

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 217: Unexpected Twist. Cassie Finally Admits It

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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!"

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"Perverts! It's called a blowjob!" she turned to him and shouted, fuming as her voice lowered. Her eyes zoomed in on the pointed tent in his pants.

She almost choked on her breath as she stared at it, halfway on her knees without saying another word.

"Hehehe."

Miles laughed heartily, but Cassie showed no expression except for biting her lips, her gaze locked onto his erection.

Understanding that things might not go as planned if he decided to tease her further—pushing her into a corner where he might lose the chance to feel her tight mouth fitting around his cock—Miles stepped forward. He closed the distance between them to only a couple of centimeters, his erection pointed right at her face while she knelt.

He didn't say anything, merely staring down at her, his dick straining against the fabric as it yearned for her.

Sucking in a subtle, deep breath, Cassie made up her mind. She properly knelt up and reached for the waistband of his pants.

Click!

She slowly pulled down his underwear with it, her eyes glinting with anticipation and nervousness. The base soon came into view, alongside his cleanly shaved groin area, which was always prepared for action like this. She continued to pull it down, and then his long, thick shaft emerged, steaming hot the moment her skin came into contact with it.

Cassie's breath hitched. Seemingly dissatisfied with her own slow pace, she reinforced her grip and pulled it down in one swift move.

"Ahh."

She let out a light, frightened gasp as the reawakened monstrosity slapped her chin, scraping her nose in its ascent the moment it was set free from its cage. Like a spring, it quivered like a javelin stuck in the ground after a throw, teasing her.

Cassie watched in silent amazement, because this was nothing compared to how it had stood still for her to touch that night. Even now, it seemed bigger than in her memory, the veins throbbing across it causing her pussy to clench in fright.

'No, we are not going to do that,' she blushed, swiftly rebuking her thoughts as she let go of her lips and reached one hand dumbly toward it.

'Hehehe. This is the most exciting type. Being handled by a nervous novice.'

His cock pulsed, brimming with vitality in anticipation of her touch.

And as he expected, when her cold, nervous palm met the seething sensation his cock gave off, it was like using chilly water to quench a burning fireplace. It should have released a sharp, quenching hiss, but in this case, Miles felt the blissful hiss of his cock being tamed seep straight into his soul.

"Arrgggghhhh!"

An immensely gratified groan hummed through his throat and his eyes closed in ecstasy when her fingers wrapped firmly around it, failing to contain his size.

'Fuuuccckk!!' he inwardly cursed, the feeling deeply ingrained inside him.

'What's happening to him?' Cassie inwardly asked herself, stunned and nervous as she raised her head to look at him. 'But... but he wasn't like this that night?'

She suddenly compared his current reaction to that fateful night when he was asleep.

'This...'

She didn't dare continue that line of thought, as it only made her feel dirty and ashamed. Quickly reaching with her other hand to grab its base, she elicited another pleased groan from him and nervously began to move her hands back and forth across it.

Such casual actions, however, deeply thrilled Miles, keeping his eyes closed while he constantly inhaled without exhaling, clenching his teeth.

'Fuck!'

"Hmmmmmmph."

He hummed deeply, a sound like a low rumbling inside a cave, while reaching his hand out to pat her head.

"Faster," he growled.

Cassie froze, then swiftly increased the pace at which she stroked his cock.

"Hmmmmmm," Miles hummed, and Cassie kept on stroking while marveling at the sensation of her older stepbrother's cock. Especially how incredible and surreal it felt.

Hearing him hum and groan to her strokes, she discovered she felt inexplicably wet down there and excited. Like a good girl receiving her father's pleased satisfaction for what she did.

'What's happening to me—'

'Huh? What is that thing?'

Just as she kept stroking the dry skin of his cock, feeling more than happy to do so despite her aching arms, she noticed the colorless drool leaking out of his pee hole, recalling what its name was and how it had spilled that night.

'That's right. I'm doing it right, this is actually how it felt that night.'

Realizing she would soon make him cum, Cassie kept stroking nonstop.

