

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 221: Heated Passion

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Meanwhile, back at home, without being aware that Hannah was striking a deal on his behalf with Yasmin, Miles slept soundly and woke up just in time for dinner.

While eating normally like usual, he noticed how Cassie kept staring at him and flicked a bean at her face.

"Ouch, what was that for?" Cassie blurted, pouting innocently at the bean that had landed on her plate.

She was about to reciprocate the gesture when she suddenly realized why he had flicked the bean at her and decided to keep shut.

"Anyone want to tell me how their day went?" Hannah suddenly asked, sipping a glass of water as she gave them a scanning glance.

"Same as yesterday, exam pressure," Miles said with a shrug. "Nothing much, just the usual stuff. Hung out at a karaoke place to sing out the stress."

"Well, I was practicing," Cassie chipped in, causing a smile to spread across Hannah's lips.

"I'm proud of y'all." Hannah beamed and took another sip from her glass of water.

—

Ten minutes later, while he was busy absentmindedly dealing with the dishes and texting Chloe, Miles suddenly halted. He rubbed his hands clean with the dry towel on the counter and picked up his phone. Squinting his eyes, he read the last line of text that had been sent by Chloe again and grinned.

Quickly typing a reply:

(...When do you want it? Now?)

(Yes.) A photo was attached.

(Give me a moment. Put on some clothes, I'll be there.)

Staring at the attached photo, Miles' heart bubbled with excitement and the long, big monster in his pants quickly awakened with a sense of duty.

"Damn, she sure can get freaky."

Despite knowing the extent of her obsession with him, Miles still felt surprised and thrilled that the junior year number one beauty—who was cold and quiet to everyone else—was his girlfriend, and she didn't hold back when it came to the two of them.

Who in the whole school could imagine Chloe taking a picture of her wet, dripping pussy, nude inside her bathroom, and sending it to her boyfriend to show him how desperately her body needed him?

Such a thought would be a sacrilege to the silent and cold beauty they knew. But now, such a thing had really happened. Truly, the greatest love a woman could have was making everyone else appear as a blur, leaving you as the sole focus.

Having received a text from his horny girlfriend, Miles felt a greater sense of duty than he ever had in his entire life. He stopped washing the dishes and was about to rush to Deb's room to ask for her car keys when he spotted a brand-new car key on the couch. Knowing it belonged to Hannah, he grabbed it and dashed out of the house without any of the Sinclairs noticing.

Vrrroooooom!

With a single loud rev, he pulled a smooth reverse out of the driveway and sped off.

The Beavers' Home

Staring at Miles' last text, Chloe bit her lip. A sense of anticipation flooded her system along with a surging desire that threatened to ruin her if not taken care of.

Wearing a short black and red silk nightgown with nothing underneath, Chloe nervously bit her lip and scanned the room for a solution.

Although she had told him about her situation and he had promised he was on his way, she hadn't figured out how to leave the house without her brothers knowing. If they found out, they wouldn't even let her step outside at this hour.

"What am I going to do now? I was so carried away by my feelings that I didn't take the time to realize this... wait, today is Tuesday. Rickie and Billy are the only ones home. Billy is probably in his room due to the incoming exams, so I just have to get past Rickie."

With this thought, Chloe scanned the room again, picked up a robe, and pulled it over her body as she waited for Miles' text.

Less than ten minutes later, Miles' text arrived, stunning Chloe.

(I'm outside.) the text read, and she quickly began her sneaky mission.

Meanwhile, outside the Beavers' home, Miles finally unclenched his grip from the steering wheel and smiled, still feeling the thrill of adrenaline coursing through him from the excessive speed. Fortunately, there had been no cops on standby, or he would have caused a car chase to erupt through the city.

Click!

It didn't take long before the front door to the Beavers' house opened and Chloe stepped out. Because of the robe, Miles wasn't given the full view he wanted, but her two big boobs still stood out, swaying slightly with each step she took down the small stairs.

She stopped, catching the smirk on his face as the passenger door automatically unlocked with a simple button press. Neither of them said anything, understanding the urgent need to leave before anything else happened.

And so, a twenty-minute drive in silence began while the atmosphere in the car heated up to a breaking point. Fortunately, they arrived at their secret spot before things spiraled into a complete haze.

Stopping just about two meters from the edge of the familiar lake, Miles left the headlights on, wanting to give the trees a proper show as they both got out of the car and walked forward.

Standing an arm's length away from each other, illuminated by the headlights, Chloe stared at Miles with a lust-filled gaze. Her breathing became heavier with each passing split second, ready to entangle the next moment.

Raising her hands, she untied the belt around her waist and let the robe drop down with an inaudible thud, exposing the short nightgown she was in. Most notably, her hardened nipples pressed tightly against the silk fabric of her gown, causing a grin to stretch slowly across Miles' lips as he took a step forward, instantly closing the distance between them.

"HMMMMMMMM!"

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch!...

Chloe hummed, jolting from his fierce assault on her ass as he squeezed her cheeks like never before, massaging them with a strength that caused her to writhe in a mix of pain and pleasure. Captured firmly by his lips, she was totally helpless against the war he waged against her tongue, wantonly dipping it inside her mouth as he sucked her lips.

A hum was all she could manage, melting into his embrace as all the desires and flames raging through her were tamed by his touch.

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch!

"Hmmmmmm! Hmmmmmmmm! Hmmmmmmmm!"

Her breathless moans and kissing sounds resounded for the lake and trees to hear. Their entangled figures, illuminated by the headlights, granted the sky a show.

"Hmmmmmm!"

"Smooch—you look hotter and more ravishing tonight than ever, baby," Miles said sincerely with a heated, passionate gaze, while enduring the tight ache of his cock pressed against his pants.

