightly.

"Mmmmmmm!"

Carolina was the first to react, moaning with a high tempo that carried a deep sense of intense pleasure from his grip.

"Hmmm."

Meanwhile, Rachael whimpered, biting her lips with her eyes closed, but she showed no defiance, barely controlling herself from moaning like her mother.

'Such pretense, she's probably thinking of my cock right now,' Miles mused, studying her facial expression as he tightened his choking grip. He withdrew his hands a moment later as both mother and daughter whimpered in dissatisfaction, trying to catch their breath.

Staring at their asses, Miles stretched his hands toward Aaliyah, who poured him some more oil. He brought his hands down, placed them on their thighs, and rubbed upward, groping their asses.

"Hmmmm!"

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Carolina moaned the loudest, feeling his firm, possessive grip as his fingers dug into the supple thickness of her ass. Meanwhile, Rachael whimpered, parting her lips to let out the pent-up heat within her as he massaged her butt.

Miles smirked and lowered his hands between their thighs, oiling the area up as he brushed his fingers against their pussies.

"Hmmmmmm."

Carolina jerked and Rachael opened her mouth, gasping.

Seeing such a positive response, Miles brought his hands up again to continue rubbing the middle of their panties. The fabric was soaking wet, releasing an aroma that made him want to tear it off.

'Be patient, they'll beg for it,' Miles reminded himself. He teasingly slowed his pace, applying additional force to his fingers as the wet fabric rubbed against their clits.

"Hmmmmmmmmmm."

"Yesssssssss!"

Rachael exhaled sharply, gripping the sheets tightly as she tried her best to grit her teeth. Her mother, on the other hand, welcomed the pleasure with a loud shout as her pussy squirmed, her breath trembling, and her eyes filled with a lustful haze that threatened to break her if it wasn't attended to.

Meanwhile, Aaliyah watched in a daze, squeezing her legs to hold back her breathing as she witnessed the incredible sight of Miles playing with both mother and daughter's pussies.

'I wish...'

She silenced her thoughts upon recalling what Grace had said about getting a bad review and losing such an amount of money over what any guy would beg her for if she wanted it.

'Oh goodness! He's just so good. The way he rubs my pussy—'

"Hmmmmmmmm."

'—I have never felt like this doing it myself. His fingers are like magic—'

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael's moan picked up a new tempo, filling the room as she froze.

'Miles...'

She called out the name the girls had agreed to ignore, having previously proclaimed him an arrogant fuck—yet she had gone against that agreement.

'No, he's such a great guy. They are wrong because they don't even know anything about him. His hands... my pussy is dripping so bad I can't even think clearly.'

She curled her toes, feeling herself on the edge, thrilled by her own thoughts.

'So... this is why mom likes him so much. Fuck! I can't take it any longer.'

"I'm coming!" Rachael screamed at the top of her lungs, having never come this hard before. Her hand shot across the bed, clenching around his wrist to clamp his fingers still in place, pressing them against her panties and pussy as her thighs began to spasm.

"Daddy!"

Triggered by her daughter's orgasm, Carolina jolted and screamed, a stream of slick fluid flowing from her pussy as she slowly let go of the pillow in her grasp.

The room fell silent, leaving only the mother and daughter's heavy breathing to reverberate. Miles withdrew his hands to look at the sticky web coating his fingers, and another idea came to mind.

"Get up."

"Yes, daddy!" Carolina quickly sat up, submissively acting like a child who wanted to please her dad to get candy.

"Try this. How does Rachael taste?" Miles fed her his sticky fingers, which were still wet from rubbing Rachael off.

Slurp! Suck, suck!

Her mouth let out an intimate suction sound as she latched onto his fingers, her tongue pushing in between them, sucking off Rachael's fluid.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 205: Mother and Daughter Massage 4[1,007 words]

"Hmmmmm, my daughter tastes sweet."

When she was done, she brought out her tongue and flaunted it.

"Mom."

Pressing her face embarrassedly, Rachael weakly reached out her hand to hold her mother, burying her face in the pillow to hide her pink cheeks, and curled her toes to hold back her squirming pussy.

'Miles... he fed me to mom.'

She squealed inwardly, not expecting to be turned on so much by this simple act.

Just when she was absorbed in her thoughts...

Slurp.... Slurp! Slurp!

Rachael inwardly froze, picking up the wet, slurping sounds in the air. She thought she was mistaken at first, because her face was pressed so deeply into the pillow that it muffled her hearing. But the wet, slurping sound came again and again, filling her with a sense of foreboding as she slowly perked up. Hearing the sound more distinctively and so close, she slowly tilted to her left—a sight that gave her chills.

Seconds earlier, after Carolina sucked Rachael's nectar and gave her review, Miles had brought his other hand to her lips and let her taste her own flavor.

