

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 236: Helen's Twisted Desire

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 236: Helen's Twisted Desire

Chapter 236: Helen's Twisted Desire

Seconds earlier, just after the flushing sound ended, Natalie pulled up her pants and was about to turn the doorknob when the main door of the restroom was suddenly pushed open.

She could have pulled her stall door open and walked out, but somehow she paused, wanting the person to pass by to the next stall. But instead of hurrying to an open stall, she heard another set of footsteps—sounding dragged, as if trying to keep up with the first.

Bang!

The door was furiously slammed shut, and then a wave of silence drowned the restroom for about two seconds before it was broken by Miles' snide voice.

"Mrs. Helen, you sure have the guts to come to my school, accuse me of your son's mental illness, and even drag me here," Miles said, glancing down at her hand, which held his wrist in a tight grip.

Helen's face flushed with embarrassment for a moment before switching back to the cold fury of a mother's love.

"I'll have you reported to the police, and I hope you'll still be able to talk to me like this. I'm sure you're also related to the recent murder—"

Paa!

A swift, restrained slap landed on Helen's face, cutting her off with a cold, dangerous glare.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Natalie—who had been sent into a trance by the shocking discovery—regained her senses at the sound of the assault. Her instinct urged her to burst out and intercept, but fortunately, she held back.

Miles' cold voice cut through the air. "I never realized you were this much of a hypocrite. Besides, why do you keep repeating the same thing?"

"I know what you did. I'll tell the cops. My son... Daniel."

Miles put on a comical expression, mockingly imitating her words before his face suddenly returned to a cold glare.

"Your son is a murderer, Helen. And besides, it wasn't my fault. Witnessing his mother being ruthlessly fucked and moaning loudly to the one he bullied all his life was his worst nightmare. Such a scene must have been devastating for poor Daniel. You watched him beg for me to stop, crying, yet you only moaned louder, cumming."

Each of Miles' words was a sharp blade that easily pierced where it hurt most, causing Helen to blush in shame and twisted arousal. Just from his words, her already moist pussy began dripping wet, shame coloring her face as she squirmed inwardly, showing her submissive side.

Inside the stall, Natalie's hands trembled. Quivering, she lowered herself to sit down on the toilet seat in a daze.

Each of Miles' words was a twisted trigger that awakened a part of her she never knew existed—or perhaps it was the long absence of a cock inside her. Her pussy reacted in ways she had never imagined.

And then came the next act that dealt the finishing blow.

"Ahhh!"

It was the sound of Helen's gasp when Miles choked her neck, pressing her against the ceramic basin until she leaned back, her head pressed against the mirror. Both of her hands were glued to the wall, not daring to try to release herself from his grip.

"Ahhhhh!!!"

Instead, as the strength in his grip increased, she choked, her face flushing purple as she felt her windpipe slowly being crushed.

"...or," Miles spoke again, his cold expression fracturing to reveal a grin. "...are you here for a completely different reason, Mrs. Helen?"

His words completely stripped away her pretend intentions. Still suffocating, she couldn't even make a noise as she tried desperately to keep her eyes open.

"Did you miss my cock?"

Smiling, Miles had an idea and let go of her neck, stepping back. She instantly fell to her knees, clutching her throat as she began coughing in desperation to breathe in oxygen. She did so for about a minute before stabilizing.

Staring down at her, Miles reached out his hand and grabbed her hair, which was neatly tied in a bun, to lift her up.

"Stand up."

Biting her lip, Helen obediently did as she was told, her head lowered as she tried not to look into his face.

"Good girl," Miles commented approvingly, reaching his other hand toward her chin to raise her head.

His eyes wandered across her outfit, noting the shapeless long skirt that hid the appeal of her lower body and the tight-fitting blue shirt she wore beneath her coat. Thinking about how protective she was and how he was the only one who got to experience the full glory of what was hidden beneath, Miles felt thrilled.

The next moment, he unclenched his hand from her hair and lowered it to unbutton her coat. Meanwhile, Helen stood like a dumb statue, her breathing quickening at a rapid pace with a sense of anticipation coursing down her spine.

If Principal Hayes were to witness this scene, he would probably commit suicide out of jealousy while claiming the world was unjust. But that was the true reality of the world: the cold, prideful person you try to impress or win over might just be the discarded, easily accessible plaything of another. What Principal Hayes dreamt of and wished for was about to be effortlessly obtained by Miles, even after shutting her up with a slap.

"Still no bra on? Look at those nipples."

After he unbuttoned the coat, her hard, poking nipples were very visible through the shirt. Miles admired the view like they were his personal toys, nodding as his cock reared to be unleashed inside his pants.

"Pull it up," he commanded her.

Biting her lip, Helen shuddered and slowly reached her hands to the hem of her top.

A wave of thrilling anticipation silently filled the room as more patches of her skin were slowly revealed—going from her belly button to a soft glimpse of her tits, then the two hard, poking nipples, until every part was completely in view. Two extraordinarily big softies, the softest he had ever grabbed.

Swallowing his saliva, Miles licked his lips. "Big titties, hmm? You've got special genetics. I wonder how it'll feel to have daughters like you. Perhaps..." He grinned, the meaning of his words unmistakably clear.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Natalie took all this in and tightly covered her mouth, her pussy dripping wet.