"Hmmmm... I'm all yours. Do whatever you want to me," Chloe replied in an equally passionate manner, grinding her breasts against him to express how impatient she was to feel him inside her.

Smooch!

They latched into another fierce kiss. Miles showed no hesitation; having long since grabbed her bare ass because the gown was too short to hide it, he began pulling the dress up to take it off.

In the next moment, they broke their passionate kiss and Chloe raised her hands to help him slip the dress over her head. Miles almost flung the gown into the lake, but fortunately realized at the last second and dropped it to the ground.

His hands roamed her back before hungrily launching at her breasts. He slipped his hands lower and scooped them up from below, properly lifting them in a way that let him feel exactly how much they weighed.

"Hmmm."

Humming like a beast on a rampage after cupping her breasts, he pressed her against the bonnet of the car, making her lean back on it as he latched onto her nipple.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Chloe moaned out loud, sucking in the cold air as she inhaled deeply. Her hands reached for Miles' hair, digging her fingers through and clenching it tight, pushing his head down to make him suck harder.

And with total gratification, Miles gave her exactly what she needed, squeezing her other breast and following it with a fierce, rough massage that crazily turned her on. The dominance in his actions made her even more submissive.

"HMMMMMMMMMM! Yesssss daddy! Harder!" she moaned louder as his magical fingers rubbed her nipples and his tongue licked her areolas, biting gently into the plump softness of her tits.

"Ahhhhhhh!!!"

As he sucked her breasts, Chloe felt her brain explode in waves of pleasure, dripping wet as the hunger of her pussy was slowly brought to the brink. Her hands lowered, searching for the waistband of his shorts. And when she eventually did, she slipped her hand inside, grabbing his cock in a way that short-circuited his brain.

Detaching from her breasts the next instant, Miles inhaled deeply, closing his eyes as the situation reversed.

Pushing down his shorts, Chloe directed his champion to push inside her.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 222: Call of Duty Accomplished

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Detaching from her breasts the next instant, Miles inhaled deeply, closing his eyes as the situation reversed.

Lying on the car's bonnet, Chloe's legs hung in the air as she hungrily positioned his cock at her pussy, guiding his tip past her petals with an erotic moan.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Smack!

"Hmmmmm."

Miles spanked her ass and brought her legs up to his shoulders. Positioning his hand around her waist, he held her, arched back, and began moving his hips.

Chloe had already slipped in 3 inches, and he helped her bury what was left inside her. The slippery tightness and seething warmth of her pussy welcomed him; going deeper, he ruthlessly bypassed the clench towards her womb.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Chloe moaned at the top of her lungs, pressing her palms against the bonnet with everything she had. The feeling of something big and overwhelming inside her made her pussy clench tight around it, but it still failed to stop him. Having him completely dominate her, her heart fluttered and her body gave in to a wave of pleasure. Orgasming with a louder moan, halfway through, she felt Miles's choking grip stifling her neck. He held her thigh with his other hand, enforcing more strength into his thrusts as he met the tide of her gushing fluid.

Burying 9 inches in with every thrust that produced a clapping sound, Chloe's face flushed.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

"Hmmmmmmmm! Hmmmmmm! Hmmmmmmmm!"

Humming was all she could manage with his grip pressing her throat.

Five minutes passed, and Miles had completely destroyed her. Yet, the fire of desire only burned brighter because of the thought that she wouldn't be capable of feeling him inside her again for the next twenty-four hours.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!...

Finally receding his relentless thrusts, Miles lowered Chloe's legs from his shoulders with his rigid cock still buried deep inside.

"Arggh!" she managed to gag, unable to feel her lower limbs except for a sharp electrical shot and a surreal, tingling sensation.

'Hehehe.'

After watching her boobs jiggle and tremble with each of his thrusts, Miles let go of her neck and grabbed both tits, squeezing them like they were foam and rubbing her nipples with a blissful touch.

"Hmmmmmm— ahhhhh!— ahhhhh—!"

Jolted by his magical touch and the pulsating feeling of his cock soaking her juice-filled pussy, Chloe inhaled and exhaled slowly, shuddering with her eyes rolling backward from his tit assault.

But just as he was guiding his hands to ease the blood flow in her breasts, the clench of her pussy tightened as if to tell him she was ready for more.

They both exchanged a fiery gaze, and Miles leaned down to latch his mouth onto her boobs once more, sucking and munching greedily for a minute before letting go.

"Hmmm."

He heaved heavily with reluctance and lowered his hand across her waist, rubbing the delicate surface of her skin. He led his fingers to firmly cup her ass for a second before he slowly extracted his cock from her pussy, a thick line of her orgasm connecting them.

"Hmmmmmmmmmm."

Chloe hummed, closing her eyes as she absorbed every bit of pleasure coursing through her. She exhaled with a bright, pleased smile that showed she was already high on ecstasy.

Smack!

"Come here."

Smacking her ass, he turned her over.

Feeling her nipples against the seething warm bonnet, Chloe let out a blissful hiss. Spreading her arms out to the limit with a skid sound, she arched out her ass for Miles.

At the sight of her back, tits pressed against the car and her ass out just for him, a pulse of animalistic urge surged through his brain. He leaned down to sniff her delicate skin. Feeling the warmth with his nose, he trailed down her spine and paused just above her ass, inhaling one final whiff with a look of gratification before placing one hand on her hip and guiding his cock to dive inside her slippery pussy.

Knowing she wanted it rough and hard, he didn't hold back and began thrusting, slamming her so hard that the car trembled slightly from the impact.

Above the resounding clapping rhythm that filled the area across the lake, Chloe's breathless moans resounded louder—a long-drawn lullaby of "Hmmmmmmmmmm" and "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

She jolted each time, her hair disheveled from his grip.

Smack!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Feeling himself about to cum, Miles slammed her one final time and sharply withdrew, pulling his cock out of her pussy and spraying about five waves of cum over her ass.

