

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 231: Grace's Adoration

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"Ahhhhhhh! Hmmm! Hmmm!"

Annie's soft, breaking moan filled the room. Trembling and squirming, she finally let go of the edges of the bed and closed her eyes as if to embed the sensation of his hot cum flowing between her abs.

Also filled with immense satisfaction, Miles closed his eyes as he absorbed the pleasure.

A couple of seconds later, he let go of her legs and headed to the dressing room.

Two minutes later, having cleaned himself up, especially his dick, he saw Annie still trying to recover and reminded her that her fiancé was still waiting outside.

Seeing her eyes flash with guilt, then a thrill, he was tempted to make her kneel and fuck her throat, but held back after recalling that Grace was still starved.

Opening the door, he left the room and walked to Grace's office.

Escaping the intense, aromatic scent, he saw Grace already looking in his direction with an expression of curiosity and anticipation.

The moment he closed the door behind him, she blasted him with questions.

"So? How did it go? You fucked her?"

At this moment, the usually composed Grace revealed the most girly part of her—a privilege she gave only to Miles.

Smirking with a grin, Miles didn't reply and walked toward the office door. Twisting the key, he made sure it was locked before turning to her. Slowly walking toward her, he stretched out his hands for her to hold.

"Well, she couldn't stop staring at my Big Mac, so I gave her a taste of the cheese," he revealed, causing a look of surprise and shock to show on her face.

Pausing for a moment, Grace recalled Annie's devoted look when blabbering about couple goals, trying to show off her bulky, huge fiancé. Yet a couple of minutes after acting like a destiny-made partner, she went on a test drive of Miles' monster cock while her fiancé was still in the same building.

Amazed, Grace stared at Miles like he was some god of tricks.

"Feels surreal," she finally managed to utter with a shake of her head.

"You should have seen her face when I mentioned her fiancé bursting in—she came instantly," Miles sneered.

"Is she okay now?" Caring for her client's well-being, Grace asked.

"Well, at least it's going to take her a couple more minutes to get up."

Hearing this, Grace felt heat surge through her thighs at the thought of what he had done.

She looked into his eyes and he grinned; without exchanging any words, their needs were conveyed.

The next moment... Miles swiftly moved his hand and grabbed her neck with a sudden chokehold.

"Ahhhhh!" Grace gasped, her eyes widening with a naughty look on her face while trying to catch her breath.

Thump.

"Ahhhh!" She gasped loudly again as he pushed her back against the wall.

Reaching up with both hands to grab his wrist, Grace struggled to keep her eyes open, obviously suffocated.

"Bad girl."

Reversing his grip, he pulled her from the wall and turned her one hundred and eighty degrees, pushing her back against him with his bulge clearly felt against her ass.

"Hmmmmmmmm." Grace hummed erotically at the sensation of his bulge, closing her eyes with a look of ecstasy.

Rubbing her pussy through her pants for a moment, Miles let go and reached his hand high. He grabbed her boobs through two solid layers of defense and began groping them.

"Ahhhhh! Hmmmmmmmmmm."

Being choked with her ass feeling his cock at the same time—coupled with his fierce groping of her breasts through her shirt and bra—Grace melted into his embrace.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!"

Easing his hold on her neck, her moans became a soft, delicate cry of pleasure while she ground her ass against his dick.

Leaning slightly, Miles nibbled on her ear and kissed her neck.

Smooch! Smooch!

"HMMMMMMMM! HMMMMMM!" Grace hummed, turning and twisting her neck when he bit her skin lightly.

Unsatisfied with groping through the shirt, Miles snaked his hand beneath, pushed up her bra, and greedily tried to grab both with just one hand.

Activating blissful hands, he cupped one of her twins and rubbed the tip with his finger.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!!"

Craning her neck high, Grace moaned out loud, grinding her ass against him with even more momentum.

"Fuck!" Miles cursed. Never rocked like this before, his desire reached its boiling point. Wanting to blow off steam, he didn't waste any time.

With a simple tug on her neck, Grace understood and bent forward, placing her two hands against the wall.

Reluctantly letting go of her soft boobs, Miles arched slightly and grabbed the bands of her pants and panties, pulling them down her ass.

With no visual, Miles used one of his fingers to locate her dripping pussy and smoothly glided in.

"Ahhh—rrrrrrrrrh..." Grace gasped at a high pitch, but was instantly silenced and gagged by Miles increasing the force behind his grip.

Pulling down his pants, Miles grabbed and directed his raging nine inches inside her pussy.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!"

Feeling the long-missed sensation of his cock slowly piercing her dripping cunt, Grace hummed loudly despite his choking grip around her throat.

"...mmmmmm!" She couldn't close her mouth until he was inches deep and stopped.

Letting her catch her breath, Miles let go of his cock and lowered his back slightly into a thrusting position. His hand sneaked beneath her top once more and grabbed the two dangling twins. Feeling her strongly erect nipples with his fingers, he pinched them and groped her with great satisfaction while slowly thrusting deeper with a tight grip on her neck.

"Arrrrrrhhhhhhh! Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm."

With deeper thrusts, Grace groaned erotically, and with every withdrawal she hummed, sucking in a deep breath as her eyes rolled back.

"Argh!" Miles groaned, clenching his teeth as he held his breath each time the slippery, tight feeling of her pussy clenched right around him.

Listening to Grace moan and hum under his thrusts, he choked her tightly and squeezed her tits like sliced oranges.