Unexpectedly, Carolina grabbed his wrist with both hands and began to greedily suck his fingers. She even licked his palm, making sure there was nothing else left, before stuffing his fingers back into her mouth with a mocking, provocative look that practically begged to be punished.

From the look of it, Carolina had learned a great deal from her previous experience.

Knowing that any form of resistance would lead to torture—a long, teasing procedure that would break most people's spirit—she chose to become submissive and provocative, hoping to irk him into dealing with her with his cock.

To the side, Aaliyah watched Carolina get her mouth stuffed full with Miles' fingers. Kneeling on the bed as she sat on the back of her legs with a slutty look, Carolina's professional etiquette, which had started out firm and nonchalant, began to wane rapidly. Only Aaliyah knew how wet she was down there.

Swallowing her saliva, she watched Miles reach out his other hand to rub Carolina's face, patting her like the good girl she was while giving off a true daddy vibe that didn't match his age.

"Naughty. So hungry for daddy's cock, huh?" Miles mused, rubbing her cheeks as she nodded quickly while still sucking his fingers.

"Good girl."

After Carolina sucked his fingers clean one last time, he withdrew them and held her chin.

"Go on, suck daddy's cock like you see fit."

Standing by the side of the bed while she kneel-sat, he gave her an order that made her eyes light up in elation.

Like a starved little girl unwrapping her favorite candy, Carolina quickly lifted his shirt and loosened the tight rope that held his pants. Pulling them down, she stared heatedly at the coiled dragon that fought painfully against the tight fit of his underwear.

By the side, Aaliyah's eyes widened, her heart skipping a beat as she instinctively zoomed in on what looked like a pipe in Miles' underwear.

'Oh my—is that—?'

The thought took away her breath, just like it did to Carolina. But what happened next made her pussy clench as it began to drip thick fluid, becoming visible as a wet patch between her thighs.

Like a spring, Miles' nine-inch monster bounced out the moment Carolina freed it. It slapped her chin and brushed against her nose before pointing straight at her face.

Seeing the veins pop around its thick, long shaft, Carolina melted. She grabbed it by the base, stroked it briefly with her other hand, and popped it inside her mouth.

"Arhhhhh."

It hit her esophagus with one smooth gulp. Gasping hungrily, Carolina latched her lips tight around it, using her tongue to spread her saliva around it, and withdrew with a loud slurping sound.

Slurp!

"Hmmmmmmmm."

Exhaling, she didn't stop stroking; her hand moved swiftly, as if she wanted to engrave the feeling of his cock into her grip.

"Hmmmmmmm. Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!"

With every intake and brush of her tongue tickling his veins, beads of pre-cum quickly gathered at the tip, constantly mixing with saliva as Carolina sucked his cock like her life depended on it.

At the sight of her mother greedily giving Miles a blowjob, and most especially at Miles' cock size, Rachael widened her eyes, lost her ability to breathe, and began to pant. It felt like her brain had short-circuited, and suddenly, a feeling of enlightenment struck her as her worldview expanded.

'Is that... is that a cock?'

The statement managed to resound in her mind. The only sounds that could be heard in the room were the slurping noises of her mother sucking Miles' cock and her mother's gagged, heavy breathing, filled with carnal and crazed sexual desires.

Just then, as if sensing her gaze, Miles opened his eyes. Resisting the bliss, he smirked at her with a look that seemed to ask if she wanted to have a taste of his cock, too.

Rachael's breath hitched, feeling her pussy beg her to submit and experience the same thing her mother was feeling. Her thoughts asked her, 'Isn't this why we are here?'

Swallowing hard, Rachael stared at his cock with bright eyes, imagining how it would taste in her mouth or feel inside her pussy. Her pussy leaked more slick moisture at the thought, clenching inwardly with a desire to be filled.

"Your daughter is watching. Want daddy to give her a show of what he does to you?" Miles inquired with a grin, his eyes fixated on Rachael as he placed his hand on Carolina's head, easing the pace at which she bobbed her head.

Slurp! Pfffft! "Yess dadddy," she hastily agreed, puffing out a thick mix of semen and saliva before hungrily bringing his cock back to her lips, sucking him good like a slutty bitch while her daughter watched.

"Hehehe," Miles laughed. Rachael's heart clenched, curiosity and excitement coursing through her entire body at what was about to happen.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 206: Mother and Daughter Massage 5[1,003 words]

Her pussy leaked more slick moisture at the thought, clenching inwardly with desire to be filled.

"Your daughter is watching. Want daddy to give her a show of what he does to you?"

Miles inquired with a grin, eyes fixated on Rachael as he placed his hand on Carolina's head, easing the pace at which she bobbed her head.

Slurp! Pffft! "Yess, dadddy."

She hastily agreed, puffing out a thick mix of semen and saliva before hungrily bringing his cock back to her lips, sucking him like a slutty bitch while her daughter watched.

