

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 226: Blabber Mouth Annie the Client

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Grace was too stunned to reply, but fortunately, the blonde, petite, muscular lady didn't seem to care much.

"Aren't we perfect?"

She asked again, and Grace quickly nodded.

"Yes, you are. Actually, it's just that I never knew I would encounter..."

While trying to please the lady because of her earlier misconduct, Grace still found it hard to wrap her mind around what to call such a union.

'Fuck you, Grace,' she cursed herself inwardly as she watched the lady curl her lips into a knowing smile.

"I know that look. You must be wondering how we do it, right?"

She rubbed her fiancé's long, bulky, wide arm with loving tenderness, leaning into him as she smirked at Grace, who forced out a smile.

"Well, such matters are private. And to be very honest with you, since we are both ladies, the reason I came for this massage is actually because of that. He plans to fuck the hell out of me tomorrow night... on our wedding night."

Studying Grace's expression, Annie paused, smirking as she thought that Grace was probably jealous of her.

However, in contrast to what she expected, Grace didn't seem to sense any deeper meaning in her words and simply asked what she wanted.

"That's some good news. How would you like us to help?"

Annie was momentarily stunned but quickly regained her smile, shaking her head a few times before glancing up at her stiff-faced, muscle-head fiancé, who hadn't spoken a word so far.

"Well... we kind of gym a lot, so he's worried about me suddenly having any sort of muscle cramps while he does it... You know? On our wedding night?"

Seeing Grace's raised brows and widened eyes in confusion, she added the latter part to elaborate further.

"Oh."

Grace subtly exclaimed in understanding and put on a polite smile.

"I want a massage to relax my tense muscles from frequent buildup," Annie added, making Grace nod.

"Don't worry, you have arrived at the right place. Our massage is extremely advanced and one hundred percent fits the requirements you've mentioned so far," Grace said with an upbeat tone, making Annie nod with satisfaction.

"Yeah, I came here after seeing the price. Proves that you guys really offer what it's worth with no bad reviews. Where are we starting?"

Taking a sassy scan of the office, Annie refocused her gaze on Grace questioningly.

"Our VVIP Spa room is right there."

Grace gestured with both hands toward the door a couple of steps to the left corner, and Annie nodded contentedly.

"How are we starting, then?" Annie asked.

"We can start immediately. You just have to change, and we'll get started."

While speaking, Grace subtly hinted that they needed to be alone, and Annie got the message.

She rubbed her muscle-brained fiancé's arm while pouting as she looked up at him.

"Honey Bear, can you wait in the reception while I get this done?" she asked.

Meanwhile, shocking Grace, the muscle-brained man's eyes flickered with relief as he spoke for the first time.

"Okay, Pookie," he said in a deep baritone voice that boomed through the office. He brought his huge thumb to rub the petite blonde lady's face, then leaned over and passed through the doorway, exiting the office.

Bang—click.

The door closed, leaving just Annie and Grace.

Just as Annie raised her brows at Grace, expecting her to lead the way, there was a distinct sound from the left corner, and the VVIP room door opened, revealing a youth in a masseur uniform.

"Huh?"

Annie was stunned and surprised. Glancing at Grace for some kind of explanation, she saw Grace smile as if recalling that she had missed pointing out an important matter.

"Oh right, this is our Chief Masseur, Miles. He's the backbone of our massaging technique. He might look young, but he's 100% certified at what he does. And I promise you, if you feel that his work isn't worth the cost, you'll get a full refund."

First giving him an important title to dismiss any doubts about his age, Grace played the same card she did with Carolina. Simply stating a 100% refund policy if it wasn't worth it made the petite lady lower her guard completely. She nodded with curiosity, this time taking a proper look at Miles' appearance with a drifting gaze.

Perhaps because she had nitpicked his young face at first glance, she had failed to notice something that was glaringly obvious about his appearance. Annie's eyes widened in shock, and her heart skipped a beat. Her thoughts went wild, and for a moment, the only debate in her mind was whether it was a metal pipe or truly what it looked like.

'It's so fucking big!'

"Ma'am?"

Being stared at like that, Miles feigned ignorance regarding the direction of her gaze and called out to her.

Blinking her eyes twice, Annie swallowed hard and reluctantly withdrew her gaze.

"Yes?" she asked sharply, forcing a smile as she met his clueless expression regarding the state of his own erection.

"Please, we can get started right away." Miles stepped to the side and gestured toward the door with both hands.

'Doesn't he know?'

Seeing Miles' calm and formal composure, which contrasted wildly with the massive bulge in his pants, Annie was fooled. She chose not to point it out, feeling a surge of adrenaline like she'd never experienced before course through her nerves.

"Oh," she responded, wanting to step forward, but threw Grace a glance to see if she was the only one who noticed.

Unfortunately for her, Grace maintained the same formal look, pretending to be oblivious to Miles' conspicuous erection, and smiled back at Annie.

Left with no choice, Annie turned and walked toward the room with a strange feeling as the image of Miles' pants remained burned into her mind.

Upon entering the spa room and closing the door behind them, Annie surveyed the bright space. She saw rows of colored candles and incense placed in every corner of the small room, though they weren't lit yet. There was also a section where all sorts of bottles were arranged. The room was clearly soundproofed, bestowing a sense of inner peace that enveloped her. The scent of aromatic oil still lingered softly in the air.

