

Chapter 41: Home Service 3: Massage

"I mean, strip and get down on the bed."

Miles' tone left no room for questioning and at the same time felt natural.

Carolina's heart shook, but didn't spark a reaction, instead she acted compelled like it was coded within her to obey.

She raised her hands and was about to loosen her robe before Grace stepped in with a frowning glance at Miles and stopped her.

"Wait."

Instead of Carolina doing it herself, Grace took the pleasure as a form of client treatment and stepped up to loosen the straps herself.

It was a bit awkward, but Carolina's ample cleavage, her boobs held tight in a bikini bra was quickly revealed.

Narrowing down to her navel area, under Grace's guidance, the robe fell in one swoop, exposing Carolina's sexy arms and legs, with highlights on her panties.

'Damn.'

Miles' gaze voraciously savoured every inch of her skin, raring to feel its delicate softness beneath his touch.

Carolina, on the other, felt like she was already nude despite the few pieces of clothing hiding her most cherished treasures.

'I can feel his gaze eating me out already. Look he's already hard too.'

She bit her lips softly, restraining herself after spotting the visible bulge in Miles' pants.

Inwardly, she wanted Miles to go straight to fucking her instead of having a massage that would make everything worse.

After all, she had risked everything by inviting them to her husband's mansion.

Even more, it would be on her matrimonial bed.

Glancing at her body for a moment, she steeled her resolve and laid down on the bed under Miles' gaze.

—

'Such thick thighs and ass. I almost can't resist pouncing on her.

Damn, fucking her with Grace here might be a problem.'

Worried of his nonchalant Boss spoiling his plan, Miles glanced and caught her staring at Carolina's body with not so pure intent in her eyes.

Seemingly sensing his gaze, the Grace was a bit startled but very pretentious.

Posing a serious look in her eyes, she nodded for him to get on it.

Letting a small grin appear on his face, Miles placed down the basket on the bed and opened it to reveal bottles of aromatic oil, incense burner, and a clean white towel which wouldn't be needed in this case.

Taking out a bottle, he flicked the lid and climbed the bed. Standing high, he poured a clean stream of oil over her shoulders, tracing it down her back, over her ass.

A sweet fragrance was released through the air, filling the air at once.

Contented, Miles smiled and handed the bottle to Grace who was watching concentratedly.

'Here we go.'

Under the system's guidance, Miles descended and placed both palms over Carolina's shoulders.

By using the weight of his body, he pressed down gently and firmly.

Crack! "Ahhhh-!"

A sharp release echoed through the room, shocking Grace who watched, and eliciting a deep ecstasied moan from Carolina that was stifled by the sheets.

'What kind of technique is this?'

Before Grace could comprehend what had just happened, Miles readjusted the placement of his palms, and another crack echoed.

"Ahhhh."

Moaning sharply, Carolina's eyes widened. The core of her spinal cord felt like it shattered but at the same time, a huge amount of stress held up within it was released, making her feel momentarily high from the pleasure.

Miles lowered his hands to her lower back and repeated the same scene.

'As expected system. You always offer the best assist.'

Seeing where the holographic arrows pointed made Miles grin inwardly.

Both cheeks of Carolina's ass were marked, needing him to perform something he had never tried before.

Miles moved backward, his back lowered, he beheld the mass of her butt up close, and slithered his fingers, pressing them in between her ass crack in the same motion of splitting a loaf of bread.

Before Grace could react, his fingers became firm and he suddenly parted both cheeks with decent force.

Crack! The distinct release echoed and Carolina's sharp ecstasied moan reverberated through the room as she jolted upward.

Grace froze where she stood, her eyes gleaming with shock, seemingly gaining enlightenment.

'Can it be done in this manner?' The thoughts never crossed her mind, but now she felt like a student watching Miles perform.

'What did he do to me? I can't feel my limbs. I can't even feel my body.'

Carolina was too numb to feel anything as a wave of relief similar to orgasm spread through her muscles.

—

Not stopping, Miles picked up the oil and turned Carolina over. Forcing back a grin when he saw her dazed eyes.

First he began by smearing the oil over her boobs, soaking her bikini bra in it before leaving a trail to her navel, filling the cutie.

Cutting a Y shape, he poured it in a straight fashion over her thick thighs and legs.

Stopping, he rubbed his palm, straddled Carolina and began by rubbing her face, neck, shoulders.

His hands quickly extended its reach and firmly cupped her boobs through the bikini...

Feeling his dominating action, a trembling moan escaped her lips as she squirmed under his grasp.

"Ahhhhh--"

Carolina shook, grabbing the sheets tight.

'Hehehe. Good girl.'

