Taboo Stepson System –

Chapter 275: How do you want him to die?[1,061 words]

<read author’s thought.>

"I’ll be back."

With this sentence, Miles disappeared like he never existed, only to appear in the basement of the Armon Mansion before the bound, wealthy tycoon.

"Bastard."

Cursing under his breath, Miles punched out a couple of teeth from the man’s mouth, simply unable to bear his existence, and teleported to pick up the knocked-out security agents.

Disarming them, he whipped them through telekinesis, floating their bodies down to the basement and cuffing their limbs.

"Oh..."

Sensing an approaching presence through his awareness spread across the mansion, Miles raised his brows as he recalled the four men he had ordered to come back using his powers.

Seeing them stand idly like dumb zombies, he cuffed them up and brought them to the basement.

With a snap of his fingers, he appeared back in the operating room.

Overseeing the surgery, he realized he would have to wait long and willed the flow of time within the operating room to be 10 times faster.

’15 minutes in the real world should wrap it up.’

With a second thought, Miles teleported and appeared in the grand master bedroom to see Grace catering to Rachael’s wounds.

"...he—he caught us watching a clip of Miles fucking the two of us."

"It’s okay, don’t be afraid. He’s a terrible human being. Miles will take care of him. You don’t have to think or worry about him ever again."

While they were yet to notice his presence, Miles listened to Rachael’s traumatized voice and watched as Grace comforted her like a victim with a similar experience with violent men.

’Why is she so sure that I’ll take care of him?’

The thought raised questions about how Grace saw him. After all, he was just some high schooler, not a dangerous, ruthless mafia boss like the way she assured Rachael.

’Huh? So he came home after a long time only to be greeted by the sight of his wife and daughter having fun to a clip where they were being fucked.’

After hearing Rachael’s narration, Miles understood the big picture of what had happened.

Activating his anatomical vision, Miles took a detailed scan of Rachael’s body.

’She was lucky. Carolina must have protected her from being beaten badly. That also explains why she suffered so much bleeding.’

"Ahem."

With a light cough, Miles interrupted their conversation, making them notice his standing figure.

"Miles, you’re here?"

Grace cried out to him in astonishment, seemingly taking in his appearance like he was a strange creature after witnessing his mystical abilities.

Despite this, Miles had no intention of erasing their memories of him, since it only solidified the way they viewed him. And of course, no one would believe them anyway.

"Come, we need to take you to the hospital."

With that, Miles walked up to them and grabbed both of their arms, teleporting them to an empty ward.

Once again, Rachael and Grace marveled at the sudden change in environment.

"Grace, take Rachael to receive some basic treatment and a prescription for medicine. I'll come get you when you're done."

"Wait—"

Just as Miles was about to disappear, Rachael overcame her fascination and called out to him.

"Mom... where is she? Is she okay?" she blurted out, holding his arm.

Miles nodded and smiled.

"Yes, she's just undergoing surgery, but it's nothing for you to fret about. She's perfectly safe."

With that, Miles appeared in the operating room and saw the surgeon, assisted by several nurses, suturing Carolina up in the most efficient, scar-minimizing way through the knowledge he had allowed them to access.

He stayed through the process until they were done and controlled the nurses to pack up and leave.

Soon, it was just the surgeon, Carolina, and Miles in the room.

"Are you done?"

Miles made himself visible and asked, throwing the man off guard as he finally regained his memory from being held at gunpoint.

"Argh!" He jolted in fear.

"What are you?" He pointed a scared finger toward Miles, but Miles wasn't in the mood to entertain such questions.

"Cut the crap if you don't want to die and answer me," Miles threatened, manifesting a twisted green flame to horrify the surgeon, since fear was the fastest way to get information out of him.

Seeing this, the surgeon nodded dumbly, a stark contrast to when a gun had been pointed at him. But to be honest, the psychological training medical personnel had for such situations didn't involve superpowers. What's more, the surgeon had no bargaining chip to try to calm Miles down with, so he was genuinely scared for his life.

Miles nodded, pleased.

"Does she need intensive care after this, and how long will it take her to heal?"

"No, with the level of surgery I just performed, she doesn't—"

Suddenly, the surgeon paused, realizing he had done something purely impossible while operating on Carolina, but as he tried to recall the details, he failed.

"Speak."

"—Sorry. With the level of surgery that I just performed, there can never be a complication. She just needs a long rest and to eat a well-balanced diet to increase her vitality," he spoke, at a loss for words, as if he couldn't believe his own statement.

"Good."

Miles nodded without another word and flicked his finger to grant Carolina full healing. In this way, she could feel fine until his ability expired.

"Argh!"

The surgeon let out a startled yelp as he saw Carolina's body heal until all her injuries and stitches disappeared.

"Oh..."

Miles was about to teleport when he looked at the name tag on the surgeon's coat closely.

"Doctor Chen... a couple hundred grand just got sent to the hospital's account. The extra should be your private fee."

With that, Miles coolly disappeared.

Appearing in the basement, Carolina regained consciousness while on her feet, and Miles disappeared just before she could say a word.

Back at the hospital, Grace and Rachael had returned to the empty ward before Miles took them back home.

"Huh? What happened? Where am I—?"

Just as she was asking these questions, Carolina froze, noticing she was in a white hospital gown and that a couple of men were cuffed and grunting beneath her feet—including her husband.

She stared at him silently in shock before Miles' voice broke the silence.

"How do you want him to die?"