

## TABOO STEPSON SYSTEM

### Taboo Stepson System

Long, dark wavy hair. Light skinned and a thick set of eyebrows. Her stunned eyes when their gazes met were like two enthralling pearls and for a moment it was as if time slowed to a crawl to capture the moment.

'Damn.' Miles cursed inwardly, amazed by her beauty and of course the striking bust matching her slim frame. Somehow, he was reminded of -Cynthia Sanders from Malcolm in the Middle-.

Meanwhile, on the other end, Chloe felt as though her soul almost left her body, her heart skipping a beat when she met Miles' gaze. It had only been one of her routine glances; she never expected he would glance in this direction, specifically at her since she had been doing this for more than two years already without being caught.

She was left rattled on how to react but thankfully Miles saved her by withdrawing his gaze.

On the other hand, in truth, Miles had only looked away due to Theo nervously nudging his arm, scared that Billy, the intimidating brother of the beauty, wouldn't come to fold them in half.

"Geez bro, you were staring for too long."

" The last person caught staring at her indecently couldn't walk for two days after being rammed by Billy."

Simon and Oliver shook their heads simultaneously, obviously having witnessed it. In their eyes, Miles was too arrogant after visiting the gym for a day and losing his V. At the same time though, they all shared a jealous look.

" Maybe I should try to lose my V too." Theo shook his head wryly.

"Hehehe- don't you worry guys, as long as I've got enough chicks handing over one or two wouldn't hurt." Miles grinned as a new scenario formed in his head .

The boys were about to reply but the Cafeteria suddenly fell silent, drawing their attention to the entrance.

In Dominion High, there was no King and Queen, just a single Emperor and princesses from varying Kingdoms vying for his attention.

Jason Kingsley, born with light blonde hair and striking blue pair of eyes was that Emperor.

But other than his outstanding face card and athletic frame that made him all girls' favourite, he was a prodigy in basketball and an heir to the Kingstone Group worth hundreds of million dollars.

Jason stepped into the cafeteria, basically aura farming as the whole place quietened.

'Damn.' Even Miles couldn't hold back his admiration.

Five other students were tailing beside Jason, all strikingly tall. It wasn't hard to tell they were part of the basketball team.

Clamouring next to them were the two leaders of the cheer squad, Ava and Bella whose pleated skirts were too short, purposely flaunting their sexy legs.

'Sluts.' Miles remarked while throwing his friends a glance.

'I definitely have to taste my share before handing those bitches over to them.' He told himself.

Jason glanced around the cafeteria, eyes lingering for a moment in Miles' direction before he calmly strode towards one of the empty tables at the other end.

After the emperor sat, the cafeteria resumed its liveliness once more turning to a market square.

Just when Miles was about to turn away, he noticed Josephine walk into the cafeteria with her own clique of friends. A group of smart beautiful girls with classic taste of dressing as the slight adjustment in their uniforms could be seen and earned them whispers.

That's right, this group wasn't about sports or gymnastics, it was a club for aspiring fashion designers. And even more surprising was that, Josephine being the head chef at home was the leader of the group.

Seeing the looks of fascination she was earning, Miles grinned and savoured the sight of his beautiful step sister. She was Dominion High's Top 1, the other girl who wasn't yet present was known to be top 2.

From his seat, Miles winked at her, surprising Josephine who thought he would just lower his head and avoid her gaze as usual.

'He has really changed.'

Not minding the attention, she shocked the whole cafeteria by blowing a kiss in Miles' direction.

"Wait, did you see it? Who did she blow a kiss at?"

"Damn, my goddess!"

"Hehehe- the kiss was for me, losers fuck up."

The cafeteria quickly clamoured into an argument with almost every male freshman and sophomore vying for the ownership.

Meanwhile, sitting next to Miles, the three virgin dudes almost felt their soul turn into a ghost when they saw Josephine glance in their direction.

"Chill guys." Miles calmly reminded them, a mocking grin on his lips.

Fortunately, Simon was quick to recover and quickly shot back.

"Easy for you to say. Humphh, wait till my sis gets back, let me watch your shy eyes roam over her." Simon ended with a grin.

"Hehehe-, you know I've got four more sisters right?"

"Fuck you three." Theo interrupted with jealousy.

"Hey, how come I'm receiving a stray bullet. I never even said a word." Oliver nudged his glasses, speechless at being called out.

" I'm the only one stuck with looking after my junior sisters while you guys already have hot grown ones."

"Hehehe-"

Hearing this, Simon and Miles cast Oliver a knowing glance.

Turns out Oliver's older sister was the second most prettiest girl and most popular in Dominion High while Oliver had to keep their relationship a secret. The group

had discovered a long time ago when they chose to study at Oliver's place for the weekend.

After being dragged into this, Oliver no longer held back either.

" Don't worry, in a few years or so they'll grow into stunning beauties and you'll protect them like a mother hawk."

The table was sharing a laughter when Britney walked into the cafeteria with her clique, matching to join the big girls table. Those whose growth spurt had begun early like her. Of course she glanced in his direction a few times, letting her anger show.

Then came the swim team girls, walking into the cafeteria like they were here for a beauty pageant and causing the cafeteria to succumb into chaos once more.

Each a beauty in their own right with tall athletic physique no, Miles thought of how it would be like to fuck the whole team, swimming in their embrace.

Whistles billowed through the cafeteria for a while before things calmed and everyone enjoyed their meals.

## **Chapter 32: Bright Mind**

"Alright, bye."

"Don't miss me."

"Ain't gay, bro."

Following a swift greeting, Miles, Theo separated from Simon and Oliver as they headed to their classroom.

The lunch break was almost over, over half of the cafeteria was empty before they left.

Stepping into the class, Miles branched off to his seat after stopping by Theo's desk. He was about to bring up his notes for the next class when he noticed not just Britney but the rest of the class frequently glancing in his direction as they whispered his name.

'Hehehe.' A gentle smile crept up his lips as he savoured the attention. Imagining how shocked they must have felt when they heard about his encounter with Daniel.

To the side, Britney was even more paranoid. Miles had overstepped his bounds and Daniel who she was supposed to report to turned out to be a big piece of asshole who gossiped with his friends about what they did or she told him. Even more, the asshole had been intimidated by one of his prey.

Currently, Britney felt that her image was greatly tarnished and was boiling with rage, she made up her mind that after school hours she would head to Daniel's home and break up with him once and for all. But first, Miles knew her secret, she had to figure out how to make him stop his nefarious plans so she secretly used her leg to slide him a piece of paper so the sight of it wouldn't spark rumours.

Feeling something nudge his seat, Miles gazed down to see Britney's leg stretched the distance between their desks with a piece of paper beneath her feet.

"How sexy."

With a perverted smile, Miles muttered just low enough for Britney to hear and glanced up to see that look of disgust on her face with a mix of anger glinting in her pupils.