Unfortunately, Miles didn't have his holographic screen active, so he couldn't notice the new name sitting at 100%.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 237: A Bad Mother and Starved Captain

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 237: A Bad Mother and Starved Captain

Chapter 237: A Bad Mother and Starved Captain

Admiring Helen's boobs as she held up her shirt for him to see them, Miles licked his lips and stretched out his hands to grab them.

"Ahhhh!"

Helen whimpered at his rough touch, feeling him squeeze and twist her titties like lemons, groping them like he wanted to embed the sensation of their soft bounciness into his palms.

"Ahhhhh!"

She let out a shuddering breath, raising her head toward the ceiling as she heaved in ecstasy.

Unrelenting in his ways, Miles squeezed her boobs even more, unable to contain them in his palms as they formed different shapes.

"Hmmmmmm."

Helen hummed, inhaling as he roughly pinched her thick nipples—stretched from childbirth—and rubbed them roughly in his grasp. The pain and bliss traveled down her spine like a chill. Moaning, she kept her hands still, holding her top raised for him to play with her boobs.

"Hehehe."

As he kept groping her tits, Miles suddenly laughed, finding the thought funny, then raised his gaze from her breasts toward her face.

"Funny how you left your son at the psychiatric hospital and came to the one who inflicted the pain on him. Just to satisfy your aching pussy."

Miles spoke and squeezed both of her boobs tighter with a firm hold.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Helen wanted to reveal an ashamed and guilty look, but it was wiped out by the expression of bliss that stemmed from her soul.

"What a bad mother. But I admire your discipline for holding out for the last week."

"Hmmmmmmmm."

Helen hummed, trembling as she rested her head against the mirror while his fingers dug into her tits.

"Say it."

Suddenly, Miles squeezed her nipples, making her jolt from the pain and pleasure, hissing sharply and unable to close her mouth.

"I'm a bad mother!"

She rasped, standing on her toes with a look of twisted, guilty pleasure.

Hearing this, Miles smirked with satisfaction and let go of her nipples, allowing her to finally drop off her toes.

But just as Helen whimpered from the pain, he scooped up her huge, soft breasts directly in both hands and latched onto the right one.

Taken by abrupt surprise, Helen shuddered, her eyes rolling backward. She tiptoed, pressing her back so fiercely against the mirror that it soon began to show signs of cracking.

"Ahhhhh—mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!"

Helen let out an ecstatic cry at first, but instantly clamped her mouth shut as the last bit of sanity within her alerted her that she was in a school.

Covering her mouth, she whimpered erotically with widened eyes, struggling to contain her moans.

But after sensing how well she handled the scenario, Miles chose to go all out.

'Blissful Hands.'

With a thought, his hands turned magical.

His mouth latched onto one nipple while his other hand squeezed the other breast, rubbing her nipple and sending a spiraling wave of bliss through her.

Helen's already widened eyes bulged in shock and ecstasy. Her whimpers grew more desperate than ever as she felt both the need to scream at the top of her lungs and cover her mouth in order not to get caught.

The feeling multiplied when he switched to her left boob and began sucking like he was her child.

Feeling like she would explode from not satisfying at least one of these needs, Helen let go of her shirt and grabbed Miles' hair, pushing his head down to suffocate him between her tits while satisfying the need to feed him like a mother.

"HMMMMMMMMMM."

She whimpered, covering her mouth to stifle her moans while pushing his head to suck her breasts more. The mirror cracked behind her, and her eyes turned whitish in extreme bliss.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Her toes curled as he bit into her soft, tender, bouncy flesh, licking it all over with his tongue.

Though she had broken his command, Miles was greatly stirred when she pressed his head to suffocate him in her boobs. How could he not be? This was the dream of thousands, if not millions. In fact, many wished to die in such bliss—though not Miles. After all, there were other wonders of the world to enjoy, and he was going to experience them all.

Practically sucking, biting, and licking any part he could, Miles enjoyed himself to the fullest possible extent in this bliss.

Meanwhile, inside the restroom stall, Natalie had heard everything. Her whole body surged with need.

Hearing Miles and Helen communicate was like listening to an audiobook. A depraved sex story. Yet it wasn't—the fact that it was happening live and direct a couple of meters away from her triggered every button she had.

Even so, it couldn't compare to the thrill of being aroused by a suspect she was supposed to be investigating. Everything felt like a fantasy plot linked to the missing high school kids.

Before she knew it, her pants were down, including her underwear—a black thong.

Rubbing her clean-shaved pussy, she moved her hand to the rhythm of Helen's whimpers, able to depict a rough image in her head using the sound.

"Hmmmmmm."

Helen whimpered, tears of ecstasy streaming down the corners of her eyes.

The next moment, as they were both locked in an intense state of passion, Miles suddenly broke free from her grasp and swiftly turned her so that she faced the wall.

"...Ahhhh."

A soft cry managed to leak out as she jammed her hand against the cracked mirror, creating a dent that pierced her arm.

With one hand, Miles groped her breasts from behind and hastily lifted her long, heavy skirt, pulling it up over her ass.