"Hehehe," Miles laughed, and Rachael's heart clenched; curiosity and excitement coursed through her entire body at what was about to happen.

Seeing the look in her eyes, Miles grinned and stretched his remaining hand to grab Carolina's hair, locking it in his fist as he halted her rhythm. He forced her head lower and lower with each passing second until she couldn't take it anymore.

Slurp! Pffff! Gluck!

Carolina knelt up, head arched down with Miles' cock deep in her throat, burying the last inch inside until she gagged.

A slurp sound came from the suction, a pffft sound from trying to breathe while puffing out precum and saliva, and a gluck—the sound her esophagus made when his cock slammed against it.

Experiencing such intense suffocation, tears of pained bliss rolled down her cheeks. Her face was flushed, and her neck had turned red-purple, showing the visible outline of Miles' cock.

For Rachael and Aaliyah, watching this carnal, brutal style made them feel exhilarated. Their pussies were practically dripping wet at this point.

Unable to bear it, Rachael lowered her hand between her thighs and pressed her fingers against the soaked fabric of her panties, slowly grinding herself as she watched Miles begin to move his waist, shoving his cock down her mother's throat with a wet, gagging slurp.

Whilst still wanting to adhere to etiquette, Aaliyah almost shed painful tears when the subtle movement she made by clapping her thighs could no longer satiate the itch in her pussy. She stared with slowly reddening eyes as Miles throat-fucked Carolina with his big cock.

Slurp! Gluck! Gluck!

The choking sounds of his thrusts filled the room until Carolina couldn't bear it. Though she couldn't bring herself to plead for him to stop due to the deep trance of suffocation and bliss she

was in, with one last thrust, Miles pulled out. She collapsed on the bed, gasping for air with wide eyes.

Glancing at his throbbing cock, now covered in Carolina's saliva and his pre-cum, he watched a thin line drip onto the sheets.

Still in the mood, his gaze turned predatory as it landed on Rachael. Watching her rub her clit with her eyes glued to his dripping cock, a smile twisted across his face—amused as he recalled the first time he saw her when he took over this body.

In his memories, she was one of his predecessor's crushes—one he couldn't reach but only dreamed of. But not anymore.

He sneered and grabbed her hand, stopping her from touching herself.

"Didn't I tell you? If you want a cock so badly, then say the secret words."

Hearing Miles' words, Rachael couldn't refuse; her defiant attitude was replaced by a desperate need for his cock. She bit her lip as she dragged herself to kneel by the edge of the bed, his furious cock pointing at her face.

Miles yanked her hair back and made her look up at him while she panted.

"Please... I need it," she pleaded, the last of her self-conscious pride shattering.

"What did you say? I didn't hear you well enough."

Miles didn't let her pass his misgivings so easily. He tightened his fist in her hair and leaned close to her ear.

"Please, I need your cock," Rachael begged, her voice laced with hunger.

"Didn't hear you," Miles grinned as he whispered again.

"Daddy, I want your cock."

"Hmmm," she hummed the moment he let go of her hair.

"What a fast learner. That's smart, but you're yet to understand why your mom calls me daddy. I'll enlighten you."

Rachael hummed as he yanked her hair back again, face up with his cock inches away, smearing her lips with her mother's saliva and his thick pre-cum.

"Nice tits you've got there."

Grabbing her breasts through her bra, Miles rubbed her chin with his thumb and tapped her cheeks with a light slap.

"HMMMM," Rachael stared at him, breathing heavily.

Miles held his cock by the base and waved it before her face, slapping her with the head.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The distinct sound of his meat slapping her skin filled the room until he was finally satiated. He gently pushed the tip past her lips, thrusting it forward as he gave her a taste of her mother's saliva and his pre-cum.

"Mmmmmmm," Rachael hummed, holding onto his thighs for support as his cock brushed her mouth with squeaky, wet sounds.

Pop!

Miles' withdrawal created a pop sound because her mouth had reached its limit from just four inches.

"Don't worry. It's just your first try. You'll learn." Pop!

Miles smeared the pre-cum from the tip of his cock across her lips and pushed it back in with a pop.

Closing his eyes, he savored the sensation of her tightness and her novice tongue hungrily licking the tip.

"HMMMM," Miles hummed, gyrating his waist in small movements to reach every corner of her mouth before withdrawing.

Pop!

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Using the time to catch her breath, Rachael gasped erotically, pushing out her tongue to lick the pre-cum from her lips with a slutty look in her eyes.

"Hehehe. Good girl. I'm going to give you what you want, but no complaining, alright?"

Miles placed his cock on her face and smirked when he got an obedient nod.

"As you wish."

He pushed his cock past her lips, but this time he didn't stop after reaching the limit; he shoved it straight down her throat.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 207:

Mother and Daughter Massage 6[1,003 words]

Using the time to catch her breath, Rachael gasped erotically, pushing out her tongue to lick the pre-cum from her lips with a slutty look in her eyes.