Exploring the firmness and elasticity of her average size boobs, yet to lose to the term aging. Miles took it further by slipping under the bikini bra.

His fingers spread over her boobs like a web, digging into the supple sensation and squeezing them tight.

"Hmmmmm." Carolina whimpered, arching her waist slightly upward to feel more of his hold.

" Hmmmmm-." She jerked, arching higher as Miles' fingers caught her nipples and began to roll around it.

"Ahhhh-."

Her breath shook, mixed with pain from Miles' pinching her nipples.

"Hmmmmmm. Hmmmmmm. Hmmmmmm." The longer he massaged, the more frail Carolina's moans got, aching upward into his embrace.

Her fingers had already dug enough into the sheets that it was beginning to tear just because she wanted to protect her last piece of decorum by resting the primal urge to press Miles head against her tits.

...So she cracked.

" Ahhhh- put it inside me already I can't bear this torture."

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Chapter 42: Home Service 4

" Ahhhh- put it inside me already I can't bear this torture."

Grace's eyes widened when she heard this, a brief memory flashed through her head and her countenance turned off with a complicated glint in her eyes. Her face flushed slightly but fortunately the other two in the room were busy with each other.

'What sorcery does he use? I begged him to fuck me and she's also doing the same.'

Grace felt she understood what Carolina was going through and revealed a look of pity knowing how much of a sweet torment she was in for.

However, seeing what Miles did next, realised she was the one in for a torment.

"Fuck you? Hehehe- that would be too easy."

Suddenly Miles retreated with his back and gave her tits two resounding slaps at each side.

"Ahhhh-." Carolina felt her sense assaulted by the pain, she cried out loud, but the moment Miles suction like lips pressed tight around her areola and licked the reddish print left by his palms, her whole body trembled.

" Ahhhhhhhh!" She let out a loud cry, more of a slutty moan from inexplicable pleasure. Unable to resist, she let go of the sheets and pressed Miles head suffocating into her boobs. Encouraging him to suck harder while assisting him to massage her other boobs.

" Yessss!" Carolina moaned, grinding her body into his embrace as their entanglement continued.

Meanwhile, to the side, Grace was starting to feel that familiar sensation between her legs. To say she was quite determined and had control was no joke.

—

'Damn.'

Savouring every inch and taste of Carolina's succulent boobs, Miles couldn't help but curse inwardly at the wonders of it pressed against his face. Unfortunately, the fun would be over soon.

Letting go of her other boob, he shifted slightly to the side and was able to find Carolina's soaked and dripping panty. Slipping underneath, his fingers smoothly slid between both folds due to this.

In reaction, as if an electrical vibrator had been inserted into her, Carolina jolted and her eyes widened. Her hands locking Miles to suck her boobs suddenly felt like it didn't belong to her. In fact, her whole body felt like it didn't belong to her, swept into a surreal cloud-

"Ahhhhhhhh! Yesss-!!" She broke into a loud scream of ecstasy, feeling the pent up pressure that had given her sleepless night finally being released.

A cloud of fluid gushed from her pussy.

To Grace's shock and excitement, Miles didn't stop thrusting his fingers, instead his pace had increased vastly, letting out a squeaky wet sound.

Already on her peak, Carolina felt something deep within being released.

Squeak! Squeak!

A colourless liquid gushed out like a stream of water fountain from between her legs.

"HMMMMMM!" She exhaled deep and loud, her mouth hanging wide open with her pupils nowhere in sight.

Seeing this, Miles pulled away from Carolina. As he gazed at her squirt, he suddenly had an inspiration.

"Do we have a rope?" He tried to ask Grace for help but found her dazed looking at Carolina.

Shaking his head helplessly with a cheap smirk, he headed towards one of the doors in the room, hoping to find a wardrobe but instead found a walk-in closet. Neat, luxurious and magnificent

Scanning through the section of luxury watches and jewelry, he shifted his gaze to the clothing section, finding them to be over extravagant.

"There."

Luckily, he found what he was searching for.

Walking back into the room with a belt and tie, Miles saw Carolina helplessly heaving from the remnant bliss of squirting.

Whilst Grace glanced in his direction, raising her brows at what he held.

Without giving an explanation, Miles climbed the bed, turned the exhilarated Carolina over. Her chest pressed against the King sized bed, he folded her arms behind her back and swiftly moved to bundle her wrists with the tie.

" Ahhhhh." Carolina grunted, feeling the pressure around her wrists but didn't struggle. Instead she smiled sluttilly and pressed her face into the sheets, hoping to get on with the crazy lust raring to be quenched within her.

'Good girl.'

