

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 211:

Grace's Grievance[1,036 words]

"Bye!"

With a goodbye wave from Carolina, Miles got inside the car. Aaliyah stepped on the gas pedal, accelerating past the automatic gates and leaving the Armon mansion behind.

During the drive, neither Miles nor Aaliyah exchanged words, as if they had both agreed not to talk or think about it. Or at least, that was what Miles thought, while Aaliyah secretly mulled over how she had given herself to Miles like a subservient bitch. The scene of him pounding her with such force that her insides shook and her hip joints cracked replayed in her mind, making her sore, aching pussy moisten as she instinctively tightened her grip on the steering wheel.

Subtly controlling her breathing, her thoughts delved deeper.

'But... he's just a high school kid. How? At least on the surface, the way he acts and his thing. His thing.'

Her thoughts slowed, repeating the term 'his thing' in a doubtful, surreal tone.

Playing the racial genetic card, she couldn't understand how Miles, a white kid, could have such an anomaly for a dick. After all, it was called a BBC for a reason, not a BWC.

At this moment, piecing together the suspicious rumors at the spa—since Miles always checked in with Grace before they would both leave and come back together—and adding the fact that she had just seen Miles in action and heard his casual way of talking to Grace, Aaliyah made a bold, undeniable confirmation.

'So Grace is also taking his cock? He's fucking his boss... they've been fucking?'

Despite knowing that her thoughts were most likely true, Aaliyah found it hard to believe. Unlike the rest of the employees, she knew Grace on a personal level, including the fact that she was incredibly proud, cold, distant, and looked down on those she considered beneath her. She was a prime example of a self-disciplined boss bitch and a symbol of women's empowerment, bearing a striking resemblance to Marilyn from the series All the Queen's Men.

But what Aaliyah didn't know was that this personality had been brutally broken by Silas. After all, Grace wasn't actually the protagonist, and it was only after Miles' arrival in her life that she finally regained her peace and sanity. He had even helped a great deal by sending Silas to a psychiatric hospital.

Right now, Grace belonged solely to Miles in every way possible, despite the fact that she was also his partner and boss.

The drive proceeded smoothly, and they finally arrived at their destination.

Getting out of the car, Miles picked up the woven basket and helped Aaliyah carry it, knowing her current situation. As for how she would explain her state to her coworkers and anyone else who asked, Miles didn't comment, since every human was born with the basic ability to lie.

"See you inside."

With those final words, he left her staring at his back as he walked into the spa. The receptionist was at her post as usual, shifting her gaze toward him the moment he walked in, before turning away as if she wanted to roll her eyes.

'What the fuck?'

Bewildered by this reaction, Miles walked straight toward Grace's office. Without knocking, he turned the doorknob, opened the door, and saw her behind her desk, flying her fingers across the keyboard as usual.

Just then, drawn by his presence, Grace sharply raised her head, cutting off her attention from the computer screen.

Miles said nothing. He dropped the basket on her desk and collapsed into the chair with an exaggerated exhale, as if vexed about being given too much work.

Grace stared, silently studying his expression before speaking.

"You're back." She leaned back in her chair, suddenly breaking her posture and relaxing at his presence.

"Yup, it sure looks like it," Miles replied, letting out an exhausted sigh as he stared at the office ceiling.

"You look tired, quite unusual for you. Was the service that much of a workload?"

Saying this, Grace leisurely stood up from her seat and took measured steps forward, rounding the corner of the desk twice until she stood before him.

"Yeah, kind of went crazy, and now none of them can walk properly." Amused, he spoke while casting his gaze over every detail of her appearance with a smirk.

"Oh... really?"

Grace traced her fingers along the edge of the desk as she walked, then stopped and stepped past him.

"Let me guess. You fucked Aaliyah alongside Carolina and her daughter?"

Click!

A distinct clicking sound echoed through the office, followed by the soft extraction of the key.

