

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 216: Stolen Preys[1,500 words]

It was early Tuesday morning.

Last night, after he was done with washing the dishes, Miles felt slightly relieved seeing neither Hannah nor Deb awaited him in his room.

Locking the door, he slept soundlessly through the night and woke up with a great yawn. His body reinvigorated and pulsing with life, the fatigue and exhaustion finally worn off after more than twelve hours of sleep time.

Waking up, the first thing he did was check his now little brother. It looked quite normal and relaxed, close to its normal size, a level different from its despicable shrink of yesterday.

Downstairs, the girls had gotten ready and were eating when he arrived.

"Phine..."

Miles muttered as he got close to the both of them.

"Pervert..." Cassie muttered as she sipped a cup of tea while glaring at him from the corner of her eyes.

Whilst Josephine dropped her cup and faced Miles with her full attention.

"I wanted to apologize for last night," Miles said, leaving Josephine and Cassie stunned.

"Ehn?" Cassie muttered, not knowing that her brother could apologize.

Josephine wanted to smile but forced herself to maintain a look of surprise, feigning an act of reluctance that strained Miles' expectant eyes.

After a second or two, she turned to him and smiled.

"It's nothing. Your apology is accepted," she said smugly.

"Thanks."

Miles beamed and used the opportunity to peck her.

"Ahh!"

To the side, Cassie yelped in shock and Josephine froze, the feeling of his lips against her lips highlighted to make her squirm.

'Hehehe.'

In his mind, Miles laughed, knowing it was a cheap trick but also a versatile one that would break Josephine's resources.

Leaving the two girls in shock, he used 50 seconds to clear the bacon and egg on the plate, gulping down the cup of tea in 30 seconds, and left them staring with a raised thumb.

In the rowdy hall of Dominion High, Miles held Chloe's hand, walking side by side as the crowd cleared a path for the two of them. Stopping by Chloe's desk, he chatted with her till she was done and also saw her into her classroom. Smiling at her with a bye nod, he coldly glanced at those whispering hushed words.

Unexpectedly, he heard from them about how Chris and his clique of bullies hadn't shown themselves anywhere near the school since yesterday morning. In their absence, everyone freely cursed them, saying they were too arrogant to not come for revision with the exam less than twenty-four hours away.

'What a bunch of living NPCs,' Miles thought, making a note to pay a visit to Chris later this night.

Meanwhile, somewhere else.

"Please, who are you? The cops? Please let me go! I swear I'm just a high schooler. I'm just 17. I'm not the one you're looking for, please. If it's ransom, my parents are average and don't have much either. Huh? How about this? I know a friend, his dad is wealthy! I can help you lure him."

Without even being harmed, one of Dominion High's nightmares, Ben Harris, pleaded to the empty dark space, having peed his pants several times over the past hours since he had been abducted from his bed.

Subjected to a powerless state, hands tied with a black sack over his head, Ben—who would have been slamming a couple of students against the lockers if he were at school right now—felt nothing but primal fear towards the looming unknown of what his fate would be.

At first, he cursed them and struggled to set himself free, but as time went on, that brave front quickly crumbled, revealing his true self to be just a piece of trash like everyone else.

Clang! Clang!

At this moment, the clang and rustle of chains hitting the metal door filled the black space, and Ben instantly perked up on his knees.

Bang!

With a resounding bang, the door was kicked open and several dragging footsteps echoed in the space.

"Arggh! Let me go, you sick bastards! Who sent you? Hmmm. Hmm. Arrggg!"

Chris's defiant voice echoed, causing Ben's eyes to light up beneath the sack.

Slap!

"Argh!"

"Shut up, bitch!" a ruthless and annoyed voice barked, slapping Chris so hard that he spat blood.

And as expected, his resistance quelled, but he didn't start to cry or act like a scared kid, showing his strong, vile character which was yet to be broken.

Dragging his feet across the room as he was being carried, Chris picked up the soft sobs in the air and realized he wasn't the only one that had been caught, but he didn't know who it was.

"Put him down," a commanding voice echoed, no doubt the leader of the group that had kidnapped them.

Thud! Crack!

"Arrrrhhh!"

Ben was let go, landing on his knees with a crack, and shouted in pain.

However, no one seemed to care and waited patiently in silence, and in less than 10 seconds, another series of footsteps approached them.

"Bastards! Let me go and see if I won't break your heads. Hahaha, you want money, huh? Come suck my dick, I promise to pay you handsomely. If my father finds out about this, you guys will be dead."

Suddenly, the footsteps paused and the voice fell silent, as if sensing the incoming threat.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Argh! Arggh! Argh!"

Blows and kicks were rained down on the person, and very familiar to the two that had been captured, Tyler's pained grunts rang repeatedly, till it was no more and the approaching footsteps echoed again.

"Damn it. This prick bit the ear of one of my men," a voice cursed in frustration as they reached the prison where they kept their abducted victims.

"Don't tell me that, you sound very incompetent for letting a high schooler do one on you."

The irritated voice of the leader who had brought in Chris echoed with a disdainful remark.

Sure, the dead Ace and his men would have retorted after meeting Miles, but unfortunately, they were all dead, and even their dead bodies were unrecognizable.