Going through such intense bliss, Grace naturally came quicker.

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Argh!" Miles groaned, clenching his teeth as he held his breath each time the slippery, tight feeling of her pussy clenched right around him.

Listening to Grace moan and hum under his thrusts, he choked her tightly and squeezed her tits like sliced oranges.

Going through such intense pain and bliss, Grace naturally came quicker, but Miles didn't stop thrusting. Instead, he exerted even more force into slamming her, making her hum as her breasts jingled in his grasp.

Easing the tight clench on her throat, Grace took the opportunity to moan to her heart's desire.

"Ahhhhhh! Abhhhhhhhh! Yes, daddddy! Fuck me!— Mmmmmmmmmphhh. My cunt is yours—Ahhhhhhhhhh!! Yesssss!!! Hmmmmmm!!!"

Letting go of her throat, Miles chose to satisfy his desire to clench her boobs instead. Cupping them tightly in both hands, he began squeezing while digging into her pussy with his cock.

A minute later, Miles withdrew his cock, dripping with her fluid as she came again. Both heaving with lust in their eyes, Grace didn't hesitate to leap onto him, despite her arms feeling numb from withstanding the force of his thrusts.

Scooping her up mid-air with his arms hooked beneath her thighs, he pressed her against the wall. She released one hand to help guide his impatient dick back in.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!"

She moaned loudly when she felt the familiar sensation of his cock widening her inside.

"Arrggghh!"

Miles groaned with bestial pleasure, feeling the tight clench around his cock brought to its peak.

Grace locked her fingers in his hair, readying herself to be torn apart once more. But just as they were about to start the final round—

Click.

The door to the VIP massage room opened and Annie stepped outside, halting with a shocked expression as she saw Grace hooked mid-air against the wall with Miles's cock buried halfway inside her.

Without her even realizing it, the lingering ache in her pussy from Miles's handiwork sent a sudden jolt of pleasure straight through her. Triggered instantly by the sight before her, her rosy face flushed deep red.

She wanted to speak, but found her mouth devoid of words.

At the same time, Miles felt the already tight clench of Grace's pussy squeeze him tighter than ever the moment Annie stepped in.

Gritting his teeth, he endured the sensation while checking Annie out.

"Miles..."

After about eight seconds of both sides staring at each other, Grace spoke first, calling his name and tapping his shoulder for him to let her down—obviously choosing to be rational over her desire.

Withdrawing his gaze from Annie, Miles looked into Grace's eyes with a smirk.

"You know I can feel the tight clench of your pussy right now," he said, making her bite her lip with a nearly crazed expression of pleasure.

Without hesitation, Miles drove his cock all the way in, burying it down to the base inside her pussy.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

"Argh!"

Grace let out a sharp, ecstatic cry of bliss, grabbing his hair while he groaned from pushing against the ultimate tight grip of her pussy.

"Hmmmmmmmm!!!"

Grace sucked in a deep breath as he withdrew his cock. She closed her eyes, feeling the bliss double simply because she was being watched by her client.

Then the second thrust came, followed by the third, fourth, and fifth.

It wasn't a fast or slow pace—it was a calculated rhythm that enforced depth and power. Each thrust drove deep inside her, hitting her G-spot in a continuous combo.

Grace came once, twice, and thrice. Her deafening moans, alongside the loud slapping of their bodies, filled the room.

Frozen, Annie stood there watching a super HD Pro Max porn scene unfold in real life, dripping wet through her now soiled underwear.

"Arhhhhh!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

With one final, deep thrust, Miles groaned and came, followed immediately by Grace.

Supported only by his arms, she hung loosely against the wall with her legs suspended in the air.

Swallowing hard, Annie stared at Grace's pussy leaking juice and Miles's semen, deeply wishing she was the one pressed against that wall instead.

The two figures remained glued together for a full minute before Miles carried her back to her seat.

Nestling Grace gently onto her feet, Miles held her, knowing she would stagger.

"Arggh!"

As expected, Grace groaned, struggling to regain her balance before she finally managed to stand on her own.

Miles helped her pull up her pants and undies, patting her shoulders comfortingly.

"You can clean yourself up once you regain the ability to walk," he whispered victoriously.

Grace was unable to refute him. She merely pushed his hands away from her shoulders and scrunched her face as she tried to tuck her breasts back into her bra, mourning her sore nipples from Miles's ruthless groping.

Meanwhile, Annie watched dumbfoundedly as the two acted like nothing had happened, all while she suffered from the persistent ache between her own legs.

"Miss Annie."

After putting her breasts back where they belonged, Grace assumed her usual cold, professional demeanor and called out to her stunned client.

Broken from the spell, Annie let out an "Oh," adjusting her clothes as she walked toward the desk.

"Can you walk properly?" Grace asked, noticing the strange pattern in her gait.

Forcing a smile, Annie nodded, understanding it was best to act as if nothing had transpired.

"It took me a while, but I'm okay."

"Thank you for patronizing our services. We are always open for future bookings," Grace said smoothly.

"It was worth it, thank you." Annie nodded, sharing a moment of mutual understanding before turning to walk away.

Unlocking the door, she stepped out and walked through the reception area.

"Honey bear."

At the sight of her tall, muscular fiancé sitting cross-legged in the waiting area staring at his phone, Annie called out to him with a smile.

Revealing a faint smile of his own, the man stood up and walked toward her for a hug.

