Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 257: Exposed Family Taboo[1,508 words]

"Damn!"

Looking at the thick waste of semen spilled over the two unconscious women, Miles couldn't help but curse with a gri

Suddenly, heavy, muffled knocks sounded, causing him to halt and turn towards the door.

Dum! Dum! Dum!

In the tranquil silence that befell the room after he finished spilling his cum over the two women, the muffled knocks that reverberated through the door sharply drew his attention.

"Yo..."

The word left his mouth before he knew it, and his eyes quickly darted across the room for his pants, feeling fortunate that he hadn't ripped them apart the moment he spotted them.

"What a relief..."

Dum! Dum! Dum!

The knocks sounded again and he dashed to put on his pants...

"Fuck, I wonder who it could possibly be at this time of the night..."

Sparing a glance at Hannah and Yasmin's bodies, he cursed under his breath but made no move to cover them up.

"Right, it better be Deb, it better be Deb," he repeatedly muttered under his breath, already feeling a headache at the thought of it being Cassie and how he would have to find a reasonable explanation for what he was doing in Hannah's room. As for Josephine, he didn't even want to start with how much of a low-key drama queen she was; her glare would probably stab his heart.

With no clue that he had been exposed, Miles rushed toward the door, unlocking it with a click and twisting the doorknob with another click, only to be left flabbergasted by what he saw.

For the first time, he experienced a horrifying primal fear as he met three pairs of eyes that seemed to stare into his soul.

"Fuck..."

The word slipped off his lips in a frightened tone, and he instinctively took a step back under the varying gazes of his three dear stepsisters: Cassie, Josephine, and Deb.

In this slip-up, he happened to let go of the door, letting it swing wide ajar. The gazes of the three sisters instinctively raised past his shoulders, settling on the unidentified figures sprawled on the bed—most especially the two pairs of legs with distinct skin tones.

At this moment, even Deb, who pretended to be unfazed, opened her mouth ajar in shock.

'What the fuck is happening right now?' Miles thought to himself, swallowing his saliva as he tried to figure out how things had spiraled out of control in barely five seconds.

'I'm definitely fucked.'

Meanwhile, the three sisters tried to comprehend why there were two pairs of legs. Thinking that they were perhaps mistaken, they ran a simple calculation of how many people lived in this duplex. How come there was an extra person right before them?

"I knew it."

Behold, it was Cassie who reacted first, exclaiming under her breath at a particular question that was piqued while she was eavesdropping.

However, neither Josephine nor Deb shared her weird sense of humor or thinking. Instead, they both held their breath and took a step forward—especially Josephine, whose throat ached from suppressing the questions that threatened to shoot out.

"..."

Stiff as a statue, Miles didn't dare breathe out loud as they walked past him, their eyes settling on the faces of the two sprawled women in shock.

Splattered with fresh cum over their bodies, Yasmin and Hannah smiled while visibly asleep.

Josephine inwardly trembled like a volcano about to erupt as she recognized the other woman as their new neighbor.

"Mrs. Yasmin?"

Her voice sounded wretched, mixed with both disgust and hurt, stunning everyone in the room.

’Another one...’

Josephine clenched her fists, devastated by the reality that an older woman they weren’t even related to had come into their mom’s room and tasted her brother’s dick before hers.

With tears quickly streaming down her cheeks, Josephine dashed out of the room. Miles reacted too late because he was too stunned by her reaction.

"Fuck, Phine!"

He reacted a moment later and tried to dash after her, but unfortunately, the door to her room was too close for him to catch up.

Bang!

Click! Click!

Josephine slammed her door and locked it.

"Yo..."

Staring speechlessly at the door for a second, he stretched out his hand and knocked.

"Phine? Let’s talk."

Slam! Slam! He hit the door but got no response.

"Fuck."

After about thirty seconds, he cursed and gave up. Shaking his head slightly in regret, he noticed from the corner of his eye the two figures silently staring at him.

