

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 263:

Unifying The Class Against Alice/ Carnal Teachings[1,110 words]

"Stop this madness!"

Suddenly there was a loud shout. Alice flailed her arms in the air and closed her ears with a deeply irritated look and disgust at the class.

"Oh?"

Intrigued, Miles didn't stop squeezing Mrs. Laurent's ass, but instead switched and smacked her other ass cheek just as wickedly.

Smack!

Alice, who had just released her outburst, froze and glared at him while seething with anger.

"What's wrong with you? Have you guys gone insane? Can't—can't you guys see he's nothing but a deranged pervert and he's done something to her?!"

She shouted and pointed her shaking fingers at Miles while drawing strange looks from the rest of the class.

Silence...

"Can't you guys see? He—he drugged the boys!"

Seeing no reaction, she raised her other hand and pointed at the unconscious boys, who were clearly breathing and looked fine.

"This—" She broke down, unable to speak as the feeling of alienation from the girls struck her senses.

"Hmmm. Hmmm."

Mrs. Laurent's hums broke the silence, obviously enjoying the rough treatment of Miles's hand on her ass, ignoring Alice's words.

"Alice? What's the deal with you, huh?"

Finally unable to bear it, Jazmín spoke with irritation, rolling her eyes.

"Arr—" Alice's mouth hung open in shock, as if words had failed her.

Seeing the look of betrayal on Alice's face, Jazmín went on to roll her eyes again.

"What's with that look? You're bitching about Miles like a jealous, obsessed freak. Or did he rape you? It doesn't seem so. Girl, take a chill pill."

The rest of the girls subconsciously nodded their heads in agreement.

Seeing this, Alice took another step back and shifted her eyes back to Miles, who smirked at her while slowly pulling up Mrs. Laurent's skirt to tease her.

"Noo! There's no way this is happening." Snapping around, she darted toward the door.

"I'm reporting to the authorities." She got to the door and tried to open it with a sideways pull like usual, but it surprisingly refused to budge.

"Fucking door!" After trying for the fourth time, Alice cursed under her breath and violently kicked it. Heaving, she began to sense something was strange and snapped her head around to take a look behind her.

There, Miles had finished pulling up Mrs. Laurent's long, modest skirt to her waist, revealing her bare, fleshy, big ass with no underwear.

"Hmmmmmm?"

Feeling the shaky weight of her ass, Miles was intrigued to find no other barrier to stop his unscrupulous fingers. Curious, he slithered them between her ass crack as a genuine smile stretched across his lips.

"Oh... looks like someone woke up naughty before coming to school today."

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Mrs. Laurent let out a sharp gasp, digging her fingers into his back as he slid his fingers past her asshole and dipped them into her slimy, dripping cunt.

Opposite them, Alice widened her eyes in shock, overwhelmed by his actions as if her brain failed to process what she was witnessing.

"Dadddy!" Mrs. Laurent gasped in ecstasy and excitement.

"Look at that." Raising his hand with a thin sticky line connecting him down there, Miles let it snap, then flaunted his fingers to the girls—who had lost their breath—by rubbing them together.

Like a work of art, they clearly marveled at it. Smirking at their reaction, he went on.

"I bet you've never seen such a nasty teacher, dripping wet for her young student. Hehehe—" He laughed and tilted his head at Alice, who was watching in a stunned, speechless daze, instantly resetting the focus of the class on her. "Like Alice says, we should definitely call the cops and authorities. After all, I'm just a young teen who has been preyed upon by a teacher."

He appeared sincere, but his mocking intent could be smelled by everyone conscious.

Instantly, Alice's face flushed with the embarrassed realization that Miles was the same age as her.

Her breathing picked up to a quick pace and she pointed shakily at him, unable to mutter a word for a few moments before she stuttered.

"You—you stinking, perverted bastard! I don't know what you did, but you'll surely pay for this. Open the door right now!" she barked, stomping her feet with a flushed, furious look.

"Oh—"

Miles muttered with an expression showing he had lost interest, then turned toward the rest of the girls as if continuing a discussion after a brief distraction. He leaned slightly and nibbled Mrs. Laurent's earlobe.

"Ahhhhh!" She shuddered and melted into his embrace.

"Did you hear that?" he mused. "Mrs. Laurent is actually married with two little kids. She appears all modest and strict, too. But beneath all that... is what you've all been fortunate to witness. A nasty, perverted little girl pleading for daddy's cock entrenched in her dripping pussy."

"Ahh—"

There was a sudden light, erotic gasp in the silence just after he finished speaking, and everyone's head snapped toward it.

There, in the middle back row, Lena had her palm clamped shut over her mouth, frozen stiff with the attention of the class on her while her other hand seemed lowered, nowhere to be seen.

Though the rest of the girls were already experiencing something similar, the civilized and conscious part of them feared being judged.

After a moment of surprise, Miles nodded and smiled.

"There you go. You don't have to hold back your emotions like Mrs. Laurent did to end up like her. Don't act civilized; no one is going to judge. You ain't boys either to think this is gay, right?"

Miles grinned.

"—Open the door right now!" However, just then someone ruined the mood. Alice. Not minding that she had earned the disgust of the class since they were all insane to her, she stood firm this time with a furious look.

Showing a teasing smile, Miles dipped his fingers back between Mrs. Laurent's folds before speaking.

"And what makes you think I'm the one who locked the door? Didn't Mrs. Laurent just walk in?"

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Instead of a response, Mrs. Laurent gasped erotically, trembling slightly.

"—" Fuming, Alice didn't speak and dashed back toward her seat. Grabbing her backpack, she brought out her phone. "I'm calling 911." She gnashed her teeth.

"No, Alice, don't—"

A synchronized protest sounded and the girls froze, realizing what they were actually doing.

"Hehehe, it's okay, girls. Let her," Miles spoke, breaking the tension with a satisfied look while refocusing his gaze on Alice.

First time I'm witnessing such a double-faced bitch. But whatever, I have the silence barrier surrounding the class and a network jammer under my desk. Let's make her become the number one enemy.