"WTF." The surprise gave him a shock as he beheld her fine ass and leaking pussy without any underwear to serve as a barrier.

Pressed against the wall, Helen felt the wind briefly caress her slit and blushed, whimpering louder with a dirty feeling.

This scene gave Miles a moment of clarity to retrieve his earlier idea.

And so, he decisively pulled back, causing Helen to whimper and almost lose her balance, the impact of his withdrawal striking her core.

"Strip."

Chapter 237: A Bad Mother and Starved Captain

Admiring Helen's boobs as she held up her shirt for him to see them, Miles licked his lips and stretched out his hands to grab them.

"Ahhhh!"

Helen whimpered at his rough touch, feeling him squeeze and twist her titties like lemons, groping them like he wanted to embed the sensation of their soft bounciness into his palms.

"Ahhhhh!"

She let out a shuddering breath, raising her head toward the ceiling as she heaved in ecstasy.

Unrelenting in his ways, Miles squeezed her boobs even more, unable to contain them in his palms as they formed different shapes.

"Hmmmmmm."

Helen hummed, inhaling as he roughly pinched her thick nipples—stretched from childbirth—and rubbed them roughly in his grasp. The pain and bliss traveled down her spine like a chill. Moaning, she kept her hands still, holding her top raised for him to play with her boobs.

"Hehehe."

As he kept groping her tits, Miles suddenly laughed, finding the thought funny, then raised his gaze from her breasts toward her face.

"Funny how you left your son at the psychiatric hospital and came to the one who inflicted the pain on him. Just to satisfy your aching pussy."

Miles spoke and squeezed both of her boobs tighter with a firm hold.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Helen wanted to reveal an ashamed and guilty look, but it was wiped out by the expression of bliss that stemmed from her soul.

"What a bad mother. But I admire your discipline for holding out for the last week."

"Hmmmmmmmm."

Helen hummed, trembling as she rested her head against the mirror while his fingers dug into her tits.

"Say it."

Suddenly, Miles squeezed her nipples, making her jolt from the pain and pleasure, hissing sharply and unable to close her mouth.

"I'm a bad mother!"

She rasped, standing on her toes with a look of twisted, guilty pleasure.

Hearing this, Miles smirked with satisfaction and let go of her nipples, allowing her to finally drop off her toes.

But just as Helen whimpered from the pain, he scooped up her huge, soft breasts directly in both hands and latched onto the right one.

Taken by abrupt surprise, Helen shuddered, her eyes rolling backward. She tiptoed, pressing her back so fiercely against the mirror that it soon began to show signs of cracking.

"Ahhhhh—mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!"

Helen let out an ecstatic cry at first, but instantly clamped her mouth shut as the last bit of sanity within her alerted her that she was in a school.

Covering her mouth, she whimpered erotically with widened eyes, struggling to contain her moans.

But after sensing how well she handled the scenario, Miles chose to go all out.

'Blissful Hands.'

With a thought, his hands turned magical.

His mouth latched onto one nipple while his other hand squeezed the other breast, rubbing her nipple and sending a spiraling wave of bliss through her.

Helen's already widened eyes bulged in shock and ecstasy. Her whimpers grew more desperate than ever as she felt both the need to scream at the top of her lungs and cover her mouth in order not to get caught.

The feeling multiplied when he switched to her left boob and began sucking like he was her child.

Feeling like she would explode from not satisfying at least one of these needs, Helen let go of her shirt and grabbed Miles' hair, pushing his head down to suffocate him between her tits while satisfying the need to feed him like a mother.

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmm."

She whimpered, covering her mouth to stifle her moans while pushing his head to suck her breasts more. The mirror cracked behind her, and her eyes turned whitish in extreme bliss.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Her toes curled as he bit into her soft, tender, bouncy flesh, licking it all over with his tongue.

Though she had broken his command, Miles was greatly stirred when she pressed his head to suffocate him in her boobs. How could he not be? This was the dream of thousands, if not millions. In fact, many wished to die in such bliss—though not Miles. After all, there were other wonders of the world to enjoy, and he was going to experience them all.

Practically sucking, biting, and licking any part he could, Miles enjoyed himself to the fullest possible extent in this bliss.

Meanwhile, inside the restroom stall, Natalie had heard everything. Her whole body surged with need.

Hearing Miles and Helen communicate was like listening to an audiobook. A depraved sex story. Yet it wasn't—the fact that it was happening live and direct a couple of meters away from her triggered every button she had.

Even so, it couldn't compare to the thrill of being aroused by a suspect she was supposed to be investigating. Everything felt like a fantasy plot linked to the missing high school kids.

Before she knew it, her pants were down, including her underwear—a black thong.

Rubbing her clean-shaved pussy, she moved her hand to the rhythm of Helen's whimpers, able to depict a rough image in her head using the sound.

"Hmmmmmm."

Helen whimpered, tears of ecstasy streaming down the corners of her eyes.

The next moment, as they were both locked in an intense state of passion, Miles suddenly broke free from her grasp and swiftly turned her so that she faced the wall.

"...Ahhhh."

A soft cry managed to leak out as she jammed her hand against the cracked mirror, creating a dent that pierced her arm.