But just as she was committed to doing this, Miles suddenly held her hands in place, dissipating the papery rustling sound of her strokes that had once filled the room.

Shocked, Cassie sharply looked up at whom, fearing she had missed some steps. But fortunately, Miles still had that same ecstatically dazed look in his eyes, only he seemed to be struggling not to reveal the full extent of it.

Cassie's lips parted, but before any words could come out, Miles spoke first, his voice raspy with lust.

"Aren't you going to suck it yet? The blowjob."

Seeing her confused expression, Miles reminded her, and her eyes widened.

"Sorry," she hastily blurted out, looking down with her hands still holding his cock, unable to meet his gaze.

'I never knew she was this cute.'

Miles smirked. He didn't say any more, waiting for her to recover.

After taking a deep breath, Cassie raised her head to look at him, rehearsing the words she would say one last time.

"This... is my first time... you better not laugh at me," she snapped, blushing as she refocused her gaze on the drooling tip of his cock. Leaning closer, she brought out her tongue like a cat and meekly tasted it, then blushed again. Reaffirming her grip over it, she nervously popped the cap inside her mouth, finding out she could barely fit it in.

'It's so big, I can't even put it all in my mouth.'

Pop!

Unwilling to be looked down on by Miles for her lack of experience, she took in his cock and began to roll her tongue over it. Scooping up the leaking precum, she spread it using her tongue and saliva before sucking it wholeheartedly like it was a popsicle.

"Arrrrhhhhghh! Hmmmmm."

Miles groaned at the incredible, tight feeling of her mouth. The suction force she applied to the tip of his cock, combined with her teeth grazing him in a novice manner, stung his soul, capturing him in a wave of pleasure.

"Yes," he breathed encouragingly, gritting his teeth to stifle his groans.

Hit by a wave of inspiration, as if recalling something, Cassie began stroking the base of his shaft while sucking. Her other hand followed the movement of her mouth, also moving back and forth with every suck and withdrawal.

Deciding to explore deeper, Cassie eased her breathing, opened her mouth agape to the limit, and began swallowing it inch by inch.

Feeling Miles's grip on her hair tighten with every extra inch she took in, Cassie felt encouraged and swallowed his cock until she felt it scrape the back of her throat.

Slurp! Ahhhhh!

Unable to breathe, she gasped for air, which ended up puffing sticky precum from the corners of her mouth, producing a loud slurp as she gagged on his cock. Her face was flushed with tears leaking from the corners of her eyes, her nose leaked a bit, and her eyes could barely see clearly. Clearly, it was her body's instinctual reaction to the suffocating bliss that came from having his cock stuffed down her throat.

Although Cassie didn't want to admit it, at this moment, she liked it. Suddenly, she realized the bliss of those people in the videos she watched.

Watching Cassie struggle to take his cock, gagging herself with merely six inches, her usually cute, innocent, and mischievous expression overlapped with her current look. Miles felt a spine-chilling thrill that made his eyes go bloodshot for a split second.

A desire to tarnish her face with his cum bloomed in his heart.

"Cassie, hold still. If you feel like you can't take it anymore, hit me with everything you've got."

Slurp!

Cassie nodded obediently with a rare, docile look of expectation as he held the sides of her head. Her heart skipped with an inkling of what he was about to do.

"Good girl," Miles mused, arching his waist in a way that ensured he wouldn't push past seven inches.

"Arhhhh!"

Cassie gagged the moment she felt him push past what she considered her limit, pushing past her esophagus a bit down before withdrawing with a slurp.

Slurp!

Slurp!

"Arrrgghhhh!..."

Before she could even register the first one, Miles had moved his waist again, thrusting just slightly down her throat and withdrawing with another slurp. Her eyes widened as she gagged, puffing out precum in a desperate attempt to breathe while holding on tight to him.

Her vision blurred, and then came the measured rhythm of Miles fucking her mouth with heavy slurp sounds.

"Arggh! Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! Arrggggh!"