Securing her hands in a way she wouldn't even be able to if she wanted, Miles let go and stood on his feet.

" What are you doing?"

Unable to bear it any longer, Grace stepped in with raised brows at his actions. Tying up her client didn't seem like the best choice from her pov

"What does it look like?"

Not bothering to spare her a glance, Miles set his pants loose and took off his shoes.

Set nude, he glanced at Grace, grinning as he waved his dick at Carolina's body.

'You want a taste?'

Even without speaking, Grace could read his actions, which made her stiffen.

'It's not like we haven't done it before.'

She thought to herself feeling tempted, but some bad memories quickly surfaced to subdue her lust.

Smack!

" Yessss-"

Carolina moaned as a sharp press of Miles palm got her turned on.

Seething in pain imprinted on her butts Carolina gained a flash of clarity to reel in the discomfort of her current reality.

Her hands tied behind her back while she propped at the edge of the bed, face and chest pressed against the bed.

Other than that, her ass was perfectly inclined to receive Miles' ruthless thrusts.

The wet fabric of her green underwear was the only thing that protected her pink slit from his mighty rod.

—

'I feel much worse of a slut than ever. And I strangely love it being treated like this.'

While about to be pounded in the most brutal fashion, Carolina's discovered new things about herself, especially her dark fantasies. She's never had one, but now she does.

Her fears of her gay husband having her on the watch had long evaporated into thin air, replaced by a new found love of what Miles would do to her.

And in relevance to her gay husband, she had come to a conclusion...

'That Bastard is missing a huge chunk of life. I'm sure anal with my ass feels better than that hard chunk of bread he slams every day.'

Meanwhile-

'Hehehe... Look at that dripping pussy. I wonder what her reaction would be when she discovers she was done good by a highschooler. Especially one that attended the same school as her daughter. Pounding that guilt off her face while Rachael watches would be a dream come true.'

Chapter 43: Home Service 5: Peeping Tom

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Carolina's scream filled the room, her eyes widening as Miles' dick, seething hot and veiny stretched apart her folds, and drove inside her.

With nothing to hold, she shook violently trying to shake off her restraint.

" Bad girl."

Whip!

Carolina felt her vision blur all of a sudden, sharp pain assaulted her senses and a red sharp mark quickly formed onto the surface of her butt.

Yes, Miles had whipped her with the belt without holding back.

To the side, Grace gasped sharply, unable to hold back her shock as something deep within her quivered.

Miles held Carolina's bound hands behind her back like a horse's rein, thrusting sharply enough for her to jolt from the slam. Another cry exiting her mouth but in the most slutty manner she could muster.

Her pain turned into bliss.

'What is this sensation?'

Shocked by Miles' cruelty and her own moan from his thrust which contained a twisted sense of ecstasy from being treated in such a dirty manner, Carolina shook, her pussy turning moist at the thought.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Another slurred moan escaped her lips, unable to contain the bliss of his dick jamming the walls of her pussy.

"Yes, good girl."

Enjoying the sensation of his dick submerged inside Carolina, Miles closed his eyes and twirled his waist.

"Hmnnnnnnm— Am I a good girl now?"

Using the minimum movement she could afford to, Carolina welcomed her nasty little thoughts and began to twirl her waist, pushing her back to take in more velocity.

Her face was flushed red, her body dripped with sweat of lust. The red mark on her ass triggered more bliss than she could imagine.

Whilst, stunned by Carolina's quick acceptance of her role, Miles felt a sense of accomplishment and thrilled adrenaline flowed through him, reinvigorating his body with more strength and vigor.

"I guess I won't have to use this on you anymore."

Miles smirked, placing the belt by the side and arched his waist sharply upward.

" Ahhhhhhhh!"

The sudden deep thrust robbed Carolina of the ability to think. Obliterating her inner walls with a sense of inexplicable bliss.

Moaning... Smack! Miles landed a slap on her thick ass, squeezing it firm with an assuring thrust.

"Who is a good girl?"

Still reeling in the ecstasy of his actions, Carolina felt excited like a little girl who had been given her favourite candy which she craved for. Hearing his words completely released what was left of that mental boundary.

"Me daddy! I'm your little good girl."

She shook her ass, responding to his thrusts with her tits dangling beyond his view.

Smack!

Excited by her response, Miles smacked her once more. Thrilled to drill her further, he pulled her arms a bit and reached with his other hand to lock a successful grip around her neck.

"Now receive daddy's little treatment."

Whispering in her ears as she trembled from what was to come, Miles arched and thrust in extremely fast. Up to ten thrusts that stripped Carolina of her reaction.

His suffocating grip around her neck didn't even let her moan while he did it. So when he let go, all that bliss came rushing like a flood.