"Hehehe. Good girl. I'm going to give you what you want, but no complaining, alright?"

Miles placed his cock on her face and smirked when he got an obedient nod.

"As you wish."

He pushed his cock past her lips, but this time he didn't stop after reaching the limit; he shoved it straight down her throat.

"Ahhhhhhhh! Gluck!"

Similar to Carolina's, Rachael gagged with his cock shoved down her throat, squelching as she held onto his thighs with everything she had, the back of her eyes rolling to the front with a whitish hue as she almost passed out.

"Arrrrrgggg!"

She let out a wet, squelching sound as Miles deepened his thrust, completely burying his cock down her throat.

'But... It looked easy.'

Her fading thoughts echoed. Having surpassed her limit, her body's protective mechanism had activated to protect her life. In her mind, the image of her mother taking Miles' violent thrusts appeared, now realizing her grave mistake.

'No, I can't pass out. What will he think of me? A small, weak girl that can't even compare to her mother?'

Miles' smirk and grin appeared in her head, and she summoned the last bit of her strength.

'Shit! Is she about to pass out or what?'

Feeling Rachael's hands losing their grip on his thighs, Miles glanced down and saw her pupils had been replaced by a whitish hue.

Just as he revealed a thoughtful glint in his eyes with the intent to pull out, Rachael's hands jolted with surprising force, and she repeatedly slammed her fists against his thighs in a desperate plea for oxygen.

Slurp!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Miles pulled out right away, his cock dripping with her saliva, and Rachael desperately inhaled for air with everything she had. Clutching her neck, she turned and bent over in an inclined position that allowed her to exhale, coughing as she clutched her throat, trying to push back the stomach acid that threatened to let loose.

"Hehehe."

Staring at the soaked panties between her legs, her ass facing him just inches from kissing his cock, Miles let out a low laugh as he chose to act on his impulsive thought.

Smack!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Smacking her left ass cheek, Rachael jolted and let out a pained, erotic gasp while still clutching her throat.

Smack!

Miles landed another smack on her right ass cheek and got the same response.

Smirking, he placed his hand on her ass and brought his finger to rub her clit.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Hmmmmmmmmmm!"

Rachael moaned at the top of her lungs, slowly moving her waist to meet his fingers.

"Ahhhhh! Yesssss!"

Her moan increased to a higher pitch, inhaling with a hum at the feeling of his finger rubbing her pussy through the fabric of her panties.

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm."

Rachael closed her eyes, a pure wave of ecstasy clouding her brain.

'How sensitive.'

Noting the release in her voice from just rubbing her off, Miles stopped, silencing her hums. But the next moment, he did something that completely overwhelmed her: he pushed her panties aside and, with Blissful Hands still active, he slid his finger inside, digging past the thick, wet moisture between her folds, making her jolt.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael let out an erotic cry as her pussy clenched, deeply stimulated by his finger. She clenched the sheets and inhaled with bliss.

Grinning from behind, Miles pushed his index finger to join the fray, producing a wet, slick sound as it entered.

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

Rachael let out a muffled moan, trembling in pleasure as Miles withdrew and thrust his fingers right back. Repeating the same action over and over again, he hastened his pace, thrusting in and out of her with an incredible speed that filled the room with claps and wet, slick sounds.

"Ahhh! Ahh! Ahh!... Oh my gosh!!!! I'm coming!!"

While producing an 'ahh' with every thrust, creating a rhythm, Rachael screamed at the top of her lungs upon sensing the incoming wave of orgasm. Trembling like a patient having a seizure, her pupils rolled to the back with an expression of climax on her face.

Grabbing the sheet tight with every ounce of her strength, she arched her ass closer to Miles before the dam burst open, disorienting her senses.

'Fuck!'

Behind her, upon seeing the spectrum of gushing fluid, Miles felt it was such a big waste and pulled his fingers out from her temporarily loose pussy with a slick sound.

Hastily taking off what was left of his pants, he pulled and threw away his shirt in the same manner. Standing naked with his throbbing, erect cock, Aaliyah saw this and could no longer take it. Laying on the floor, she pulled down her trousers and slipped her fingers beneath her panties, beginning to rub her clit with her eyes glued to his magnificent cock. The desire to experience it fill her cunt rampaged through her system.

"Such a waste," Miles cursed and leaned forward, pushing his cock between her thighs, blocking the path of her gushing fluid and making it trail down his cock instead.

"Yeah, that's what I'm talking about."

Nodding in satisfaction, Miles moved his cock to clean the corners too.

'But this isn't going to be enough to hold back everything.'

With this thought, he grabbed his cock and weighed it a couple of times before slapping it against Rachael's dripping pussy lips and teasingly inserting the tip to serve as a stopcock.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael gasped, arching her waist in total bliss as she felt something meaty and hard enter her pussy, spreading the tight space with the slippery support of her orgasm.