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 227: Silencing Annie

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Upon entering the spa room and closing the door behind her, Annie surveyed the bright space and saw rows of colored candles and incense placed in every corner of the small room, though none were lit. There was also a section where all sorts of bottles were arranged. The room was clearly soundproofed, as a sense of inner peace immediately enveloped her. The scent of aromatic oil still lingered in the air.

"Ma'am. The changing room is through there," Miles said, pointing at the opposite door.

"Hmm."

Annie nodded, shifting her eyes away from the bulge in his pants as she adjusted the strap of the bag over her shoulder.

Walking into the dressing room and closing the door behind her, she scanned the space. There was a full-length mirror at the center and a box for clothes and jewelry right beside it, along with several neatly folded white towels.

Staring at her reflection, she slowly set down her bag as her mind drifted back to Miles' bulging pants. Recalling his oblivious expression, she reached for the hem of her tight-fitting top and pulled it up to reveal her feminine abs. As she continued pulling it up, more of her trained, athletic physique was revealed, followed by her familiar black sports bra.

She took off her top completely and shook out her hair before smiling at her physique.

"I need to stop thinking about it. My wedding night is tomorrow. I can't do this to my sweet bear... Hmmmm."

She softly muttered to herself while tying her hair into a bun, but her words of reassurance dissolved into a deep hum as she imagined the true size of that monster.

"I'm overthinking. He's too young to have something like that. That's so stupid of me."

She easily slid off her maxi skirt, exposing her well-defined, seemingly sculpted thighs. Turning her backside to the mirror, she cupped her buttocks with both hands to weigh them.

They were acutely round and firm, looking taut in her spandex underwear, but when she squeezed them, they proved as soft as freshly baked bread.

She weighed them a couple more times before picking up one of the white towels from the side.

Wrapping it around her chest, she slipped on her flip-flops and took one last look at her reflection with mixed feelings before opening the door.

"I'm done."

When she stepped out, Annie saw Miles arranging the oil bottles he would need. She forced a smile when he turned toward her, resisting the urge to lower her gaze to his pants.

"Please."

Miles gave a formal nod and gestured for her to lie on the raised massage table in the center of the room.

I'm overthinking this, she thought.

Noticing Miles' calmness and professional demeanor, she silently climbed onto the bed and laid flat, facing the ceiling.

Her earlier chatterbox personality—when she had bragged about her fiancé to Grace—had been silenced by the guilty doubt in her heart ever since she noticed Miles' bulge.

Listening to Miles move around lighting the candles, all sorts of thoughts raced through her mind as she endured the guilt of feeling like she was betraying her fiancé.

She couldn't tell how many seconds had passed, but by the time Miles finished setting up the room, Annie's sports bra showed visible pokes from her hardened nipples, and her underwear was on the verge of being stained wet.

Just as she was finding it unbearable—

Click!

The sound of a switch breaking the silence startled her.

To Annie's shock, the main lights went out, leaving the room dimly illuminated by candles before a deep purple neon glow filled the space like an ethereal aura.

Sensing Miles draw near as his shadow fell over her, she instinctively looked up, only to get a close-up view of his bulge. Her heart skipped a beat, and she held her breath as a single thought struck her like a sudden revelation:

It's real.

"Excuse me, I need to remove this."

Miles spoke, bringing her out of her daze while gesturing toward her towel.

Taken aback, Annie nodded approvingly, managing to find her voice.

"Go ahead," she said, looking up at his face as he leaned down to unfold the towel from her chest.

Three seconds in, she noted that Miles showed no reaction to her gaze, so she decided to break the silence.

"She said your name was Miles."

She paused briefly after speaking.

"Yes."

Miles nodded, glancing at her face as he spread the towel open.

Damn, look at those defined muscles. She's got a premium physique for a muscle-headed gym girl. I wonder how it feels to touch every part of her.

Having mostly dealt with softer, curvier women, he felt a sense of thrill and curiosity toward Annie. He wondered how a athletic woman like her would react, moan, and endure compared to the curvier ones like Hannah and the others he had been with before.

"Is it okay to ask how old you are?" Annie asked hesitantly, unable to contain her curiosity as she stared at his composed expression.

"Not really, but since you asked, there's nothing to hide. I'm seventeen," Miles blurted out casually.

Annie froze instantly, his words echoing repeatedly in her mind.

Unbelievable! I've been fantasizing about a seventeen-year-old?

She stared at Miles as if she were seeing a ghost.

Smirking inwardly, he picked up a bottle and poured the oil over her skin.

He started from her shoulders, moving down to her exposed cleavage, then over her stomach and thighs. He uncapped another bottle, trailing down her arms and legs until she was practically glistening with oil.

Activating his masseur talent, a visual layout of her body materialized in his mind, highlighting specific target points and detailing the steps needed to work them out.

I have to ask him. I have to ask him if it's real.

After struggling to gather her thoughts, Annie regained her composure and was just about to speak when Miles laid his hands on her.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 228: A Tempting View

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"Ahhhhhhh!"

Annie's moan came out totally unexpected as she was about to ask him if the bulge was real.