" Ahhhhhh!"

A resounding scream of pleasure filled the room.

In the next moment, Carolina began to spasm and came heavily, a flood of fluid gushing out freely from in between her folds despite his dick stuffed in there.

Under the pressure of her orgasm, Miles could no longer take it and pulled out.

" Argh!" Letting out a growl, round after round of milky cum up and spread between Carolina's ass crack.

"Ahhhhh! Yess Daddy spill your cum on me!"

Carolina screamed at the top of her lungs before plunging with her head first into the sheets.

Meanwhile, 10 minutes ago, Armon's Mansion.

"Alright, I'll be there. I don't mind hosting the swimming practice here.

Okay. Sure, you and the girls can come over, I'll have the pool ready."

Jumping with her back slamming against her bed, Rachael stared at the opaque ceiling in silence.

She had just ended the call with her best friend on the swim team, one of the Hayes triplet sisters, Alisha.

Due to the incident on Saturday they missed practice, so the girls had suggested they come over to practice swimming at her place instead.

Thinking briefly about how boring her life was on the inside despite the grandiose mansion she lived in, Rachael stood up, walked towards her closet. She skimmed through it for a few seconds and brought out a swim suit which she began to take off her clothes and put it on.

Soon she had changed and left her room.

'I wonder where mum is.'

Losing track of the other person's location was a common occurrence in this mansion.

After checking the balcony, Rachael decided to head towards her parents room to find her mom, Carolina.

She was about to open the door when she noticed the strange noise coming from behind. In this silent mansion anything that made sound was easily

distinguishable, so despite the door being soundproofed, it couldn't contain the volume of what was going in there.

'Huh?'

Puzzled, Rachael leaned closer, doubtful of the thoughts that flashed through her mind.

A few seconds passed as she leaned closer but there was no change in her conclusion.

"Mom? Is dad back?" She muttered, raising her brows with curious intent in her eyes.

"If only. Dad is gay."

The secret of her father's sexual orientation had been shared to her by her mother, so even if her mother was fucking someone behind her father's back, in other sense cheating, Rachael wouldn't mind.

Although she hadn't tasted sex, she could imagine the agony her mother lived in.

Rachael tried to dismiss the thought and walk away, but couldn't resist the temptation of taking a peek at the end, so she did.

" Ahhhh- !"

When she pushed the door slightly, enough to form a crack view. She was left astounded and wished she never tried to look.

Behold, through the tiny crack. She witnessed her mother being smacked with a belt. Her hands were tied behind her back.

She heard her mother scream in pain and then a slutty cry the next moment after body jolted like a bulk had rammed her from behind.

There was also a familiar woman in a Spa uniform spectating from the side. Unfortunately she couldn't see the perpetrator behind her mother's behind without testing her luck by pushing the door wider.

What happened after that completely overruled her decision to be a virgin.

Chapter 44: Home Service 6: Good girl

After the first round, Carolina collapsed head first into the sheets, heaving heavily.

Miles smirked at the sight, glancing at Grace, he saw her face stiffen, obviously holding back her innate instinct to join the fray.

'Commitment to work over needs huh?'

Miles thought.

Having expected Grace to be on her knees supporting Carolina by sucking his dick by now, he was surprised to see her torment herself.

Smiling at her in a teasing manner, he got up from the bed, holding his half erect little brother and waved it a few times towards Carolina.

"Tired?"

He said as he walked to the side of the bed, and grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her upward with it.

" No Daddy."

Wincing through the pain, Carolina crawled on her knees and stood by the edge of the bed.

"Good girl." Miles let go of her hair and grabbed her boobs which had imprints of his teeth all over it.

" Hmmmmmm." She moaned.

Flicking her nipples a few times, he let go and waved his dick.

"Suck it."

Unable to deny his commanding tone , Carolina lowered her body with a subservient look on her face.

Her eyes stayed glued to his gaze and her mouth opened wide.

Incapable of using her hand, Miles pulled a handful of her hair to support.

"Yes Daddy !"

Her voice drifted seductively.

Pop! Slurp!

"Argh."

The instant she had him in her mouth, her two luscious lips held him tight and sucked hard. Wrapping him in a thin streak of saliva.

"Argh."

Miles could only groan while Carolina kept sucking. Her head bobbing back and forth over his shaft.

Minutes later, her face was completely flushed. Her lips were puffy with precum and saliva. It even dropped down her chin.

Slurp!

Taking a deep breath, Miles withdrew to glance at his fully erect dick coated in her saliva, shaking it a few times. He stuffed it back inside her mouth, his other hand joining to support as he grabbed another handful of her hair.