'Oh my goodness.... It's just so... so big, hard, and thick. It's as if it'll shred me apart.'

Like those before her, Rachael subconsciously gave a summary review of how his cock felt.

AN: Please how is the Chapter quality so far

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 208: Fourth Party Joins[1,007 words]

Pulling his cock from her slippery pussy—

Smack!

Miles smacked her ass and pushed it back in.

"Ahhhhhhhhhj!"

Rachael let out a trembling moan, her pussy clenching tight around his cock as he drove deeper, entrenching five inches inside her.

"Mmmmmmm!"

Rachael moved as he began to move his waist, starting with a slow-paced thrust to warm her up.

"Yess. Hmmmm! Yea ahhh! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Yeah yesss!"

Grabbing her waist with both hands, Miles ignored her words and kept it at five inches because he could feel that her pussy was at its limit; any deeper would probably lead to an injury.

'The tragic reality of having a big weapon. It doesn't fit into all pussies.'

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael came, weakly resting her hands on the bed, her eyelids trembling as Miles plunged her waist backward to meet his thrust, creating a vacuum slurp sound that made her cum again.

"Hmmmmmmmm!"

Though a little dissatisfied that his experience of fucking her wasn't as epic as he thought it would be, he accompanied her until she could no longer go on.

"Ahhhhh!" Rachael gasped at the feeling of his cock pulling out of her. Losing the strength to go any further, she let out one last erotic moan and collapsed on the bed.

Slick! Slick! Slick!

Just as he was about to turn to Carolina, who had watched him fuck her daughter and was smiling naughtily at him, a fast-paced, slick, wet sound from the other edge of the bed drew his attention.

'Ehn?'

Craning his neck slightly, he saw Aaliyah shoving two fingers at a fast pace inside her pussy. Her dark ebony pussy lips contrasted with the bright pinkish color of her inside. Like they say, we are all the same inside, just different packaging.

More than the primal need to dominate her cunt, Miles felt rather intrigued at how easily he was going to have her.

At the thought of adding a big-ass ebony to his fuck list, he grinned and temporarily put Carolina on hold. Walking toward the other edge, he smirked at Aaliyah.

"Trying to squirt over your client's shag rug? I wonder how Grace will react. Get up," he said in a strict, commanding voice that brought Aaliyah to her senses.

Glancing at her soaked fingers and the stream of fluid leaking from her pussy, she realized what she had done and quickly got to her feet in a jumbled state of mind, failing to remember the age gap between them as she heeded his order.

"What are you doing? Take off your trousers, you're gonna fall," Miles barked, seeing her act somewhat stupidly as she got to her feet.

'What the fuck? Did she finger her senses out?'

Glancing at the part of the rug she'd lain on, he saw how soaked it was with whitish liquid and guessed she must have cum at least three times.

Watching her fling her trousers and her shoes into a corner of the room, Miles smirked at her big, smoothly shaped booty. His throbbing cock, half-covered in Rachael's orgasm, bobbed excitedly at the view.

"Good girl."

He sneaked up behind her, pressing his cock upward between her ass crack and seizing her neck in a firm chokehold, lowering his other hand to her dripping pussy.

"Ahhhhh—Hmmmmmmmmmm!"

Aaliyah reacted with a sharp cry of ecstasy, feeling his nine-inch cock and his fingers, which felt like they contained an extremely sexual electrical spark. However, Miles tightened his grip around her neck and turned the gasp into a muffled hum.

Captured in his embrace, Aaliyah sluttily ground her ass against his cock with heated passion. Humming erotically, she reached out her hand to touch his hair, tilting her neck awkwardly to kiss him while her other hand lowered to his balls and began rubbing them.

'Damn, she's good.'

Instantly, the sexual tension he hadn't been able to release with Rachael was let out.

"Arrrrghhh." Smooch! Smooch!

He groaned, leaning his head closer as he managed to capture the lower part of her lips from behind and sucked hard on them.

"Hmmmmmm. Hmmmmmm. Smooch! Ahhhh!"

Grinding her ass against his cock, they both moaned and groaned in bliss, scurrying their hands around each other's bodies while Miles fingered her.

Unable to bear it any longer, Miles let go of her neck and hungrily turned her to face him. Staring into each other's eyes with lust, they launched into a fierce, smutty kiss, shoving their tongues into each other's mouths and exchanging saliva.

Smooch! Slurp! Smooch!

Miles lowered his hands and grabbed the sides of her ass. To vent his pent-up desire from fucking Rachael, he massaged her ass so hard that Aaliyah hissed from the pain and let go of his cock just to grab his hands to stop him from squeezing the life out of them.

When her attempts proved futile, she pulled her shirt halfway up and managed to free one of his hands. Directing him to pull her shirt off, she raised both of her hands in the air, breaking their kiss as he pulled the shirt over her head.