She felt his hands grab her shoulders, his fingers pressing strongly against her skin in a slow, friction-filled pace.

However, this action, seemingly simple, was absolutely precise, striking the core points of her nerves and muscles that often created feelings of discomfort when stressed.

Withdrawing the first press, he pushed forward again as if kneading her skin. Annie felt a pleasure and comfort she rarely ever felt from cracking her joints.

Encompassed by the relief of his touch, she felt like she was melting, temporarily losing the sensation in her clenched fists. Her mouth hung open, moaning from ecstasy without even realizing it.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!! Ahhhhhhhhhh!!! Ahhhhhhhh!!" Her breath trembled repeatedly.

"Breathe, ma'am. Relax, let it happen."

Even though he had an ulterior motive, there was still a need to give her her money's worth.

Speaking to sound professional, he grabbed and lifted her right arm, which had been oiled, and locked his grip around it before pulling toward her wrist.

Crack!

Her elbow gave out a stretched cracking sound, and her moans only got louder.

Proceeding to stretch and crack her fingers, he set her arm down and did the exact same to her other arm.

"Arrrrrrgghhhhhh! Oh my goodness—hmmmmmmmmmmmm!! This feels so good!"

While Miles gave her time to catch her breath, Annie regained sensation in her arms and couldn't be happier feeling how effortless it was to perform basic movements.

For a moment, she forgot about Miles' bulging pants and felt innately relaxed until she heard his voice again.

"Good, this is just the first step."

"Huh?"

Annie opened her eyes, tilting toward the source of the shadow that covered her, and saw Miles' bulging pants once again. She froze, her breath catching before she regained her composure.

Crap! I completely forgot. Filled with greater curiosity than ever, she traced the form of the bulge properly this time and was left with no doubt.

Yeah, stare all you want and let that pussy drip. Time to get rid of this disgusting underwear.

Having endured the unjust sight of the black sports underwear on such a wonderful body, Miles quickly found an excuse to get rid of it.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I haven't dealt with material like this before, so it's difficult to perform my techniques."

Miles said, promptly waking Annie from her daze of staring at his bulging cock.

Looking up at him, her expression flickered with lust, surprise, and confusion as to what he was referring to. Piecing the word technique to the marvelous feeling she had just experienced, she realized it was crucially important and wanted to help out.

"What is that?—" Annie asked, but the moment she spoke, she instantly sensed Miles' eyes brazenly admiring her boobs and paused, sharply taken aback.

...my boobs?

Annie thought in surprise. Having never thought much of her two firm, petite breasts, seeing Miles stare at them like that stirred up certain emotions.

Pretending to address her confusion, Miles spoke up quickly.

"Sorry, I was referring to your bra. It's exceptionally tight, right? It doesn't help with promoting blood flow."

"Oh?"

Annie muttered, speechlessly arching her neck so she could glance at her chest. Truly, it was just as Miles said.

"Sorry, I—" She wanted to say she could have put on something lighter, but froze upon realizing the only other simple underwear she had was a bikini and the embroidered set for her wedding.

Holding back her words, she glanced up at Miles' face.

"I mean, what's the solution?" she asked.

Well, this is going to be surprisingly easy.

"I'll have to take it off."

Contrary to his gleeful thoughts, he appeared composed with a straight face, as if taking off her bra was no big deal.

My bra?

Annie thought, appearing stunned, and wanted to ask if that was normal. But she paused upon seeing Miles' nonchalant eyes, which didn't seem the least bit interested in her body.

He's probably done this several times. It doesn't seem like that big of a deal.

Staring at him intently, Annie nodded approvingly and lowered her guard.

"Thank you, ma'am," Miles promptly said, slipping his fingers beneath her bra band, about to swiftly pull it up when Annie snapped her hand up to grab his wrist.

Oh fuck. Another Helen?

Irrked by the experience he had taming Helen, Miles barely restrained himself from frowning in displeasure, thinking Annie wanted to reconsider her choice.

"I'm not old, alright? I'm only 25 and you're 17. You don't have to address me so strictly like an old woman. Just call me Annie," Annie said, looking into his eyes.

Huh?

It was Miles' turn to be taken aback. He was silent for a second before agreeing.

"So... Annie?" he asked after a split-second pause. Annie nodded approvingly and let go of his wrist.

Hehehe. Miles laughed inwardly and proceeded to pull up her bra.

Activating Blissful Hands, her swollen, small, erect nipples were exposed. Her breasts were small but round, looking firm due to constant workouts, but also very tasty.

Fuck! How would it feel to suck them?

Having never tasted breasts like these, Miles almost lost his professional act. His dick twitched hard in his pants, and a sudden idea struck him.

While Annie held her breath in silence the moment he pulled it up, she closed her eyes, already adjusting her arms so he could easily remove it. But a second later, his movement stopped halfway through. Stirred by the realization of what he was doing, she tried to look up at his face to confirm, but was blocked by her bra.

Hesitant, her eyes shifted and landed on his bulge, then she noticed it begin to twitch.

It's real... that big thing. The thought echoed in her mind, stirring every part of her body with heat.

Just as she was on the edge of giving in to an intrusive thought, Miles made his move and brushed his index finger ever so slightly against her nipple.