On the sixth wave, sensing his dick about to turn limp, he pushed it back inside her to feel the warmth of her pussy.

"Hmmmmmmmmmm!"

Greatly triggered by this, Chloe came for the fifth time, and they both stilled in that posture in silence. She felt the receding beast now unable to fight against the clench of her pussy and broke into a sweet smile.

Staring at his cum spread over her ass—a claim that she was his—Miles felt incredibly good. He slowly rubbed the part of her ass that hadn't been spilled on, unwilling to destroy this work of art he had created.

"Miles..."

Breaking the silence, Chloe called out his name with a smile.

"Yes, my love."

He trailed her back with one finger, causing her to squirm from the tingling sensation before she was able to speak again.

"...I love you," she said sincerely, finally calming her chaotic thoughts.

Miles paused and smirked, staring at the leading name on his infatuation gauge.

"I know. I love you too."

The atmosphere turned quiet, leaving just the occasional plop sound of the fish in the lake jumping past its surface.

'Ehn?' Just as he lowered his gaze past Hannah, Carolina, Deb, Grace, and a few others at a hundred percent, he saw a name he never expected.

'Yasmin? A hundred percent?' he mused doubtfully, recalling that the new neighbor, Jazmín's mother, shouldn't have been easily accessible for him to fuck without doing anything.

'Something must have happened.'

After running several scenarios through his head, he failed to find a reasonable explanation as to why she was at 100%.

Deciding to keep her on hold for now since he still had a full table, he finally pulled his limp member out of Chloe.

It took a while for them to dress up, but just when Miles thought they would leave right away, Chloe told him that she wanted to be with him longer. They both sat on the rock formation that served as the lake's edge, their feet dipped fearlessly into the water.

'I have danger sense.' With this reassuring thought, Miles lowered his guard and wrapped his arm around Chloe.

Ten minutes into the loving silence, Chloe guided him to rest on her thighs and pulled out one of her breasts for him to suck. Without hesitation, Miles dropped the dominant daddy role and assumed a cute, adorable baby form, sucking his momma's breast.

Like they say, only the huge ones deserved to be called momma.

After about twenty minutes of breastfeeding and a light kissing session, Miles drove Chloe home.

Walking her to the door, he adjusted her robe properly and pecked her cheek.

"See you tomorrow, mon chéri."

Click!

Blushing, Chloe walked inside the house and pecked him just before she closed the door.

Smirking like a fool, Miles got back in the car and drove off.

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Ten seconds after Miles left, Chloe still stood by the door like a thief caught red-handed.

"You sneaking out now?"

Breaking the shocked stalemate, Billy finally asked the difficult question, knowing exactly who she had gone to see.

"Hmmm. Hmmm." Feigning a cough to clear her throat, Chloe rolled her eyes. "It's none of your business. Don't you have a girlfriend too?"

Feeling grateful that it was Billy who caught her and not the other two, Chloe stood straight and composed herself like a peacock spreading its beautiful wings.

"We are different, Chloe. I'll simply move on if we break up, but can you?" Billy asked with a heavy frown, expressing his worry about her eventually experiencing her first heartbreak.

Chloe's heart skipped a beat at this, but then stilled.

'We are never going to break up,' she told herself. She walked away without a response, leaving Billy to shake his head before digging back into the bowl of popcorn in his hand.

Meanwhile, arriving home without anyone ever knowing he was gone, Miles entered the kitchen to finish up the dishes before stepping into his room for a nice, warm bath and sleeping peacefully.

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"Seems like someone wants to die much quicker than planned."

Checking the alt account he frequently used to threaten Kelvin, Miles frowned. His inbox had zero responses, in stark contrast to the usual 40+ pending messages from Kelvin begging him to spare his life.

"...or is he already dead?"

Miles mused, halting his steps as he waited at the bus stop. But his expression suddenly turned solemn and serious...

"Something is wrong somewhere. Chris and the other two have also disappeared since that morning with no sign or trace popping up."

He had planned to visit Chris's home the previous night after having Miss Emily leak the address, but the emergency of having to fulfill his boyfriend duties came up, and he totally forgot by the time he came back. After thinking it through, the sense of unease in his heart didn't fade.

Pim Porrrrr!

Just then, the incoming school bus honked, drawing his attention to it.

After countless stops and turns, they finally made it to school 50 minutes later. Alighting from the bus, their little group instantly disbanded, each heading off to find their partners.

"Huh?"

Noticing that most of the other students had formed small circles and appeared to be discussing something serious, Miles squinted his eyes just enough to trace the direction of their frequent glances. Five to seven police cruisers were parked across the street, with about three police officers patrolling on standby.

Just as he was about to look away, one of the officers suddenly gazed at him, seemingly observing him while speaking into his walkie-talkie. However, Miles simply raised an eyebrow, thinking it was a coincidence, and turned away.

Walking toward the entrance, he stepped into the hallway, which was even more crowded and filled with hushed whispers. There were several police officers along the hallway, observing the students with expressionless faces. Walking forward, he soon spotted Chloe waiting for him by her locker and smiled.

But just as he began to move toward her, one of the officers on the side listened to his radio and suddenly made his move to block Miles.

"Sorry, are you Miles Sinclair?" the cop said in a cold, detached manner, as if he were looking at a criminal, startling the nearby students and silencing the hallway.

Such a manner of speech and attitude would have deterred a normal teen, subjecting them to a form of psychological pressure and exposing panic, fright, or guilt. However, Miles merely stayed silent for a moment and frowned, then revealed an apparent look of disgust that stemmed from the depths of his soul for the man in the black uniform, completely reversing the psychological probe.

The cop was speechless and couldn't reply until Miles spoke again.

"Yes," Miles replied in a prompt and concise manner, making the cop regain his composure and heave a sigh.