Silence reigned for a moment as Miles felt her gaze locked on him from behind.

"Yeah. That's how it went down, at least before I splattered cum all over them and knocked myself out of commission."

Turning 180 degrees, he was about to explain his current predicament to Grace when she crossed her index finger over her lips in a quiet 'hush' gesture.

Clatter!

The key that had been extracted from the door clattered as it dropped to the floor.

Grace's chest rose and fell noticeably as she tried to control herself from losing it. The next moment, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and hastily began to pull it up, revealing her slim abdomen, her belly button, and her two medium-sized tits caged in a tight purple bra.

Suddenly her tone switched, oozing with lust and a sense of neglect similar to a wife whose husband didn't want to touch her.

"Missing my calls. Canceling appointments. No check-ins."

Grace recounted every grievance she had accumulated since last week as she walked toward him.

"Don't you want me anymore? Didn't you say I was yours? Or don't I have needs too?" She reached her hand toward his neck, choking him lightly as she seductively sat on his thighs with her legs draped over the armrest, staring into his eyes with longing and lust.

"I need you. I want you."

Whispering these words into his ear, she let go of his neck and grabbed his hands. She placed one on her ass and the other on her boobs, helping him cup them with a smile.

"What do you have to say?"

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 212: My Treat[1,494 words]

"What do you have to say?"

Grace whispered as she leaned closer to his face, meeting his gaze with seething desires of her own.

'Crap! I fucked up. I thought she was strong and disciplined.'

Realizing the fact he had underestimated a woman who considered herself his—having no reservations like she would have before she chose to be his—Miles inwardly panicked for the first time. Feeling his dick, which would have normally already bobbed and awakened in its true dragon form, remain a shrimp in his pants, he was lost on how to respond but instantly figured out another way.

'Although my brother is out of commission, there are still parts of me I can use.'

"I'm sorry. I had a lot on my hands," he whispered, their lips just half an inch away from locking together—

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch!

Like two opposing magnetic forces, they drew close to each other. Miles dug his fingers into a claw grip over her ass. His other hand stuck firmly to her boobs, breathlessly cupping them through the purple bra as he swept her mouth with his tongue, fiercely occupying the hollow space as they battled.

Grace's hands weren't idle either. She wrapped one arm around his neck, the other holding his face, trying to deepen the kiss while grinding against him.

"Hmmmmmm." Smooch! Smooch! "Argh." Smooch! "Hmmmmmm! Yeah, give me more—" Smooch! "Hmmmmmm."

It was so intense that it seemed like they were wrestling.

"Fuck!"

Suddenly, Miles pushed up her bra and broke their kiss, latching his teeth and tongue onto her breasts with a superb suction force.

Letting out a sharp gasp that was half a curse, Grace flung her head backward. Completely overwhelmed by the sudden switch, she clamped her arms around his head, digging her fingers into his hair encouragingly so he could suck her to the peak!

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Yeaahhh! Yeah!"

A blissful chill traveled through her spine, up, then exploded from the center back of her head. The feeling was so ecstatic she trembled spontaneously, her eyes rolling back with an electrical surge that made her whole body feel numb.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs, but Miles merely supported her back and kept sucking like a hungry, ravenous wolf. This triggered and turned her on in ways she never imagined she would feel.

'Ahhhhh! What is he doing to me? I feel like I'm on clouds. Relieved. I feel so helpless. This feeling...'

Grace didn't know how to describe it; she couldn't even think clearly.

Meanwhile, Miles found himself exceptionally focused, opening his mouth wide as he did all he could to suck and lick her breasts, rubbing her nipples between his fingers as he cupped them in a tight grip. Like they say, losing one of your senses enhances the other; without his dick bobbing and stretching to dive into her pussy, his mouth finally shined with its expertise.

Meanwhile, walking with unsteady steps through the corridor with Grace's office door just ahead after telling a lie about how she sprained her leg, Aaliyah wanted to report to Grace but stopped three meters away, picking up the muffled cries and moans from inside.

