Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 272: Oblivious Chaos[1,000 words]

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"Oh fuck."

They had just gotten out of Deb’s car when his phone suddenly buzzed with Simon’s name on the caller ID.

Cursing, he recalled asking Simon to wait for him so he could hitch a free ride with Delaney before Deb pulled up with the squad.

The instant he accepted the call, Simon’s pissed voice came through.

"What the fuck, man. Been tryna reach you since."

Damn.

"I’m so sorry, bro. Had a little family emergency and didn’t have time to catch up."

On the other end, Simon calmed slightly at the term ’family emergency’.

"What happened, dude?"

Glancing at Cassie, Deb, and Josephine—who were eavesdropping while pretending to be on their phones—Miles let out an exasperated breath and walked forward.

"Can’t say, man. It was hectic."

Over the phone, Simon didn’t press further and only told Miles to come hang out sometime because of Delaney.

"Sure, tell her I’m sorry and pass her my digits."

"What the fuck, man. No way I’m giving her your number. Don’t get ideas about my sis."

Poor dude.

Unable to hold it back, Miles grinned into the phone, feeling the emotional blow his dear friend would receive if he ever found out what he had done to his sister.

"Naaah bro, I'm good with Chloe," he replied in an uninterested tone, lowering Simon's guard.

"Good."

With that, Simon sounded like he had lost interest in continuing the conversation after his sister was mentioned.

Tucking his phone back into his pockets, Miles ignored the envious look he got from someone after mentioning Chloe and went inside the house.

Still in the Sunflower Neighborhood, the neighbor's duplex.

After getting back from school with no memory of what had happened during half of the exam, Jazmín walked through the eerily quiet home, straight up the stairs, and slowly opened the door to her mother's room.

"Mom?" she carefully called out, but got no response.

"Mom?"

Shaken, Jazmín fully stepped in and paused at her mother's disheveled figure, deep in slumber with no clothes on.

Staring silently, Jazmín's eyes roamed over the details of the red marks and palm prints on her mother's body—especially on her ass, where she envisioned Miles' palm fitting perfectly over it—and felt a strong heat surge through her.

"We are now part of the same harem," she muttered under her breath, recalling Miles' words and imagining what it would be like to get fucked in a row alongside her mother in the midst of other girls.

"Miles... hmmm," she hummed, groping her own breasts in fantasy.

Armons' Estate.

"Ahhhhh!"

"Ahhhhh!"

In the grand and luxurious master suite of the mansion, two distinctly different moans rang out repeatedly amidst the squeaking of the mattress as pillows were pressed against the bed from their actions.

Rachael and Carolina.

The mother and daughter pushed two of their fingers repeatedly into their dripping, silky wet cunts while watching two split clips displayed on the huge screen.

One showed the visage of a high school student walking to the cafeteria, totally unaware of being spied on.

But the scene on the other side of the screen was a whole different story.

It featured the very same grand bedroom they were currently in, with the sculpted back of the male on the other screen dominantly moving in the background, fucking the mother and daughter on the bed until they couldn't move an inch, having moaned with every drop of strength they had.

Fingering herself with her legs wide open in the air, Rachael's eyes were locked on Miles. Her figure was still clad in her school uniform, except that her shoes and underwear were nowhere to be seen.

If one searched, her backpack would be found dumped before the shut doors.

From the look of things, she had just come home from school, happened to see her mother partaking in such an act, and decided to join without a second thought—venting her frustration that Miles hadn't glanced in her direction once all these days after what they did.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Rachael moaned the loudest, while Carolina moaned faintly, visibly exhausted and worn out.

Both mother and daughter were about to reach the peak of their orgasm once again when the doors suddenly banged open to reveal a man in his late forties. He was wearing golf-style clothing, shock written all over his face as he gawked at the sight of his wife and daughter on his bed, in his home, watching a clip where they were both double-teamed by a kid not even in his twenties.

Despite being gay, the man found himself rage-baited to the extreme.

"You... you bitch!!"

The moment the words left his mouth, he clutched his chest and staggered with widened eyes.

Unfortunately for the despairing figures of Rachael and Carolina on the bed, the man didn't suffer a stroke; instead, he called for his security team to lock them up.

"Damned whore!!! I'll fucking kill you!!"

Meanwhile, resting silently on his bed to collect his thoughts on everything he had done and everything that had happened to him, Miles had no idea he had ruined a family and a marriage—with no clue that a life might be at stake.

Knock knock.

Just then, a polite knock interrupted his thoughts, followed by Josephine's voice from behind the door.

Getting up from the bed, Miles opened the door to the sight of her in a stylishly ripped tank top and loose pants.

They held each other's gaze in silence for a couple of seconds before Josephine gave in.

"...Do you need to get an outfit, or a suit maybe, for prom?" she asked, trying to sound composed and not inwardly flustered.

"Yes, I do," Miles simply answered while thinking of the best way to use his current ability to visit the most prominent boutique in Italy.

"Okay," Josephine replied, and was about to turn away when he stopped her.

"What's the dress code?"

"Blue Origin," she answered, and he nodded, needing no further words.