But before the cop could speak again, the sound of rhythmic footsteps approached and the crowd parted, revealing the Deputy Police Chief of Dominic City alongside several officers and the school's teachers. At this sight, many students opened their mouths in shock as an invisible pressure spread through the hallway, suddenly highlighting the seriousness of the matter.

However, at the center of this psychological pressure, the person it was directed at still remained calm and composed, his disgust evident.

'What a bunch of bastards, trying to intimidate a teen.'

As for being traced to a murder or anything, Miles didn't give it a second thought; his confidence in leaving no evidence behind so far was above a hundred thousand percent.

'Quite the nice lineup, though. I wonder what this is about.'

Seeing Miles' look of disgust, the Deputy Chief was also taken aback and a bit dismayed, but he remained composed while taking note of Miles' calm demeanor, marking him as a highly likely suspect.

"Miles Sinclair, come with us," the Deputy Chief said with an authority that would make anyone think twice about disobeying.

But Miles simply raised an eyebrow, frowning before speaking. "Wait a minute, I've seen this in movies. I need my lawyer, an adult's supervision, and I have the right to remain silent."

Miles met the Deputy's gaze and sneered, leaving both the officers and spectating students stunned.

"Oh no, is he crazy?"

"Damn."

"He is crazy."

"Cool."

"What a crazy aura."

The boys whispered and muttered comments, while the girls stared in awe, Miles's image firmly rooted in their hearts. Among them, Chloe felt it the most—a deep pride that stemmed from Miles being her boyfriend. Then there were the likes of Alisha and Alice, who didn't want to acknowledge their interest in him.

The Deputy frowned, annoyed by the students' comments but also by the fact that Miles wasn't a respectful pushover who would easily heed his words. They couldn't force him to speak either; if his parents got involved, they would be stuck at a dead end without any concrete evidence.

"But who am I kidding? I'll come with you." Miles suddenly smiled at the Deputy after catching several frantic winks from Principal Hayes.

The Deputy froze, stunned as he realized he had come with so much presence only to be toyed with by a teenager.

'This kid... he definitely has something to do with this.'

"I'm Deputy Sam. Come with me to your Principal's office, then." The Deputy nodded and turned, leading Miles away while the other students gawked.

The silent hallway finally broke into a wild clamor after they vanished from sight.

Click!

The door to the principal's office opened, pulled aside by an officer. Stepping into the office after the Deputy, with Principal Hayes right behind him, Miles saw a middle-aged man already sitting in the chair. A yellow paper file was placed on the desk while he chewed on bubble gum with an arrogant, unruly air around him. Full Sherlock Holmes main character energy.

A single look was enough to tell Miles he was a detective, and a top-tier one at that. With his superhuman strength and the help of the system, Miles didn't view himself as powerless or at the mercy of the law. This feeling made him completely disregard the man before him as a threat, meaning he felt absolutely no apprehension or panicked guilt.

Pop!

The detective popped his bubble gum and tilted his chair to face Miles completely, but froze when he saw Miles' raised eyebrows, looking at him as if he were a clown.

"Hahahaha, my bad." The detective broke into a laugh as he dropped the act and motioned to the seat opposite him. "Please, sit."

Miles stepped forward and took a seat.

Pop!

Popping his bubble gum again, the detective picked up the paper file and opened it, handing Miles a couple of items from inside to look at.

"Take a clear look at that. The forensic team captured those images two to three weeks ago. Dominion High's swimming locker room had a mysterious pool of blood mixed with brain matter. Hehehe, do you know why I added the term 'mysterious'? It's because the DNA results clearly revealed it's yours. Yet, here you are, perfectly fine without a single scratch. Even when the patrol cops saw you, they said you looked completely normal."

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Frowning with disgust, he sneered at the man. "Listen, sir, I'm just a high school kid. Why should I help you solve your case?" Miles said flatly and rudely, leaving not even the slightest opening for the man to hook onto him.

'This kid.' Both the detective and the deputy thought the same thing as they stared at Miles, realizing he was not only composed but smart enough to throw them off course despite their psychological tactics.

"Hahaha. Be honest, are you some kind of supernatural being or something?" The detective, unwilling to give up, probed Miles again.

'What a stupid man, despite all his aura farming.'

"Principal Hayes, we have exams today. If I don't leave now, I'm afraid I might miss my papers." Miles completely ignored the detective and turned to the typically chubby principal, who looked nervous and sweaty.

Suddenly addressed by Miles, Principal Hayes hastily nodded, while the detective and deputy almost lost their minds from being so blatantly ignored.

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"I checked your file, kid. You were bullied for most of your life. You must hold a massive amount of grievances against the ones who tormented you. I checked around and asked questions. You were bullied the most, right? Let me guess—you couldn't bear it anymore and decided to kill them, huh? You think you're so fucking smart that you're convinced you left no trace, huh? I know your type. Where are their bodies? Chris, Tyler, Kelvin, and Ben!"

Chapter 223: The Cops?

"Seems like someone wants to die much quicker than planned."

Checking the alt account he frequently used to threaten Kelvin, Miles frowned. His inbox had zero responses, in stark contrast to the usual 40+ pending messages from Kelvin begging him to spare his life.

"...or is he already dead?"

Miles mused, halting his steps as he waited at the bus stop. But his expression suddenly turned solemn and serious...

"Something is wrong somewhere. Chris and the other two have also disappeared since that morning with no sign or trace popping up."

He had planned to visit Chris's home the previous night after having Miss Emily leak the address, but the emergency of having to fulfill his boyfriend duties came up, and he totally forgot by the time he came back. After thinking it through, the sense of unease in his heart didn't fade.

Pim Porrrrr!

Just then, the incoming school bus honked, drawing his attention to it.

After countless stops and turns, they finally made it to school 50 minutes later. Alighting from the bus, their little group instantly disbanded, each heading off to find their partners.