"Fuck you, man. I'm sure you would have encountered the same trouble if you were assigned to pick him up. He's like a rabid chihuahua."

"Whatever, are they all here?"

"No, there are two of them left, but one is currently admitted into a psychiatric ward for experiencing invisible wounds."

"...that's fucked up. What did he smoke?"

"Naaah, it wasn't drugs, they said it happened overnight."

Thud!

Just then, Tyler's barely conscious body was thrown on the floor and even stamped on a few times before the footsteps retreated.

Just then, a series of slow-paced footsteps echoed.

Unlike Tyler and Chris's, which were dragged and cursing out loud, the owners of these footsteps appeared in view.

Puffing a blunt, Smoke glanced at the two and signaled his men to carry the body forward.

"What the fuck!"

The voices of the two other leaders echoed, filled with shock at the sight of Kelvin's untied limbs carried like a lifeless hog by two men.

Thud!

The two men slowly lowered him and dropped him with a soft thud, as if reciprocating the gesture of how he made things very easy for them compared to the rest of the other squad.

"Is he dead?"

One of the other two leaders asked, staring at Kelvin's hollow figure, apparently starved for countless days.

"He is. I have to say though, he's quite fucked up, like a broken toy..." Smoke paused as if recounting a memory and withdrew the blunt from his lips.

"He kept muttering devil, devil, like, he's so scared of someone that I almost shivered myself. He's quite loaded and had all sorts of shit at his place. The real hard stuff if you get me."

Smoke smiled, making it apparent he had struck the jackpot, and the other two were instantly jealous, glancing at Chris and Tyler with hate for giving them so much trouble but no gain.

Click! Click! Click!

The reshuffling clicks of pistols echoed, filling the space, and the three youths tensed upon realizing how deadly their situation was.

"Alright, loosen them up and you boys better behave if you don't want your brains cracked and a pool of blood to flow, alright."

The three guns were pointed at them.

Gradually, Tyler, Chris, and Ben regained their vision and saw they were surrounded by more than twenty ruthless men that could end their lives at any moment.

Seeing the harsh gestures each of the men had, they didn't dare plead or say a word.

"Good boys. Leftovers will be sent to keep you guys alive at least."

With that said, everyone quickly dispersed, leaving the four in the dark space.

Back in Dominion High, Miles had no clue his prey had been stolen and behaved just like any student would, preparing for the exam. A couple of hours later, the closing bell rang and they all dismissed.

"Home sweet home."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 217: Unexpected Twist. Cassie Finally Admits It[1,540 words]

Sinclair's Duplex

Knock! Knock!

"Are you done?"

Just as he reached for the door, Cassie's impatient voice rang through, asking if he was done getting ready for their ballet practice session.

Click!

Miles revealed a placid smile as he opened the door to the sight of her wearing a crop top with tight leggings underneath a short, flared skirt.

'What happened to modest dressing during close contact?'

He sneered inwardly that she would wear something like that after making him promise not to get any ideas.

Thinking about how torturous the coming hours would be, he felt great for once that his dick was still out of commission and raised his brows.

"Don't go calling me a pervert—"

But it was too late; Cassie had already marked him from the moment he decided to check her out.

"Pervert." She scrunched her face, feigning a disgusted look as she stretched out her hand, which was holding the little bag she kept her things in.

"I remember the last time you were swaggering next to me with your hands in your pockets while I carried this. This time, since you've decided that you'll help me train, you might as well put your hands to good use. Consider it a warm-up."

With that, she sassily faced forward and walked off, swaying her hips.

Miles wanted to say something but kept quiet, staring at the slender, curvy waist he so dearly wanted to wrap his arm around.

"Well..."

Glancing at the bag she gave him, he shook his head and carried it along.

Flashing a mischievous smile after turning to see him holding the bag, she harrumphed and kept going.

Sunflower Estate seemed quieter than usual. Even after going deep into the main community hub, the place where those other guys usually hung out was empty, and cars were parked in the driveways. The whole scene looked like deserted luxury.

Understanding that other schools must have started exams on Monday, Miles could feel the heavy expectations of the parents who chose to oversee their children.

'But what do they know? I can bet everything I have that 80% of these houses currently have either private tutors or subscribe to online lessons.'

Walking side by side with Cassie, they soon arrived at the yoga studio.

"Ouuuuuuu!!!"

Trying to howl, Cassie stretched her limbs, starting to perform a series of basic exercises while Miles tailed behind her.

"Hum... I've done some studying and finally agreed with your earlier suggestion to completely change my performance," Cassie suddenly turned to him and said, meeting his eyes.

"Wise. You're finally starting to have something inside that skull of yours," Miles said with a straight face, grinning at the end.

"Pervert."

Cassie rushed over and punched his arm.

"Weak," he teased after feeling the lack of force behind her punch.

Cassie gritted her teeth and chose to endure it, moving to turn on the MP3 player before turning back to him.

"Well, unfortunately, I didn't choose your idea because of whatever reason you gave. It's because the ballet examination got canceled, and the academy directly chose me and one other person to represent the juniors in the Paris contest."