"Ahhhhhhhh!!"

Annie sharply gasped, jolting her waist upward, her eyes widening in disbelief and shock. Her face flushed with the brief moment of ecstasy.

Before she could comprehend what had just happened, Miles acted hastily and brushed his palm against her other nipple.

"Shit, sorry!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

His alarmed apology mixed with her sharp moan. Using her disoriented state from the effect of his Blissful Hands, he quickly pulled off her black sports bra and dropped it onto the floor.

Presented with the view of her completely bare upper body—oiled up, with her feminine abs and muscles strikingly defined—Miles' cock twitched in his pants, and a fetishized desire to feel her muscles with his dick bloomed in his heart. Especially her round, small, firm breasts.

He stayed silent by her side and savored the view while waiting for her to recover from the bliss.

"Annie? Are you okay?" he called out to her face after seeing the bliss fade into a lost, vacant look.

Annie nodded dumbly, experiencing a state of paralysis from the sudden flash of pleasure that struck her core. Her legs instinctively clamped together as she stared at his face, gathering moisture and heat as a certain emotion bloomed in her heart.

"Thank goodness," Miles expressed with a relieved sigh, then went on to apologize. "Sorry, I didn't mean to."

"...It's okay." After a brief, silent second, Annie spoke up, her voice faint with her eyes fixed on his bulge.

Holding her breath, she did something that made Miles pause.

Unable to hold back her curiosity, her hand launched toward his groin and grabbed the bulge.

"Yo!" Miles blurted out in shock at her audacity, staring down at her hand holding his dick through his pants.

Annie froze, disbelief in her eyes as she confirmed it. Hard like a metal pipe, yet somehow fleshy, pulsing at her touch.

Her mind short-circuited.

"It's really real," she muttered absentmindedly in a daze, readjusting her grip to feel it properly.

Fuck! She's got me good.

Miles cursed inwardly, barely holding back his urge to groan and show pleasure as she rubbed him.

Just as he contemplated taking action and getting down to the business of shoving it down her throat, his mind spawned another bright idea to maximize the thrill.

"Excuse me, ma'am, what are you doing?" he shouted, putting on an alarmed look as he took a step back.

Huh?

Stunned, Annie regained her senses, glancing at her hand still hanging in the air, then at Miles, who had stepped back.

Confusion welled in her eyes for a split second before she realized what she had done. She was too speechless to say a word in her defense.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to," she blurted out, echoing the exact words he had used, an embarrassed expression on her face as she lowered her hand.

Seeing this, the corners of his mouth twitched as he stepped forward.

"No problem."

With professional decorum, he pretended like nothing had happened and measured both sides of her waist.

"HMMMMMM," Annie hummed at his touch, and he promptly withdrew.

"Annie, you can tell me if you aren't comfortable, okay? I'll now begin the second step of this massage session."

With that, the suspended bed creaked under their weight as he got onto her and straddled her.

Chapter 228: A Tempting View

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"Ahhhhhhhhh!!"

Annie sharply gasped, jolting her waist upward, her eyes widening in disbelief and shock. Her face flushed with the brief moment of ecstasy.

Before she could comprehend what had just happened, Miles acted hastily and brushed his palm against her other nipple.

"Shit, sorry!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

His alarmed apology mixed with her sharp moan. Using her disoriented state from the effect of his Blissful Hands, he quickly pulled off her black sports bra and dropped it onto the floor.

Presented with the view of her completely bare upper body—oiled up, with her feminine abs and muscles strikingly defined—Miles' cock twitched in his pants, and a fetishized desire to feel her muscles with his dick bloomed in his heart. Especially her round, small, firm breasts.

He stayed silent by her side and savored the view while waiting for her to recover from the bliss.

"Annie? Are you okay?" he called out to her face after seeing the bliss fade into a lost, vacant look.

Annie nodded dumbly, experiencing a state of paralysis from the sudden flash of pleasure that struck her core. Her legs instinctively clamped together as she stared at his face, gathering moisture and heat as a certain emotion bloomed in her heart.

"Thank goodness," Miles expressed with a relieved sigh, then went on to apologize. "Sorry, I didn't mean to."

"...It's okay." After a brief, silent second, Annie spoke up, her voice faint with her eyes fixed on his bulge.

Holding her breath, she did something that made Miles pause.

Unable to hold back her curiosity, her hand launched toward his groin and grabbed the bulge.

"Yo!" Miles blurted out in shock at her audacity, staring down at her hand holding his dick through his pants.

Annie froze, disbelief in her eyes as she confirmed it. Hard like a metal pipe, yet somehow fleshy, pulsing at her touch.

Her mind short-circuited.

"It's really real," she muttered absentmindedly in a daze, readjusting her grip to feel it properly.

Fuck! She's got me good.

Miles cursed inwardly, barely holding back his urge to groan and show pleasure as she rubbed him.

Just as he contemplated taking action and getting down to the business of shoving it down her throat, his mind spawned another bright idea to maximize the thrill.

"Excuse me, ma'am, what are you doing?" he shouted, putting on an alarmed look as he took a step back.

Huh?

Stunned, Annie regained her senses, glancing at her hand still hanging in the air, then at Miles, who had stepped back.