Turning to them, he let out an exasperated breath, and his stark upper body relaxed and clenched. It broke Deb’s silently composed expression into a blush, instantly nullifying whatever she had been about to say.

But Cassie was a different nutcase.

Despite blushing, she folded her arms over her chest while forcibly gritting her teeth.

"You... you... you... you are fucking..." She stammered, trembling as she appeared unwilling to say the word—that he was fucking Mom—so she pointed her finger at him with a feigned vicious look, then gave up with a cold snort.

"Pervert! I won’t forgive you!" she quickly said and rushed off to her room.

Following the sound of a door being slammed shut, he was left with Deb, who bit her lips, summoning the courage to look him in the eye.

"I know this was likely Mom’s idea... but you had better apologize to Phine and clear up any misunderstanding... she... she loves you."

With that, Deb squeezed her fingers and rushed past him, her boobs jiggling as she ran.

Click!

When he heard the soft sound of her door closing, he finally let out the breath he had been holding in.

In silence, his gaze hovered over the two women, and he chose to cover them with a new duvet, even though it would ruin the work of art he had drawn on their bodies.

"I need to take a shower."

Taking a whiff of his armpit, he crinkled his nose and went to his room with a heavy feeling in his chest regarding Josephine.

Meanwhile, at the neighboring household, Jazmín finally perched her ass away from the window after sensing the drama had ended.

"Wow."

She uttered speechlessly, a lost look in her eyes as she collapsed onto her mom’s bed.

Far away, in an underground abandoned bunker...

Inside a dimly lit, wide, and spacious office that looked completely vacant...

"Hmmmmmmmm!!! Ahhhhhhhh!!!"

An agonized scream of pleasure rang out loud.

"Heheheh, not so arrogant anymore, are you? Fucking bitch! Ptuu!"

After repeatedly injecting a vial of a newly developed aphrodisiac—which cost a small fortune—into Natalie, Clyde, the boss of the syndicate, sat on his desk. He stared at her with wild amusement, occasionally spitting on or kicking her face whenever he felt the urge.

Tied up to the wall in an X-shape, Natalie couldn't even comprehend anything that was being said to her.

Hanging loosely against the wall, her once sharply ironed outfit was now ripped in several places and riddled with burn marks from joint butts. Her thighs were exposed and scarred with several red marks. Her arms were in a similar condition, and a strap of her black sports bra had been sliced through, exposing a glimpse of her softies.

"Ahhhh...."

She screamed again, her breath failing her and her throat sounding raspy.

"Who is the rat now?"

Getting off the desk, Clyde pulled the joint from his lips, puffed smoke right into her face, and used his other hand to gently push back strands of her hair.

"You know, you're actually quite pretty and stacked in certain places," he said, lifting her chin and watching in silence as her arrogance twisted into lust, agony, and hatred. But as usual, there was no plea or surrender—instead, a flicker of pride that refused to die out.

Smiling at her, Clyde let go of her chin and grabbed her throat.

"You know, I can fuck that cunt of yours anytime I want, for as long as I desire. But tsk, that would be a waste of the money I've injected into you. So I'd rather keep it up and have you beg me to fuck that slutty pussy of yours before I share it with my boys. Who knows? I might even let you breed my baby."

Slap!

Letting go of her neck, he landed a resounding slap across her face. He was about to punch her in the gut when the vibration in his chest pocket caused him to pause and retract his fist.

"Lucky bitch."

Puffing on the joint, he pulled out the small burner phone and answered it with a wide smile after recognizing the number.

"Oh, my dearest client..."

Dominic Police Station.

In a high-level conference room.

Despite the fact that the sun had long set, the station was visibly bustling, with everyone moving fast to handle paperwork.

"Okay, call up members of the syndicate in state prisons—wherever, I don’t care! Promise them reduced prison time if they aren’t serving life sentences, and have them give up locations!"