

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 241: Captain Natalie's Racing Heart

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The restroom settled into a bizarre silence, and everyone stood still, absorbing the pleasure.

Unable to stand properly, Helen winced, hissing softly, and voluntarily sat in the small pool of fluid on the floor.

Gobsmacked, Miles could only let her down. Experiencing jet lag himself from the ceaseless thrusting, he heaved and steadied his steps. Glancing down at his limp brother that was covered in his and Helen's cum, his gaze shifted to Miss Emily, who was staring at it pleadingly, obviously wanting to get her fair share.

Inside the stall, Natalie held her breath as she listened intently.

'Are they seriously going to go another round?'

She thought, shuddering in her heart as she removed her fingers from her pussy, staring at her slime-covered webbed fingers with a solemn face.

'I can't do this again,' she reprimanded herself, knowing that she wouldn't be able to satisfy the craving itch of her pussy to be filled.

"Go on," Miles said, approving her desire with a jingle of his limp dick.

Hearing this, Miss Emily revealed a genuinely happy smile and promptly got down on her knees. Managing to avoid a bit of the pool Helen sat in, she placed both hands on his thighs for support, opening her mouth to accommodate his dick in one full swoop.

"Hmmmmm."

The moment her lips latched around the base and her tongue circled the thick softy, she hummed as if relishing the taste of it.

"Hmmm."

She hummed again, sucking his dick like it was a delicious popsicle, then pulled back, toying with its elasticity and sucking it intensely.

Slurp!

She sucked, drawing it in and releasing it with a pop.

Setting her eyes on his ball sack, which was also covered in slimy fluid, she bent her head right beneath it and fiercely popped it inside her mouth.

"Hmmmmm," she hummed as she licked it clean.

Stretching out her tongue, she proceeded to lick every stain around the base until it was perfectly clean.

Heaving and groaning all the while, Miles opened his eyes and reached out to her head, stopping her in place before she could proceed to revitalize his monster.

Glancing up at him after he stopped her, Miss Emily pouted cutely, wishing to be handled like Helen, but Miles slowly smirked.

"Be a good girl and keep that pussy dripping for me. Tomorrow, I have a surprise for you. Hehehe, also bring along that Peeping Tom. Come supervise our last paper."

Feeling his heart bubble with pure thrill and excitement, Miles grinned savagely.

In truth, it wasn't just going to be a surprise for the two of them, but for all the girls in the class. Imagining the torment he would engrave deep in their minds, a scenario of having a fuck party in the classroom formed in his head.

'It's time to put that wish to great use,' he thought, referring to the 24-hour wish grant the system gave him from fucking Hannah.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Natalie froze. Her heart began racing, making it difficult to breathe.

'Have I been discovered?'

The thought terrified her, but it also thrilled her as adrenaline coursed through her in a strange delight.

Tightly squeezing her thighs together, she held her breath and listened to their movements.

Meanwhile, Miss Emily nodded her head in response to Miles telling her to keep that pussy dripping for him.

The slutty anticipation in her eyes was so clear that he nodded approvingly.

"Good girl." He patted her hair while she pulled up his pants, putting everything back where it belonged, and buckled his belt.

Glancing at the entranced Helen, who looked like she was high on drugs, he shook his head and shifted his gaze back to Emily.

"Help me clean up this mess."

With that said, he turned and left, later walking into the classroom like nothing had happened. In fact, no one sensed that anything had gone down, only glaring at him with jealousy mixed with admiration because he had already finished his papers.

'It's possible to be intelligent and be cool.'

Throughout the class, the teacher consistently glanced at Miles in shock and disbelief whenever he looked at his answer sheet.

Meanwhile, back in the restroom...

Reduced to a cleaner by helping her student clean up where he had fucked, Miss Emily felt no resentment. She even felt jealous whenever she glanced at Helen, who was still trying to recover her bearings and acting like she was high on hard stuff.

Thinking to herself: 'That's the look of a woman whose pussy was properly ruined and given the premium treatment it deserved. She'll never forget this, even on her deathbed.'

Inside the stall, Natalie sweated profusely, still thinking about the "Peeping Tom" Miles had mentioned. She assumed she was being played with, whereas only Emily knew that Miles was actually referring to Miss Laurent.

'Huh?'

Just as Miss Emily dropped the mop, she paused, experiencing a sense of déjà vu as she recalled when she and Miles had done it the first time.

Tilting her head toward the stalls, she hastily turned and walked toward them.

"This..."

She froze in shock when she noticed the "Occupied" sign on one of the stalls, and a smile suddenly formed on her face.

Knock, knock.

Natalie's heart raced madly as if it wanted to burst through her chest, and her expression turned tense.

'What if it gets out what I did to myself while listening to the suspects I'm supposed to be investigating fuck each other? Or... what if she tells him?'

Imagining a scene of her and Miles in an interrogation room—where he would smile at her, ask if she had dreamed of him fucking her, and then bend her over the table—it was a wild imagination.

'Fuck. I shouldn't be thinking about this,' she scolded herself, crazily running the gears in her head to come up with a solution.

"Hope you enjoyed it. I bet you fingered yourself seven times listening," Miss Emily said, her voice teasing and intrigued.

Meanwhile, staring at her reflection, Helen froze and snapped her head toward the stall.

At the realization that someone had listened to her getting fucked by Miles, she swallowed hard, feeling something deep within her being triggered.