Confusion welled in her eyes for a split second before she realized what she had done. She was too speechless to say a word in her defense.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to," she blurted out, echoing the exact words he had used, an embarrassed expression on her face as she lowered her hand.

Seeing this, the corners of his mouth twitched as he stepped forward.

"No problem."

With professional decorum, he pretended like nothing had happened and measured both sides of her waist.

"HMMMMMMM," Annie hummed at his touch, and he promptly withdrew.

"Annie, you can tell me if you aren't comfortable, okay? I'll now begin the second step of this massage session."

With that, the suspended bed creaked under their weight as he got onto her and straddled her.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 229: Annie's Guilt

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 229: Annie's Guilt

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"Annie, you can tell me if you aren't comfortable, okay? I'll now begin the second step of this massage session."

With that, the suspended bed creaked under their weight as he got onto her and straddled her.

"HMMMMMMMM."

As a result of Miles straddling her, Annie closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

She felt it: the bulge in his pants pressed against the lower right side of her tummy like it wanted to impale her. Inwardly grinding her teeth to hold back from moaning, she failed to realize what the greatest danger was.

Grinning at her boobs and her closed eyes, Miles grabbed the bottle and poured a scoop into his palm.

"This is all part of the process, Annie. Take a deep breath and relax. If you feel some sort of discomfort, don't hesitate to tell me."

That said, he clenched his oiled palm into a fist and directed the oil to drip onto her nipples.

"Here we go."

Absorbed in the sensation of his cock pressed against her, Annie's eyes jolted open in shock, sucking in a deep, ecstatic breath as he grabbed her sides firmly and massaged upward.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMM—!" Humming deeply, Annie felt overwhelmed by the bliss of his touch and instinctively grabbed his hands to stop him from going further.

"—It's too much for me! Stooppp! Ahhhhhhh!"

She screamed like a woman in labor, her voice cracking from bliss as he neared the sensitive part of her chest—those tempting boobs.

"I'm sorry, Annie, this has to be done to ease the blood flow around this part. I can't stop."

Seeing her protests while her petite frame was firmly locked in his grasp, Miles' cock twitched hard, and he barely restrained a grin while staring at her face.

Knowing what was to come, Annie shuddered and shook her head in protest, utilizing all her strength to hold off his hands from proceeding up, but failed.

Facing Miles' strength, all she could do was slowly widen her eyes as his slippery hands glided over her skin—

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!! HMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!"

Scooping every bit of her petite, firm breasts, Miles found them surprisingly welcoming and soft.

Rounding them up in his grasp, he squeezed them like oranges at an extremely sensual pace and captured her nipples between his thumbs and index fingers, rolling them with a smirk. She moaned at the top of her lungs, screaming to be freed from the bliss striking her core while gripping his hands tighter than cuffs.

"Yes, Annie. Scream and let out your stress. Your worries are no more. I'm sure Max would want you to, right? For tomorrow's big night?"

Like a devil's whisper, Miles spoke earnestly and triggered her fantasy.

'I would be a fool not to listen.'

Listening to her moans rise to a higher pitch, he grinned inwardly and leaned downward, still rubbing her nipples.

"Yes, Annie, keep it up. Max is going to love you more than he ever did after this," he whispered amidst the tremors of her moans, his lips dangerously close to her nipple as he waited patiently for her to absorb his words.

'Max.'

The name echoed in her subconsciousness, forming an image of the bulky giant she always boasted of.

Thinking about him, a wave of guilt hit her as she recalled that he was just at reception while she was moaning to her masseur—a teen playing with her nipples.

Forced by the guilt, her mind regained a bit of clarity, and she realized that none of what was happening was normal.

'This shouldn't be happening.'

She tried to shout her thoughts, but the only thing that came out was her trembling hum from Miles rubbing her nipples. She tried to pull his hands from her boobs but ended up supporting his hands as he massaged her boobs roughly.

She tried to bite her lips as a last-ditch effort to use the pain to recover her senses. But just as her teeth were about to snap down, Miles opened his mouth and gave her nipple a direct lick that struck her subconscious mind into factory reset mode—especially the light nibble that followed as he captured her firm softness in his mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Following the loud, trembling moan, her legs stretched out and her eyes rolled backward in ecstasy.

'Fuck!' Miles cursed inwardly as he realized the danger he had put himself in.

One of her hands first dug into his hair and pulled it; the other dug into the back of his neck with her fingers, drawing blood.

"...Yesssssss!!!!!"

Smooch!! Smooch!!

Stimulated by the pain, Miles sucked her breasts like a hungry kid.

The sheer aggression with which he opened and closed his mouth just to capture her boobs left a red imprint that would take days to clear. For two minutes, they were both locked in a fierce, hardcore exchange.

Deciding to break away, Miles' neck was bruised and Annie's boobs had several bite marks.

Feeling no pain, only intense stimulation, he stared down at her.

She looked completely helpless and tired, heaving heavily as she stared at him.

Smiling, he leaned in and began rubbing her hands.

"Ma'am—no, Annie. You've been a good girl, and I'm going to reward you. What do you say?"

By this time, he had reached her shoulders and slowly throttled her neck.

Annie closed her eyes, biting her lips softly with an expression of bliss, without trying to resist the breathlessness.