"Pookie." Kissing her forehead, he hugged her tightly and held her hand. "So, how was it?" he asked curiously, having initially been against the idea of paying for such an expensive spa.

"It was great and totally worth it." Annie put on a bright smile, hiding her guilt as they began walking toward the exit.

Suddenly, her fiancé stopped and looked at her with a puzzled expression. "Is your leg hurt?" he asked.

"Got my limbs stretched a bit too hard. She said it's normal and will vanish after five hours of rest." Already prepared, Annie lied smoothly.

"Oh, okay." Her fiancé nodded, and the two left the spa.

Meanwhile, the receptionist watched them go with an amused, intrigued expression.

"I wonder how they fuck," she muttered to herself.

A couple of minutes later, in Grace's office.

"I'm clocking out. Got exams to attend to, and my schedule is pretty tight for the week. I can only take one client tomorrow—actually, I've got something going on tomorrow, so let's rule that out entirely, alright?"

Leaving behind the quick details of his schedule, Miles kissed Grace and squeezed her breast with a grin.

"Bye, boss."

"Bye, daddy."

With that, he left the spa just moments after Aaliyah and the other employees clocked out of their respective treatment rooms.

Somewhere at the Dominic City Police Station.

The yellow-orange glow of the sunset settled over the five-story building that sprawled across five hectares of land.

Outside the facility, several patrol cars were parked idly while a few uniformed officers walked toward the building. They were conversing in low tones until they saw a woman in a sharp monochromatic suit walk out of the building with a donut in hand.

Natalia Voss.

As a high-ranking officer, she was afforded many privileges—one of which was clocking out early.

Biting into the donut, she ate it with delight, paying no mind to the junior officers eyeing her.

Walking toward the parking lot, she held the donut in her mouth and dug into her bag for her keys, the sharp clack-clack of her heels echoing with every step.

Just as she reached her car and opened the door—

"Captain! Captain! Captain!" a gasping voice called out from afar.

Tilting her head, she saw one of her close lieutenants, Mark, running toward her while waving his hand.

Swallowing the last piece of the donut as he arrived, she raised a questioning brow.

"Any problem?" she asked directly, clearly impatient to leave.

Making a wait gesture, the lieutenant heaved, trying to catch his breath before handing her a case file.

"I just met a buddy from the Missing Persons Department. He said they're currently handling a case involving missing high school students, but they've hit a total dead end on leads. It's highly suspected to be a kidnapping. They begged me to hand this over to you—thought your insight might help them land a breakthrough. This case file contains everything on the victims and prime suspects."

The lieutenant gave her a pleading smile.

Frowning at him, Natalia considered rejecting it, but changed her mind and took the file without a word.

Slam!

She closed the car door, and the engine roared to life.

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 233: Josephine Snitches

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Sinclair's Mansion.

Upon getting home, Miles was shocked when he met Josephine dressed in comfy clothes with a book in her hand.

"Oh no! You've got to be kidding me. Are you fucking reading right now?"

He shouted in disbelief, staring at her like he'd seen a ghost.

Taking a breath, Josephine rolled her eyes at him as if wishing she could land a sucker punch.

"What do you think? I'm a bum who loves to move around? Slow-witted, or some stupid cocksucking bitch?"

She asked, sounding annoyed by his astonishment when she recalled Cassie had the same reaction a few minutes ago.

"Woah, woah, pal. Take it easy, no need to take it personally... Well, it's not like we've ever seen you read a book."

Miles sneered, switching from trying to console her to making a brutal remark.

"Bastard!" Josephine snapped and threw the book in her hands at him.

"Arrgghh."

Grunting as it hit his chest, he grabbed the book and then laughed lightly, handing it back over as he walked up the stairs.

Inside his room, he quickly took a bath and returned to his bed to rest.

Of course, he also had to reply to Chloe's texts before taking a nap.

It was dinner time.

Seated around Sinclair's table, everyone quickly dived into their food as they dined in silence.

For a while, the space was filled with the clatter of cutlery against ceramic plates.

Chewing on a piece of sliced steak, Hannah held up her glass of juice and sipped from it before glancing at her four children.

"So, is anyone going to talk about how school went today? Or maybe work?"

She landed her eyes on Deb after scanning the other three.

In response, it was Cassie who paused first.

"Nope. It was just the usual, preparing for the upcoming contest."

"Oh, that's great. How's your practice going? Oh, I've never really thought of it before—who is your dance partner?"

Hearing Hannah's words, Cassie, who was about to gulp down the water in her mouth, almost choked and covered her face.

To the side, Miles chewed on his steak, holding back a grin from forming on his face as he watched Cassie try to recover herself, recalling that she had given him a blowjob.

Managing to recover fast enough, Cassie wiped her mouth and tried not to glance in Miles's direction.

"Dance partner? It'll be a surprise when I perform," Cassie said, making Hannah reveal a curious, interested smile.

"Oh? He must be a lovely, interesting boy then."

Hannah said teasingly, making Cassie blush.

"Mom!" she called out, pouting while secretly tilting her eyes toward Miles.

"Okay, okay, I'm very much open to a surprise," Hannah said, dropping the topic as she turned to Miles.

"What about you, Miles? The exams?"

She asked the moment he finished chewing.

"Well, it was just the usual. Nothing much."

Miles casually shrugged his shoulders, and at the opposite side of the table, Josephine glared at him.