"Don't tell me... Aren't they trying to hide it anymore?"

Amidst her chaotic feelings—which included shock that Grace was actually losing herself to Miles so much that she didn't care if her employees listened to her moans, and being awed and dumbstruck that Miles could still go all out like what he did to the three of them—she thought, 'He's definitely a beast.'

She turned towards her assigned spa room with a dazed expression, imagining Miles' cock impaling the proud Grace.

Back in the office, Miles was still sucking Grace's breasts, but his hands had let go of them and were now massaging her ass with a claw grip.

"Hmmmmmm!"

Grace's moan increased a pitch as she ground her body against him. But suddenly, Miles stood up from the chair with a squeaking sound, lifting her up with his hands grabbing her ass.

"Hmmmmmm," Grace hummed, her feminine heart smitten by his strength for casually lifting her in such a manner.

Glancing at the occupied desk, Miles didn't give it a second thought and cleared it with a sweep of his arm. For a moment, the clattering sound of objects filled the room. He lightly placed Grace on the desk and stood back to take in the view of her naked upper body. Her bra was shifted up, and her small, dark areolas made his mouth thirsty.

Smirking at her lustful expression, he moved closer.

"This is my treat," he suddenly said, moving his hands before she could react or comprehend what he meant.

Shrrrip!

The sound echoed as he ripped open her trousers with a tearing sound, revealing her wet, soaked purple embroidered panties and the glistening moisture that slipped between her thighs.

"Hmmmmmm."

Miles inhaled deeply, savoring the sweet scent of her mouth-watering pussy.

Meanwhile, startled by his dominant act of ripping her trousers apart, Grace's heart thrummed with excitement, skipping a beat as she read his intention.

'He wants to...'

She instinctively swallowed, her breathing shallow and fast as Miles spread her legs wide. Resting on her elbows behind her in a reclined position, Grace watched Miles grin, eyes locked with hers as he lowered himself, inhaling the scent of her pussy.

Suddenly her heart shook as his face dropped out of her view.

"Hmmmmmmmm!"

Then she felt it—the electrical surge of bliss from his fingers—and hummed in ecstasy atop the desk.

Smooch!

Scooping a fingertip of the silky, slimy coating from between her thighs, Miles licked and sucked his finger and quickly got down to business. Grace trembled, breathing heavily.

With a simple tug, Miles shifted the wet patch of her panties, hooking it to the side as he uncovered the treasure trove—a soaked, gleaming pussy in moist silk so thick it was similar to that of a snail. Miles took a whiff up close and his expression brightened.

Staring at the dark, slimy folds with a pink slit between them, he leaned closer with desire as he studied its intricate design. Having never looked at a pussy this close before, at this moment he noticed a lot of details, such as her clitoris, labia majora and minora, and the urethral opening.

The office felt tranquilly silent, a moment of peace before the chaos that was to come.

Grace's expectant and lustful expression flushed as she realized Miles was studying her pussy. But before she could bring herself to say anything—

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

A sharp, ecstatic scream ripped through her throat. Her eyes widened, and losing her balance, she slammed her head back onto the desk and instinctively reached her hands to pull the edge of the desk with all she had.

The overwhelming, sharp wave of pleasure almost made her pass out.

It was a predetermined strike.

Miles didn't lick her folds or her clitoris.

Like a sponge, he drove his tongue where his cock should have been, scrubbing and absorbing silk surface of her inside. Reaching his limit.

Smooch!

It didn't just stopped there, lips clamped her clitoris and petals in one squishy suck and swallowed everything.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Grace screamed, her hips and legs buckling from the bliss as she stretched one hand to keep Miles' head where it is. Instinctively gyrating her waist to meet the movement of his tongue with a trembling cry of pleasure.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

She hummed, quivering as she pressed his head with more force while craning her head backward in ecstasy.

