

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 258:

Detective Jazmín[1,510 words]

The next morning, Sinclair's Duplex.

"Argh."

A raspy groan shot through Miles' throat the moment sunlight reached past the blinds and pierced his eyes. Shifting abruptly from its reach, he shut his eyes to ease the ache.

Groaning as he sat up, a yawn he couldn't suppress caused his mouth to open wide before he could take a proper look at his familiar surroundings—his room.

"Hmmm?"

He hummed in confusion, lowering his hand from his eyes to rub his nose slightly.

"What—"

Just as he was about to mutter the word, memories of last night vividly played in his mind, and he speechlessly dropped his hand.

"Fuck, it was a total disaster."

Grabbing the nearest pillow, he threw it at the door, feeling vexed about how things had turned out simply because he hadn't made his move on Josephine.

'Perhaps if she had known about my peculiar interest, things would have turned out the opposite.'

Thinking back, he imagined his three sisters joining the fun instead of slamming the doors of their rooms on him.

Taking a deep breath to calm down, he let go and scanned the room with his gaze again.

"I better go and fix things. Mom and Yasmin definitely aren't aware of what happened. Are they up?"

Muttering to himself as he smoothly got out of bed, he paused as he caught sight of the bright morning sun outside.

"Crap! What time is it?"

His eyes darted to the table clock—

"Nine twenty-three?"

Without lingering around, he dashed into the bathroom while cursing because the exam was starting in thirty minutes.

Dominion High.

Beyond the chaotic morning hallways and clamor, in a silent but busy office filled with the frequent flicking of papers, was the general staff office where Miles had once fucked a certain married teacher.

"Miss Emily, you've got a strange smile on your face. Did he give you the ring?"

Just as she busied herself joyfully rounding up exam papers, Miss Emily paused when she heard a female colleague comment in a teasing tone, well-hidden with mockery and jealousy.

Raising her head, she recognized the fairly ugly face and neglected body frame; the woman was in her late thirties but looked a decade older.

"Oh my, didn't know I let that much out already."

Responding with hidden sarcasm, Emily smiled, sweeping her gaze toward the other teachers who sneaked a glance in her direction.

The expression of the woman who had just spoken turned ashen, and she chose to say no more, walking toward the printer.

'Thought so.'

Sneering inwardly, Miss Emily was about to lower her gaze and resume what she was doing when she noticed a sneaky arm wave in her direction.

'Hmm?'

She raised her gaze and saw it was Mrs. Laurent.

On the opposite end, after getting her attention, Mrs. Laurent secretly hinted at the door while she left before Emily could even fully comprehend it.

Pretending not to have noticed, Miss Emily went on arranging the papers for a few seconds more before suddenly lowering her head and rubbing her belly slightly.

Revealing a slightly disturbed look, she proceeded toward the exit while the other female teachers inwardly sneered, with obvious delight in their eyes toward her bad situation.

"Whore."

An almost inaudible voice whispered, but Emily played deaf to it and stepped out of the office.

Cautiously glancing at both ends of the hallway, a subtle change flickered in her expression when she heard the loud clamor coming from the main hallway and saw students walking past the turn to the staff corridor.

Without hesitation, she turned toward the opposite end and walked toward the restroom there.

Click.

Impatiently walking around in a circle, Mrs. Laurent paused after she heard the click and saw the door push open. A second later, seeing it was Miss Emily, her heart eased and she halted.

Meanwhile, after closing the door behind her, Emily didn't stop to talk but walked toward the stalls, her footsteps leaving a soft clicking sound against the tiles.

Stunned, Mrs. Laurent watched her open each stall and peep inside before letting out a relieved breath.

"So?"

Miss Emily asked briefly, showing that she wanted to get straight to the point of this meeting.

With a flushed expression, Mrs. Laurent inhaled and exhaled before speaking slowly.

"Yesterday... you said I should get ready... that he's going to see us. Please, what does he plan to do?"

Squeezing her thighs together, she asked the burning question that had plagued her all through the night while she slept next to her husband.