"Phine?"

Hannah nodded and turned to Josephine.

"It's just the exams, but I'm doing very okay."

"That's great. Have you decided yet on which college you want to attend?"

Hannah asked, and Josephine shook her head.

"Not yet. I'm hoping for recommendations for fashion design schools that have partnered with famous brands."

Josephine said, showing a look of lamentation as if to tell them about her failed attempts.

Hannah's expression turned serious upon hearing this, then quickly softened into a smile.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll see what I can do about that."

"Yesss," Josephine squealed, nodding delightedly.

But then, just as Hannah was about to shift her gaze to Deb, Josephine spoke again, her eyes fixed on Miles.

"Miles? Are you actually going to pretend like nothing happened today?"

Josephine asked, obviously annoyed.

"Huh?"

Stunned, Miles raised his head toward her and stopped chewing his slice of steak, appearing confused.

Seeing this look, Josephine sneered, catching the interest of everyone at the table before she spoke again, snapping her head toward Hannah.

"Mom, a bunch of officers came to our school earlier today and harassed Miles, saying he was a suspect for the disappearance of a bunch of idiots who used to bully him. You should have seen them, all high and mighty trying to intimidate him."

The next instant, everyone paused and sharply glanced at Miles, who looked stunned.

Hannah's eyes lit with rage, and the atmosphere at the table turned tense.

"Are you seriously not going to say anything to defend against what your sister just said?"

Hannah blasted, reaching out her hand to squeeze his ear between her fingers.

Though he might be her secret daddy, she was still his mom, a legal adult, unlike him, who only acted like one.

"Arrrgghhhh!!"

Miles screamed the moment she pulled his ear, arching up slightly to ease the pain.

"You stubborn head. Why didn't you reach out to me or let the school call me over? What right do they have to outright say you're a suspect?"

She fumed, still pulling his ear tight before letting go.

"Arrgghh."

Miles winced as he sat back down, rubbing his ear.

Heaving heavily, Hannah stared at him so fiercely that he almost got a hard-on.

However, Miles remained composed, smiling as he rubbed his ear.

"It's okay, Mom. I had it under control. Told them I wasn't going to speak unless I had my lawyer, and straight-up walked out on them since they weren't going to help me write my papers."

Hearing this, Hannah's expression finally eased. But she still glared at him as she sat back down in her seat.

"I'll go see both your principal and the police tomorrow," she said, and Miles only smiled, saying nothing.

Glancing at Josephine, though, he silently lip-synced the word "snitch" with a secret middle finger, but Josephine merely rolled her eyes and turned away.

After that, they all dined in silence, and Miles chose to wash the dishes as usual before going to his room.

At the same time, somewhere within Dominic City, in a famous and wealthy residential building area—specifically in an apartment building known for bachelors.

"Ahhhh!"

A stretched, satisfied gasp filled the room.

Walking out of the bathroom after finishing her routine workout and having a hot, relaxing bath, Natalie, wrapped in a loose robe, could be seen stretching her limbs with her hair dripping wet. Strands of hair plastered along her forehead added more allure to her beauty.

Exhaling as she glanced around the room, she instantly slid down her robe, revealing a voluptuously curved body shape. It comprised a firm, heavy rear, a slender waist, and large, firm breasts that dangled with each step. She also had defined abs, and her arms showed toned muscles built from a strict training routine.

Slipping on comfy pajama pants and a long-sleeved shirt, Natalie picked up the hairdryer, and soon the sound of the device filled the room. A couple of minutes later, she was done and gathered her hair loosely behind her.

Cracking her knuckles, she left the room and walked toward her fridge.

Bringing out a canned, chilled beer, she opened it with a hiss and took a sip.

"Hummmmmmmmm!"

She hummed loudly, relishing the refreshing taste with a wide smile, finally having a moment to unwind after a stressful day.

She smiled, walking into the parlor with her eyes on the closed pizza box on the table, and grabbed the remote.

Placing the beer next to the box, she was about to turn on the TV when she suddenly paused, dropped the remote, and walked back inside her room to fetch the case file from her bag.

Placing it next to the beer, she opened the pizza box and took a bite before picking up the file.

She absentmindedly read the subheadings first.

"Hmm? Mysterious disappearance of four high school students?"

The moment she read these words, a wave of epiphany suddenly struck her because the word "high school" felt oddly familiar.

"Right, didn't I ask him to speak with the other parents about that night's party?" She mused, thinking about the unsolved murder case and the birthday party from that same night.

An idea flashed that the two cases might be related, but she quickly dismissed it.

Opening the file, she began reading reports of how the four individuals were kidnapped from their homes around the same time, making it apparent that it wasn't upside-down solo job, but rather the work of a sophisticated group capable of breaking into a secured estate.

She also read about the four high school kids' bullying history and how their kidnapping was suspected to be a form of revenge.

Flipping the file to the next page, she saw a list of suspects, and the number one suspect was Miles Sinclair—a youth with a strange case where his brain matter was found alongside a pool of blood matching his DNA, yet he wasn't dead or injured.

"Interesting. Is this some kind of supernatural shit?"

She mused, sipping her beer.

Chapter 233: Josephine Snitches

Sinclair's Mansion.

Upon getting home, Miles was shocked when he met Josephine dressed in comfy clothes with a book in her hand.

"Oh no! You've got to be kidding me. Are you fucking reading right now?"