Holding still for a moment—

Slurp! Slurp! Kpa! Kpa! "Ahhh^{o^o^=o^}"

The sloppy sound of Miles choking her throat with his dick filled the room , followed by her gagged cry of ecstasy.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

He brutally mouth fucked Carolina till tears began to stream down her cheeks from the intense rough penetration down her throat.

Savouring the sloppy sounds, Miles closed his eyes feeling the rise in his balls.

" Argh- good girl. Swallow it." Stopping his thrust, Miles pumped another load of cum into her mouth.

Whilst Carolina gagged, puffing out balloons as cum streamed through the corner of her lips, along a sloppy sound.

For the next few seconds the room fell into pin drop silence that only the laboured breathing of the two could be heard.

" Argh."

" Ahhhhhhhh! Slurp! Cough! Cough!"

Just after Miles groaned and pulled out, Carolina inhaled sharply, her neck up to her face was completely flushed, in a desperate attempt for oxygen, she vomited a sloppy stream of cum and saliva, coughing intensely.

'Shit!'

Finding the sight extremely triggering, Miles cursed inwardly, holding back his smile, he made his face turn cold and waited till she had recovered—

Slap!

His palm landed on her cheeks with a distinct echo.

" Bad girl. Didn't I tell you to swallow it?"

—

Behind the crack in the door, Rachael covered her mouth in shock.

She could only see Miles' back view without being able to catch a glimpse of his face. But based on the position of his hands, the continuous movement of his waist, and the sloppy wet sound; she could tell that his hands were pulling her mother by the hair and he was thrusting into her mouth without care, like her mother was a slut.

Strangely though, Rachael couldn't deny since her mother liked it and even acted like a little girl, calling the person handling her in such a manner 'Daddy'.

Underneath her swim, Rachael could feel just how extremely wet her pussy was and craved to be deflowered at this instant.

Holding back, she watched and heard her mother begin to sob like a baby after Miles slapped her.

Rachael felt a wave of guilt listening and was about to walk away, thinking it was over, but her mother's next words stunned her.

—

"I'm sorry Daddy! I'll be a good girl."

Speaking these words, Carolina submerged into tears once more, actually desperate to earn Miles' praise.

Meanwhile, Grace watched, feeling gobsmacked by what she just witnessed.

'Perhaps, this could be me soon too.'

Remembering she has also been put in a state to beg Miles for his dick too, Grace could no longer judge Carolina and instead felt a chill run down her spine. The likelihood of her turning into a cock pleading slut was actually high but strangely she wanted it.

—

Watching Carolina sob on the other hand, Miles felt a bit guilty, realising he had conquered her psychological needs and reached his hand to rub away her tears.

"Good girl, good girl." He muttered continuously and gradually traced his hand to her neck.

"Daddy will treat you like a good girl."

Carolina nodded happily and was then pushed, falling on her back as Miles pressed down on her neck and straddled himself between her legs.

"Ahhhhhhh."

A long trembling moan filled the room as Miles slowly and gradually pushed his rod inside her. Taking it slowly and steady in a repeated pattern while Carolina gasped each time.

'How greedy. She's about to orgasm again, I don't think I can bear it.'

Feeling her sloppy wet pussy tightening around his rod, Miles closed his eyes and savoured the sensation. Thrusting deep and this time chose to bless her with his seed directly inside her womb.

" Ahhhhhhhh!" Carolina shook violently, her legs clamped tight around Miles' waist before giving up to the immense bliss.

"Argh-" Miles groaned and held still.

Ding!

[...would you like to add Carolina Armon to your Taboo Harem?]

Peeping from the crack with a dripping pussy, Rachael instinctively folded her legs.

Before she could succumb to the daring thought inside her, however, her phone buzzed, forcing her to withdraw from the door to see that it was the girls calling.

Chapter 45: Home Service: Final

Armon's Mansion, Master Suite.

Atop the matrimonial bed belonging to Mr. Armon and his Wife, two figures could be seen sprawled in each other's embrace as they savoured the finite moment left of their time together.

Naturally, these figures were Miles and Carolina, the Mrs Armon who had invited him to her husband's home.

Draped in a thin transparent lace robe, her sexy, hot body barely hidden from sight. Carolina snuggled into Miles' embrace, closing her eyes as his palm rubbed her hair, patting her softly.

-

'17 and living the dream.'

Young, zero cash problem, a house to live, on a guaranteed path to success, and a hot MILF in his embrace after a long session of intense sex and deepthroating.

Truly, Miles was living the impossible dream.

Thinking back to how things spiralled to this point, Miles couldn't contain his smirk.