Now left in just her bra and socks, she stared in a face-off with Miles for a couple of seconds before she leaped like a cat into his embrace, hooking her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Moaning from the feeling of the tip grazing her asshole and the shaft pressed against her pussy, she jolted and moaned out loud.

Meanwhile, with one firm hand beneath her ass for support, Miles unhooked her bra with a couple of thrusts of his fingers. Using his teeth to pull her bra down and his nose to push it upward, he leaned in and latched onto her left boob. Her boobs were quite small but thick in a sense, so his mouth managed to capture half of it directly.

"HMMMMMMMM!"

Aaliyah hummed, jolting from the pleasure, and clasped one arm firmly around his head, lowering the other to grab his cock.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 209: Mother and Daughter End[1,184 words]

Smooch! Smooch!

"HMMMMM. HMMMMM. Ahhhhhhhh! Yesssss!"

Miles grazed her nipples with his teeth, hungrily suckling on her breasts as she moaned. He slipped his cock inside her pussy, and she clamped down on it.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

With a long hum, Aaliyah flung her head backward. The intense sensation of his mouth on her breast and his cock filling her to the brim wrapped her in a blanket of bliss she had never experienced before.

Smooch!

"Argh."

Unlatching from her breast, Miles released a deep groan, filled with pleasure from the tight grip of her pussy, which felt as if it were trying to squeeze the life out of him.

'Damn.' He cursed inwardly in elation. Closing his eyes briefly, he reopened them with absolute determination to make her pussy his.

"Argh."

With another groan, Miles grabbed her ass from both sides. Using his arms as support beams, he propped her up, suspending her lower body a couple of centimeters in the air to create some space between them.

Kpa!

"Oh yeah!"

With a full thrust deep inside her, Aaliyah shuddered in bliss and shouted. Tightening her arms around him, she heaved in pleasure as he struck a second time, pushing all the way to her womb.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Aaliyah cried out, her eyes widening as if she had just experienced some sort of spiritual enlightenment.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!"

Arching his waist backward, he began to establish a steady pace of deep thrusts, completely obliterating the crushing clench of her pussy and engraving a memory she would never forget.

"Ahhhh! Yeah! Fuck me! Yeah! Yeah! Harder!"

"Who is your daddy?"

"You, daddy! Yesss! Daaddddy!"

At some point, Miles switched styles. Hooking his arms under the back of her knees, he fucked her in a suspended rhythm, forcing Aaliyah to acknowledge that he was her daddy over and over again while she begged for his cock. Orgasming every time he managed to hit her G-spot, her slick nectar had long since trailed down his balls and dripped onto the expensive rug.

Slurping and squelching sounds now filled the room amidst her vulgar screams for him to destroy her pussy.

'Fuck! I've held on for so long! Feels like I'm about to blow.'

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Striking her G-spot again, Aaliyah came once more. Her pinkish pussy leaked her own fluids all over his white cock.

Moving closer to the bed, Miles dropped her onto the mattress with a soft thud and climbed over her. He gritted his teeth as a long, thick stream of cum shot out like a geyser, splattering the thick, milky sperm across her blissful face.

Grinning down at Aaliyah, whose pussy was still spasming as it leaked fluid, he pointed his dick at her boobs and unleashed another long, thick rope of cum that landed with a heavy splatter.

'Damn, this is so cool. Should I call it ricochet cum splatter? My first self-created ability. Or should I just pray I don't pass out or go into a coma after this? I can't even understand what the fuck is happening.'

Unable to comprehend why he felt the need to shoot out so much volume, Miles felt a brief twinge of fear. But just then, the sound of movement came from the side of the bed.

Sharply tilting his head, he saw Carolina sitting up on her knees. Her eyes made it clear she was unwilling to miss out on her reward after working so hard for it.

"Wasn't planning to forget you. Here you go."

Loosening his grip around his cock, another torrent of cum shot out and splattered across Carolina's face, coating her in a heavy facial.

"Hmmmmm."

Shaking her head as if she were under a shower, she embraced his cum, stretching out her tongue to taste it.

Halfway through, with less than 30% left in his tank, Miles had a sudden inspiration and choked the base of his cock, stopping the flow.

"Turn over," he swiftly commanded.

Carolina complied immediately. Before turning, however, she withdrew her tongue and swallowed the cum she had gathered with a satisfied, slutty hum. She pushed her tongue out to show him it was clean, licking the stray cum from her lips.

"Hmmmm, yes daddy."

Kneeling on all fours, she shook her ass for him with a naughty giggle. The sight was pure taboo, but neither of them cared.

Staring at her pussy, a faint sheen glistened across the pink slit as slick fluid drooled from it.

Smack!

Miles slapped her ass first, leaving a subtle red print on the trembling flesh, prompting a frantic cry of blended pain and bliss from Carolina. She jolted slightly as her insides rocked from the impact.