'The dynamics of human relationships is surely a complicated thing.'

Thinking of her reaction if it had been said by Daniel a day before, Miles felt the sudden surge to own her.

'I wonder how you'll look with my cock stuffed down your throat.'

Nevertheless, he picked up the piece of paper and read it.

'You seem to know a lot. What do you want?'

'Quite straight and direct of you, Britney.'

Miles glanced to the side and saw Britney low-key already looking in his direction, quietly hoping they could get on with it.

To her surprise, Miles turned away without a word and flicked the paper out the window.

'One way to live rent free inside a girl's head.'

Britney stared speechless, not making sense of his action before then a hint of worry appeared on her brow.

'What is he trying to do?' she thought but her pride resurfaced and she let out a cold harrumph forcefully pushing away the thought.

Just then, a teacher walked inside the class, forcing the rowdy classroom into still silence with her presence alone.

It was their Biology teacher, Miss Tinsley, although she preferred to be called by her own name, Emily, instead.

Standing tall on classic red heels, her elegant slender frame commanded attention even before she spoke.

She was wearing a fitted red skirt with a slight cut up her knee, combined with a crisp white blouse that had its upper buttons undone revealing a bit of her cleavage and even transparent around the outer edges to form slight red outlines.

Now it could be understood why the classroom had suddenly lost its voice but not exactly for the girls to be silenced along.

Miss Emily was a lady in her late twenties, and very pretty. Her designer hand bag and expensive little jewelry like earrings and ring was what drew look of admiration from the girls as if they were looking up to their role model

That said, Miss Emily was also a very easy going person. She smiled at the class and unhurriedly dropped her bag.

"Hello guys."

As if she cast a spell, the entire class responded.

"Morning Miss Emily, your bag is cute."

"Same."

" Miss Emily, you look hot."

" Miss Emily, my dad is single. I want you to be my step mom."

One person shouted out 'Damn.'

Without rebutting anyone, she was all smiles towards their compliment.

" Oh thank you."

" Awwn."

"Alright, calm down boys. We have a lesson to catch."

Just like that, the class quickly quieted down once more.

"Today we'll be finishing genetics, and next week start a new Chapter on reproduction."

Clap! Clap! Clap!

She hadn't even finished when a couple of boys started a round of applause, whistling in cheers while the girls rolled their eyes and even threw whatever they had at the familiar ones.

Miss Emily smiled as she watched.

After the boys quieted down, she turned toward the board, showcasing her shaped little ass and writing the word (Genetics) on it.

Sitting in his quiet corner, Miles watched all these feeling quite smug with himself for having heard such a secret.

On the surface Miss Emily was every students' favourite, friendly , casual, and hot. She had even won the best teacher of the term award quite a few times at least.

That said, a lot of boys had confessed to her secretly, and of which, a particular one had succeeded to hire her as his home lesson teacher. Kelvin Miller.

In the beginning, Miles only had 4 bullies to avoid until one day, misfortune decided to add to his plate when he ran into the staff's rest room to hide and accidentally spotted Kelvin. At that time, Kelvin was a newcomer who trended for bagging any girls he wanted due to his looks and wealthy background.

In order to keep Miles shut, he joined the cohort of bullies to assault him every single time.

Not even the rest of the group was aware of this secret since Kelvin knew how to play his game right.

The branded bags and expensive jewelry Miss Emily wore was a result of their illicit relationship all these while.

'Don't worry Kelvin, your high maintenance bitch will be nothing but my cheap slut. You just don't worry.'

Watching Miss Emily tend to the objectives of genetics, Miles' patience was that of a true predator ready to strike.

30 minutes later...

"Alright, is there any of you that has questions pertaining to what we've dealt with so far?"

Before any could raise their hand, Miles abruptly stood up with a textbook, moving towards her as he spoke.

" Excuse me Miss Emily, I don't understand this diagram."

'Huh?'

Emily was taken aback, instantly recognising Miles but didn't seem to understand why he would want to hand over a text book to her.

She took it anyway, raising her brows as she scanned the page, her heart leaping in shock by what was written in it. A cold chill traveled down her spine and her legs almost gave in to weakness.

Beside her, Miles acted clueless.

" Are you okay Miss?"

"Hmm." Recovering from the shock, Miss Emily nodded, straining a smile.

"Wow, this diagram is complicated and very high-level. How can you guys be taught this? You can head back to your seat. I'll get back to you."

Seeing this, the whole class was stunned and quickly turned the pages of their text book, hoping to find the diagram.

Ding Ding Ding

Just then, the electronic bell rang, signalling it was time for the next lesson.

" Alright guys will see you in my next class."

Hurriedly waving at the class, she glanced in Miles' direction.

"You there, you have such a bright mind, why don't you follow me to see the principal."

## **Chapter 33: Blackmailing Miss Emily**

Chapter Subtitle: Be my cock sucking slut

"You there, you have such a bright mind, why don't you follow me to see the principal."

Miss Emily had spoken those words to shake him as a form of threat but Miles knew much more than to chicken out.

In fact, far from it, he revealed a subtle smile of understanding and stood up from his seat, tailing right behind her while the whole class watched in puzzlement as they couldn't find the diagram.

Meanwhile, right after they got into the hallway, Miss Emily turned to him, anger and disgust written on her face as she shakily pointed her finger.

"You.... You little wretch. What do you want?" She squeezed the words through gritted teeth, looking at him like a piece of shit that had stained her white.

'Hehehe, finally revealing your true colours huh?'

However, Miles didn't respond, directing his gaze behind her, because at that moment the ICT teacher he was supposed to have in this period had just exited a classroom and was walking down the hallway towards them. The same scene quickly spanned through the hallway, teachers exiting a class to switch just to the other.

Miss Emily realized this and quickly corrected her posture, while smiling lightly as she readjusted his tie.

Just then, the ICT teacher, an average built man in his mid thirties walked over with a sheepish fawning smile as he approached them.

"Hello there Miss Emily."

Miss Emily smiled and swept her hair to the back, responding to the man with a polite smile that seemed to charm him.

"Hi there Mr Thomas, would you mind lending me Miles for this period? He has such a bright mind and I think I should recommend him for the upcoming scholarship competition."

"Miles?" Mr Thomas glanced at Miles, a look of recognition flickering in his eyes as he remembered one of the competitive top scorers in the Junior year.

"Oh, feel free. Though do you mind if we catch lunch together after this?"

Apparently Mr Thomas was quite thick skinned and wanted to use the simple request to ask her out but Miss Emily was an expert at friendzoning . She did it so cleanly and with the same charming smile.

"Awwww, you know I have such a busy schedule. I don't think I have spare time for such."

Mr Thomas had no choice but to force out a shameless smile and walk away.

As expected, Miss Emily's expression turned sour with disgust as she glanced at his departing figure.

A moment later, after seeing that there was no one in the hallway, she let her rage out once more, her tone venomous as a snake.