His eyes swept over Carolina, feeling tempted to go for another round due to the temptation of her tits pressed against him and how hot her legs looked crossed over his. But then, his whole body protested, warning him that he would pass out if he tried it.

'Shit! My dick feels sore. I was too rough.'

Just as he was lamenting his predicament, the door opened and Grace walked in silently with a tray of food in her hand.

Seeing her, Miles' eyes shone with vivid respect because she had spectated the whole action with Carolina while dutifully performing her role as a support in other ways. He admired her discipline, thinking any other person would have fingered herself at the scene.

"You can have this."

She brought the food towards Carolina, making her attempt to show Miles she was there to serve her client and not him. However, with Carolina already under Miles' genjutsu, the older woman smiled as she collected the tray of neatly sliced fruits and delicate pastries and shamelessly placed it on Miles' lap.

" Here Daddy."

Sounding so subservient that Miles' dick almost sprang to life, she leaned closer as his hand behind her reached for ass.

"Mmm- good."

Grabbing her firm ass, Miles opened his mouth and ate the apple slices she gave him.

After they were done eating, Miles embraced Carolina and quickly set her to sleep with repeated gentle pats on her head in a few minutes.

Ding!

[What an incredible Masseur. You fucked your client so bad that she's yet to recover to her right senses.]

[Ding! Appraising...]

[Target: Mrs Carolina Armon.]

Relationship: Spa Client

Age: 39

Status: Married.

Circumstances: A massage session turned into a cuckold show performed in your Client's Matrimonial Home/Bed.

Orgasm: 4]

[Appraisal: SS Grade Taboo]

Ding!

[Peak Scenario!]

[+5000 Taboo Points

+\$15,000]

Ding!

[Bonus Reward:

+1 Special Stats Card<Charm

1% Lume Horizon Shares]

'Damn. A cuckold show? Seems like Grace was really entertained.' Not dwelling much on the term 'show' Miles shifted his gaze downward through the long list of Rewards.

'+ 5000 Taboo Points and 15 grand? '

Speechless by huge amounts of both points and cash reward, Miles felt the system was too inexplicably generous to him today when he saw the Bonus Reward.

'1% of Lume Horizon shares and plus 1 Charm. That's about 60 Grand. If the system keeps this up, I might turn into a walking attention pole. Conquering beauties would be easy. Hehehe- I mean baddies.' Clearing the difference between beauties and baddies, Miles imagined what it would be like to have a bunch of thick, slim baddies in his arms.

If Theo and co were here to witness this scene and able to read Miles' thoughts, they might instantly pass out from overwhelming anger. Cursing Miles for holding such a MILF in his arms and still fantasizing about more. Peak greed.

Ding!

[Conditions are met! Would you like to add Mrs Carolina Armon to your Taboo Harem?]

'Yes.' Miles agreed.

'Stats Screen.'

[Taboo Stepson System

Host: Miles Sinclair

Age:17

Physical Stats:

>Charm-7

>Intellect -50

>Strength- 18

>Agility -15

>Stamina-18

>Dick Size-7 inches, 3cm girth

Ability:

>Cold Blooded Heart²

Talents:

>Genius. Masseur

Taboo Harem : 2

> Debra Sinclair:

> Mrs Carolina Armon

>>Age: 39

>>Relationship: Client/ Crush's Mother

>>> Favourability Rating:100/100. You can now share stats, attributes with her.

Taboo Points: 13,800

Taboo Store...

Networth: \$138,000

Quest: Family Man-

Mission: Sweet Revenge...10%]

Feeling a sense of achievement wash over him, Miles willed to use the charm. Increasing his charm from 7-8.

'At last, I can buy a talent.'

Having saved up his Taboo Points for this purpose, Miles chose to use 3000 Points and purchase Stats Card, so he willed for the Taboo Store.

[Taboo Store...]

[+1 Strength Card→400 x4]

[+1.5 Agility Card→600x1]

[+1Stamina Card→400x 2]

'Use Cards.'

[Strength :18→22

>Agility:15→16.5

>Stamina:18→20]

Instantly, Miles felt reborn. A wave of strength flooded his limbs, his muscles started to stir and tighten like a beast awakened after a long, deep slumber. A sense of reinvigoration washed over him.

Glancing at his chest, Miles pupils dilated in shock as he caught the subtle movement of his skin moving to form 6 visible abs. He felt a tightening feeling on his chest and saw it became shaped.

'You've got to be kidding me.'

The same change happened to his legs. Fortunately, Grace had turned away and was arranging the ointments into the basket they brought or she would have freaked out.

Standing up, Miles admired his now slender athletic frame.