Barely able to contain himself, Miles leaned in and buried his cock inside her.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Carolina jolted and moaned heavily, feeling his warm, leftover cum rushing ahead of the expanding force of his cock. It filled her pussy completely until it reached her womb and stayed still, emptying the rest of his sack inside her.

"Argh!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Both Miles and Carolina let out unexpected sounds of surprise. His cock didn't decline in rigidity; instead, it remained rock-hard and deeply embedded inside her against the tight clench of her pussy, making a wet, squelching sound.

"Argh."

"Hmmmm!"

Catching his breath upon confirmation that he was still in the game, Miles grinned. Grabbing both cheeks of Carolina's thick, curvy ass, he withdrew and shoved his cock back inside her with a powerful slam. The impact produced a very distinct clap that caused her flesh to tremble.

Jolting forward, Carolina lost her balance, her hands slipping as she slammed face-first into the bed, muffling a sharp, soul-stirring moan. Even the bed, which had stayed completely still until now, groaned as it absorbed the heavy thrust.

'The final stretch.'

With that thought, Miles put everything he had into it, choosing to go all out and create a memory that Carolina would never forget.

Kpa! "Ahhhhh!"

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!"

With every thunderous thrust Miles shoved into her, Carolina gasped sharply. She jolted forward so hard that her vision blurred, a feeling of pure disorientation clouding her senses.

Yet each time she lost her balance and collapsed onto the bed, Miles would simply hook his hands around her waist and haul her back in one swift motion, slamming his cock right back in with a loud clap that made her ass jiggle.

Their movements were erratic and rough, fucking in a completely primal style that drew the attention of a spent Aaliyah and a watching Rachael, whose own sore pussy was now drooling.

Rachael, in particular, was intensely turned on. Because of her mother-daughter relationship with Carolina, hearing her mother's frantic, breathless moans being cut off by each of Miles' heavy thrusts drove her wild.

Unfortunately, the dance came to a sudden halt with one final, remarkable thrust. Miles' deep groan and Carolina's erotic moan filled the room one last time as they both froze mid-thrust.

'What the fuck? I'm not cumming?'

Though the sensation of climax filled him entirely, no cum actually shot out.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 210: I Just Want To Eat; Rachael's Complicated Feelings[1,440 words]

"Hmmm."

"Hmmm."

"Hmmm."

Lying with three ladies sprawled all over him, each exceedingly beautiful in their own way and possessing top-tier sexual appeal, it was the kind of scene that was enough to drive the fantasies of countless boys and men to goon under the dark covers of the night. Miles stared at the opulent ceiling with a lost look, as if his soul had left his body.

"Argh!"

Suddenly, he let out a slight gasp as a sharp pain pierced his dick—the consequence of his extreme cum shot an hour ago.

'Man,' Miles thought, exhaling as he stared at the ceiling, his arms wrapped beneath both mother and daughter. Their nipples and the fullness of their breasts pressed against him as they slept soundly, like babies after sucking their mother's lips to satisfaction.

Yet there was another person, practically breathing on his shrunken, coiled dick in a cute way. Sprawled between his legs, Aaliyah's head rested on his abdomen, soundly asleep like the other two.

Imagining a scene where he would have more than 20 women and girls alike sprawled next to him, he smirked and began to rub their waists to offer them some warmth.

Three minutes later, he secretly withdrew his hands and sneakily stepped off the bed without waking them up. Walking nude towards the dressing room, he searched and found one of Rachael's dad's robes, draping it over himself.

"Well, since I'm helping you take care of your wife and daughter as their dad, I might as well keep this warm and make myself at home."

Imagining a scene where Carolina's husband would come home and catch him fucking his wife and daughter, he grinned.

'I'll make you watch while they scream and call me daddy.'

Although the gay millionaire hadn't done anything to him to trigger such a cuckold fantasy, Miles still wished it would happen.

After some minutes of navigating through the grand mansion, he finally found the kitchen. It was a wide-open, luxurious space twice the size of his room, with kitchen utensils arranged neatly in sight. Seeing so many cabinets all over the place, he sucked in a cold breath and shook his head.

"What the fuck? They should place a label on each of them, for fuck's sake. I'm only looking for something quick to eat and a bottle of water."

Scanning the kitchen for a fridge, he didn't find one anywhere against the sparkling surfaces. Resigning himself to his fate with a sigh, he walked towards the first cabinet by his side. Reaching his hands up towards it, he opened it.

Instead of food, rows of crystal wine glasses caught his eyes. Ranging from champagne flutes and whiskey tumblers to red wine goblets and martini glasses—as long as you could name it, it was there, each one spotless and arranged by size.

"Seriously?"