Meanwhile, wriggling his tongue inside her, Miles savored the taste of her pussy. It tasted sweet at first, but switched to a sour skimmed milk taste when her pussy clamped tight around his tongue. The taste constantly switched between this two with every exhale and inhaled.

Retrieving his tongue , he hungrily scoured her folds, licking it clean while she almost ripped out his hair .

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Grace moaned in a trembling rasp.

After dealing with side dish, Miles slightly got up and locked her right leg which was over his left shoulder in a firm lock. Moving lips upward, he latched onto her clitoris like he always did to her nipples and lifted his right hand.

With Blissful Hands already activated, he slid two fingers smoothly inside her.

"Yeaaaaaaaahhhhhh!"

Above the desk, Grace who was starting to calm down with heavy breathing jolted up. Inhaling like a pregnant woman in labor, her eyes widened.

Under the effect of Paradise Embrace which had been activated a split second ago. Her vision spurred and her whole body felt temporarily numb.

Thud.

With a subtle thud she slammed her back on the desk and gripped Miles' hair so bad that she managed to pull out a few strands of hair. Instantly orgasming, her pussy flooded with juice and squeaky wet sound filled the office from Miles relentless fingering while his tongue played with her clit.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 213: Grace's Shock! [1,001 words]

Grace's Office

After sucking her clit and finger-fucking her with a bloom of Paradise Embrace.

Smooch! Smooch!

Sitting on Grace's office chair, their lips locked as she sat on his lap. Supporting his hand against her boobs, she let out intimate, erotic moans.

"Ahhhhh! Hummmmm!"

Miles wrapped his other arm behind her back.

It wasn't known how long had passed since they went at it, but the two later stopped, letting a tranquil silence fill the room once more as they absorbed each other's embrace.

"...So your dick doesn't work right now, huh?"

After mulling over what he said when she begged him to fuck her with his cock, she finally brought herself to ask, a rare smile stretching across her lips. She was obviously holding back her intent to laugh.

"Yeah, funny, huh?" Miles mused. He still had two drops of aphrodisiac, so he wasn't too worried about using it later if his dick still didn't want to rise. As for using it now, Miles didn't even think about it; in fact, it was now considered a last resort.

"It's good to know you're human and also get exhausted," Grace said softly, rubbing his chest with a smile.

Miles nodded, letting the silence brew before talking again.

"Oh alright, I have something to discuss. It's business," he said with a serious tone that made Grace lift her head from his shoulder and stare at his face.

"Business?" she asked in confirmation, her voice curious upon realizing he was serious.

"Hmm." Miles nodded with a hum. "Ever thought of expanding your business to something perhaps bigger? Grand and renowned?"

'What's he playing at?'

With this thought, Grace stood up from his body. Completely nude, she stretched her hand behind her and leaned against the edge of his desk.

"Yes, why not? I have always looked for ways for my business to grow," she said, her eyes locked on him with a serious look. "What are your plans? Business goal? Strategy? How much is your budget?"

Hearing these words, Grace became speechless and stunned. She tried to read his expression but failed. With a sense of premonition in her heart, she chose her next words carefully.

"Expand the salon's expertise. Refurnish the aesthetics. Upgrade the equipment and promote the brand. A five-hundred-thousand budget."

Miles stared at her, speechless and bewildered, then he said the words that left Grace dumbstruck.

"Is that it?"

The room fell silent. Grace blinked twice. Eventually, she managed to speak again.

"Are you fucking with me?"

"Hahaha." Miles laughed, shaking his head. "Well, I'm just surprised..." Pausing, he continued with a serious tone. "First, let's upgrade your dreams. I want to invest in you."

Staring at Grace's surprised expression, he smirked.

"Don't worry, I am no Good Samaritan either. Let me tell you my investment plan. You see this place?—" He raised his index finger and waved it in a circle mid-air, a 'sum it all up' gesture. "—Crush it and trash it from your imagination. Think of something bigger. Let me start with the first rule of marketing... packaging.