You know that suffocating feeling when you're drowning and try to push your head above the water to desperately inhale air into your lungs? This was how Cassie felt with Miles fucking her mouth.

Oh, innocent Cassie. She could barely hold on and decided to give in, slapping his thighs desperately.

Slurp!

Miles pulled his cock out of her throat in a split second. Before she could recover even a fraction of her bearings, she heard the repeated, spurting sounds of something being shot, spamming her face with hot, sticky semen that left her in a complete daze.

"Argh."

Miles let out a final, low grunt as he shot the last of it.

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Blasted with a facial from her stepbrother, Cassie temporarily stopped breathing, too stunned to comprehend what had just happened and if the hot, sticky fluid splattered all over her face, nose, eyes, and lips was indeed what she thought it was.

In her dazed view, the imposing, veiny member rapidly deflated, looking meek as semen drooled from it.

'What a perverted thing.'

Cassie sucked in a cold, sharp breath, reaching out a finger to scoop up a bit of the fluid to inspect it.

"Fucking pervert!" she blurted in shock. Her eyes widened as she glared fiercely at Miles, trying to suppress the deep flush tinting her cheeks pink. She stood up the next instant and dashed toward the restroom, leaving Miles to grin at her departing figure.

After all, giving her a facial felt immensely more pleasurable than fucking her tight mouth. Turning that cute, innocent face into a slutty, cum-splattered one absolutely made his day.

'Yo, little man. You should give a warning next time and not put me in such a situation.'

Thinking of a scenario where his dick suddenly rose in public, Miles felt irritated.

"I control you, not the other way around," Miles muttered. Glancing around for anything to clean himself up with, he decided to just endure the discomfort until he got home.

Meanwhile, inside the restroom, Cassie stared at her reflection in shock. Her beauty and cute smile, which she had been accustomed to her whole life, had completely changed, unmasking another side of herself she would have been unwilling to accept if it weren't for Miles.

Splattered in his cum, she could see that her reflection actually liked it.

After a moment of silence, she curiously raised her finger to wipe the cum from her lips and slipped it inside her mouth to taste.

Slurp!

Latching onto her finger, the overwhelming memory of his cock in her mouth surfaced, and a smile spread across her lips.

Slurp!

She sucked her finger clean, moving the slimy substance over her tongue with a strange, analytical look before swallowing it.

"It tastes slimy and salty, but kind of sweet," Cassie muttered, blushing deeply as she realized what she had just said.

She stared back at her reflection, a single thought resounding in her mind: 'I like it, though.'

With that, she proceeded to taste a few more drops, wiped off the rest with a tissue, and thoroughly washed her face.

Making sure she looked alright—her face carrying a strange, rosy glow—she composed herself and exited the restroom.

In the studio, Miles busied himself practicing his solo part of the ballet dance they were to perform. It left Cassie feeling both impressed and proud, though she merely let out a cold huff and began practicing her own routine.

Over the next few hours, their figures drifted across the floor, coming together in perfect synchronization. With his dick having received its "bribe," it showed no signs of causing any more trouble.

Sweating and heaving from the long, intense practice, Cassie passed him a bottle of water as they stepped outside the studio, walking side by side down the neighborhood pavement.

It was around 5 p.m., so the heat of the sun had cooled, casting a bright golden glow toward the west. The inner part of the estate, which had seemed deserted when they

passed through earlier, now possessed a touch of serene liveliness as children rode their bikes and played in the sand.

Most of the housewives in the estate were also outside supervising the kids. Miles and Cassie's passing didn't escape their gaze either, especially after what he had done on Sunday. Unbothered, the siblings didn't spare them a glance and kept walking.

But just as they reached the pavement outside their house, right before turning onto the walkway—

Vroom!!

Honk!

A Range Rover Evoque parked just up ahead in front of the house next door—Jazmín's home—revved its engine and honked, drawing Miles's attention.

'Huh?'

His eyes zoomed in on two female figures locked in friendly farewell chatter. He stopped in his tracks, his expression turning strange and somewhat amused, intrigued to the core. Beside him, Cassie noticed his sudden change in demeanor and looked ahead as well.