With one hand, Miles groped her breasts from behind and hastily lifted her long, heavy skirt, pulling it up over her ass.

"WTF." The surprise gave him a shock as he beheld her fine ass and leaking pussy without any underwear to serve as a barrier.

Pressed against the wall, Helen felt the wind briefly caress her slit and blushed, whimpering louder with a dirty feeling.

This scene gave Miles a moment of clarity to retrieve his earlier idea.

And so, he decisively pulled back, causing Helen to whimper and almost lose her balance, the impact of his withdrawal striking her core.

"Strip."

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 238: Helen Is A Good Girl

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 238: Helen Is A Good Girl

Chapter 238: Helen Is A Good Girl

"Strip."

Holding onto the wall with one hand and covering her mouth with the other, Helen paused, a tremor coursing through her at his cold command.

That's right—she didn't have any panties on because of how quickly she had gotten wet. Earlier, the reason she left the principal's office was that she had thought about Miles and didn't want the moisture in her pussy to leave a wet stain on her skirt.

And just like Miles said, the real reason she came here in the first place was that she had missed him dearly and was on the verge of madness if she didn't taste his cock.

Though during the earlier scuffle—when she pretended to hate him over what he did to Daniel and he slapped her—a huge part of her wanted to show him just how bad of a girl she was by flaunting the fact that she had no panties on. Now, as he lifted her skirt while fondling her breasts, a thick line of her slimy moisture dripped down from her clit to the floor.

Being told to strip right in a staff restroom in a school building she had absolutely no reason to stay in, Helen showed no hesitation.

Without turning to Miles, she stared at his reflection in the cracked mirror. He had a smug, villainous grin on his face.

Blushing, she shifted her gaze to her own reflection. Her reflection blushed back, biting its lip, but did nothing to conceal the thrilled, submissive look in her eyes that was very much willing to walk nude through the school if he commanded.

And so she shifted her arms, took off her coat, and dropped it on the ground.

Staring at her reflection, she raised her arms and slid up what was left of her top, causing both massive, full melons to shake and tremble.

'Damn.'

Miles cursed in his heart, feeling his cock twitch.

She finished and similarly dropped her top on the floor. Her upper body was completely bare, her once pale, whitish skin now wearing a warm glow.

Helen stared at her reflection, having never been so exposed in such surroundings, but her pussy only dripped more when she saw his eyes.

She was about to proceed to unclasp the band of her skirt when he spoke, his voice sending shivers down her spine. She instinctively clamped her thighs together to try to ease the itch, but it only got worse.

"Jump."

A single word that brought a wave of silence.

The next moment, Helen did as she was told and jumped up.

Her boobs jiggled like two thick, inflated balloons as her feet touched the floor, making a slapping sound as they slammed against each other.

Watching such a spectacle, Miles' cock twitched, his mouth thirsty to feed on her nipples.

Adding the fact that Helen was a woman old enough to be his mother, the thrill of watching her heed his command was completely maximized.

"Jump again."

Miles ordered, and Helen gladly did, producing a clapping sound as her huge softies greeted each other.

"Lift up your skirt and jump. I want to see your ass."

Feeling exhilarated, Helen nodded and raised her long skirt to reveal her ass without undies.

In the mirror, her slightly hairy pussy could be seen, soaked in her moisture.

Without a second thought, she jumped high in the air, her titties clapping before his eyes.

Watching this scene, Miles was unable to bear it any longer and decided to vent.

Stepping behind her, he first grabbed her incredibly soft tits with a tight squeeze, groping them with everything he had while she covered her mouth, resting one hand against the mirror as she stared at her reflection, which was bent toward 3 o'clock to be fucked.

Behind her, Miles hastily pulled down his pants halfway, bringing out his huge cock as it pressed against her ass cheeks.

Helen hummed in delight, covering her mouth as she felt the heavy weight of his cock—so thick and big that it embedded itself between her ass cheeks.

Squirming and trembling, the eyes of her reflection widened, and even her stifled moans grew desperate. Her legs buckled and she jolted, feeling as if her insides had been pierced.

And indeed, they were.

Holding his cock, he dragged it down her ass in a straight line. Temporarily letting go of her titties, he inserted his freed hand at the front, rubbing her clitoris as he held his cock and slowly pushed it in.

"Arggh."

Miles let out a thick, heavy groan of deep ecstasy, feeling her pussy aggressively clench tight around him—or rather, it was the huge size of his cock that had spread her walls to their limit.

Though it was tight as fuck, the entrance, thanks to how dripping wet she was, made for a slow, smooth ride that deeply ingrained pleasure within him.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!"

Staring at her whimpering reflection, saliva dripping from the hands she used to cover her mouth, Helen felt incredibly slutty. With each second, Miles' cock embedded deeper inside her pussy, creating a moving bulge over her abdomen until the full nine inches were completely buried within her.

"Arggh."

Groaning with deep ecstasy at the firm clutch of her slippery cunt, Miles stopped, letting the sensation course through him.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!"

Desperate, Helen whimpered at a new pitch despite her palm covering her mouth. Her whole body trembled and a wave of bliss pulsed from her pussy. She came in a wave of orgasm, but the fluid stayed trapped, unable to flow past his cock, tripling the bliss she felt.