He shouted in disbelief, staring at her like he'd seen a ghost.

Taking a breath, Josephine rolled her eyes at him as if wishing she could land a sucker punch.

"What do you think? I'm a bum who loves to move around? Slow-witted, or some stupid cocksucking bitch?"

She asked, sounding annoyed by his astonishment when she recalled Cassie had the same reaction a few minutes ago.

"Woah, woah, pal. Take it easy, no need to take it personally... Well, it's not like we've ever seen you read a book."

Miles sneered, switching from trying to console her to making a brutal remark.

"Bastard!" Josephine snapped and threw the book in her hands at him.

"Arrgghh."

Grunting as it hit his chest, he grabbed the book and then laughed lightly, handing it back over as he walked up the stairs.

Inside his room, he quickly took a bath and returned to his bed to rest.

Of course, he also had to reply to Chloe's texts before taking a nap.

It was dinner time.

Seated around Sinclair's table, everyone quickly dived into their food as they dined in silence.

For a while, the space was filled with the clatter of cutlery against ceramic plates.

Chewing on a piece of sliced steak, Hannah held up her glass of juice and sipped from it before glancing at her four children.

"So, is anyone going to talk about how school went today? Or maybe work?"

She landed her eyes on Deb after scanning the other three.

In response, it was Cassie who paused first.

"Nope. It was just the usual, preparing for the upcoming contest."

"Oh, that's great. How's your practice going? Oh, I've never really thought of it before—who is your dance partner?"

Hearing Hannah's words, Cassie, who was about to gulp down the water in her mouth, almost choked and covered her face.

To the side, Miles chewed on his steak, holding back a grin from forming on his face as he watched Cassie try to recover herself, recalling that she had given him a blowjob.

Managing to recover fast enough, Cassie wiped her mouth and tried not to glance in Miles's direction.

"Dance partner? It'll be a surprise when I perform," Cassie said, making Hannah reveal a curious, interested smile.

"Oh? He must be a lovely, interesting boy then."

Hannah said teasingly, making Cassie blush.

"Mom!" she called out, pouting while secretly tilting her eyes toward Miles.

"Okay, okay, I'm very much open to a surprise," Hannah said, dropping the topic as she turned to Miles.

"What about you, Miles? The exams?"

She asked the moment he finished chewing.

"Well, it was just the usual. Nothing much."

Miles casually shrugged his shoulders, and at the opposite side of the table, Josephine glared at him.

"Phine?"

Hannah nodded and turned to Josephine.

"It's just the exams, but I'm doing very okay."

"That's great. Have you decided yet on which college you want to attend?"

Hannah asked, and Josephine shook her head.

"Not yet. I'm hoping for recommendations for fashion design schools that have partnered with famous brands."

Josephine said, showing a look of lamentation as if to tell them about her failed attempts.

Hannah's expression turned serious upon hearing this, then quickly softened into a smile.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll see what I can do about that."

"Yesss," Josephine squealed, nodding delightedly.

But then, just as Hannah was about to shift her gaze to Deb, Josephine spoke again, her eyes fixed on Miles.

"Miles? Are you actually going to pretend like nothing happened today?"

Josephine asked, obviously annoyed.

"Huh?"

Stunned, Miles raised his head toward her and stopped chewing his slice of steak, appearing confused.

Seeing this look, Josephine sneered, catching the interest of everyone at the table before she spoke again, snapping her head toward Hannah.

"Mom, a bunch of officers came to our school earlier today and harassed Miles, saying he was a suspect for the disappearance of a bunch of idiots who used to bully him. You should have seen them, all high and mighty trying to intimidate him."

The next instant, everyone paused and sharply glanced at Miles, who looked stunned.

Hannah's eyes lit with rage, and the atmosphere at the table turned tense.

"Are you seriously not going to say anything to defend against what your sister just said?"

Hannah blasted, reaching out her hand to squeeze his ear between her fingers.

Though he might be her secret daddy, she was still his mom, a legal adult, unlike him, who only acted like one.

"Arrrgghhhh!!"

Miles screamed the moment she pulled his ear, arching up slightly to ease the pain.

"You stubborn head. Why didn't you reach out to me or let the school call me over? What right do they have to outright say you're a suspect?"

She fumed, still pulling his ear tight before letting go.

"Arrgghh."

Miles winced as he sat back down, rubbing his ear.

Heaving heavily, Hannah stared at him so fiercely that he almost got a hard-on.

However, Miles remained composed, smiling as he rubbed his ear.

"It's okay, Mom. I had it under control. Told them I wasn't going to speak unless I had my lawyer, and straight-up walked out on them since they weren't going to help me write my papers."

Hearing this, Hannah's expression finally eased. But she still glared at him as she sat back down in her seat.

"I'll go see both your principal and the police tomorrow," she said, and Miles only smiled, saying nothing.

Glancing at Josephine, though, he silently lip-synced the word "snitch" with a secret middle finger, but Josephine merely rolled her eyes and turned away.

After that, they all dined in silence, and Miles chose to wash the dishes as usual before going to his room.

At the same time, somewhere within Dominic City, in a famous and wealthy residential building area—specifically in an apartment building known for bachelors.

"Ahhhh!"

A stretched, satisfied gasp filled the room.

Walking out of the bathroom after finishing her routine workout and having a hot, relaxing bath, Natalie, wrapped in a loose robe, could be seen stretching her limbs with her hair dripping wet. Strands of hair plastered along her forehead added more allure to her beauty.