'Feels like 4 months of gymming altogether-'

Clatter!

Miles was drawn by the sudden sound of things dropping with soft clatter. Raising his head, he saw Grace staring at him in disbelief, her gaze settled in his abs.

'How in the world does he have shaped abs all of a sudden ? Omg, he looks hot.'

Grace screamed inwardly.

For some unknown reason, Miles suddenly looked hot, causing her unwavering heart to falter for a moment. Though feeling tempted, she resumed her odd persona.

Shaking his head, Miles picked up his clothes and put them on.

10 minutes later, around 6pm, they drove out of the Armon's Mansion with strange tension in the car.

Meanwhile, not far away, Rachael watched them depart. Her lost and withdrawn look over the past 40 minutes, regaining a flush to it with eyes filled with anticipation.

"Ray, what are you sitting there for? Come inside."

Interrupting Rachael's train of thoughts, her teammates/friends called out to her noticing she had been strangely quiet.

"Sure."

Chapter 46: Grace's Rampage

By the time they arrived at the spa, the once clear blue sky had turned orange alongside the Sun below the western horizon.

It was about 6:30pm, half an hour after the Spa closing time. All other employees had signed out apart from the receptionist who looked ready to depart with a grudging frown on her face.

'Chill bitch, shit face doesn't fit you.'

As he stood behind, carrying the basket in hand, Grace exchanged a couple of words with the receptionist, before nodding.

Throwing a quick glance at him, the shit faced receptionist walked past him towards the exit and left, obviously clocking out.

'So it's just us now huh?'

Instinctively relaxing his shoulders for unknown reason, Miles casually glanced around and happened to catch Grace freeze in motion for a moment before resuming to leading him through the walkway to her office.

There were no words spoken, only the repeated click of their footsteps could be heard.

Suddenly they stopped, arriving at the door to Grace's office and she easily inserted the key in a fluid motion born from familiarity.

Click!

Pushing down the knob, the door opened.

Tagging behind, Miles also stepped into the office.

At first his goal was clear, change back into his normal outfits and leave. But the atmosphere in the office switched to a new, familiar tempo the moment the door closed behind him, making him lose sight of his goal.

Grace stopped in her tracks, her shoulders raising as she took a deep breath. Probably about to make the best decision of her life.

'Shit, don't tell me-' Before his thoughts could form the sentence, Grace had already turned to face him. The ravaging lust in her body gleamed sharply through her eyes as their gaze met, her chest heaved with fiery breath seething from her nostrils.

"You know how wet you've made me?"

The next moment, Grace pulled up off her shirt, revealing her moderate-sized tits bagged in a black sports bra. She flung the shirt to one corner, and charged at him.

Bang! Clatter!

The basket fell from Miles' hands, some of the bottles inside shattered and scattered broken pieces of glass through the office floor, but neither Miles or Grace cared.

Smooch! Smooch! Hmmmmmm! Smooch!

Trying to match her fiery pace, Miles grabbed Grace's ass, squeezing hard as he slammed her against the wall.

" Hmmm- come here- Hmmm- you'll pay- Hmmm- for making me watch such torment."

Her legs were hung tight around Miles' waist, not caring about the logic of how he could possibly withstand her assault.

Wrapping her arms around his neck and digging her fingers into his hair to deepen their kiss. Grace poured out all her emotions, her odd persona discarded and replaced by a girl who had needs. At the same time, she revealed she wasn't as strong as she would be witnessing such a strong edible cock as Miles' in action. Deep within her she craved to be dominated just like Carolina when overcome by lust, but unfortunately for now, she could only afford to quench the burden watching Miles had given her.

" Hmmm Hmmmmmm Hmmm."

The sound of deep, heavy breathing filled the room, alongside the scuffle of clothes being removed.

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch!

As Grace dove further and Miles resisted her assault, looking for a chance to take over, the exchange got more heated.

" Hmmm-"

Sucking her tongue and saliva, Miles stumbled through the pieces of glass on the floor, inhaling the large amount of aromatic scent that acted as an aphrodisiac, he placed Grace on the table after pushing away whatever may have been in place there.

Smooch! Hmmm-!

They both took a brief break.

Grace pulled up his shirt in a hasty, deranged manner like that of a dog in heat and proceeded to pull down his pants halfway, exposing his underwear with his rod bent within.

As her lust ignited at the sight of his dick, Miles reciprocated the gesture and discovered he had a hidden talent pulling off bras.

Because with a quick click, his fingers located the locks and freed her babies. The bra was flung to another corner while Miles found her pants, which was part of her masseuse uniform, troublesome, so he simply put some strength to it and tore it apart.