Noting that she purposely chose not to mention the other person's name, it didn't take a genius to guess who it was. Still, Miles chose to keep his mouth shut and listen.

Cassie's expression suddenly turned solemn as she stared at him.

"After much critical thinking, I have decided to utilize your strength as the main factor in this dance. The name of the dance is called..."

"...Le Corsaire Grand Pas de Deux. It's known as an extremely difficult dance with a five-star rating. It requires multiple pirouettes and balances from the female, complex overhead and one-arm lifts, and perfect synchronization. No mistakes can be made."

Cassie spoke with deep solemnity, appearing so serious that he felt deceived by her usually mischievous side.

"Hmm."

Miles hummed with a nod, his eyes giving her a reassuring look.

"Huff."

Cassie finally let out a relieved sigh and moved closer with her back against him, clicking on a saved clip on her phone for them to watch.

The delicate notes of gentle strings filled the room, and the two step-siblings slowly bonded. Having switched to his dance talent, Miles felt like his soul was deeply connected to the song. Soon, he began to move his body in rhythm. Locking his hands around Cassie's waist, they weaved high and low like gentle waves across the studio, their shoes skidding and jumping with squeaky sounds.

It reached a point where they both stopped. Cassie stretched out her hands like a fairy, and one of her legs extended high behind her. Miles stood behind her, holding her waist for support, and suddenly lifted her up. Rushing ten steps forward, he stopped and did a 360-degree spin before dropping her gracefully.

"Ahhh!"

Breaking the rhythm, Cassie felt something poking her ass and suddenly yelped. Her balance destabilized and she fell, quickly turning back to stare in shock at the protruding tent in Miles' pants, as if he had put a stick in them.

"What...?" Miles started, wanting to reach out to her and ask what happened, when he swallowed his words and lowered his gaze to his crotch.

"What the fuck?"

Imagine being shocked by your own dick.

He had been so immersed in the dance that he failed to notice his own erection from holding Cassie's waist.

"You... you... pervert!" Cassie blurted in shock. The feeling of his dick pressed against her ass was so deeply ingrained in her mind that she could almost still feel it while sitting on the floor. Her face flushed, and her finger shook in speechlessness as she pointed at Miles' crotch.

Stunned, Miles raised his head, feeling irritated by being called a pervert so persistently. Besides, it wasn't his fault that his dick rose; he didn't know the idiot thing would wake up without warning after playing dead for so long. He hadn't even worn tight trunks because of it, and now it was standing straight out through his pants.

"You call me a pervert? You purposely wore a crop top knowing what your waist could do, and now you're calling me a pervert?" Vexed, he asked with an expression just as disgusted as hers.

"You!" Cassie pointed her finger at him, her face flushed with embarrassment. She wanted to retort, but no words came out.

Miles sneered and pressed on. "What do you think? Oh, I'm a stick or some fucking tree that will wrap its hands around you and feel nothing, huh?"

"This!" He pointed at his erection and then shifted his finger toward her. "This is your fault. You caused this, so it should be your fault, not mine."

"Pervert!" Cassie shouted, silencing him. She turned in the opposite direction, her heavy breathing sounding loud as the studio fell silent.

Miles wanted to say more but chose not to.

In the silence, he glared at the thing that had awakened without warning, completely stiff as it pushed against the fabric of his pants.

'Oh fuck, how am I going to deal with this?' he thought, wondering whether to call Grace or Carolina, either of whom would welcome him with open arms. But just as he was having those thoughts, Cassie's voice broke through the silence.

She spoke meekly, like a child who wanted to reconcile with her best friend.

"Can't you get it to calm down? Like splashing cold water on it or something?" She didn't turn to look at him, but Miles could imagine her face was probably flushed a deep, rosy pink.

Rolling his eyes, Miles didn't buy the fact that she was sorry and sneered. 'But wait a minute, that could actually work,' he thought in astonishment.

"You sure do know a lot about how to cure an erection for someone who always cries pervert. Where am I supposed to get cold water?"

"You... shut up! It's not what you think!" Cassie sharply retorted, but her voice died down as soon as it rose, sounding like a guilty kitten.

'Eh?'

Stunned by the fact that he had hit the nail on the head, Miles smirked, his suspicion of Cassie rapidly being reinforced in his mind.

There was a bout of silence for a split second before Cassie spoke again. Her face flushed and she bit her lip, nervously closing her eyes.

"...Since... you say it's my fault... I can help you... make it calm down." She said the last words like they had sucked every bit of oxygen from her throat.

"Eh?"

Stunned to the core, Miles opened his mouth agape. She had finally broken her pretentious act.

'Hehehe.'

Laughing in his heart, he chose to tease her.

"Calm down?" he asked, sounding entirely innocent and confused by her meaning.

Meanwhile, Cassie's face flushed even more, turning totally red.

"I heard boys... if you stroke their thing... and put it in your mouth, it helps to calm it down."

She wanted to crawl away and find a hole to hide in.

'Hehehe.'

"Which thing? What do you mean?"

This time, Cassie caught the teasing tone in his voice and exploded.

"Pervert, it's called a blowjob!"