Seeing this, Miles smirked as he caught the scent of her moistened thighs. Inhaling a deep breath, he let go of her neck, and the next moment, the ripping sound of fabric filled the room. Freeing his hardened monster from its cage alongside his balls, he pressed it straight against her abs.

"Ahhhhh."

While feeling the seething warmth of the hard, meaty length on her belly, Annie's eyes instantly snapped open.

Filled with shock and surprise, she craned her neck and stared at the long, thick dragon pressed against her, appeasing her curiosity to finally see it.

Staring at it silently, she watched as Miles let go of it—allowing it to rise and point upward—until the moment he poured oil on it. Her eyes zoomed in, tracing every drop of oil that slid along its popping veins down to his scrotum, pooling between her abs.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

It was the sound of Miles slapping the heavy Mjölnir against her abdomen, oil splattering as droplets reached her chin and nose.

For the first time, Annie experienced a slow-motion love at first sight. His glistening cock was completely captured in her pupils, every slap of its heavy weight triggering something deep within her.

Staring at her dazed look, a flicker of a villainous glint flashed through his eyes as he satiated his fetish for feeling her muscles with his cock.

"I bet Max is bigger, right?"

Perfectly striking her guilty spot, he asked if her gym-head fiancé was bigger than him.

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Hearing the name of her fiancé, the guilt she had tried to conceal surfaced in her heart. The image of his tiny six-inch tool—the fatal flaw he possessed—also appeared in her mind.

How could it compare to Miles?

She bit her lip, unwilling to answer while watching him play with his cock on her belly.

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He slapped and rubbed her belly with his cock, smirking as he reached one hand toward her neck to choke her.

Annie showed no resistance, humming as he constricted her breathing.

"Tell me, is he bigger?"

He asked in a mocking tone, revealing his true colors now that she was trapped.

"Bad Annie. Bad girl."

He increased the force of his choking grip and sneered.

"I planned to reward you with this. Too bad. I guess I'll have Grace enjoy the fruit of her labor after all."

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With each word, he choked her tighter, and she struggled to breathe.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Dripping wet from imagining every scene from his words in vivid detail, Annie gasped, moaning as he let go of her neck.

"Still wanna be a bad girl?"

Miles sneered, and Annie quickly shook her head in refusal, successfully tamed.

"Talk," Miles commanded.

"You're bigger," Annie said with vigor, completely oblivious to the fact that she was submitting to a seventeen-year-old.

"Hehehe. I didn't hear you."

"You're bigger!" Annie shouted in a slutty tone, already squeezing her thighs together to fend off the dripping wetness.

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Saying this, he grabbed her hands and placed them on his cock.

Marveling at first, Annie acted stiff, but soon began to stroke his oiled shaft.

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Chapter 229: Annie's Guilt

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Marveling at first, Annie acted stiff, but soon began to stroke his oiled shaft.

"Arrggg!" Miles groaned, enjoying the feel of her touch.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 230: Annie's Kink

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"Argh."

Groaning deeply, he gritted his teeth as she stroked his cock, shuffling across its shaft at a fast pace.

Seeing the look of ecstasy on his face while holding his cock—which was bigger than the size of a weight bar—she thrashed her other arm in support and wrapped his balls in her grasp.

"Hmmm." Inhaling a deep, stifled breath, Miles leaned in and slowly choked her while she played with his cock.

Closing her eyes from the strangulation, Annie managed to hold out for two minutes before letting go of his cock, rapidly tapping his arm.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!"

She gasped for oxygen, dripping wet from the desperation and pleasure she experienced.

Grinning at her flushed, purple face, Miles got down from straddling her, but not before tasting her nipple one more time.

"Ahhhhh! Hmmmmm."

Annie moaned and jolted in bliss.

"Now to the most crucial part of this session. Ease your breathing and relax."

Though there was no need for roleplaying anymore, Miles enjoyed the thrill of it.

Rubbing her waist and making her squirm from the pleasure of his touch, he traced his finger down to her thigh, then her foot.

Grabbing her toes, he unlocked them from the joint with a swift pull.

Crack.

"Ahhhhh!"

Annie gasped loudly, stiffening her legs with a look of pain that turned into bliss a split second later.

Moving to her other leg, Miles performed the same technique, cracking her toes before proceeding to ease the accumulated stress points around her feet.

Meanwhile, Annie lay still on the bed like a sacrificial lamb, not moving an inch, filled with lustful anticipation as his hands traveled across her body.

There was a moment of silence in the room, and her body suddenly tensed with glee.

Closing her eyes, she hummed erotically as his magical hands rubbed upward against her thighs while he spread them wider.

It wasn't long before they slipped beneath that waistband and began to pull down her spandex shorts.

Arching upward to the rhythm of his movement, her pussy squirmed as it felt the air brush past it.

Seeing the soaked center, Miles smirked as he slipped them off and threw them where he had kept her bra, finally getting rid of the disgusting pair.

Staring at her body, Miles keenly observed the cleanly shaved area with a slimy pink slit beneath.

"Damn, you have it on premium."

Unable to hold back his compliment, he smirked as he grabbed her legs and put them on his shoulders.

Annie held onto the side of the bed and hummed, obviously excited by his comment before what he said next.