"Huh?"

Noticing that most of the other students had formed small circles and appeared to be discussing something serious, Miles squinted his eyes just enough to trace the direction of their frequent glances. Five to seven police cruisers were parked across the street, with about three police officers patrolling on standby.

Just as he was about to look away, one of the officers suddenly gazed at him, seemingly observing him while speaking into his walkie-talkie. However, Miles simply raised an eyebrow, thinking it was a coincidence, and turned away.

Walking toward the entrance, he stepped into the hallway, which was even more crowded and filled with hushed whispers. There were several police officers along the hallway, observing the students with expressionless faces. Walking forward, he soon spotted Chloe waiting for him by her locker and smiled.

But just as he began to move toward her, one of the officers on the side listened to his radio and suddenly made his move to block Miles.

"Sorry, are you Miles Sinclair?" the cop said in a cold, detached manner, as if he were looking at a criminal, startling the nearby students and silencing the hallway.

Such a manner of speech and attitude would have deterred a normal teen, subjecting them to a form of psychological pressure and exposing panic, fright, or guilt. However, Miles merely stayed silent for a moment and frowned, then revealed an apparent look of disgust that stemmed from the depths of his soul for the man in the black uniform, completely reversing the psychological probe.

The cop was speechless and couldn't reply until Miles spoke again.

"Yes," Miles replied in a prompt and concise manner, making the cop regain his composure and heave a sigh.

But before the cop could speak again, the sound of rhythmic footsteps approached and the crowd parted, revealing the Deputy Police Chief of Dominic City alongside several officers and the school's teachers. At this sight, many students opened their mouths in shock as an invisible pressure spread through the hallway, suddenly highlighting the seriousness of the matter.

However, at the center of this psychological pressure, the person it was directed at still remained calm and composed, his disgust evident.

'What a bunch of bastards, trying to intimidate a teen.'

As for being traced to a murder or anything, Miles didn't give it a second thought; his confidence in leaving no evidence behind so far was above a hundred thousand percent.

'Quite the nice lineup, though. I wonder what this is about.'

Seeing Miles' look of disgust, the Deputy Chief was also taken aback and a bit dismayed, but he remained composed while taking note of Miles' calm demeanor, marking him as a highly likely suspect.

"Miles Sinclair, come with us," the Deputy Chief said with an authority that would make anyone think twice about disobeying.

But Miles simply raised an eyebrow, frowning before speaking. "Wait a minute, I've seen this in movies. I need my lawyer, an adult's supervision, and I have the right to remain silent."

Miles met the Deputy's gaze and sneered, leaving both the officers and spectating students stunned.

"Oh no, is he crazy?"

"Damn."

"He is crazy."

"Cool."

"What a crazy aura."

The boys whispered and muttered comments, while the girls stared in awe, Miles's image firmly rooted in their hearts. Among them, Chloe felt it the most—a deep pride that stemmed from Miles being her boyfriend. Then there were the likes of Alisha and Alice, who didn't want to acknowledge their interest in him.

The Deputy frowned, annoyed by the students' comments but also by the fact that Miles wasn't a respectful pushover who would easily heed his words. They couldn't force him to speak either; if his parents got involved, they would be stuck at a dead end without any concrete evidence.

"But who am I kidding? I'll come with you." Miles suddenly smiled at the Deputy after catching several frantic winks from Principal Hayes.

The Deputy froze, stunned as he realized he had come with so much presence only to be toyed with by a teenager.

'This kid... he definitely has something to do with this.'

"I'm Deputy Sam. Come with me to your Principal's office, then." The Deputy nodded and turned, leading Miles away while the other students gawked.

The silent hallway finally broke into a wild clamor after they vanished from sight.

Click!

The door to the principal's office opened, pulled aside by an officer. Stepping into the office after the Deputy, with Principal Hayes right behind him, Miles saw a middle-aged man already sitting in the chair. A yellow paper file was placed on the desk while he chewed on bubble gum with an arrogant, unruly air around him. Full Sherlock Holmes main character energy.

A single look was enough to tell Miles he was a detective, and a top-tier one at that. With his superhuman strength and the help of the system, Miles didn't view himself as powerless or at the mercy of the law. This feeling made him completely disregard the man before him as a threat, meaning he felt absolutely no apprehension or panicked guilt.

Pop!

The detective popped his bubble gum and tilted his chair to face Miles completely, but froze when he saw Miles' raised eyebrows, looking at him as if he were a clown.

"Hahahaha, my bad." The detective broke into a laugh as he dropped the act and motioned to the seat opposite him. "Please, sit."

Miles stepped forward and took a seat.

Pop!

Popping his bubble gum again, the detective picked up the paper file and opened it, handing Miles a couple of items from inside to look at.

"Take a clear look at that. The forensic team captured those images two to three weeks ago. Dominion High's swimming locker room had a mysterious pool of blood mixed with brain matter. Hehehe, do you know why I added the term 'mysterious'? It's because the DNA results clearly revealed it's yours. Yet, here you are, perfectly fine without a single scratch. Even when the patrol cops saw you, they said you looked completely normal."

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 224: Mysterious Player

Taboo Stepson System

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"Excuse me?"

Miles abruptly turned to the detective with a menacing glare that made the man's heart skip a beat, even without activating a single ability.

"Do you people have any shame? Oh, wait—let me guess. The higher-ups need answers for whatever you're dealing with, and you want me to take the fall for something I know nothing about?"

Glaring angrily as suppressed fury rose like a tide within him, Miles felt a surging desire to kill these two men, but managed to inhale just in time to catch himself.

"If you want to accuse me, do so next time with a lawyer and my guardian present."

Turning to the principal, he added, "Principal Hayes, the exam schedule is tight due to the school's misdoings. The least you can do is provide a stable environment to learn instead of seizing my freedom."