"What do you want?"

"Hmm, are you really sure it's proper we discuss that here?" Miles said casually, glancing through the hallway.

Doing the same, Miss Emily inhaled deeply and turned to lead the way.

Surprisingly enough, it wasn't to the Principal's office or the staff's room but where it all began, the Teachers' rest room.

The inside was a small, quiet, well-kept space with a sink, and a wide mirror above it. Stretching to the side was a couple of vacant stalls with the faint scent of disinfectant lingering in the air.

Closing the door with a click after confirming it was clear, Miss Emily turned to him.

Sensing her gaze, Miles showed a smile and calmly rested on the sink.

"Have you been blackmailed before?"

Miles asked as the air around him changed, assuming that of a predator that had its prey trapped.

"What do you mean?"

However, instead of replying, Miss Emily threw a question back at him, yet to realize she had been trapped.

Miles smiled.

"The bag and jewelry must have cost you a lot, didn't it?"

Finally, Miss Emily revealed a guarded look, not to her circumstances but to the aforementioned possession, exposing just how materialistic she was.

Miles' smile broadened even more and he chose to do something that directly awakened her reality.

"Sexual misconduct with a minor. Statutory rape. Prostitution. Abuse of position of trust..."

"That is sure an awful lot of charges that can be pressed against you. Let me guess? At most 3 to 10 years in jail?"

For someone like you. Pretty face, with a small nice ass and tits. I doubt you could survive a year without life being drained out from you... and yet."

Miles paused, seeing Miss Emily's eyes widening with every revelation of his, and began to unbuckle his belt.

"And yet, all you could think about at this moment was your pieces of scrap possessions that would be lost.

Just how fucking dumb of a bitch are you Miss Emily?"

By the time Miles was done, Miss Emily's eyes were filled with realization and fixated on his half erect champion, casually swaying outside his pants

Her pupils flickered with awe for a moment then disbelief that Miles would dare threaten her.

"Kelvin will kill you for this."

Miles' smile turned to a grin as he waved his dick.

"Oh, he already did, and I'm back from the dead to make sure he lives then visits hell. So are you going to grit your teeth and stand there all day or get to work because my time is actually useful to me."

Even with his intentions laid bare, she stood there, not responding.

Shaking his head with a look of pity, Miles tucked back his dick into his pants and calmly zipped it up.

"The principal's office is just a few seconds away. The Cops will be here in at most 10 minutes so better make a run for it."

Miles buckled up and turned towards the door.

"Wait."

He was about to grab the handle when Miss Emily called out to him, sounding frustrated and annoyed.

"What?" Miles turned towards her with raised brows.

"I'll do it," She said.

Heaving heavily, she spoke again.

"I'll do it. But you'll have to promise that this will be the end of it."

"Nope." Miles didn't hesitate to turn away.

Miss Emily gritted her teeth.

"Two times... 3 Times.... Five times is my limit."

"Look here Emily, you have to know here that I can ruin both your career and your whole life. Do you think I'm some kind of virgin idiot?

5 BJ's? How much would I pay a crack head to suck me like her life depends on it, which in your case does." Shaking his head in adamant refusal to her terms.

"Not unless you'll be my cock sucking slut."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 34: Cock Sucking Teacher

"Not unless you'll be my cock sucking bitch."

Miss Emily revealed a livid look of both apprehension and hate then inhaled a deep breath. Her pupils glistened with an unspoken threat that she would surely do everything in her power to pay him back for this.

However, Miles merely scoffed inwardly. For someone who had taken lives, her expression was just a show to rattle him.

He met her gaze with a playful look, even teasing her by admiring her beautiful face.

"Well, I've gotta go."

Miles turned back to leave but was instantly called back by Emily.

"Wait... I'll do it." She bit her lips, fighting back the embarrassment in her statement.

"Now who is a good girl?" Miles smirked and gestured to his belt. Since he had done her the pleasure of unbuckling it before it was her turn now.

Powerless to her fate, Miss Emily dropped her bag and went on her knees without her heels proving difficult.

There was a passive moment of silence between them before she began unbuckling his belt with a numb look she had put herself to.

Meanwhile, watching the sight of his Biology lesson teacher who had been standing high before the class room but now on her knees, unbuckling his belt. Miles' dick became hard as steel beneath his pants.

Soon the sound of his zipper being dragged down registered in the air and a spear tent quickly pierced through.

'What? How is he this big?'

Seeing the outline of Miles' dick in complete form, Miss Emily felt her throat become dry. She hesitated for an instant, but then slipped down the band of his underwear.

"Ahhh."

She gasped lightly as Miles' rod performed a bouncing entrance as if thankful for being freed from its cage.

Slowly and gradually, she reached her hand towards it, then gently wrapped her fingers around it.

" Argh."

Miles' let out a low groan, the sensation of his seething flesh wrapped by a cold foreigner struck him deeply.

"Yes, good girl. Suck it."

He encouraged Miss Emily who was about to take him for a tour inside her mouth but then stopped, her face seemingly flushed with anger and irritation.

"Don't you call me that again. That's not part of what we agreed on."

Miles smirked.

"Oh, look at you." His fingers traced her chin, holding it in place as his gaze became cold and distant.

"Do you have a choice?" He asked her.

Meanwhile, Miss Emily could only grit her teeth, inwardly frightened by his gaze as her instinct screamed.

"Now suck it." Miles commanded sternly and Miss Emily did just that.

Her supple lips wrapped around his shaft, her tongue rolling softly around the tip while stroking it roughly along the base.

" Argh."

As the sensation of her tongue, lips and strokes overwhelmed him. Miles closed his eyes shut in premium bliss, groaning as she sucked him.

"Argh, good girl. I want to feel that throat of yours."

Miles placed his hand on Miss Emily's hair, grabbing a handful of it as she bobbed her head back and forth.

She didn't stop after he called her good girl but rather quickened her pace by stroking.

Soon a slurping sound echoed in the air as saliva and precum dripped from her mouth.

Miss Emily's face was flushed, keeping her thoughts to herself.

'Why does he have such a big dick? I can barely fit it in my mouth. Kelvin's would have been easier.'

Slurp! Slurp!

'The quicker and harder I suck this, the more likely he is to cum.'

Being the cock sucker she was, Miss Emily was quite good at her game. Although she wasn't on a pro level of mastery, her skills were at least good and beyond average.

"Argh." Miles groaned, feeling his balls beginning to squeeze under the strain of Miss Emily's rapid stroke and slippery tongue.

"Come here you cock sucking slut."

Before Miss Emily could react, Miles grabbed her hair with both hands and thrust deep enough to feel her throat.

"Sa#-&@@!!"

Miss Emily's eyes widened in shock, trepidation filling her guts as Miles shoved his dick down her throat, choking her.

She tried to break free but Miles' steel grip was as firm as they could. She could gag it down as he groaned and relieved his balls.

" Yes. TAKE my cock you slut."