"You came to the right place, Annie. Finally time to do you the justice you need. Come to think of it, are you gonna live your whole life settling for the average?"

His words threw Annie into a trance, a guilty and dirty pleasure blooming in her heart at the reality of cheating on her fiancé.

"Are you?"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Before she could think much about it, Miles' impatient voice came again, and she let out a sudden, loud, ecstatic cry, jolting and arching her waist upward with her neck craned backward. Her mouth was unable to close.

As if that wasn't enough, he drilled his fingers deep inside her slippery pussy, completely burying them inside her with a consistent twitch.

Grabbing both sides of the bed, Annie remained in the same position, unable to speak as she experienced her orgasm a moment later.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Miles kept his fingers buried but deactivated his ability to let her catch her breath.

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm."

Annie hummed for a few extra seconds before being able to speak again.

"No!! I don't want to settle for average!" she said, clenching his fingers tight in her pussy.

"Good."

Miles smiled, showing he was content with her reply, and smoothly slid in his index finger to join the fray.

Annie hummed, arching her waist slightly to his thrusts with a quivering breathing pace.

"I'm sure Max is a good guy. Your pookie, huh?"

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmmm."

Letting each of his words engrain themselves deeply in her heart, he activated his blissful hands and began to thrust his fingers inside her to the rhythm of his words, making her moan as the pleasure washed away the guilt in her heart, degrading her self-worth.

And as for why Miles chose this vile method instead of just getting done with her, it was because of her earlier attempt to make Grace jealous of the improper faction she called a relationship. In other terms, the way she behaved like nothing could break apart their union—yet who would expect that she would be shaken by just the bulge in his pants a second after her partner left.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh!..."

Annie cried out in bliss as he locked his arm around her legs, which were on his shoulders, and fingered her at a fast pace with wet, slurping sounds.

"Tell me where your pookie is now. I bet he never makes you feel this good. Should I call him? I wonder how he's going to feel when he sees his bride-to-be, a day from now, moaning for another man."

Each of his words sawed deep through her brain.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Annie cried at the top of her lungs, trembling as she came from every word he said, feeling an incredibly dirty and wild, never-before-felt thrill course through her body.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

She came instantly, breathing and panting heavily with trickles of sweat trailing down her forehead.

Unable to close her mouth, her eyes rolled to the back of her head in extreme pleasure, and she was just about to pass out until he pulled his fingers out of her with a squeaky slurp.

"Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm."

Despite her breathing sounding like a hummed cry, Miles turned her ass slightly to the side and slapped her cheek so hard that she moaned, recovering a bit of mental clarity so as not to pass out.

Watching her fluid flow freely and wet the bed for a moment, he held her waist and roughly tugged her toward him until her ass was past the edge. He brought down her legs from his shoulders and placed his hands beneath her surprisingly soft ass—a huge contrast to the stiff, hard mold he expected due to her gymming.

That's a surprise, he thought, squeezing it a few extra times.

Gritting through the pleasure, Annie shakily rested on her elbows as her lower body hung in the air, supported by his hands.

"That's some gooey, dripping pussy, Annie. You were so turned on by the thought of being caught moaning like a slutty bitch that you came so hard." Teasing her, he reached out his free hand to touch her chin while she guiltily tried to avoid his gaze.

"Look here," he commanded, and she stopped trying to look away.

Leaning slightly toward her face, his frown turned to a jovial smile as he whispered softly, "Let's upgrade that imagination of yours."

Annie trembled, slightly lowering her gaze to his thick, pointed rod, and swallowed in anticipation, a hungry, lustful desire flickering in her eyes.

Adjusting his grip on her ass, he leaned back and brought his cock close to her dripping pussy.

Pushing just the head inside, he stopped and watched as her mouth hung open with a look of ecstasy on her face.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Annie cried out, whimpering like a kitten as she felt both the weight and size of his cock, stretching what she knew to be the limit of her pussy to accommodate it.

Smirking, he assumed storyteller mode to target her moral values and fantasies.

"Instead of just moaning, what if he sees you with something he always wished he had? Such a big cock... I'm sure he would understand your predicament. Your little pookie."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

He sharply buried the last inch of his cock to the base, and Annie gasped, letting out several sharp breaths like a woman in labor as her womb and pussy tried to process what they had taken.

Grabbing her waist, he began thrusting and slamming hard into her with her legs in the air.

Going between five inches and nine, Annie had no moment to catch her breath.

"Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!"

She cried with every thrust until her voice grew faint and her face flushed.

"Daddy! Daddy! Noooooo!!! Yesssss!!!" she would cry out often, speaking words she didn't even understand.

"Argh."

With one final growl and moan, she came, and he pulled out, cumming on her abs in several waves.

Chapter 230: Annie's Kink

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Meanwhile, Annie lay still on the bed like a sacrificial lamb, not moving an inch, filled with lustful anticipation as his hands traveled across her body.

There was a moment of silence in the room, and her body suddenly tensed with glee.

Closing her eyes, she hummed erotically as his magical hands rubbed upward against her thighs while he spread them wider.

It wasn't long before they slipped beneath that waistband and began to pull down her spandex shorts.

Arching upward to the rhythm of his movement, her pussy squirmed as it felt the air brush past it.