Just as she was about to uncover her mouth out of pure pleasure and exhaustion, Miles acted faster and grabbed her neck so tightly that not even a single whimper could escape.

Helen's eyes widened, and her reflection's face flushed purple—a sign that she was about to pass out from the lack of oxygen.

Yet the near-crazed expression made it clear that she loved every second of it.

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 239: Helen's Confession. The Captain's Thrill

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 239: Helen's Confession. The Captain's Thrill

Chapter 239: Helen's Confession. The Captain's Thrill

Such a position—his cock embedded inside her while grabbing her tits and choking her at the same time—made Helen orgasm from the mere thought. Her eyes trembled, barely able to hold on.

Hunched over her back and also staring at the reflection, Miles smirked, easing his grip on her throat just enough to let oxygen pass through.

"Bad mother." He clicked his tongue, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head from intensely stimulated pleasure.

It took only a moment to orgasm again.

This time, the orgasm that had been held back because his cock was embedded deep inside her flowed past the seal and leaked out of her pussy.

Feeling her pussy dripping, lubricating his cock, Miles hummed and urged her.

"Say it."

Letting go of her boobs, Miles cuffed both hands around her neck like reins. His grasp was firm, but not so tight that she couldn't speak if she tried.

"I'm a bad, dirty mother."

Helen let out the words, staring at his grinning reflection as he began to move his waist, slowly retracting an inch and thrusting back inside her womb.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Helen rasped, her pussy clenching hard around his cock with profound bliss coursing through her.

"Is that all? Are you just a bad mother?"

Miles gyrated his waist, his cock buried down to the base and twisting inside her, causing her eyes to widen.

Bearing such intense pleasure, Helen hummed intensely as he pulled her neck, tilting her head to stay focused on his grinning reflection.

"No, I am not just a bad mother," she rasped, speaking with difficulty as she said the words that made her orgasm right away. "I love your cock, and I couldn't live a day without slipping my fingers inside thinking about it. I love you, Miles."

She rasped, her pussy clenching and unclenching to his gyrating movement.

For a moment, Miles was frightened that the whole school might actually hear her, but fortunately, he clamped her throat in time. He managed to choke off her voice as her eyes rolled back, cumming while dripping sweat.

"Good girl. Now think about it with my cock inside you."

Her pussy clamped tighter around him the moment he said these words, and she came almost instantly—now completely dripping wet from another orgasm like a dirty slut.

Smirking as he stared at her reflected expression, which seemed to have drifted far away into a realm of pure pleasure, he kept choking her as he began the real thrusting and started to fuck her in earnest.

He withdrew his waist seven inches and drove his cock downward, straight inside her as if there were no resistance.

Kpa!

This single thrust completely destabilized Helen's insides, causing her legs to quiver from the force alone.

"Hmmmm."

Kpa!

He slammed into her, causing her to whimper in a soft cry as she felt the huge thing completely overpower her.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Natalie leaned her back against the water tank, her face turned toward the ceiling with a look of pure bliss and thrill as she slid two fingers inside her pussy at a steady pace. She tried desperately not to let out a single squeak as she fucked herself.

Biting her plastic badge to stifle her moans, she had completely taken off her pants and hung her legs in the air while still wearing her heels.

Having already come twice, her orgasmic fluid dripping into the toilet before they began fucking for real, Natalie had thought that would be all. But now she was on her third, hearing Helen confess alongside the powerful slams that reverberated through the walls. Natalie felt a strong surge—a fierce part of her wanting to be dominated in the very same manner.

Unfortunately, she still had just enough rationality left to stop herself from joining in like a true slut. If only Beatrix knew about this.

Continuously thrusting and stripping her pussy bare of any resistance it tried to put up, Miles felt himself quickly reaching the peak.

In contrast, Helen's orgasmic fluids flowed down over his balls and dripped onto the floor. His cock was now completely creamy, easily sailing in and out of her.

Just then, while he was staring at her reflection, he noticed blood trickling from where her hands were placed.

WTF!

The thought flashed through his mind while he kept fucking her heavily.

"Hmmmmmm." She whimpered in the thrill of being fucked and suffocated, obviously oblivious to the blood on her palm.

"I never knew you were the masochistic type," Miles said, releasing his hand from her neck to grab her boobs instead.

This time he showed no mercy in squeezing them, but the pain only made her whimper more.

Damn. I never knew she was this much of a masochist.

Imagining Helen in a collar while he fucked her with a whip, Miles discarded his previous doubts and reaffirmed his choice to add her to his true harem.

Meanwhile, along the hallway leading to the staff office, a certain someone was walking to get extra sheets for her students when she paused the instant she was about to pull open the door.

Hearing the faint sounds, her heart skipped a beat as a chilly shiver traveled down her spine.

Retrieving her hand from the doorknob, she carefully glanced to both sides of the hallway before settling her eyes in the direction of the faint, almost indistinguishable noise that would have been ignored by anyone else. For her, it was noticeable only because her body and mind were conditioned to interpret any sound erotically, thanks to the unbalanced rhythm of her hormones ever since one peculiar day.