Miles closed his eyes as emptied wave after wave that slipped through the corners of Miss Emily's mouth and trailed down her chin in succession.

Tap tap tap.

About to pass out, Miss Emily hurriedly slapped his thighs, her face utterly flushed.

Fortunately Miles pulled out and she coughed out cum, her mouth dripping it as she pressed a hand against her chest, trying hard to ease it.

'Hhehehe. What a slut indeed.' Miles stared down at her, feeling no pity but twisted satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Miss Emily kept coughing for the next minute. When she was finally done, she gazed up at him with a livid, hateful look on her face.

"You bastard. You almost killed me."

Miss Emily cursed at him after regaining her breath.

" Oh really?"

Miles asked, glancing at the rapidly increasing Infatuation gauge belonging to Miss Emily.

[Emily Archer> 50%... 60%... 80%... 90%]

Currently it was at 90%.

"What do you mean ?" Miss Emily revealed a disgusted look. An expression he would have believed was real if the system's gauge didn't say otherwise .

He smirked at her, waving his dick that was covered in her saliva.

"You slut. You liked it didn't you?"

Even after he asked, Miss Emily didn't budge, her expression squeezed in disgust became irritated instead.

" I don't understand."

'Hehehe, since you don't want to admit it. I'll happily help you out.'

" Being blackmailed to suck my dick?"

How I shoveled it down your throat and forced a deep-throat?

Look at those eyes of yours, aren't they excited?

Admit it Miss Emily, you're one hell of a slut and you enjoyed every bit of it."

Miss Emily's expression faltered. But just as she was about to speak, a soft click rang behind them causing them to freeze

'Shit. I totally forgot about the door.'

Miss Emily's eyes also widened.

Fortunately, there was a ringing stone that made the person stop halfway.

Using the opportunity, Miles pulled Miss Emily up and they both dashed into one of the stalls, holding their breath.

## **Chapter 35: Mrs Laurent**

If Miss Emily was known as Dominion High school's most easy going teacher then Mrs Laurent was the kindest, modest and mommy-like in terms of appearance.

Standing tall at 5'11, her body was the perfect mix of chubby and thickness.

Her hips, ass and most especially, her melons seemed like specially crafted masses of flesh without slacking features.

Standing tall at 5'11, her figure was the perfect blend of chubby and thickness.

Her wide hips, full backside, and most especially her generous melons seemed almost sculpted—lush curves without a single hint of slack attributes.

She was also the wet dream of countless students and the personification of their fantasies.

At this moment, Mrs Laurent dressed in a formal black top and burgundy maxi skirt that hid the wondrous outline of her figure standing before a door, face flushed as she contemplated what to do after realizing what the sound coming from behind the door was.

The sign on the door read: Teachers Only.

Slurp! Slurp!

"Come here you cock sucking slut."

"Yes, take my cock..."

"... Bastard, you almost killed me."

"... Being blackmailed to suck my dick."

The door to the restroom wasn't sound proofed since what was going on in there at the moment wasn't taken into account when it was being made.

'Blackmail?'

Mrs Laurent thought, instantly feeling a wave of guilt overwhelm her at the moist patch in her underwear.

'I shouldn't have listened.' Losing interest in the deed that was being done, Mrs Laurent quickly came up with a plan to catch the blackmailer.

It was by pushing the door ajar of course. However, just as she turned the door knob, she felt nervous and quickly dialed up her ring tone, hoping whoever it was would take cover before she entered.

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Back to the correct time.

Inside the stall, Miles held his breath alongside Miss Emily while listening to the approaching footsteps.

'Not heels or hard soles, light comfy shoes. Based on the rhythm, she's a female teacher.'

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Outside the stall, Mrs Laurent carefully looked around. Spotting the red luxury brand handbag on the washbasin sink, she instantly recognised who it was that had been sucking cock.

Shaken to the core by this discovery, she speechlessly walked towards the next stall which was opened.

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Meanwhile, inside the other stall, Miles and Miss Emily stood frozen as they listened to the footsteps head to the next stall.

'Fuck!' Miles cursed in frustration.

Miss Emily looked nervous and frightened by the prospect of being caught too.

For a couple of seconds, the air inside the stall was pensive and filled with trepidation until Miles had a sudden flash of inspiration.

Tap

Tapping Miss Emily by the shoulder, Miles grinned when she turned to him with a livid look then gestured by squeezing her small boobs that she took off her bra.

Gritting her teeth, Miss Emily could only comply fearing that Miles would go with his previous threats if she defied him.

And so the sound of her shirt rustling filled the stall as she took off her red bra.

Seeing her protruding nipples through the shirt, Miles' already deflated dick from fear of being caught grew rapidly from a thick thumb size to a magnificent 7 inches and thick rod.

Since the distance between him and Miss Emily was a bit too close, it smacked her behind, shocking her to the core when she saw it.

'Wait, what?'

'How can he get an erection in situations like this? What's he trying to do?'

At last, she didn't have to ponder much when Miles grabbed her butt with both hands and squeezed them tight, ignoring the hindrance which her skirt bore.

Her breath became heavy. Resisting the urge to purr at such a bad girl treatment, she gritted her teeth with closed eyes and held tight to the bra she had taken off.

Behind her, Miles kept massaging her ass while rubbing his dick against it a few times.

His eyes were steadily on Miss Emily's Infatuation gauge which had dropped by 15% and was rapidly increasing. Currently it was at 93%.

Letting go of his tight grip over her ass, Miles lowered his hands. Activating blissful hands, he began to caress her thighs softly, reaching up to her skirt, he paused and suddenly pulled it up to her waist in one swoop.

Whilst, Miss Emily's already fragile resistance crumbled. Her lips were the first to part ways, leaving her mouth to hang open, with a breathless lush expression on her face.

Miles' hands were directly grabbing her ass cheeks after pulling up her skirt. The only resistance from his goal at this moment was her T-string underwear.

Ding

[Emily Archer>100%]

'Got you bitch.'

Seeing the Infatuation gauge at 100%, Miles no longer held.

In swift, fluid motion, he collected the red bra from Miss Emily and pulled her towards him from behind, his arm wrapped tight around her waist.

Whilst, from being rammed back ward to being imprisoned in his embrace, Miss Emily was taken by surprise and mistakenly let out a stifled gasp. A slight 'ahhh' sound.

'Shit.'

A dreadful silence filled the stall as both Miles and Miss Emily froze. A second passed, there was no reaction from the other side so Miles resumed and quickly stuffed her mouth full with her folded bra cups.

Miss Emily's eyes widened, taken by surprise with the dirty girl treatment. But nonetheless she gritted her teeth in order to hold the bra.

"Hmm."

Before she could get back in touch with reality, she felt Miles' firm grip around her neck, choking the life out of her as his other hand lowered, slipping into her T-string while his rod pressed against her ass cheeks.

" Mmmhh."