Principal Hayes was gobsmacked, completely at a loss for words when Miles glared at him.

Meanwhile, realizing Miles had turned the tables on them, the detective and the deputy exchanged a subtle nod.

"Miles Sinclair, where do you think you're going? Before they vanished, a lot of students said they ran away after seeing you. What do you have to say to that?" the detective barked, making Miles stop in his tracks with an amused smile.

"They vanished? Hehehe, that's fortunate. At least the school is guaranteed a moment of peace during this period." He met the detective's gaze and sneered. "Like you said, I am a smart-ass, and this is my last warning: do not slander me, sir."

With that, Miles turned and left the three men to stare at his back with complicated feelings.

"Deputy Sam, I'm afraid we might have hit a wall here. Let's check out the other suspects," the detective said, smiling at the uncomfortable Principal Hayes, who couldn't bring himself to speak up for his students.

By the time Miles got back to class, the exam papers were just about to be handed out. Ignoring the gazes of everyone present, he took his seat and prepared himself.

"You have two hours and thirty minutes... If you need an extra sheet, please make sure to raise your hand."

With that, not just the Junior Year classes, but the entire school building underwent a rare moment of tranquility, broken only by the frequent flipping of test pages.

Seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned to hours, and soon, the two-and-a-half-hour examination came to an end.

The hallway—graveyard-silent for over two hours—experienced a synchronized flood of students filling the space. Noise erupted as many sighed and discussed the test, frequently cursing as they realized the mistakes they had made.

Walking together with Theo, Miles headed to the cafeteria to replenish the calories they had burned thinking. Later joined by Chloe and the girls, the table enjoyed a light conversation. Everyone tactically chose not to discuss the police's reason for seeing Miles, especially since rumors of the missing bullies were already circulating—only temporarily suppressed by the urgency of the exam.

Time flew by quickly, and it was soon time to head home.

Upon arriving, Miles went through his usual routine before ending up lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling with a deep, thoughtful look on his face. Eventually, he sighed and muttered in amusement, "Those cops didn't seem to have a clue what was going on. It appears someone is pulling strings from behind."

"Trying to use me as a scapegoat?" Muttering with a sneer, Miles summoned the system's holographic screen and switched it to the mission panel.

[Mission: Sweet Revenge.]

[Targets:

Daniel Carter

Chris Morgan

Kelvin Miller

Ben Harris

???)

He stared at the three question marks he hadn't thought much about before, suddenly realizing they represented the mystery figure who wanted him dead. Without a doubt, Miles was sure this person was also behind the disappearance of Chris and his clique.

"Smart move. The assassination attempt was also orchestrated by this person. And it seems I was wrong—those bastards were involved."

Recalling the expressions Chris, Tyler, and Ben had on Monday morning the moment they saw him, everything instantly clicked.

"They probably spent the weekend relishing the thought that I was gone after encountering the gang squad. Whoever is behind them felt the same and decided to make them disappear."

Funny, Miles sneered, a twisted smile playing on his lips. As if snatching his prey wasn't enough, someone was pulling a lot of strings to frame him.

"Whoever you are, you better pray I don't catch you—"

Zzzzz! Zzzzz!

Interrupting his thoughts, his phone buzzed, its screen flickering with an incoming call profile. Picking it up, Miles lazily checked the caller ID and saw it was Grace.

"Hello?"

"Are you available today?" she asked right away, a sense of urgency in her tone.

"Yes," Miles replied passively, wondering what was up.

"Great. One of our clients rebooked. Mind coming over in the next thirty minutes?"

"Sure."

"Okay, bye. See you soon." Grace promptly ended the call, leaving Miles speechless for a second before a smirk stretched across his face.

"Come to think of it, I've never had a client other than Carol." At the prospect of taming another woman and making her beg for him, Miles felt a fresh rush of thrill and adrenaline. His slumbering dragon twitched in anticipation.

Putting on something casual, Miles headed toward Cassie's room and knocked a few times on the door.

"Cass," he called out.

A moment later, there was a click as the door swung open in a wide arc. Miles swept his gaze over her, taking in how tempting she looked. She wore tight basketball shorts and an extremely short pink crop top that clung tightly over her chest. Combined with the sexy curve of her waist, Miles felt his dick twitch.

As if deliberately letting him admire her body, her gaze secretly flickered to his groin. She swallowed her saliva as the memory of it formed in her mind, but quickly recovered and feigned a disgusted look, wrapping her arms over her chest.

"What are you looking at, pervert..." she blurted out.

Miles smirked, withdrawing his gaze. "You don't have a boyfriend. The least you can do is allow me to appreciate your hot curves."

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His words were the only thing she could hear for a moment as her heart skipped a beat, a feeling she had never experienced sparking to life within her.

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"What? Is that what you expected me to say? Wait—don't tell me you're in love with your brother, per-vert." Miles drew out the last word so slowly that her mind flared with blind rage.

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(Tranquil Touch Spa)

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"Thank goodness you're here." The moment she saw him, Grace stopped typing and exhaled.

Walking past the desk, Miles leaned down and pecked her cheek before unbuttoning his shirt on his way to the VIP changing room.

"The client says she's coming with her fiancé," Grace warned. "Things might get a bit complicated if you aren't careful."

"Oh really? Makes things more interesting, will look forward to how things turn out."

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Chapter 224: Mysterious Player

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 225: Grace Helps Deal with the Problem. Strking Couples

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 225: Grace Helps Deal with the Problem. Strking Couples

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"Grace, there's a problem."

Having just changed into his uniform, Miles opened the door and called out to Grace, who was scrolling through her phone while leaning back in her chair as if thinking about something.

"Huh?"

At his voice, she promptly turned to him, and her eyes instinctively flickered to his pants.

"What's the problem?"