"Just like many people, you know this concept but don't know how to utilize it. The wealthy need to feel special doing something those who have less can also afford, but in a different package. It's also called having standards. Growing up, I'm sure everyone has standards for how they live their lives, things they want, and how they want people to see them. But without the strength to enforce these things against harsh reality, many end up breaking and joining the majority. The swarm, they call it..."

Seeing Grace's expression turn strange, Miles made a pausing gesture.

"Hold on, listen to where I'm heading before you think I'm losing it. My point here is that for this investment plan to work, we have to set standards and also have the strength to enforce them on everyone else through packaging.

"Here is the plan. I need you to rent a whole building in the city center. One with steady traffic that particularly stands out from the other buildings. The minimum requirement should be at least 8 floors. Hire the best interior and exterior designers you can find. Renovate the style and concept into something mainstream—something grand, majestic, and extravagant. Exclude some areas and apply a Gen-Z touch. Look for trending social media stars and have them endorse the establishment. Hold nothing back; hire the best people for every specific detail. That's the first step of the plan for now. Oh yeah, also give influencers with a fanbase above 50k a 50% discount on our services. Hiring elites and skilled employees is up to you."

Just as Grace was about to conclude that Miles had lost his senses, he raised two fingers.

"I'll give you two million dollars as a start-up. If it isn't enough, let me know."

"Ehn?" Grace opened her mouth with a shocked yelp, unwilling to believe her ears. "Are you serious?" she blurted with budding excitement.

"Do I sound like a joke?" Miles rebutted.

'Well, it kinda sounds like it,' Grace thought, flashing him a bright smile.

"What's your account limit?" Miles asked right away.

"Ten million," Grace swiftly replied, staring at him deeply with an eager expression.

"Good, call it out."

With the system having created an account for him, Miles didn't need to operate his phone to make the payment. By simply filling in the details in his mind, he willed the amount to be sent.

In the silent office, a distinct bell notification sounded.

Ding!

Grace promptly turned her head toward the floor—right beneath the desk where her phone had been swept earlier by Miles. Leaning down, she picked it up, while he wished his dick would awaken and fuck her in that position.

Grace grabbed her phone and slowly arched back up. There, on her lock screen, a single notification suddenly dazzled brightly:

[You've received \$2,000,000 from XXXX...]

"Are you kidding me?"

AN: Will soon switch back to 1 daily chap

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 214:

Investing in the Spa[1,047 words]

You've received \$2,000,000 from XXXX...

"Are you kidding me?"

Grace stared at her phone in shock, her eyes darting rapidly from Miles to the notification on her screen in utter disbelief.

"Thissss...!"

She sucked in a cold breath. Stunned and trembling, she shakily tapped the notification. The screen changed color, opening her banking app after a second of loading.

(\$2,030,000)

Counting the series of zeros at the end, Grace widened her eyes, refusing to blink as if she feared she would wake up from a dream.

Five seconds passed in silence, yet the numbers remained.

Suddenly, shedding her usual cold, composed personality, Grace was like a little girl whose uncle had just gifted her exactly what she wanted most for Christmas. She leaped up in excitement, her tits bouncing, and crashed into him with a tight, heartfelt—or rather, ass-felt—wave of gratitude, since she landed right on his lap.

"Thank you!" she said, finally calming the chaotic words of appreciation rushing through her mind.

Ten seconds passed. Choked in her tight embrace, Miles forced a smile.

"You're going to... huh... choke me to death at this rate," he managed to squeeze out, prompting Grace to let go.

"Hmmmphh. Don't you like choking me with your cock down my throat? Now you know a bit of how it feels."

"Hehehe, fair enough." Miles laughed, finally able to breathe properly.

Grace paused, standing before him. A complicated look crossed her face, knowing it was wrong to ask where Miles had gotten so much money.