Miss Emily trembled, her eyelids quivering as her pupils turned whitish due to bliss, rolling backwards.

Coupled with being outright suffocated, her legs almost gave out.

"Now would you deny being a slut?"

Miles whispered as he fastened the thrust of his fingers exploring her pussy.

Chapter 36: Who is being blackmailed?

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Struggling to breath as Miles choked her, fingering her kitty while at it, Miss Emily started to grind her waist to the rhythm of his fingers, her previous unwillingness and bitter indignation vanquished by lustful needs.

Now who was being blackmailed?

Meanwhile, in the next stall, the opposite from what she had come in to do, Mrs Laurent found herself covering her own mouth as she listened to the sound of various movements coming from the next stall.

What more, her maxi skirt had been raised as she inserted one hand between her thighs, imagining the scene next stall with a never felt before thrill.

"Mmmmm."

After repeated thrust of his finger, Miss Emily gave in and froze from shock, then started quivering non-stop with her eyes rolled backward like an epileptic patient.

Her body was only able to support itself due to Miles choking grip around her neck, dominantly locking her in his embrace.

" You feeling that? Slut." Miles thrust his fingers faster as she came, her orgasm soaking his palm and dripping on the floor.

Gagged with her own bra, Miss Emily couldn't deny.

'Oh no, why do I like this?' she thought, feeling weak as the last of fluid gushed out.

"Ahhh." with no other choice, she leaned into Miles' frame and rested from the euphoria of bliss.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Miles suddenly whispered into her ears, his tone holding no warmth but reeking with his intention to use her.

Before Miss Emily could grasp what he meant, she first felt his choking grip around her neck loosened, and her body inclined 60 degrees with a single push from him.

Reacting instinctively, she found herself holding onto the flush tank the next moment. Resting on it with her ass inclined at the perfect angle for Miles to smack with his seething big dick upon her ass.

Smack!

Shocking Miss Emily and almost causing her to choke out the bra which gagged her mouth. A resounding slap echoed through the restroom, jolting Miss Emily from her euphoria as pain flooded her senses.

---

In the other stall, Mrs Laurent instinctively dug her fingers deeper and faster, orgasming the next instant like she was the one who had actually been smacked.

Her legs quivered, she covered her mouth with widened eyes and her eyes almost blanked out.

---

Back in the next stall, Miles was grinning as he saw his five finger prints engraved in red on Miss Emily's butt.

It had taken him long enough to realise that the person next door knew what was going on and enjoyed listening.

So instead of struggling to keep things low key, he decided to go all out. Intent on giving a good performance.

Honestly, if he knew who it was and that the person was already fingering herself to the sounds, Miles would pass out from thrill alone before the real ordeal began. But that was a topic for another day, because at this moment, Miles only had one goal in sight.

Briefly stroking his hard erect dick that drooled precum, he instinctively spat on the dry shaft and held his other hand to Miss Emily's sexy underwear. Shifting it to the side to reveal a clean, moist, dripping interface of her folds, with a glimpse of the pinkish wonder between.

'Hehehe.'

Miles positioned and slowly inserted his pulsating member inside her.

Feeling the moistness and tightness squeezing around him, Miles exhaled deeply, lost of oxygen as her walls clenched around him.

---

Whilst, on the receiving end, Miss Emily's eyes widened with every inch Miles dug into her.

She felt her walls enlarge, and a huge intrusion formed in her womb.

Gasping through the gag that stifled her moan, she held tight, fearing that her inside would shift.

'I can barely take it. He's just a teenager, why would he have such a big dick to begin with? If this goes on, he's going to stretch my pussy and make it loose.'

While questioning the reality of Miles having a big nuclear weapon, Miss Emily considered her fate the moment he would be done with her. Who would she lose this tightness?

"Mmmphhhhh."

Thankfully her moan was muffled or it would have been the scream of a woman who was in labour, alerting the whole school.

Behind her, Miles slowly pulled back, eyes closed as he savoured the sensation.

Smack!

He landed a second slap on her left ass cheek, holding both cheeks with a firm press and began to thrust slowly. Diving a minimum of 3 to 5 inches.

" Mmmmm- mmmmm- mmmmm-"

Miss Emily let out a stifled moan each time, jolting slightly in rhythm to his thrusts while her small tits bounced at the front.

'How does he fuck so good? My whole body is literally on fire, yearning badly for him to go faster and deeper. Expand my pussy. I feel like a slut.'

Miss Emily, reeling from the pleasure of his dick.

Meanwhile, Mrs Laurent was having the best thrill of her life.

She could clearly hear Miles pounding and the muffled moans of the receiver, she fingered herself for the second time.

'Those two, it doesn't feel like blackmail at all.' she thought, entertained.

From grabbing her butt cheeks, Miles let go and grabbed the back of her neck. Crossing his grip, he slowed his thrust, no longer gentle but brutal.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

Slow, deep, hard and decisive. Miss Emily felt Miles deep inside her. Reaching the secret corners, specially her g-spot.

Her lips parted, her throat gasping for air, the bra fell down, no longer muffling her moans.

"Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhh! Aaahhhhhh!"

'Fuck.'

Cursing at the reality of the whole school hearing her moans, Miles swiftly moved his hands and covered Miss Emily's mouth by stuffing his fingers in.

Gagged, Miss Emily cursed and managed to let out these words.

"Ahhhh- I'm on- ahhhh- pills."

Her voice quieted afterwards and her body began to spasms, collapsing on the flush tank.

Behind her, Miles pulled out and jerked off his seeds onto her butt, decorating her ass with his seeds.

"Not today bitch."

Not everyone could receive his seed, especially Miss Emily who he had a grudge against.

In the next stall, Mrs Laurent eyes were wide open, a wave of shock and euphoria filling her as she orgasmed.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 37: See You Later

Finished spilling out his seeds, Miles saw the mess he had made of Miss Emily's butt and couldn't resist landing one last spank before pulling up his pants.

"See you later."

He said as turned and opened the stall with a nonchalant look on his face while carefully checking his surroundings. As for the listener in the next stall, Miles felt curious but didn't want to push his luck, so he quickly left the rest room.

Meanwhile, inside the stall, Miss Emily breathed with difficulty as she slowly sat on the toilet seat, her pussy dripping with her own orgasm.

At the same time, she felt pain in her joints, arms and womb. Miles' deep precise thrusts had finally taken its toll on her, moments after the pleasure began to wane off.

'How vicious. I can't even walk properly any more.' Thinking about everything that just happened, Miss Emily's eyes flickered with complicated emotions. Who knew she would end up enjoying being a slut of an highschooler who didn't give a fuck about her or pay the necessary price of acquiring her luxury.

As these thoughts washed over her, the sudden sound of a toilet flushing echoed through the restroom.

Miss Emily's eyes shook, in fact, her heart almost left her chest and reality blurred for a moment.

'Am I dreaming?' She thought but couldn't deny.