Closing it, he opened the next cabinet and was left speechless. White porcelain plates with gold-trimmed edges sat in perfect stacks beside matching bowls, saucers, serving platters, and teacups that looked too expensive to actually use. Miles lost interest and closed it.

"Are the wealthy actually sick in the head? It's just you, your wife, and your daughter. If you want to host parties, are rentals that bad? Like—"

Miles stopped his speech upon opening the third cabinet. It was stocked to the brim with polished silverware organized inside velvet-lined trays. Forks, knives, dessert spoons, seafood picks, steak knives, serving tongs, ladles...

The fourth contained imported cookware.

Choosing to give up, he shook his head and was about to leave, but stopped in his tracks, intending to check the lower cabinets as a last hope.

Squatting, he was about to open the cabinets when he noticed the lower side of the kitchen counter had some knobs integrated into its seamless surface. Curiously, he did a frog jump toward it and slowly pulled the knob.

Click!

A crisp click sounded, and the seamless surface revealed a thin, straight line.

"Fuck! Which bastard designed this?"

With just a slight pull, a mouthwatering aroma filled the room, causing him to take a deep breath with a wide smile on his face.

"Damn, such an irresistible scent."

Pulling the knob with a jolt, a small thermal compartment—similar to a microwave but designed to keep things hot long-term—appeared in view. But before his nerdy side could take over, his eyes instinctively zoomed in on the dish inside as a hot wave of rich, savory aroma slammed into his face. With an expression similar to a woman whose G-spot had just been hit, Miles involuntarily closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, almost losing his balance.

"By the gods..." Miles muttered breathlessly as he opened his eyes again, locking his gaze onto the golden layer of melted cheese glistening under the light, neatly covering layers of pasta, sauce, and seasoned filling beneath.

The sight made his mouth water, just like seeing the bodies of Hannah and the rest did to his cock. Of course, there was no way Hannah had made this; Miles didn't even give it a second thought.

He wanted to grab the pan right away but paused halfway. Cursing, he managed to find a pair of oven mitts hanging above the stove. Hurriedly moving to grab them, he put them on and brought out the steamy, hot lasagna. Placing it on the kitchen counter, he quickly checked the second and third cabinets for a plate, knife, and fork.

Splitting a quarter of the yummy delicacy, he placed it on the prepared dish and returned the pan to the compartment.

"Doesn't matter if I'm a guest or not. I'll just tell her I served myself."

While he was incredibly impatient to dive into the lasagna, he glanced around for one last check to find a fridge, feeling the need for chilled water to balance the equation. As luck would have it, he impatiently slapped the kitchen counter, producing a clicking sound. A hissing sound instantly drew Miles' attention to the center of the counter. The seamless surface parted to reveal a lit compartment filled with groceries and fruit. Cool air blew toward his face, making Miles slap his forehead.

Never had he been so stressed trying to find something to eat in a kitchen. His lips consistently twitched in frustration until he managed to mutter, "It's just a fridge. Why make a fridge so difficult to find, like it's some kind of hunting show?"

Turning around to see if there were truly any cameras, he picked up a bottle of water and an apple.

"Hmmm."

Humming from the very first bite, Miles gulped down a glass of water and proceeded to the next bite. Ten minutes later, he belched with satisfaction after emptying the bottle of water and proceeded to clean up.

Having a quick stroll afterward, he toured the mansion, including the pool, before heading back inside.

"Someone finally woke up," he said teasingly to Rachael, who paused, stunned that he was wearing her father's robe, and hastily tried to avoid his gaze.

Her bad view of Miles had been wiped clean by his cock and how he had treated her. Right now, Rachael felt awkward and didn't know how to face him while sitting naked on the bed. Sensing this as she gave no response to his words, Miles walked toward her and cupped her chin, tilting her head to look up at him.

"There you go. No use in denying it now. I'm kinda used to this hate-to-love kind of thing, so my advice is to play it cool like before. You don't want to let your friends know that I fucked you, right?"

The moment he said this, Rachael's complicated expression flushed, and she instinctively lowered her gaze.

"Hehehe, there you go." Smirking at her beautiful face, he shifted his attention to her sore, erect nipples and activated Blissful Hands, using his thumb to brush against her nipple.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Rachael moaned, her face flushing as she instinctively brought her hands toward her boobs.

"Hehehe. Nice nipples," Miles laughed and commented. "Hold on," he said, walking toward the closet and grabbing one of Hannah's black robes. "You'll get a cold."

Shuuuvvvv!

The sound of the bathroom door sliding open echoed, announcing the arrival of Carolina and Aaliyah with towels wrapped around their bodies.

"I bathed her," Aaliyah quickly explained, and he nodded.

Smiling from the moment she saw him, Carolina wrapped one arm around Aaliyah's shoulder and began to limp forward. Miles grinned at the scene, feeling proud as he noticed Aaliyah's unsteady steps, which she tried her best to hide.

"Hehehe. Looking good as ever," he commented.