Exhaling as she glanced around the room, she instantly slid down her robe, revealing a voluptuously curved body shape. It comprised a firm, heavy rear, a slender waist, and large, firm breasts that dangled with each step. She also had defined abs, and her arms showed toned muscles built from a strict training routine.

Slipping on comfy pajama pants and a long-sleeved shirt, Natalie picked up the hairdryer, and soon the sound of the device filled the room. A couple of minutes later, she was done and gathered her hair loosely behind her.

Cracking her knuckles, she left the room and walked toward her fridge.

Bringing out a canned, chilled beer, she opened it with a hiss and took a sip.

"Hummmmmmm!"

She hummed loudly, relishing the refreshing taste with a wide smile, finally having a moment to unwind after a stressful day.

She smiled, walking into the parlor with her eyes on the closed pizza box on the table, and grabbed the remote.

Placing the beer next to the box, she was about to turn on the TV when she suddenly paused, dropped the remote, and walked back inside her room to fetch the case file from her bag.

Placing it next to the beer, she opened the pizza box and took a bite before picking up the file.

She absentmindedly read the subheadings first.

"Hmm? Mysterious disappearance of four high school students?"

The moment she read these words, a wave of epiphany suddenly struck her because the word "high school" felt oddly familiar.

"Right, didn't I ask him to speak with the other parents about that night's party?" She mused, thinking about the unsolved murder case and the birthday party from that same night.

An idea flashed that the two cases might be related, but she quickly dismissed it.

Opening the file, she began reading reports of how the four individuals were kidnapped from their homes around the same time, making it apparent that it wasn't upside-down solo job, but rather the work of a sophisticated group capable of breaking into a secured estate.

She also read about the four high school kids' bullying history and how their kidnapping was suspected to be a form of revenge.

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 234: Natalie's Discovery

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"Naaah, he probably has a twin or something and someone swapped their identities to hide the murder. First potential clue."

After staring at Miles' details for a while, Natalie shook her head, denying it had anything to do with something supernatural that didn't exist. She was very practical in her view and also concluded Miles was a true suspect.

Slipping her hand into the crevices of the couch for a couple of moments as if searching for something, she pulled out a pen.

"I knew I left you here," she said to the pen with a little victorious smile and brought the tip to the paper, writing next to Miles' name.

"I suspect this is a case of identity switch after a murder. The suspect's temperament and history before and after this should be compared."

Muttering as she wrote, she leaned backward with satisfaction and read through the other suspects' profiles, but none were as eye-catching as Miles.

Crisscrossing them with an 'X', she pulled out the paper containing Miles' profile and the missing bullies, placing it on the table.

Leaning back against the couch, she gulped down half of the beer with eyes glued to the paper and ate several slices of pizza.

But just as she was about to give up, her pupils darted between two crucial details.

"Suspect was challenged multiple times within this timeframe but defeated the bullies, quickly rising to fame."

She read it out loud and smiled.

"It's just as I suspected. A weakling bullied all his life, then after the mysterious blood pool was able to challenge his bullies."

"Got you." Natalie clicked her tongue and grinned, moving her eyes to the second crucial detail, and paused, the smile vanishing from her face.

"...It was said on Monday morning, the group of missing kids seemed oddly happy and hugged random students they saw along the hallway instead of bullying them. But the moment they spotted Miles Sinclair, they acted strange and left without returning to school."

Staring at the text she had just read, Natalie felt something click within her. She muttered as if in a daze.

"Hmmm. Things aren't as simple as they look. Watching someone you've bullied and tortured all his life suddenly turn back and go against you... But then again, he not only wins against you, but also intimidates you in public. Surely their egos were deeply hurt—a big stain on their reputation. As stupid teenagers, there's a need to put the prey back in its place. They must have done something very stupid then.

And now imagine that your plan didn't work or the person wasn't hurt. The only reason to turn back home on a Monday morning like you've seen a ghost is that you expected the other person to be long dead.

I'd feel the same."

Natalie muttered continuously like she was in a trance, running several scenarios in her head.

"First, the group of high school students had the assurance that he was dead. Murder isn't something you do and wake up smiling about the next day. The mental pressure alone should have made them avoid school for a few days. Meaning they didn't commit the murder, but paid someone to do it?"

It didn't click at first—her previous idea when she first read the file subheadings.

The next moment, Natalie snapped to her feet with a look of overwhelming shock.

"Those bastards... they were killed in a failed assassination attempt, and the only active area was at the birthday party. If I'm not wrong..."

Her voice drifted off and she didn't even complete her sentence before making her move.

Walking toward the extension, she unplugged her phone and quickly dialed a number.

Over at someone's house, in a dimly lit bedroom brimming with teasing giggles and smooching sounds, a middle-aged couple wrestled each other in bed, having a rare lovely moment. But the moment was soon short-lived as the phone on the nightstand lit up, making the two pause.

Staring at each other, the couple panted softly and chose not to answer the call, resuming their kissing and giggling. Both feeling the heat in their bodies stir their desire, the call ended, and they were about to get down to it when the phone rang again.

Unwilling to miss this opportunity with his wife, the man decisively paid no heed to it, but was stopped by his wife.

"Honey, pick up the phone. It must be something important," the woman said softly, the lust in her tone clear.

Reluctant, the man got off her and picked up the phone in anger without glancing at the caller ID, deciding to vent right away.