However, Miles noticed her hesitation and chose to clear the air.

"Don't worry, I'm clean, I promise you that. It would be in cash if it were the other way around," he joked, easing her worries.

Grace nodded after a moment of hesitation and spoke up.

"Still, you're giving me such an amount as a startup investment. Aren't you afraid I might run away with it?" she asked, locking eyes with him.

But Miles dismissively shook his head, showing he didn't care.

"What's the fun of the money if you aren't able to enjoy my cock or feel my touch?"

Saying this, he reached out and brushed her nipple with his thumb.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Grace gasped at the sensation of his blissful touch, a look of understanding dawning in her eyes.

"True," she said after he withdrew his hand.

"Great. Remember, after this, I own 80% of the spa. Email me the documents that need my signature and proceed with the expansion as quickly as possible."

Noticing how she was staring at him, he touched his face.

"What? Is there a spider on my face or something?" he asked, amused.

"No, it's just that you sound more like a boss than me," she smiled.

Miles grinned. "Weren't you calling me daddy earlier?"

"No, that's different," she rebutted.

"What a way to twist circumstances."

Saying this, he stood up from the chair and went into the VIP room to change, with her tailing behind him because he had ripped apart the trousers she wore earlier.

A couple of minutes later, they both walked out of the VIP room. Other than when he pressed her against the wall to suck her breasts, nothing much else went on.

"Well, it's time to clock out. See you later, Boss. Oh, well, I'm off the schedule tomorrow until the day after that."

Remembering that he had a practice lesson with Cassie tomorrow, he left the office, leaving Grace behind to clean up the evidence of everything they had done.

Somewhere else.

In a corner of a beer parlor, two men secretively sat down at a table which already had one occupant staring at the female bartender with a blunt between his fingers.

"Damn, she's got some tits."

The dark-skinned occupant muttered as he shifted his gaze to the two arrivals, his henchmen Block and Zoro.

"Boss, you better use a condom. I heard everyone around here has already taken a dib. I also fucked her in the corner the other day," Zoro, a lean guy in his late twenties with dark circles under his eyes and tattoos covering his light skin, said jokingly as he took a seat, also glancing at the bartender.

Meanwhile, the man with the blunt showed an amused interest.

"A whore, huh? She doesn't seem like one to me. Looks more like a broken bitch whose life got ruined and wants to share whatever infection she's got," the man muttered as he met eyes with the bartender, who winked at him.

To his side, unlike Zoro who liked to run his mouth, Block preferred his life over something trivial and spoke in a serious tone.

"We've got some news... Our rats told us that they found some dead bodies recently in a burnt vehicle. According to them, the higher-ups have been moving suspiciously ever since they ID'd those bodies. Recently, they were even asked to tail some of us."

Hearing this, Smoke, who had been staring at the bartender, snapped his gaze back with a deadly glint flashing in his eyes.

The table froze in silence, and a moment later, Smoke exhaled and turned to Block.

"Did you ask about where those bodies were found?"

Suddenly Block, who thought he had done everything he needed to, froze and shook his head in a negative response.

"Idiots," the man cursed. Block instantly got up from his seat, Zoro did the same, and they both left the bar.

Seeing that they had left, the man brought out his phone and speed-dialed a number.

It didn't even take a second for the other side to answer.

"Ace is likely no more. We've got some intel; we'll rendezvous at the location in one hour."

Saying this, his eyes drifted back to the bartender, who also glanced at him, both sharing some kind of silent agreement.

The call ended.

Pocketing his phone, Smoke stood up, crushed his blunt, and walked toward the bar counter, his eyes locked with the lady.

"Excuse me, I need something hot. Preferably stronger than this." He gulped down the small glass of whiskey and nodded at her.

The bartender paused and nodded to the other bartender lady at the far end.

"I have what you need."