As if sensing their gaze, Jazmín and Alice turned around. They saw Miles carrying a tote bag over his shoulder with Cassie beside him, leisurely sipping water from a fancy bottle.

Jazmín's face instantly lit up with a bright smile, while Alice looked stunned, her heart leaping at this unexpected encounter with her classmate—the notoriously egotistical Miles.

'What's he doing here?'

As if in a trance, her female intuition flared, and her eyes squinted at Cassie. She first marveled at how beautiful and striking the girl's figure was, then took in the details of her appearance, noting how intimately close she stood to Miles and how he carried her bag to impress her.

'Hmph. Cheating bastard! So he has one girl at school and comes all the way to this estate to be with another? I have to tell Chloe, lest she get toyed with by him.'

With a fixated feeling of jealousy that she absolutely rejected, Alice instantly judged Miles as a disgusting cheat. Glaring at him, her surprise quickly hardened into coldness.

Inside the car, Allison—who had just revved the engine to show her impatience—noticed the stunned look on the two girls' faces and followed their gaze.

"Oh my goodness. Is that Miles?" Alisha, sitting in the back seat, leaned forward in surprise and nudged her glasses. Allison squinted, intimidated by the beautiful girl at his side.

"Miles! Over here!"

To the shock of the Hayes triplets, Jazmín called out to Miles, waving her hand for him to come over.

"What are you doing? Why are you calling him over?" Alice hissed, secretly gripping and tugging Jazmín's arm, her heart skipping another beat.

"What do you think? He's my neighbor," Jazmín revealed, leaving Alice in a daze.

'He lives here?'

Meanwhile, next to Miles, Cassie noticed how the girl with the bigger ass secretly tugged Jazmín's arm.

"Friends of yours?" she asked, pulling the straw from her lips for a moment.

"Heh, not really. Coincidentally saw them naked at the school's swimming pool," Miles replied, leaving Cassie speechless and stunned.

"Perve—"

Before she could blurt out the word, Miles cut her off.

"—I'm not the pervert. Why the fuck were they swimming naked in such a public place to begin with?" He sneered, walking toward Jazmín with the stunned Cassie beside him, who blushed slightly at his words.

Soon arriving where the two stood, Miles greeted them. "Hello, Jazmín. Alice, what a pleasant surprise to see you around here—"

Sssssluurp!

Miles was cut off by the sharp sound of the straw sucking up the last drops of water from Cassie's bottle. Cassie froze, feigning a stunned look, then smiled innocently.

"Sorry about that. Please go on." Waving the bottle to signify it was the container's fault, she unzipped the bag Miles was carrying and stuffed the bottle inside.

The girls, including the two inside the car, watched this with strange, stunned looks before Cassie spoke again, conveying a silent air of confidence that the other girls picked up on.

"Sorry, please pardon my manners," she smiled.

"It's okay, Cassie," Jazmín beamed, taking no offense.

"Oh right. Alice, this is my sister, Cassie. Cassie, this is my classmate, Alice."

Hearing his voice, Alice snapped back to reality and quickly forced a smile. "Hi, I'm Alice. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Cassie, nice to meet you too."

"Hooooooooooo!!!"

The sudden screech of brakes from a speeding vehicle, paired with the excited shouts of its passengers blasting loud music, cut the introductions short.

Coming to an abrupt stop right in front of the Sinclair duplex, Josephine stepped out and waved at the chaotic passengers, who immediately performed a drift turn and sped off.

Vrroooooooooom!

As the vehicle drove away, a sudden silence was left in its wake. The Hayes triplets recognized the figure who was now glancing in their direction, and their eyes widened.

"Oh, Phine is back. I've gotta go," Cassie said. She abruptly turned around, playfully sticking her tongue out at Phine from a distance.

"Hey, girls," Phine waved, recognizing the Hayes triplets, though she hid a subtle coldness at how close Miles was standing to them.

The girls, including Jazmín, waved back.