A split second later, she suddenly recalled the footsteps before Miles started choking her.

'Oh no. I'm done for.'

'Did he know? He must have known. He purposely let me moan out loud.'

Feeling ashamed that she could forget something that crucial because of a dick, Miss Emily blamed Miles without thinking straight.

—

In the next stall, Mrs Laurent had also frozen after mistakenly pressing the flush and blown her cover.

"Did you hear everything?"

---

Without giving a thought to how Miss Emily would deal with the listener in the next stall after he left, Miles stepped into the classroom, acting like he hadn't just missed an entire lesson period.

His arrival earned a couple of jealous glances mixed with puzzlement. Some wondered what could have taken him so long, but it wasn't their business—except for Theo, who raised a middle finger, his eyes clearly questioning Miles.

Grinning at his friend, Miles reciprocated the same gesture and quietly went toward his seat. But he didn't sit for long before Britney turned to him, her gaze intense and her fist visibly clenched, and dropped a crumpled piece of paper on his desk.

'Congrats Miles, you finally got a secret Love letter from one of your crushes.'

Feigning a surprised look, Miles glanced back at Britney before unwrapping the paper reluctantly. To his surprise, it was the same piece of paper he had written to her.

However, as he was about to raise his brows, he noticed a trace of ink reflecting from the back and turned the paper to see Britney's drawing: A badly drawn hand with a raised middle finger.

Beneath it were a series of words which he slowly read.

'Fuck... your... ass... hole.'

'Ehn?'

Turning to glance at Britney, she smirked at him and raised a middle finger, twisting her lips in sync to form an audible sentence.

"Fuck you." she whispered.

'You've gotta be kidding me.'

Miles was left speechless, but before he could ponder what had given Britney the courage to outright dismiss his threat, the Physics teacher walked in. Quite unfortunate.

Miles grinned at Britney and turned away.

He wouldn't lose his cool over this, he had other plans. When he was done, she would come pleading, asking him to do whatever he wanted with her.

—

Meanwhile, somewhere else.

"What the hell do you mean?"

"Miles is alive, I saw him in human flesh and blood at school today. He looked fucking fine without a single fucking injury on him."

"Wait a minute, how is that possible?"

"I wish I knew."

"Daniel, wake up, your brain must have become retarded from all the fear. You're probably high. Look at your eyes, you didn't even sleep well last night."

"Fucker!" Daniel retorted back in frustration, livid that no one in the group believed him and thought he was just trying to lure them back to school for it.

"Daniel, Miles is dead. There's no way in fucking hell that prick could have survived that and look just okay like you said. We were all there. If you think we are that dumb, well, unfortunately for you ghosts don't exist either."

Chris, the second dark skinned youth in the video call shouted back, while feeling insulted by Daniel's words.

"Okay, guys calm down. Let's believe Daniel isn't dumb enough to try to sell us out. Although his words are impossible to believe, I think we should call him."

Tired of the unending argument, Ben calmly mediated a solution.

Tyler, hearing this, instantly crushed the glass of liquor in his hand. His father was an influential person who often didn't stay up so Tyler had managed to steal a few good liquors to drink while trying to ease himself from lashing out.

"Are you crazy? He said we should never contact him through any digital means, let alone during school hours." Clearly afraid of the mysterious person despite his intimidating appearance, Tyler rebutted Ben's words.

" Wait, let me call someone."

Suddenly, Kelvin who had remained silent all along with a thoughtful look on his face interrupted the argument.

The group turned to him but he stood up and left the camera view without any explanation.

—

Back in Dominion High, inside the Teachers Only Restroom.

"What a mess."

Miss Emily stared at her reflection, proficiently arranging her hair the way it had been before Miles ruined it.

It had been minutes since her stall neighbour moved out, probably because she had a class. So Miss Emily was granted a moment of respite to put on her make-up before stepping outside.

Popping a lipgloss out of her bag, she was about to put it on when her phone suddenly began to ring. An incoming call.

Raising her brows, she picked up the phone and her heart almost leaped when she saw the caller ID.

'Sugar plum.'

It was Kelvin.

## Chapter 38: Troubled Carolina

Ding!

[How devious ! Blackmailing your Class teacher and turning her to a devoted slut for the thrill of it. Kudos.]

[Ding! Appraising...]

[Target: Emily Tinsley/ Miss Emily.]

Relationship: Biology Teacher

Age: 29

Status: Owned

Circumstances: Audaciously blackmailing your Biology Teacher before the whole class. She leads you to the Teachers Restroom where she sucks your cock and lets you penetrate from behind with a little extra episode that risked being caught. You missed a whole lesson period while at it.

Orgasm:2]

[Appraisal: S+ Grade Taboo.]

Ding!

[Epic Scenario!]

[+1800 Taboo Points

+\$4150]

[Taboo Points: 8800.]

—

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The electronic bell rang, signalling the end of today's lesson.

Watching the whole class buzz with activity and his classmates disappearing through the doorway in a hurried manner, Miles yawned, a little smile spreading across his lips as he noticed Theo already set like a thief ready to make a run for it.

'Bro needs to chill.'

Standing from her seat and rolling her eyes at him with an irritated look, Britney hissed as she picked up her bag.

'Such a sassy bitch. That pussy, Daniel, sure has an eye for good things.'

Dismissing the sight of her tempting ass, Miles noticed several irritated gazes directed at him. They were from Britney's clique of 3, fawning bitches.

However, when he glanced in their direction they quickly turned away due to the spreading rumour.

'Hehehe, other than Daisy. I don't think I can ever try those two, but I'm sure the boys will manage.'

Just as he was planning to help his virgin dork friends, Theo interrupted by approaching him.

His words squeezed into whispers as he leaned downward.

"Jeez bro, is there anything going on between you and Britney? She seemed pissed when she left."

'Pissed?'

Miles was taken aback for a moment before letting out a smile.

"Britney? I don't think so, yet." Miles added, earning a shocked look from Theo who suddenly realised what he meant.

"Dude, you have to be kidding."

" Well, I kid you not. I might also have a gift for you guys. "

Theo was left speechless by Miles' reply.

" Alright, let's go. Simon is probably cursing his pants right now, or probably fled like you guys on Friday."

Miles mentioned but Theo didn't seem bothered by it. In fact, he grinned at Miles.

"You know how it is bro, the unlucky one has to take the beating for the group."

Miles responded with a shake of his head and he got up, swinging his back pack behind him.

—

In the bustling hallway, filled with chatter and sound of several lockers being slammed shut, Simon and Oliver's gazes were visibly displeased as they saw Miles and Theo walking calmly towards them.

"Walk fast you dimwits."

"Or what?" Theo snickered back.

After forming a squad, the group departed towards the exit.

---

Tranquil Touch Spa.

Grace sat before her desk, staring at the lit screen of the PC with a solemn, grave look.