The words drifted out of her mouth absentmindedly, falling silent as she stared at the problem.

"It's quite eager, so it's all pumped and doesn't want to stay docile," Miles said, holding the eye-catching bulge in his pants as he walked toward her.

Grace followed his every movement, her eyes glued to his big bulge, showing just how deeply she had missed it. Although he had dealt with her using just his tongue and fingers, it couldn't compare to the feeling of his cock inside her, dominantly ruining her while he pulled her hair from behind.

Grace's composure melted like snow before a burning coal, and a rare smile spread across her lips.

"What a huge problem. Come here, bad boy."

Grace didn't hesitate to leave her seat and go down on her knees, instantly reaching one hand to touch it and the other already grasping the waistband of his pants.

"Oh—hmmm."

She touched it and exclaimed, feeling the heat from it send a jolt through her body.

Inhaling with her nose close to it while rubbing the bulge, her other hand impatiently started to pull down his pants, and before he could say jack, the beast sprang up from its cage, bouncing ramrod-straight like a spring while pointing arrogantly at the face of its benefactor.

"Oh my goodness. Hmmmmmmmm. I've missed you," Grace breathlessly said, reaching her hand to grab the dry, seething rod.

"Argh!"

Miles groaned the moment her hand came in contact with it. Her fingers wrapped tight around it like it was a priceless treasure while stroking it down to the base.

Her other hand didn't stay idle either; it reached for his dangling jewels, rubbing them between her fingers as she stroked his dry shaft three times.

"Hmmmm."

She hummed at the pulsating feel of it in her palm and quickly leaned closer. Her mouth opened and her lips welcomed him. First latching firm around the tip of his cock, she impatiently guided the part of him she wanted to taste. In a second, six inches filled her mouth and made her cheeks puff at their limit.

"HMMMMMMMMM."

Latching tight around it, she used the moment to catch her breath and began moving her tongue to lubricate the pulsing, dry skin with her saliva.

"Arrrrgghh!"

As a reaction, Miles groaned sharply, staring at the ceiling as he instinctively placed his hand on her head.

Burp! Gurk! Reverberated through the office as she sucked his cock like a child sucking its mother's nipples.

The heavy and hard meaty feeling of his cock made her gnaw on it lightly while sucking.

Catching her breath, she stayed still and stroked the base repeatedly before holding it tightly and beginning to move her head back and forth in opposite directions.

"MMMMMMMMMphh."

Slurp! Gluck!

Grace moved her head back and forth. One moment, close to a thick seven inches would disappear in her mouth as if devoured, and the next moment, she would pull back, exposing the thick, slimy surface covered in pre-cum and her saliva.

Slurp! She would swallow it and release a Glurk! sound when she reached the edge of her throat.

Moving back and forth, she quickly increased her pace, and so the slurp, gurk, and Arrggh sounds in the office multiplied.

Miles groaned, stiffly holding her head as she sucked his cock like her favorite popsicle.

Slowing down, she stared at him slutty-like and tightened her hold on his cock, then slowly pushed her head past the barrier, deep-throating an inch of his cock.

Tears rolled from the corners of her eyes, and her face cracked with submissive bliss that she wanted to fill her throat with his cock.

"Gurk!"

"Arrrgghh!"

"Ahhhh—gurk! Hmmm."

"Fuck! Grace, I fucking love you. Arrgghh!"

The slow and monotonous way she held his cock in that tightness of her throat completely triggered Miles to the point of confessing his feelings—the height of pleasure where many great men had made great mistakes by promising a mansion, car, and even signing off their whole wealth to the woman.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately...

Ding! Ding! Ding! Zzzzz!

Just then, the office landline rang, interrupting them from the bliss.

Miles and Grace both froze, his cock down her throat and her hands still on his cock.

After thinking about it for a split moment, Grace's next action stunned Miles.

Being so money-minded, she actually chose to betray her source of income and resumed sucking his cock as the phone rang.

Slurp! Slurp!

The scene deeply stimulated Miles that he could feel himself already arriving at the peak.

The ringing landline stopped, and just when he was about to immerse his mind in the act of bliss, it rang sharply a second time, bringing Miles out from his trance so that he stopped Grace from deep-throating him.

"It must be important. Why don't you pick it up first and we can have all the time in the world."

Miles smirked as he helped her up from her knees.

Though reluctant, Grace nodded, her lips and chin covered in thick pre-cum saliva while he stood with his cock covered in both. Fresh pre-cum drooled down.

"Hmmm. Hmm. Hmm."

Clearing her throat, Grace licked her lips with a smile directed at him before answering the phone.

"Yes?"

She barely said anything before the other line swiftly responded.

"Hello ma'am. We got a VVIP booked session, Tranquil Touch trademark massage to be precise. Client is here to see you, ma."

"Oh..."

Grace's eyes widened slightly, recalling this was the reason she had Miles over, and quickly composed herself.

"...Yes. Lead them in."

As Grace spoke, she stared at his cock with reluctance. What's more, knowing Miles, he was going to seduce this woman. Neither she nor Carolina had escaped his grip, so it was to be expected even if she didn't want her reward for sucking him to be given somewhere else.

"What happened?"

Miles asked, even if he had already heard everything.

"Clients. They'll be coming through the door any moment from now."

She hastily said, pulling up his pants while carefully bending his dragon back into its cage.

"I'm sorry," she apologized to it and did her best to cover him up, but the bulge still remained.

Clearly, anyone who took one glance at him would definitely see it.

Thinking about the fact that this client was coming with her fiancé, Grace gave up, not knowing how to hide it.

"It's okay. I'll stay in there, then after you excuse the dummy, I'll make an entrance."

Miles grinned, leaving Grace speechless by how casually he could say something so sinister.

"Hehehe, don't look at me that way. I'm a born villain; he's just unfortunate for letting his soon-to-be wife enter my clutch."