Thirty seconds later, muffled grunts and moans echoed from the service area.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 215: Guilty Cassie[1,512 words]

The bartender paused and nodded to the other bartender lady at the far end.

"I have what you need."

Thirty seconds later, muffled grunts and moans echoed from the service area.

6 p.m.

After a long, stressful afternoon, Miles sealed a hot jacuzzi bath and then lay on the bed with the AC on chill mode.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Leisurely inputting a series of codes, the door opened with a beep sound and Miles stepped inside.

"Home," Miles muttered, turning around to give the interior a quick scan. He noticed Cassie already staring at him with a small bowl of recently made popcorn, judging by the lingering aroma in the air.

"Welcome," she said after giving his appearance a quick scan, then turned back to the wide TV. Tapping the resume button, she dropped the remote and sunk her fingers into the fluffy popcorn. But just as she brought it to her lips, she paused.

"Oh, there's some leftovers in the kitchen. It was kinda too much, so I thought I should leave some for whoever got up first," she said out loud.

"Hehehe, how cute. Wait, Phine isn't back yet?" he asked, just as Cassie was about to rebut him for laughing.

"Hmm."

Cassie chewed the popcorn in her mouth before replying.

"Well... you know how she is. She always likes to hang out anywhere that isn't home. Probably with her fashion-obsessed friends..." Cassie paused with a mischievous smile, "...or maybe at her boyfriend's."

She sneakily glanced behind her at Miles, who halted in his tracks but then realized her mischievous tone.

"Don't you have anything to do? You know they say an idle mind gives way to many bad thoughts," he said with a voice as wise as an old man's while grabbing the big bowl filled with popcorn. He sneered. "So much for leftovers. You screwed up your measurement and left a bigger portion. Here I was wondering how fucking well you've grown on me."

Hearing Miles curse her with a sneer, Cassie chose not to reply and merely watched the ongoing drama on the screen.

"Well, more for me."

Shutting his pretentious mouth, Miles scooped a handful as he climbed the stairs, leaving behind a crunchy sound.

Upon entering his room, Miles did just what he wished for: a deep, hot bath in the bathtub and sleep under the cool temperature.

8 p.m.

Miles opened his drowsy eyes after a constant knock on the door.

'Damn, who the fuck is that?'

Stretching his limbs while yawning, a glint of irritation appeared in Miles's eyes as he set his feet on the ground. With his upper build still bare, he lazily walked toward the door.

"Can't I sleep in peace?" he muttered as he opened the door with a click sound.

Just as he raised his eyes to look at the person pounding on his door, the other person seemed to have caught his words and rebutted the moment she saw him.

"Do you want to die?" Josephine rolled her eyes with a slight frown, apparently angered by his words.

Miles stared at her with a speechless expression, not knowing what to say.

"Hmmmphh, perhaps you'll get all the peace you want while sleeping, right? Get down, dinner is ready and we are all waiting for you."

She turned back without saying another word, but Miles caught a glimpse of her red knuckles.

'Oh fuck.'

He thought, realizing he fucked up and understanding the reason for Josephine's paranoia.

'She must have been knocking for a while now, probably worried that something happened to me, and then she heard me say that. Gotta apologize.'

With this thought, Miles put on his shirt and joined the rest of the family at the dining table.

"What's wrong, Miles? Cassie said you've been in your room since you got back from school."

Just as he sat down and quickly poured himself a glass of water, Hannah brought her palm to his head to check his forehead under the three girls' gaze.

'Ehn?'

Miles thought Cassie was purposely setting him up and wanted to rebut her lie, when he recalled his part-time job was a secret. He quickly switched to acting, meeting Josephine's complicated gaze.

"Oh well, the exam is in two days. Got swarmed in revision and had a little fever. Don't worry, I made sure I had a good rest so I'm good now."

"Oh." Also sensing his temperature was okay, Hannah withdrew her hand in understanding.