Bordering on the edge of frustration and crashing out, she closed her eyes and slumped back into her seat, muttering a low curse filled with hate.

" I'll kill you Lamar."

Just then, least within her expectations, there was a sudden click from the door and a ravishing woman dressed in fitting sun dress with a sun hat , stepped into the office.

'???'

Puzzled and captivated, Grace raised a brow at the unannounced guest.

But before she could offer a polite gesture, Mrs Carolina quickly took off her shades and sun hat, revealing her hair to be messy and her eyes seemingly hollow like a drug addict starved of drugs.

"I want to book a massage session, the signature one."

Grace was left speechless for a moment but quickly recovered and replied.

"I'm sorry, we don't offer that on weekdays due to the schedule of the masseur. It's more of a weekend service."

"You don't?"

For a moment, Mrs Carolina felt her surrounding blur. She almost lost her footing but managed to recover by holding onto the wall.

"I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

Speechless, Grace quickly stepped to Carolina's side. But Carolina wasn't having it, she gritted her teeth and lashed out at Grace.

"Do I look okay to you? Tell me, do I fucking look okay to you?!"

Her voice skipped a pitch, forcing Grace to step back in fright.

'Has she gone insane?'

But suddenly, Mrs Carolina broke down, her frustration and need finally taking a toll over her .

Grace watched speechlessly as Carolina moved the chair and sat, gazing at her with red eyes.

"You're both in cahoots right?"

" I'm sorry. What do you mean?"

Grace raised her brows in confusion.

Gritting her teeth, Carolina's face flushed slightly and she proceeded to voice out her frustration.

"He fucked.. He fucked me. He handled me so fucking good than I ever felt or anyone ever did." Loss of words to properly capture how she had felt being fucked by Miles, Carolina looked so forlorn.

"Did I forget to mention that my husband is gay?" Carolina let out a short hollow laugh, taking a deep breath as she continued.

"Frankly, I haven't felt the same or taught the same since I left here.

I'm currently so horny that I'm on the brink of losing my mind."

"Please, I'm willing to pay double the price than last time."

Hearing this, Grace was swept from being speechless to unprecedented shock.

'Just... what did he do to her?'

Though tempted, Grace knew receiving double the pay from a desperate client would compromise her integrity. Not to mention, \$10,000 was already a huge amount.

"It's okay ma, you don't need to."

"Give me a minute."

Grace picked up her phone and entered the Spa room.

---

Sun Flower Estate.

Miles had just gotten home, thirsty, as he filled a glass with water to drink, his phone suddenly rang.

(Part-time Boss)

Seeing the caller ID, he felt amused and casually picked up the phone.

"I don't think so.

I'm kinda held up with school now.

Yeah... Maybe.

That works fine too.

Within 30 minutes, Cool."

"Hehehe- Home service huh?"

Grinning, Miles summoned the system's holographic screen, his eyes settling on the Infatuation gauge.

Among the rare 100% was a peculiar name.

[Mrs Carolina Armon.]

Her gauge had been filled for two days now.

' It was a wonder she held on for so long.'

A quick run through of Statuses.

Married - has a husband.

Virgin - virgin.

Deflowered - that means she has just been opened.

Experienced - yh, not a relationship.

Owned - In a relationship, the pussy belongs to someone else.

Divorced- free to claim.

## Chapter 39: Home Service 1

After ending the call with Grace, Miles booked an Uber and ordered some fast food.

'Operating on an empty stomach? No way.'

Already feeling the worms in his stomach beginning to protest, Miles quickly dashed up the stairs, planning to bathe and change into something casual before heading out.

Currently, the house was quiet and almost desolate.

Josephine hadn't come back yet, probably having girls' time with her clique of friends. Deb, of course, had a job. She was a professional digital marketing strategist.

Hannah, his step mom, was at work too.

Cassie was the only one present apart from him. But being the reclusive girl she was, she stayed in her room almost every time. In fact, most of her life was a mystery to him despite how close they were. She was the lone wolf of the Sinclairs' family in a certain sense.

...20 minutes later.

Knock knock

Wearing a plain white T-shirt, blue jeans and white sneakers, Miles placed two light hits on Cassie's door and a distinct click resounded from it a couple of seconds later.

The door parted wide open, revealing Cassie's slender frame in baggy joggers, and a cropped top that perfectly outlined her small nipples, while creating a sharp exposure of her perfectly curved waist.

Captivated by the view, Miles was momentarily speechless that Cassie had to flick her fingers to draw his attention back to her face.

"Oh my gosh Miles, don't tell me you too."

Cassie drew a long breath, sounding exasperated as she rolled her eyes, threatening to close the door right away.

"What? Is it wrong to be captivated by my beautiful sis? Or to perfect creations?"

Miles asked, feigning a dumb sheepish look in his eyes as he grinned.

Hiding her faint blush at his comment, Cassie rolled her eyes and exhaled, resting her hands on her waist and the door knob.

Resigning to be teased by him, Cassie's expression rolled out "What do you want?" but Miles didn't want to drop the conversation that quickly.

"Tell me, have guys been disturbing you a lot? Like catcalling and visual harassment. You know, I could beat the shit out of them. Even kill a few for you if warranted."

Seeing and hearing Miles' dead serious look and tone, Cassie folded and burst into a choking laughter that made her lower her back.

"What?"

Actually dumbfounded, Miles was speechless, thinking if his statement sounded wrong somewhere. While at it, his eyes swept her room, finding a PC on her bed with a live stream of them playing on it.

'She streams?' Miles was greatly taken aback by this discovery.

Whilst, finally managing to catch her breath, Cassie stood upright with difficulty.

"Chill bro, you've only been to the gym once."

She said the words in her mind and burst into another fit of laughter.

"It doesn't matter, you'll see soon enough."

Miles shook his head, realizing she took him for a joke.

Catching her breath once more, Cassie smiled.

"Really?"

"Yeah. If you ever get in trouble or need any help, call me."

This time, Cassie didn't laugh, realizing he actually meant it, so she nodded.

"Nice, so you stream?"

Cassie froze when she heard this, glancing behind her, she saw the lit screen of her PC.

" Shit." She cursed under her breath.

"Please don't tell Mom." She quickly added, facing him.

" Oh, it's cool. I'm also leaving for my part time job. That's what I came to tell you. In case I'm late, cover for me."

"Sure."

Cassie smirked.

"See you later."

With that, Miles turned heels and ran.

—

On his way to the Spa, inside the booked Uber, while munching on a hot dog. Miles watched Cassie on the stream as she discussed random things, mostly about how her day went.

She had more than a hundred viewers on her stream which was a bit surprising.

" Hehehe-" Miles laughed heartily, unleashing streaks after streaks of gifts worth \$5000 in total.

Watching the pure look of astonishment and overwhelming joy on her face filled him with a happiness of his own.

Not long after, they arrived at the Spa, which was the first floor of a commercial building and he hopped from the vehicle.