As a comrade in sharing cock, Miss Emily paused and revealed an amused smile.

"Oh... really?" She passed off her words in a teasing manner.

Mrs. Laurent's face flushed even more, and after a second, Emily chose to break the shell.

"Well... he didn't clearly state it. But I'd advise you to do what he says and drop whatever you're going to be doing later. You don't wanna miss out, do you?"

Miss Emily added the latter part, making it sound almost like a threat.

"I know... it's just... I haven't been able to sleep thinking about it," Mrs. Laurent said, avoiding eye contact with Miss Emily, who maintained a bright, teasing smile.

"Oh... how exciting, right? Hehehe."

Miss Emily laughed, leaving Mrs. Laurent quietly blushing.

"Is that all?" Miss Emily asked just in case, and Mrs. Laurent quickly responded with nods.

Though they were colleagues, in terms of serving Miles' cock, she knew Emily was a whole rank above her and probably hung out with him on different occasions to be fucked. He even used her to pass his messages.

"Okay then."

With a smile, Emily patted her shoulders softly, then squeezed her ass a bit before leaving.

30 Minutes Later.

At the entrance of Dominion High, Miles walked in, staring at the sparse, empty hallway. Grimacing slightly, he kept walking forward.

'If not for the rowdy noise from each classroom, I would've thought everyone ditched school today.'

Relaxing his pace, he soon reached his class and stepped inside.

As usual, his arrival earned so much attention that the class paused for two seconds.

Giving a slight bro nod to Theo, he noticed Britney staring at him with a complicated look, though she swiftly shifted her eyes the moment she was caught.

'Well...'

Dropping his backpack by his side, he leaned back in his seat just as the door opened.

And guess who it was... Mrs. Laurent.

She wore a form-fitting blouse that reached beneath her knees and black stockings. The rest of her upper body certainly didn't deserve to be left unremarked, either.

She was a thick, chubby woman in a sexy manner.

Many boys in the class instantly held their breath, swallowing hard as their eyes lustfully roamed her figure.

Expressionless to this, she secretly tilted her head in Miles' direction and caught the curved corner of his lips.

In an instant, she panicked and turned her back to the whole class, blushing heavily.

Overwhelmed by the moment, she uncapped her pen and was about to write on the board when she heard a student ask if they had class.

Glancing at her hand, which held a small box of exam papers, she clenched the pen tightly and quickly composed herself before revealing a smile to the class.

"Oh yeah, it slipped my mind for a second," she said.

Meanwhile, at the back, Yasmin watched her closely, her eyes filled with amazement at her sudden discovery.

Her eyes had been on Miles from the moment he stepped into the class. Thinking to herself that he could keep such composure and come to school the next morning after fucking both of their mothers, she found the concept absurd—but then she noticed the way Miles looked at Mrs. Laurent while everyone else was drawn by her appearance.

In fact, she only caught a glimpse of his face, but his silent confidence of ownership while the rest were lustful led her to follow his gaze and notice Mrs. Laurent's reaction right afterward.

'No way.'

For someone who had fucked her, fucked her mother, and fucked his own mother, she didn't doubt it in the slightest. I mean, what was a teacher compared to real taboo? There was also a high chance he was fucking his sisters too—the porn dream of many.

"Get ready for your papers now..."

Location: Sinclair's Duplex.

In the luxurious, wide master bedroom filled with piercing sunlight from the open window and warm natural light.

On the king-sized bed, two figures lay together, cuddling nudely after unconsciously kicking the sheets away.

"HMMMMMMMMMM."

Suddenly, one of the two figures hummed and stretched her free arm.

Hannah and Yasmin.

Stretching her toes, Hannah squinted her eyes, struggling to keep them open due to the bright surroundings.

"Hmmmmmm... I feel so fucked up. Did I get myself drunk—"

Struggling to sit up, her voice suddenly went quiet.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

An immense jolt of bliss shot through her spine, feeling as if it had received the greatest massage imaginable.