Although Miles was fucking her and was secretly the daddy who spanked her ass, he was still her son—one she loved dearly beyond parental love. Her motherly love wasn't an act either.

"Exam in two days? How long have you guys been doing revision?" she asked.

"Twelve hours ago?" Miles answered, seemingly asking himself with a subtle glance at Josephine.

"Twelve hours? And you guys are having an exam in two days? How incompetent of the staff there. And now they are putting pressure on the students."

Hannah criticized the school system, understanding as somebody who managed a huge corporate structure where the fault came from. She wanted to dig her fork into the pasta on her plate but paused, casting a loving gaze at Miles.

"If you don't like it there, I can find a more luxurious school out there with an optimized learning structure. With your smart ass, you'll probably get into Oxford, Cambridge, and the likes of the Ivy League. But no pressure, it's totally up to you—even if you don't want to go to college," Hannah said dismissively, not caring much about the prestige of attending such places, but rather her son's choice.

"I'll think about it."

Miles nodded, stabbing a chicken lap. The huge, uncultured bite he took made the girls lean back. Miles grinned and savagely continued with it.

Just as everyone began to eat, Cassie paused, suddenly realizing something.

"Come to think of it. If you guys are having exams, isn't Phine's prom night going to be this Saturday night?"

Everyone paused and glanced at Josephine. Hannah had a look of realization, and her voice turned serious.

"Oh no, baby, why didn't you tell me?" she asked.

Josephine raised her head to meet their stature, then forced a smile.

"Well, I planned on telling you guys. It wasn't just now." She gave Cassie the eye, knowing she had made it sound like she was keeping something so important from her family.

"Well, my bad." Cassie propped her tongue out and smirked.

"Say no more. When you're ready, let's go shopping for your dream dress," Hannah beamed, and Josephine nodded happily.

But just as everyone was about to continue eating, Josephine revealed an enlightened look and glared at Cassie.

"Cassie, don't you have a ballet competition coming up?"

Now it was Cassie's turn to freeze, knowing she didn't intend on telling Hannah, despite Hannah dropping her off at school.

Like a mother hen stretching its feathers, Hannah's frown deepened as she glared at Cassie, who guiltily avoided her gaze.

"Is that true?" Hannah asked in a stern voice, her brows furrowed with a mix of a saddened look.

"...Yes, but mom, I can explain," Cassie quickly said, but Hannah shook her head in dejection, her shoulders lowering.

"You don't have to explain because I already know who you are. You're probably thinking, 'I don't want to be a burden to mom.' So you think not telling me something that important is cool?"

However, Hannah's voice softened, a regrettable look in her eyes. Cassie lowered her gaze, looking down with a deep sense of guilt in her heart.

"I'm sorry," she muttered, but there was no response.

A moment later, Hannah spoke again, this time totally suppressing her emotions.

"When is it?" she asked.

Cassie bit her lip, her usually carefree, solitary, and mischievous temperament completely gone.

"Sunday night. Its location was just recently changed to Paris, with two pairs selected to partake."

A gloomy silence fell. Even Miles was affected but stayed still, knowing better than to interfere.

"So were you going to... were you going to run or something?" Hannah blurted out, but then she shook her head and commenced to take a forkful of spaghetti, chewing it to vent her anger before taking a deep breath.

"We will all go to Paris then. As soon as Phine is done with her prom night, we'll go on a week-long summer holiday," Hannah declared with no room for negotiation, and resumed eating.

Everyone stayed in place, including Miles, only he was still chewing the chicken meat in his mouth.

Cassie exchanged a furious glare with Josephine, who then propped out her tongue, making it clear she had won this battle after being provoked.

After about two seconds, Miles smirked at the two girls with a wink at Deb and took another bite of the chicken.

"Will you stop biting that and eat your food instead?" Unable to bear Miles's insistent chewing sound, Josephine snapped, and the solemn atmosphere quickly dispersed.

"The chicken is also part of the food, right?"