"Hey Phine."

Miles merely nodded at her and turned back to the girls.

Noticing Alice was still staring at Josephine.

'So the rumors are true...'

The Hayes triplets had a synchronized thought.

And the one who received the biggest blow after discovering this was Allison, the diva amongst them.

Suddenly understanding why Miles didn't fall for charm like other guys but remained cold, making her think he was just arrogant.

'His sisters are beauties.'

Realizing why, she felt stupid for all her previous conclusions.

Why would he fawn over when he woke up all his life seeing this two every morning. What more, he was no less handsome.

..

"Alice?"

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"Oh my goodness. Is that Miles?" Alisha, sitting in the back seat, leaned forward in surprise and nudged her glasses. Allison squinted, intimidated by the beautiful girl at his side.

"Miles! Over here!"

To the shock of the Hayes triplets, Jazmín called out to Miles, waving her hand for him to come over.

"What are you doing? Why are you calling him over?" Alice hissed, secretly gripping and tugging Jazmín's arm, her heart skipping another beat.

"What do you think? He's my neighbor," Jazmín revealed, leaving Alice in a daze.

'He lives here?'

Meanwhile, next to Miles, Cassie noticed how the girl with the bigger ass secretly tugged Jazmín's arm.

"Friends of yours?" she asked, pulling the straw from her lips for a moment.

"Heh, not really. Coincidentally saw them naked at the school's swimming pool," Miles replied, leaving Cassie speechless and stunned.

"Perve—"

Before she could blurt out the word, Miles cut her off.

"—I'm not the pervert. Why the fuck were they swimming naked in such a public place to begin with?" He sneered, walking toward Jazmín with the stunned Cassie beside him, who blushed slightly at his words.

Soon arriving where the two stood, Miles greeted them. "Hello, Jazmín. Alice, what a pleasant surprise to see you around here—"

Sssssluurp!

Miles was cut off by the sharp sound of the straw sucking up the last drops of water from Cassie's bottle. Cassie froze, feigning a stunned look, then smiled innocently.

"Sorry about that. Please go on." Waving the bottle to signify it was the container's fault, she unzipped the bag Miles was carrying and stuffed the bottle inside.

The girls, including the two inside the car, watched this with strange, stunned looks before Cassie spoke again, conveying a silent air of confidence that the other girls picked up on.

"Sorry, please pardon my manners," she smiled.

"It's okay, Cassie," Jazmín beamed, taking no offense.

"Oh right. Alice, this is my sister, Cassie. Cassie, this is my classmate, Alice."

Hearing his voice, Alice snapped back to reality and quickly forced a smile. "Hi, I'm Alice. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Cassie, nice to meet you too."

"Hooooooooooo!!!"

The sudden screech of brakes from a speeding vehicle, paired with the excited shouts of its passengers blasting loud music, cut the introductions short.

Coming to an abrupt stop right in front of the Sinclair duplex, Josephine stepped out and waved at the chaotic passengers, who immediately performed a drift turn and sped off.

Vrroooooooooom!

As the vehicle drove away, a sudden silence was left in its wake. The Hayes triplets recognized the figure who was now glancing in their direction, and their eyes widened.

"Oh, Phine is back. I've gotta go," Cassie said. She abruptly turned around, playfully sticking her tongue out at Phine from a distance.

"Hey, girls," Phine waved, recognizing the Hayes triplets, though she hid a subtle coldness at how close Miles was standing to them.

The girls, including Jazmín, waved back.

"Hey Phine."

Miles merely nodded at her and turned back to the girls.

Noticing Alice was still staring at Josephine.

'So the rumors are true...'

The Hayes triplets had a synchronized thought.

And the one who received the biggest blow after discovering this was Allison, the diva amongst them.

Suddenly understanding why Miles didn't fall for charm like other guys but remained cold, making her think he was just arrogant.

'His sisters are beauties.'

Realizing why, she felt stupid for all her previous conclusions.

Why would he fawn over when he woke up all his life seeing this two every morning. What more, he was no less handsome.