Though he had no clue how this client looked, he didn't care and planned to do it for the thrill of cuckolding her fiancé.

Click!

The door handle moved with a distinct sound, alerting Grace to glance at it as her heart skipped a beat.

The door was pushed open, revealing two striking figures that left Grace completely speechless.

A petite, slim, short lady held hands with a very tall, heavily muscular man who looked like he could easily crush her.

To come in through the door, the lady had to step in first, then the giant man had to bend and step in after, barely fitting through the door.

Summoning her years of experience, Grace managed to compose herself with difficulty and forced a smile at the two.

'Oh no...' She suddenly recalled that Miles was next to her and glanced at her side to see nothing.

'Where is he?'

Stunned, she didn't have time to ponder it because the petite short lady spoke up.

"Good day. My name is Annie and this is Max, my boyfriend." She beamed, squeeze-holding the man's hand while glancing up at him at an 80-degree angle.

"We get this kind of reaction a lot and I have more or less gotten used to it. Right, Max?"

She asked the bulky giant, who simply nodded without being able to twitch his facial muscles.

Yet, such a reply was accepted by the petite lady, who then revealed just how much of a chatterbox she was.

"Oh, Max doesn't talk much. We've known each other since high school. Aren't we perfect for each other?"

The lady was wearing a bodycon maxi skirt that clung to her frame and a tight-fit top. She was slender at first glance, but at this moment she turned her ass to Grace and flexed her arm, which revealed her bulked muscles—her thighs and ass strongly shaped by frequent gym visits.

Chapter 225: Grace Helps Deal with the Problem. Strking Couples

"Grace, there's a problem."

Having just changed into his uniform, Miles opened the door and called out to Grace, who was scrolling through her phone while leaning back in her chair as if thinking about something.

"Huh?"

At his voice, she promptly turned to him, and her eyes instinctively flickered to his pants.

"What's the problem?"

The words drifted out of her mouth absentmindedly, falling silent as she stared at the problem.

"It's quite eager, so it's all pumped and doesn't want to stay docile," Miles said, holding the eye-catching bulge in his pants as he walked toward her.

Grace followed his every movement, her eyes glued to his big bulge, showing just how deeply she had missed it. Although he had dealt with her using just his tongue and fingers, it couldn't compare to the feeling of his cock inside her, dominantly ruining her while he pulled her hair from behind.

Grace's composure melted like snow before a burning coal, and a rare smile spread across her lips.

"What a huge problem. Come here, bad boy."

Grace didn't hesitate to leave her seat and go down on her knees, instantly reaching one hand to touch it and the other already grasping the waistband of his pants.

"Oh—hmmm."

She touched it and exclaimed, feeling the heat from it send a jolt through her body.

Inhaling with her nose close to it while rubbing the bulge, her other hand impatiently started to pull down his pants, and before he could say jack, the beast sprang up from its cage, bouncing ramrod-straight like a spring while pointing arrogantly at the face of its benefactor.

"Oh my goodness. Hmmmmmmm. I've missed you," Grace breathlessly said, reaching her hand to grab the dry, seething rod.

"Argh!"

Miles groaned the moment her hand came in contact with it. Her fingers wrapped tight around it like it was a priceless treasure while stroking it down to the base.

Her other hand didn't stay idle either; it reached for his dangling jewels, rubbing them between her fingers as she stroked his dry shaft three times.

"Hmmmm."

She hummed at the pulsating feel of it in her palm and quickly leaned closer. Her mouth opened and her lips welcomed him. First latching firm around the tip of his cock, she impatiently guided the part of him she wanted to taste. In a second, six inches filled her mouth and made her cheeks puff at their limit.

"HMMMMMMMMM."

Latching tight around it, she used the moment to catch her breath and began moving her tongue to lubricate the pulsing, dry skin with her saliva.

"Arrrrgghhg!"

As a reaction, Miles groaned sharply, staring at the ceiling as he instinctively placed his hand on her head.

Burp! Gurk! Reverberated through the office as she sucked his cock like a child sucking its mother's nipples.

The heavy and hard meaty feeling of his cock made her gnaw on it lightly while sucking.

Catching her breath, she stayed still and stroked the base repeatedly before holding it tightly and beginning to move her head back and forth in opposite directions.

"MMMMMMMMMphh."

Slurp! Gluck!

Grace moved her head back and forth. One moment, close to a thick seven inches would disappear in her mouth as if devoured, and the next moment, she would pull back, exposing the thick, slimy surface covered in pre-cum and her saliva.

Slurp! She would swallow it and release a Glurk! sound when she reached the edge of her throat.

Moving back and forth, she quickly increased her pace, and so the slurp, gurk, and Arrggh sounds in the office multiplied.

Miles groaned, stiffly holding her head as she sucked his cock like her favorite popsicle.

Slowing down, she stared at him slutty-like and tightened her hold on his cock, then slowly pushed her head past the barrier, deep-throating an inch of his cock.

Tears rolled from the corners of her eyes, and her face cracked with submissive bliss that she wanted to fill her throat with his cock.

"Gurk!"

"Arrrgghh!"

"Ahhhh—gurk! Hmmm."

"Fuck! Grace, I fucking love you. Arrgghh!"

The slow and monotonous way she held his cock in that tightness of her throat completely triggered Miles to the point of confessing his feelings—the height of pleasure where many great men had made great mistakes by promising a mansion, car, and even signing off their whole wealth to the woman.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately...

Ding! Ding! Ding! Zzzzz!

Just then, the office landline rang, interrupting them from the bliss.

Miles and Grace both froze, his cock down her throat and her hands still on his cock.

After thinking about it for a split moment, Grace's next action stunned Miles.

Being so money-minded, she actually chose to betray her source of income and resumed sucking his cock as the phone rang.

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