Seeing the soaked center, Miles smirked as he slipped them off and threw them where he had kept her bra, finally getting rid of the disgusting pair.

Staring at her body, Miles keenly observed the cleanly shaved area with a slimy pink slit beneath.

"Damn, you have it on premium."

Unable to hold back his compliment, he smirked as he grabbed her legs and put them on his shoulders.

Annie held onto the side of the bed and hummed, obviously excited by his comment before what he said next.

"You came to the right place, Annie. Finally time to do you the justice you need. Come to think of it, are you gonna live your whole life settling for the average?"

His words threw Annie into a trance, a guilty and dirty pleasure blooming in her heart at the reality of cheating on her fiancé.

"Are you?"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Before she could think much about it, Miles' impatient voice came again, and she let out a sudden, loud, ecstatic cry, jolting and arching her waist upward with her neck craned backward. Her mouth was unable to close.

As if that wasn't enough, he drilled his fingers deep inside her slippery pussy, completely burying them inside her with a consistent twitch.

Grabbing both sides of the bed, Annie remained in the same position, unable to speak as she experienced her orgasm a moment later.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

Miles kept his fingers buried but deactivated his ability to let her catch her breath.

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm."

Annie hummed for a few extra seconds before being able to speak again.

"No!! I don't want to settle for average!" she said, clenching his fingers tight in her pussy.

"Good."

Miles smiled, showing he was content with her reply, and smoothly slid in his index finger to join the fray.

Annie hummed, arching her waist slightly to his thrusts with a quivering breathing pace.

"I'm sure Max is a good guy. Your pookie, huh?"

"Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmmm."

Letting each of his words engrain themselves deeply in her heart, he activated his blissful hands and began to thrust his fingers inside her to the rhythm of his words, making her moan as the pleasure washed away the guilt in her heart, degrading her self-worth.

And as for why Miles chose this vile method instead of just getting done with her, it was because of her earlier attempt to make Grace jealous of the improper faction she called a relationship. In other terms, the way she behaved like nothing could break apart their

union—yet who would expect that she would be shaken by just the bulge in his pants a second after her partner left.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh!..."

Annie cried out in bliss as he locked his arm around her legs, which were on his shoulders, and fingered her at a fast pace with wet, slurping sounds.

"Tell me where your pookie is now. I bet he never makes you feel this good. Should I call him? I wonder how he's going to feel when he sees his bride-to-be, a day from now, moaning for another man."

Each of his words sawed deep through her brain.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Annie cried at the top of her lungs, trembling as she came from every word he said, feeling an incredibly dirty and wild, never-before-felt thrill course through her body.

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmm."

She came instantly, breathing and panting heavily with trickles of sweat trailing down her forehead.

Unable to close her mouth, her eyes rolled to the back of her head in extreme pleasure, and she was just about to pass out until he pulled his fingers out of her with a squeaky slurp.

"Hmmmm. Hmm. Hmmmm."

Despite her breathing sounding like a hummed cry, Miles turned her ass slightly to the side and slapped her cheek so hard that she moaned, recovering a bit of mental clarity so as not to pass out.

Watching her fluid flow freely and wet the bed for a moment, he held her waist and roughly tugged her toward him until her ass was past the edge. He brought down her legs from his shoulders and placed his hands beneath her surprisingly soft ass—a huge contrast to the stiff, hard mold he expected due to her gymming.

That's a surprise, he thought, squeezing it a few extra times.

Gritting through the pleasure, Annie shakily rested on her elbows as her lower body hung in the air, supported by his hands.

"That's some gooey, dripping pussy, Annie. You were so turned on by the thought of being caught moaning like a slutty bitch that you came so hard." Teasing her, he reached out his free hand to touch her chin while she guiltily tried to avoid his gaze.

"Look here," he commanded, and she stopped trying to look away.

Leaning slightly toward her face, his frown turned to a jovial smile as he whispered softly, "Let's upgrade that imagination of yours."

Annie trembled, slightly lowering her gaze to his thick, pointed rod, and swallowed in anticipation, a hungry, lustful desire flickering in her eyes.

Adjusting his grip on her ass, he leaned back and brought his cock close to her dripping pussy.

Pushing just the head inside, he stopped and watched as her mouth hung open with a look of ecstasy on her face.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Annie cried out, whimpering like a kitten as she felt both the weight and size of his cock, stretching what she knew to be the limit of her pussy to accommodate it.

Smirking, he assumed storyteller mode to target her moral values and fantasies.

"Instead of just moaning, what if he sees you with something he always wished he had? Such a big cock... I'm sure he would understand your predicament. Your little pookie."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

He sharply buried the last inch of his cock to the base, and Annie gasped, letting out several sharp breaths like a woman in labor as her womb and pussy tried to process what they had taken.

Grabbing her waist, he began thrusting and slamming hard into her with her legs in the air.

Going between five inches and nine, Annie had no moment to catch her breath.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!"

She cried with every thrust until her voice grew faint and her face flushed.

"Daddy! Daddy! Noooooooo!!! Yessssss!!" she would cry out often, speaking words she didn't even understand.

"Argh."

With one final growl and moan, she came, and he pulled out, cumming on her abs in several waves.