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"Alice?"

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"Alice?"

At his call, Alice shook herself back to reality, withdrawing her gaze from Josephine—who was entering the house with Cassie—and returning to her simple, casual expression.

"Hum, oh yeah, we just decided to pay Jazmín a visit," she said, shaking her head vigorously.

"We?" Miles asked. He turned to see the two passengers in the car and paused.

Surprisingly, the feisty diva among them was behind the wheel, staring at him, while the big-chested, smart one, Alisha, smiled back at him. There was a brief moment of silence before Miles waved his hand.

"Hi there, Alisha."

The windows were rolled down so they could hear him. Pretending not to see Allison inside the car—due to the fact that they weren't on good terms—he smirked.

"Miles, nice to see you." Alisha waved with a simple smile.

Furrowing her brows at the scene, Allison suppressed her anger and turned her gaze away. 'What a jerk!' she thought.

"Well, it's nice seeing you guys around. I live next door," Miles self-introduced, pointing toward the Sinclair Mansion.

Alice quickly nodded. "Yeah, I totally didn't expect it."

"Well, I guess I'll see you guys tomorrow then. Gotta drop this off." He pointed at the tote bag he was carrying, and Alice nodded in agreement.

"Sure, sure."

"Bye."

With that, the Hayes triplets were left to stare at his retreating figure, only then realizing how sharp and attractive his posture actually was.

Inside the car, Alisha was the first to break the silence the moment Miles entered the house.

"Hmmm, I've gotta admit, Allison, he's more than hot. Look at that masculinity oozing from him, hehehe," she teased, laughing at the end as if recalling something.

Blinking at Alisha's words, Allison coldly harrumphed, trying to hide the fact that she had also been temporarily bewitched.

"He isn't handsome; he's just a disgusting jerk. I can never like him. Mtcchewww!" she barked, hissing sharply with a roll of her eyes.

"Hehehe, someone sounds pissed," Alisha laughed. She chose not to push it any further, turning her attention back to Alice, who was standing by Jazmín. "Hurry up, Alice, we don't have all day."

"I'm coming!"

Exchanging a quick goodbye hug, Alice waved at Jazmín and got into the car.

Left all alone, Jazmín's smile vanished. Her expression turned thoughtful as she stared into the distance toward the estate exit.

"Those two sure seemed flustered when they saw him. Could they be part of the Eight?" she muttered suspiciously, thinking about what Miles had told her and how easily Alice had lost her cool around him. "Honestly, though, I don't think so. She looked kind of conflicted. It's more like she likes him but is holding back her feelings. But then, there's also Allison—she frequently brings up Miles just to talk about how arrogant and selfish he is, like he stole something from her. Those two definitely have something in history."

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Jazmín clutched her rumbling stomach. "I'm hungry."

Meanwhile, inside the Sinclair duplex, Miles walked up the stairs. Finding the house quiet, he realized the two ladies must be bathing, so he dropped the tote bag right outside Cassie's room.

Entering his own room, he locked the door and proceeded to take a hot bath before settling in for a relaxing sleep to truly recover.

Part 2: Secrets at Willowbrook Avenue

Around 7:00 PM, at a quiet coffee shop along 47 Willowbrook Avenue, the warm yellow lights illuminated an empty dining area, save for two women and the young waitress at the counter. Parked right outside were two eye-catching cars: a brand-new Lamborghini Urus and a black Ford Mustang Dark Horse.

"So? Any good news?" Yasmin asked nervously, barely holding back her excitement.

Hannah, dressed in a tight, formal corporate outfit that hugged every curve of her body, emptied her coffee cup. One look at her made it clear to Yasmin that she held a highly distinguished position wherever she worked. But Yasmin wasn't here to ask for a job; she had come specifically for something the two of them had discussed a few days ago.

Thud.

Hannah set the cup down hard on the table and wiped her lips with a napkin.

"Yes, there's good news, but it involves bringing you into a surprise plan. I am going to ask you one last time: Are you sure you want to get involved in this and not freak out?" Hannah asked sternly, her expression showing just how serious this was.