Back in the restroom, while he was busy molding Helen's boobs into a myriad of shapes and fucking her pussy—wishing he could spank her ass without giving the whole school a spectacle to remember for the rest of their lives—the door to the restroom was suddenly pushed open, revealing a shocked figure.

QN: Oh right, I updated some character images

Chapter 239: Helen's Confession. The Captain's Thrill

Such a position—his cock embedded inside her while grabbing her tits and choking her at the same time—made Helen orgasm from the mere thought. Her eyes trembled, barely able to hold on.

Hunched over her back and also staring at the reflection, Miles smirked, easing his grip on her throat just enough to let oxygen pass through.

"Bad mother." He clicked his tongue, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head from intensely stimulated pleasure.

It took only a moment to orgasm again.

This time, the orgasm that had been held back because his cock was embedded deep inside her flowed past the seal and leaked out of her pussy.

Feeling her pussy dripping, lubricating his cock, Miles hummed and urged her.

"Say it."

Letting go of her boobs, Miles cuffed both hands around her neck like reins. His grasp was firm, but not so tight that she couldn't speak if she tried.

"I'm a bad, dirty mother."

Helen let out the words, staring at his grinning reflection as he began to move his waist, slowly retracting an inch and thrusting back inside her womb.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Helen rasped, her pussy clenching hard around his cock with profound bliss coursing through her.

"Is that all? Are you just a bad mother?"

Miles gyrated his waist, his cock buried down to the base and twisting inside her, causing her eyes to widen.

Bearing such intense pleasure, Helen hummed intensely as he pulled her neck, tilting her head to stay focused on his grinning reflection.

"No, I am not just a bad mother," she rasped, speaking with difficulty as she said the words that made her orgasm right away. "I love your cock, and I couldn't live a day without slipping my fingers inside thinking about it. I love you, Miles."

She rasped, her pussy clenching and unclenching to his gyrating movement.

For a moment, Miles was frightened that the whole school might actually hear her, but fortunately, he clamped her throat in time. He managed to choke off her voice as her eyes rolled back, cumming while dripping sweat.

"Good girl. Now think about it with my cock inside you."

Her pussy clamped tighter around him the moment he said these words, and she came almost instantly—now completely dripping wet from another orgasm like a dirty slut.

Smirking as he stared at her reflected expression, which seemed to have drifted far away into a realm of pure pleasure, he kept choking her as he began the real thrusting and started to fuck her in earnest.

He withdrew his waist seven inches and drove his cock downward, straight inside her as if there were no resistance.

Kpa!

This single thrust completely destabilized Helen's insides, causing her legs to quiver from the force alone.

"Hmmm."

Kpa!

He slammed into her, causing her to whimper in a soft cry as she felt the huge thing completely overpower her.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Natalie leaned her back against the water tank, her face turned toward the ceiling with a look of pure bliss and thrill as she slid two fingers inside her pussy at a steady pace. She tried desperately not to let out a single squeak as she fucked herself.

Biting her plastic badge to stifle her moans, she had completely taken off her pants and hung her legs in the air while still wearing her heels.

Having already come twice, her orgasmic fluid dripping into the toilet before they began fucking for real, Natalie had thought that would be all. But now she was on her third, hearing Helen confess alongside the powerful slams that reverberated through the walls. Natalie felt a strong surge—a fierce part of her wanting to be dominated in the very same manner.

Unfortunately, she still had just enough rationality left to stop herself from joining in like a true slut. If only Beatrix knew about this.

Continuously thrusting and stripping her pussy bare of any resistance it tried to put up, Miles felt himself quickly reaching the peak.

In contrast, Helen's orgasmic fluids flowed down over his balls and dripped onto the floor. His cock was now completely creamy, easily sailing in and out of her.

Just then, while he was staring at her reflection, he noticed blood trickling from where her hands were placed.

WTF!

The thought flashed through his mind while he kept fucking her heavily.

"Hmmmmmm." She whimpered in the thrill of being fucked and suffocated, obviously oblivious to the blood on her palm.

"I never knew you were the masochistic type," Miles said, releasing his hand from her neck to grab her boobs instead.

This time he showed no mercy in squeezing them, but the pain only made her whimper more.

Damn. I never knew she was this much of a masochist.

Imagining Helen in a collar while he fucked her with a whip, Miles discarded his previous doubts and reaffirmed his choice to add her to his true harem.

Meanwhile, along the hallway leading to the staff office, a certain someone was walking to get extra sheets for her students when she paused the instant she was about to pull open the door.

Hearing the faint sounds, her heart skipped a beat as a chilly shiver traveled down her spine.

Retrieving her hand from the doorknob, she carefully glanced to both sides of the hallway before settling her eyes in the direction of the faint, almost indistinguishable noise that would have been ignored by anyone else. For her, it was noticeable only because her body and mind were conditioned to interpret any sound erotically, thanks to the unbalanced rhythm of her hormones ever since one peculiar day.

Back in the restroom, while he was busy molding Helen's boobs into a myriad of shapes and fucking her pussy—wishing he could spank her ass without giving the whole school a spectacle to remember for the rest of their lives—the door to the restroom was suddenly pushed open, revealing a shocked figure.