"Who the fuck calls this late? Don't you have a family or something? Or were you sent to ruin someone's night?" the man shouted angrily, heaving in fury.

"Lieutenant?"

A single, direct word pierced through the phone's speaker straight into the man's consciousness, causing him to freeze and stand still like it was the grim reaper's voice.

The lieutenant forgot how to breathe upon recognizing the voice.

"Lieutenant?"

Natalie's exceptionally cold voice pierced him again and he instinctively shuddered, stuttering as he tried to speak.

"Sor... sorry, Captain. I swear I didn't know you were—"

"Shut the fuck up."

Triggered, Natalie snapped, going straight to the point.

"I don't give a fuck what you're doing. We have them. Go get me the dashcam footage from those boys' vehicles and report to the station early tomorrow morning. And don't fucking tell the missing persons department about this," Natalie barked, losing the enthusiasm to share more details about what she had discovered.

Cutting off the line, she glanced around the room and picked up the files. Turning off the lights in the room, she went to the window to peek at the opposite building.

The rest of what happened was history, because as early as 5:00 AM, Natalie was already on her way to the station, speeding all the way.

When she arrived at the station, the lieutenant was already there, and they quickly went to her office to play the dashcam video. Unable to contain his excitement after watching the dashcam footage, he urgently briefed her on what happened.

"I got two dashcams. One from a car belonging to the boy named Chris and the other Kelvin. I also tracked their recent GPS locations."

Listening to the lieutenant speak, Natalie inserted the SD card into her private computer and rapidly clicked a series of keys until a long grid list of videos appeared.

Tapping the date for last Friday night, around nighttime, she played the first video.

The video started in a parking lot filled with many cars. The front lights of a black truck shone brightly.

"Wait, listen."

Natalie was about to fast-forward the clip when the lieutenant hastily stopped her, and audio played alongside the scene.

"He's heading out now. My GPS is on," a youthful voice said, sounding like he was on the phone, then replied, "Okay."

"Miles isn't alone. Chloe, Billy's sister, is with him," the voice said, then stepped on the accelerator to catch up to distant taillights, careful enough not to be noticed. The camera did no justice to show its make or plate number.

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At this moment, Natalie's face formed a chilling frown, thinking the video had ended. But the lieutenant stepped in, skipping 15 minutes forward to where the vehicle pulled to a curving stop, its headlights shining on two figures: Chris and Ben.

The office fell deathly silent for a moment. Trying to ease her breathing, Natalie closed her eyes, guessing what had happened.

Eventually, she broke the silence, exhaling softly.

"What a bunch of idiots," she cursed, thinking deeply about a much more serious matter.

The lieutenant didn't hold back his thoughts. "Both the girl and the boy are still alive and okay."

"Now I understand why those three thought they had seen a ghost," Natalie mused, adding after a moment, "I believe things aren't as simple as they seem. There's no way a crime syndicate would take a job from a high school student, nor do these kids have the money to afford them. There must be an outside influence."

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Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 235: An Old Acquittance Surprise Vist

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Due to the ongoing exams and the absence of Chris and his clique, Dominion High's hallway was somehow much quieter and more peaceful than usual as students checked their lockers and headed toward class—either speaking in low voices as they walked or murmuring in terror about the news of Kelvin's death.

His sunken, pale body had been found on the school premises early this morning before the cops came and took him away.

At one end of the hallway, Miles' group had gathered, along with their girlfriends, as they lamented the sad passing of one of the most skilled basketball players on the school's court.

All wore grim expressions at the thought of what if they had been the ones kidnapped. Among them, Miles wore a solemn look for a completely different reason.

One being that his prey had been stolen, and the other being the fact that Kelvin had died far too peacefully, putting an end to his torment.

"What's with the saddened faces? I honestly don't get why you guys feel sorry for them after all we've been through," Simon uttered with an annoyed look, rolling his eyes at a few girls who were actually shedding tears.

"I second that. I heard it's some kind of revenge theory. This will serve as a warning to the rest who take pleasure in traumatizing others. I'm already looking forward to senior year," Theo said with a bright smile.

Meanwhile, Oliver shook his head at the two, refuting what had just been said.

"They're human beings. Teens like us. Too green to understand what they were doing. In a couple of years, they'll probably gain some sense and realize the gravity of their actions. Besides, even though everyone says it's revenge, who knows if it's just a perverted kidnapper targeting students?"

Oliver's words caused the boys to pause before bursting into laughter.

"Oh, wise, forgiving sage."

"I never knew you were a masochist. Tell us, Emily, does he make strange requests?"

Theo and Simon sneered while Miles shook his head with a subtle smile.

"You guys..." Oliver tried to speak again, but Simon quickly cut him off.

"No need, bro. If you enjoy being a punching bag so much, we might as well do you the favor."

Theo cracked his knuckles and waved a fist at Oliver, who just shook his head, deciding it wasn't worth saying anything more.

"Whatever. Dead or not, I don't care," Miles said, finally dropping his thoughts on the matter.

"May his soul rest in peace."

"Hahaha." Theo and Oliver laughed.

"Let's go."

With that said, they all headed to their classes—Simon, Oliver, Chloe, and two other girls branching off along the way.

Upon entering his classroom, everyone turned their heads toward him. Miles subconsciously filtered out their faces, meeting the eyes of Britany, Jazmín, Alice, and Beatrix instead.