Wiping off his hands, Miles took a breath before stepping into the spa.

Though he had to say, being welcomed into the reception area by the suspicious gaze of the receptionist's kinda offended him. He was drawn by the dark skinned beauty with neatly braided hair, seeming to be in her mid twenties and wearing a formal Masseuse uniform. And apparently, she was his co-worker .

Speaking of co-worker, she was going to be the first he ever laid his eyes on, with the receptionist being out of the count.

The lady also stared back at him in astonishment, appearing skeptical even.

Based on the receptionist expression, she could tell Miles was the rumoured new masseur, and a special one at that. Special that even the Boss had to respect him.

According to the gossip the receptionist gave, Tranquil Touch Signature Massage Service had been created because of him.

'But... he looks so young. Almost like a teenager?' Naomi thought to herself.

---

'Uhm, this is weird. I've never dealt with a co-worker in both lives. The only 'co-' I know are co-inmates.'

While finding it cringe to introduce himself and appear like the high schooler he was, Miles withdrew his gaze with a slight nod and kept walking.

'She'll be a good catch no doubt. But opportunities mostly come to the patient and restrained.'

---

Upon getting to the office, Miles saw Grace sitting behind her desk.

"You're here." She said, her gaze expressing her displeasure at his late coming .

However, Miles dismissed it with a smile, he was his own person in this job and wasn't going to apologize for being a few minutes late.

"Yeah. I'll go change."

Grace didn't comment and merely nodded. She got her car key ready, along with ointments needed for home service.

## Chapter 40: Wealthy Carolina

After a drawn-out, tension-filled thirty-minute drive, Grace swerved to a halt before a grand, symmetrical mansion with a gated entrance, and long driveway.

The outside view alone contained the sight of luxury features, such as a pool, basketball court, and tennis court.

"We are here." Grace muttered, stepping on the gas once more when the black gates opened.

'Damn, you've gotta be kidding me. I knew Racheal had a rich background. But never did I think they were this wealthy.

This is like old money rich.'

Settling his eyes on the huge basketball court and swimming pool, Miles failed to comprehend why Racheal attended Dominion High. She was way out of its league.

'Come to think of it. She's never actually flaunted it or acted flashy. No wonder she's popular. Those bastards would kill themselves to be invited to her birthday party.'

'However...' Miles' eyes glinted with a sly, proud glint, thinking-

'While they try to bag the seed, I'm already with the source.'

Carolina was in desperate need for his cock after all.

Not long after, Grace stepped on the break, parking directly in the front of the mansion.

Welcoming their arrival was a woman in French maid dress looking to be in her fifties.

"Please let me have that."

Speaking politely, she stretched her hand to collect the woven basket Miles carried but was swiftly rejected by him.

"No need." Miles gave her a polite small nod.

Just then, Grace stepped out of the car wearing her formal masseuse uniform with the Tranquil Touch logo just like him.

Seeing this, the woman in maid uniform bowed politely and turned to lead the way inside the mansion.

'I'll be damned.'

The instant they stepped inside, Miles was completely overwhelmed by the sight of luxury.

A vast expanse of polished marble stretched beneath his feet, reflecting the soft glow of an enormous chandelier suspended high above.

Twin staircases curved upward on either side, their dark railings trimmed with gold, meeting at a balcony that overlooked the grand foyer.

Everything literally gleamed.

From the tall glass panels that let in fading daylight, to the spotless surfaces and carefully arranged décor— every inch and corner of the mansion radiated wealth.

Even the air felt different too.

Miles let out a quiet breath, as his eyes drifted from one extravagant feature to another like a thief.

The woman led them across one of the twin stairs, bringing them to a long arched hallway with four to six carved wooden doors spotted at each side.

Following a brief pause, the maid resumed walking before stopping at the third door on the right. She gave a polite bow and stepped aside, gesturing toward it.

Miles moved forward and turned the doorknob, revealing a spacious, elegantly furnished bedroom.

"Ladies first."

Miles broke a smile as he stepped away from the door, letting Grace go in before him.

Under the watchful eyes of the maid, he stepped in and closed the door afterwards.

"...Welcome."

Before he could admire the openness and grandness of the room, Miles heard a familiar voice already conversing with Grace as he stepped inside.

Tilting his head, he saw Carolina wrapped in a clean bathrobe, her hair tied in a towel with her arms hugging each other. Seemingly trying to ward off the unknown cold.

'Did she just have her bath?'

Miles thought.

His gaze traced other details in the room, noting how clean and pristine the bed was.

'So diligent.'

Having exchanged quick greetings with Grace, Carolina settled her gaze on him, seeming relieved.

" Good afternoon."

Activating Blissful Hands, Miles stretched his hand for a polite handshake and Carolina responded with the same, she even flushed slightly as his fingers wrapped around hers.

'Damn. Her hand is so soft, I wonder how it will feel wrapped around my dick soon. Wait, did her face just flushed?'

Finding the thoughts that a woman of Carolina's caliber felt shy around him, Miles felt a twisted jolt within him.

'What a great dynamic. This makes me feel like I'm a gigolo, and Grace is my pimp.

Damn.'

'Seems so, but in my case I hold the reins. Carolina wants me, so she pays for an encounter. Grace on the other hand is greatly indebted to me, her profit is totally dependent on my whim. She's an opportunity for me, and I'm the biggest profiter due to the system.'

"...Excuse me..."

Suddenly, a meek subtle voice broke his train of thoughts, waking him from his reverie to see Carolina's face flushed from the pleasure of his handshake.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Miles quickly pulled back, apologizing with a guilty look.

"No, no, it's nothing." Carolina replied, inwardly cursing herself from almost moaning.

At first she complimented Miles' fingers.

'Hmm, his fingers feel so nice. No wonder my body hasn't stopped thinking about him.

Carol, you really have been done by this one.' Her eyes flickered to his pants, specifically his groin area as the image of his 7 inch, thick rod, roughly impaling that day.

She was only engrossed in her thoughts for a moment before suddenly, Miles handshake tightened and a strange sweet sensation traveled up her arm, eliciting flickering waves of pleasure that would have made her moan if Miles had persisted a second later.

Meanwhile, to the side, Grace had witnessed all that happened and was shocked.

'There's no way. He's definitely using something.'

From the side view, the scene of both Carolina and Miles shaking hands was like a romance movie love at first sight.

But she knew better, Carolina was a grown, married woman and couldn't be fazed by such. Or so she thought.

—

After a quick apology, the awkward tension quickly passed.

"Shall we get down to it?" Miles asked, gesturing at the basket in his hand and the bed but Carolina instantly became flustered.

"What..?? Get down to what?"

'Are we going to outright just start fucking?' She thought, feeling lost on how to react.

Fortunately, Grace knew what she was going through and quickly stepped in.

"He meant the massage." She said, calming Carolina who then felt embarrassed.

"Strip..."