QN: Oh right, I updated some character images

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 240: A student. A Mother. A Teacher and a Police Captain .

Taboo Stepson System

Chapter 240: A student. A Mother. A Teacher and a Police Captain .

Chapter 240: A student. A Mother. A Teacher and a Police Captain .

The restroom froze, including Natalie, who had just had an orgasm. The creamy fluid leaked out of her pussy, and her fingers froze inside, sensing the shocked tension.

"We are caught..."

The words resounded solemnly in Helen's heart as she stared at the shocked lady by the door, her heart palpitating with a strange mix of glee and adrenaline.

Somehow, the reality that she had been caught in such a position with a young, feral cock inside her brought the least amount of shame she expected. It was pure, exhilarating bliss that made her pussy clench with a tenfold grip as she experienced an orgasm.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Her soft, fragile whimper broke the silence, causing Miles to close his eyes and take a deep breath before groaning. He then flashed a wild grin at the person by the door.

Inside the stall, Natalie also sensed that the atmosphere had turned strange.

She stared at the woman pinned to the mirror with blood dripping from her hand, and at Miles, who stood behind her with his cock nowhere in sight—buried deep inside her while one of his hands squeezed the woman's breast in a way that made Natalie's heart shiver. Truly diabolical.

Miss Emily shifted her gaze to the woman's bruised neck right where his hand was, choking her so she couldn't moan.

Holding her breath, Miss Emily's eyes widened, and her brain short-circuited, unable to form a clear thought.

However, while she stood frozen in place, Miles didn't stop the party and clenched Helen's throat to stifle her erotic whimpers.

"What? Are you going to help me out or just stare like a fool?"

Miles's voice woke her from her daze, and her face flushed with lust. Without hesitating, Miss Emily stepped inside the restroom after one quick glance at the empty hallway and closed the door behind her.

Inside the stall, Natalie's eyes widened.

Just when she thought it was all going to end, things took another eventful spiral, leading her to another huge discovery.

He has so many accomplices? Can today get any more fabulous?

By the latter, she meant getting to orgasm so many times, or so Miles thought.

Her heart began to beat faster as she held her breath, filled with curiosity about this person's identity. She perked up her ears, her fingers slid inside her pussy, and, already aroused, she waited for another round of orgasm.

"Wow, who are you fucking?" Miss Emily asked the moment she closed the door and stepped to his side, winking at Helen, who had yet to recover from her recent orgasm.

When she noticed the small whitish pool on the floor, her eyes widened and her pussy squirmed.

So much...

Understanding what it meant to drip that much, Miss Emily instantly grew horny.

"Her? She's Daniel's mom," Miles said with a smirk, massaging her tits and causing Helen to whimper more.

Hearing this, Miss Emily snapped her eyes from the pool of fluid to Helen, gobsmacked by the discovery.

"She said she was going to report me to the police for what she claimed I did to her son, but here we are, fucking," Miles added, leaving Emily with her mouth agape, too stunned to speak.

Seeing Miss Emily's stunned look, Miles quickly urged her to help him.

"What? Are you going to gawk there all day? Come help me choke her. I don't care if you have to put your hand inside her mouth, but if you fail, you'll have the whole school to put on a show for," Miles warned, impatiently wanting to empty the last of his seed deep inside her.

Quickly nodding, Miss Emily came to his side and helped him grip Helen's neck, even sticking her fingers inside Helen's mouth to block any noise.

"Finally," Miles muttered, stretching his limbs with a wild smile on his face.

Now I can go all out.

With this thought, he licked his lips, staring at her ass, and laid his hands atop her cheeks like tiger claws.

No longer having to worry about her moans, Miles decided to vent his desires.

Kpa!

This time, it wasn't just the sound of their skin colliding; it was a tremor that threatened to dislocate her joints—the sound of one mighty bone slamming against another.

The tremor was so loud that Natalie almost slipped off the toilet seat when she heard it, her eyes widening.

Are they fighting? she thought in a daze, right before she heard Helen's muffled moan—this time with a greater intensity that sent chills straight down to her soul.

The true definition of destroying a pussy.

Natalie's lips parted, feeling her pussy drip as she imagined what it would feel like if she were the one receiving such thrusts. Would her bones break? Would she pass out?

And although she could sense that Miles's dick was big, her imagination failed in comparison to its true size. If she got a glimpse, then perhaps she would end up like Beatrix, or even go down on her knees to beg for his cock, willingly wanting her pussy to be destroyed.

Meanwhile, contrary to the three women's feelings at this moment, Miles's heart shook in fright because he clearly felt the danger of her womb giving out under the force of his thrusts.

Holding her still, he kept at it until he felt she was okay, and then he came.

There was no pause, no warning.

The only indication was Helen's arms falling weakly from the mirror.

The trigger of his thrusts and his cum filling her pussy to the point of leaking overwhelmed her completely. Her legs shook like a neurological patient's, quivering intensely, but fortunately, Miles supported her in time while groaning like an animal in heat.

Their two figures stayed interlocked for a full minute before Miles pulled out, feeling his strength drained.

Meanwhile, inside the stall:

A high school student fucking his classmate's mother at school, and a teacher turns out to be in collaboration.