As he walked to his seat, it didn't take long for the supervising teacher to enter, wrapping the entire school building in a wave of silence.

Everything went smoothly. After the first paper, they were granted thirty minutes to go to the cafeteria. The school bustled once more, and the sad news of Kelvin's passing was briefly washed away by the pressure of exams.

However, while eating, a certain figure stared coldly at Miles, malicious intent perfectly hidden beneath his eyes as those beside him fawned over him as usual.

Nothing else happened during this time, aside from the people surrounding Celeste making a lot of noise.

As soon as they returned to class, the supervisor distributed their English paper. To Miles, it was as easy as eating a snack.

In his previous life, he had majored in literature and was far from an idiot. Combined with his advanced intellectual talent, completing it was as effortless as writing the alphabet with his eyes wide open.

In less than twenty minutes of the allotted hour and thirty minutes, Miles raised his hand, leaving everyone shocked as the teacher walked over.

"Any problem, Miles?" the middle-aged man asked, curious as to why he had raised his hand so early.

"No, sir. I'm done. Can I use the restroom?"

Miles handed over his objective and theory answer sheets, leaving a wave of abrupt silence in his wake.

Thinking he must have misheard, the teacher quickly scanned the answer sheet and compared it against the question paper.

"This..." he muttered sharply, astounded as he checked Miles' work.

Thirty seconds later, the man stared at Miles in disbelief before giving a firm nod.

"You may go."

The moment he said it, the class erupted into quiet murmurs, but Miles ignored them, hurrying out to relieve himself.

Meanwhile, under the guise of investigating the Kelvin murder case, Natalie, the head of the homicide department, walked down the hallway. The click of her ankle boots echoed

like the splash of koi in a pond. She intended to take a quick peek at Miles, but suddenly stopped, clutching her stomach with a pained expression.

"Crap!" she cursed, hissing softly while holding her midsection. Beside her, the lieutenant stopped in his tracks, looking at her in surprise as he reached out to help her stand.

"Get your hands off me," Natalie growled under her breath, and the lieutenant instantly pulled back.

"Sorry, ma'am. What's wrong?" he asked.

Natalie shook her head. "Go on without me," she said, her eyes spotting the staff restroom in the distance.

"Understood." The lieutenant asked no further questions and did as he was told while Natalie hurriedly walked toward the restroom.

Principal's Office

"Welcome, ma'am," Principal Hayes said solemnly, looking at the beautiful, middle-aged woman sitting before him while trying his best not to lower his gaze to the impressive pair of curves resting against her chest.

If Miles were here, he would have recognized the woman immediately.

Despite wearing an extremely modest, baggy dress that would make almost anyone lose interest, Helen still couldn't hide her natural allure.

"Thank you," she replied, her voice weary and exhausted from countless tears and constant worry over the past week regarding her mentally ill son, Daniel.

"I heard about what happened to your son. It must be a lot to handle. I hope you're holding up okay," Principal Hayes offered with a look of concern.

Nodding in response, Helen pulled out a small blue handkerchief to dab at the corners of her eyes before speaking. "Thank you, Principal."

The principal nodded, giving her a moment to compose herself before asking, "How can I help you today, ma'am?"

Helen looked up at him, a pleading look in her eyes. "Since my son won't be able to finish out his time here, I was wondering if I could get a refund for the remainder of his tuition," she pleaded, taking the rotund principal by surprise.

Is she stupid? he thought.

Despite his internal reaction, the principal forced a pleasant smile, though he instantly turned cold at the mention of money. "I'm sorry, ma'am. That isn't possible."

Helen's face fell into deep disappointment.

Assuming she was about to beg and considering taking advantage of her desperation given her simple appearance, the principal began formulating a conditional solution. But before he could act, Helen stood up, retrieved her bag, and offered him a polite nod.

"Thank you anyway."

Before the principal could recover or utter another word, the door clicked shut. Helen stepped out into the hallway, nervously scanning her surroundings as she walked past the main office.

Reaching the intersection of the corridor, Miles—who was just returning from the restroom—came to a sudden halt.

Helen froze in her tracks as if she had seen a ghost, her eyes widening in sheer shock.

They both stood frozen for three seconds before a smile broke across Miles' face. Glancing to both sides of the corridor, he stepped toward her.

"Well, well, well... look who we have here."

His voice was dripping with smug satisfaction, his demeanor shifting dramatically from his usual cold, quiet, cool-guy persona. If any student had seen him right now, their jaws would have hit the floor.

"You... you... I know what you did to my son. It was you!" she stammered, her face flushing with anger as the memory of Daniel's shrill screams at the psychiatric ward flooded her mind.

"Mrs. Helen, whatever are you talking about?" Miles asked, taking another step closer with an innocent, clueless expression that belied his sharp, playful grin.

"You!" she snapped, pointing an accusing finger at him.

Just then, the distant sound of a door sliding open made her tense. Reacting on instinct, she grabbed his hand and yanked him along with her.

"Mrs. Helen, what are you doing? I need to get back to class," Miles teased from behind her, quickening his pace to match hers effortlessly.

"Let's see if you're still acting this way when I tell the cops what you did to Daniel!" she snapped, shooting a furious glare over her shoulder as she kept pulling him along.

"Oh? Are you also going to tell the cops what we did? I made it so you could walk again, didn't I?"

Helen only fumed at his words, taking a sharp turn into the staff restroom and pulling him inside behind her.