"Of course. I swear I really want to experience it. Even if it only happens once..." Yasmin paused, wondering if she should double the twenty thousand dollars she had prepared.

She figured Hannah must belong to an elite, underground high society to secure someone capable of giving her such a wild, mind-blowing time. Assuming an escort of that caliber would cost a fortune, she found herself imagining a muscular, ripped man doing the deed with Hannah.

But before she could bring herself to mention how much money she had brought, Hannah asked one last crucial question.

"If I tell you this, there is no backing out. Do you want to know who has been doing such marvelous things to me? Like what you heard on Sunday night?" she asked, her voice trailing off into a seductive, succubus-like whisper that made Yasmin close her eyes, instantly recalling the wild moans and sounds of that night. The threesome.

"Yes," Yasmin answered resolutely, like someone consenting to join a cult.

Before Yasmin could even open her eyes, Hannah leaned closer and whispered her deepest secret.

"Miles... my son. He's the one fucking the brains out of me."

She said it in such a dirty, shameless manner that Yasmin jolted, her eyes snapping open in pure shock. Unable to say a word, her mind spiraled into utter turmoil as she tried to comprehend what she had just been told.

She recalled every moan and grunt from those two nights. The image of the boy she had given a ride home—the innocent, handsome teen who had stood up for her daughter, her daughter's crush—brutally making love to his mother flashed in her mind. The sound of the sharp spansks from that night resounded in her ears. Perhaps she, too, was secretly depraved; Yasmin felt a sudden surge of heat rush through her, her underwear growing damp the more she pictured it. She instinctively pressed her thighs together, gritting her teeth.

"Yasmin?"

"Ah..."

It was only when Hannah's intrigued, teasing voice snapped her out of the trance that Yasmin gasped, exhaling slowly as she tried to catch her breath.

Hannah smirked, deeply pleased by the reaction. 'Sure enough, I am good at picking the right friend.'

Pushing her untouched latte closer, Hannah watched as Yasmin quickly grabbed it and downed it in a single, desperate gulp.

"Ahhh..." Yasmin exhaled a moment later, gasping as she felt the boiling excitement and thrill in her blood begin to cool. After staring at Hannah's playful smirk for a few seconds, she finally managed to speak.

"Your son, Miles... he's the one responsible for everything I heard?"

Hannah grinned. "He's actually my stepson, but he is far more than just a son to me," she said, her tone heavy with suggestion.

Yasmin swallowed hard and nodded in understanding.

"So? What do you think? Still want to get involved?" Hannah asked.

Yasmin gave her a look of sheer disbelief that clearly said, Who are you kidding?

"Why not? As long as you accept me, I'll do anything."

"Hehehe. I never knew you were this perverted, going for the young ones, huh?" Hannah teased.

"It's not just that. I'm tired of using a dildo while listening," Yasmin admitted, shaking her head with a pained expression that showed just how torturous it had been to listen through those nights. "But..." Yasmin said suddenly, causing Hannah to pause. "...that night. It was a threesome, right? Who was the third person?"

Yasmin asked, her heart pounding with thrilled expectation as she stared at Hannah, who smirked and leaned even closer.

"My second daughter, Debra," she revealed.

Yasmin's breathing grew heavy, but she managed to keep her composure this time. In her mind, Debra's figure appeared, slotting perfectly into the mental picture of Miles and Hannah. The sheer taboo of it left her so disoriented that she gripped the edge of the coffee table to steady herself. She was completely, utterly wet.

"I know, right?" Hannah leaned in even closer, her desires running wilder than Yasmin could have ever imagined.

"Imagine this: a thick, nine-inch cock, half the size of my wrist, fucking your daughter while you watch and listen to her moan. Imagine feeding him your breasts to suck right after you finish fighting her for a turn to suck his cock. I can help you get laid, but you'll have to bring your daughter in on it afterward. After all, she seems quite interested in my son."

Meanwhile, back at home without being aware...