With this thought, Natalie orgasmed for the fifth time from fingering herself.

Chapter 240: A student. A Mother. A Teacher and a Police Captain .

The restroom froze, including Natalie, who had just had an orgasm. The creamy fluid leaked out of her pussy, and her fingers froze inside, sensing the shocked tension.

"We are caught..."

The words resounded solemnly in Helen's heart as she stared at the shocked lady by the door, her heart palpitating with a strange mix of glee and adrenaline.

Somehow, the reality that she had been caught in such a position with a young, feral cock inside her brought the least amount of shame she expected. It was pure, exhilarating bliss that made her pussy clench with a tenfold grip as she experienced an orgasm.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Her soft, fragile whimper broke the silence, causing Miles to close his eyes and take a deep breath before groaning. He then flashed a wild grin at the person by the door.

Inside the stall, Natalie also sensed that the atmosphere had turned strange.

She stared at the woman pinned to the mirror with blood dripping from her hand, and at Miles, who stood behind her with his cock nowhere in sight—buried deep inside her while one of his hands squeezed the woman's breast in a way that made Natalie's heart shiver. Truly diabolical.

Miss Emily shifted her gaze to the woman's bruised neck right where his hand was, choking her so she couldn't moan.

Holding her breath, Miss Emily's eyes widened, and her brain short-circuited, unable to form a clear thought.

However, while she stood frozen in place, Miles didn't stop the party and clenched Helen's throat to stifle her erotic whimpers.

"What? Are you going to help me out or just stare like a fool?"

Miles's voice woke her from her daze, and her face flushed with lust. Without hesitating, Miss Emily stepped inside the restroom after one quick glance at the empty hallway and closed the door behind her.

Inside the stall, Natalie's eyes widened.

Just when she thought it was all going to end, things took another eventful spiral, leading her to another huge discovery.

He has so many accomplices? Can today get any more fabulous?

By the latter, she meant getting to orgasm so many times, or so Miles thought.

Her heart began to beat faster as she held her breath, filled with curiosity about this person's identity. She perked up her ears, her fingers slid inside her pussy, and, already aroused, she waited for another round of orgasm.

"Wow, who are you fucking?" Miss Emily asked the moment she closed the door and stepped to his side, winking at Helen, who had yet to recover from her recent orgasm.

When she noticed the small whitish pool on the floor, her eyes widened and her pussy squirmed.

So much...

Understanding what it meant to drip that much, Miss Emily instantly grew horny.

"Her? She's Daniel's mom," Miles said with a smirk, massaging her tits and causing Helen to whimper more.

Hearing this, Miss Emily snapped her eyes from the pool of fluid to Helen, gobsmacked by the discovery.

"She said she was going to report me to the police for what she claimed I did to her son, but here we are, fucking," Miles added, leaving Emily with her mouth agape, too stunned to speak.

Seeing Miss Emily's stunned look, Miles quickly urged her to help him.

"What? Are you going to gawk there all day? Come help me choke her. I don't care if you have to put your hand inside her mouth, but if you fail, you'll have the whole school to put on a show for," Miles warned, impatiently wanting to empty the last of his seed deep inside her.

Quickly nodding, Miss Emily came to his side and helped him grip Helen's neck, even sticking her fingers inside Helen's mouth to block any noise.

"Finally," Miles muttered, stretching his limbs with a wild smile on his face.

Now I can go all out.

With this thought, he licked his lips, staring at her ass, and laid his hands atop her cheeks like tiger claws.

No longer having to worry about her moans, Miles decided to vent his desires.

Kpa!

This time, it wasn't just the sound of their skin colliding; it was a tremor that threatened to dislocate her joints—the sound of one mighty bone slamming against another.

The tremor was so loud that Natalie almost slipped off the toilet seat when she heard it, her eyes widening.

Are they fighting? she thought in a daze, right before she heard Helen's muffled moan—this time with a greater intensity that sent chills straight down to her soul.

The true definition of destroying a pussy.

Natalie's lips parted, feeling her pussy drip as she imagined what it would feel like if she were the one receiving such thrusts. Would her bones break? Would she pass out?

And although she could sense that Miles's dick was big, her imagination failed in comparison to its true size. If she got a glimpse, then perhaps she would end up like Beatrix, or even go down on her knees to beg for his cock, willingly wanting her pussy to be destroyed.

Meanwhile, contrary to the three women's feelings at this moment, Miles's heart shook in fright because he clearly felt the danger of her womb giving out under the force of his thrusts.

Holding her still, he kept at it until he felt she was okay, and then he came.

There was no pause, no warning.

The only indication was Helen's arms falling weakly from the mirror.

The trigger of his thrusts and his cum filling her pussy to the point of leaking overwhelmed her completely. Her legs shook like a neurological patient's, quivering intensely, but fortunately, Miles supported her in time while groaning like an animal in heat.

Their two figures stayed interlocked for a full minute before Miles pulled out, feeling his strength drained.

Meanwhile, inside the stall:

A high school student fucking his classmate's mother at school, and a teacher turns out to be in collaboration.

With this thought, Natalie orgasmed for the fifth time from fingering herself.