As the tearing sound of fabric reverberated through the office, Grace was given a moment of respite to catch her breath.

Within two seconds, Miles ripped her pants apart and found her thin laced underwear totally soaked.

With a smirk, two of his fingers shifted the fabric aside and slipped past drooling moist of her cleanly shaved pussy.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

A jolting sharp moan filled the room.

Grace instinctively held on to both corners of the table and leaned on her back with widened eyes from pure ecstasy.

" Dripping bitch, you were pretending to be strong all along ."

Miles snarkily remarked as he moved it within her pussy, shocked that it was so moist that anything could easily slip in. In short, she had the moistest pussy he ever felt. Not even Deb dripped this hard.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Grace moaned at the top of her lungs as Miles kept thrusting his fingers inside her pussy. She couldn't speak.

"Hehehe- Even. A dildo would never quench this pussy. It's too moist for rubber or wood. Only a real dick will."

As Miles thrust his fingers, he suddenly leaned in and kissed her breasts, sucking the right nipple.

"Hmnm- smooch!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Finding the pleasure unbearable, Grace reached the peak and began to spasm .

"Hehehe- I want to feel such a rare dripping pussy before your fluid fills it."

Miles stopped, withdrew, and quickly pulled down his underwear to reveal a readily activated weapon of destruction. In slippery motion and tight feeling, his dick slipped into Grace's dripping warm pussy.

" Argh!"

Overwhelmed by the ecstatic sensation, Miles closed his eyes and grunt in never felt before pleasure.

" Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

The next moment, after feeling Miles dick sharply intrude and embed itself between her inner walls, Grace instinctively moved her waist to meet it. She screamed in bliss, orgasming a flood of fluid as she vibrated like an epileptic patient on the table.

The moment passed in a blissful silence afterwards, both for Miles who savoured the sensation of her fluid gushing with his cock inside her, and Grace feeling saved from the maddening lust.

However, they were or rather, it was just starting.

Miles didn't care if she was tired, he started thrusting, releasing a slurry sound while her pussy dripped down a thick slimy trail downward.

" Ahhh! Ahhhh-! Ahhhhhh!"

Even without feeling much of her surrounding or body, Grace moaned from every pound Miles gave.

She was laid on the table, so Miles couldn't hold back from groping both of her shaking tits while thrusting at the same time.

Slurp! Slurp! "Ahhhh- ! Ahhhh-!!!"

As her pussy suctioned his dick, releasing a sloppy wet sound, Grace moaned louder.

'Ahhh- My body has never felt this strange before- hmmm- Omg- mmmmm- is that the sound from my pussy? I feel like a bad dirty slut.' Grace thoughts.

Whilst, Miles feeling pride gnaw at him for pounding such a good wet pussy, didn't hold back his thoughts.

"Damn Boss, I never knew you had such a good pussy the last time we fucked. Feelings like it has a life draining mechanism inside that wants to suck everything from me-" he continued. "You're such a premium slut, I wonder how you could live in such cold pretense all this while."

As Miles kept pounding and exposing her nature, Grace felt a new sense of ecstasy coming from his compliments .

Swarmed by the pleasure of his cock and his hands on her boobs, Grace didn't realise she was starting to consider being called a premium slut a compliment.

Instead, her desire bloomed even more and a need to please Miles grew in her.

She quickly came for the second time, soaking Miles in her fluid, while the rest dripped on the floor in a slimy trail.

Pulling out, Miles slapped her folds, teasingly spearing her as her fluid gushed before penetrating deep.

"Ahhhh-!" His hand found her neck, suffocating her as his pace grew.

Grace couldn't moan out loud, she gasped desperately for oxygen while he penetrated deep inside her.

Cumming for the third time, Miles couldn't hold back and came too.

Chapter 47: Grace Has Abusive Boyfriend?

Listening to the system call out his rewards, Miles changed into his previous clothes while staring at Grace as she dressed up.

For some unknown reason, she had chosen to enter the dress room with him, seemingly in a hurry as she didn't even wait till his cum finished dripping down her thighs. Though her face flushed in embarrassment, she didn't stop changing into her normal clothes.

Also Grace's attitude wasn't as detached and cold as it was before, her boss temperament had gone through some changes too.

'Damn, I also need to hurry, Mom will be back soon around 7pm. Can't miss dinner.'

As Miles had these thoughts, he quickly adjusted his zipper and glanced at Grace.

"Hum, I'll be going now. Good bye."

Before Grace could respond, Miles hastily left, inhaling a deep breath when he stepped outside the office.

'Damn, today went crazy as fuck. Carolina and Grace, two women with great pussy.'

'A new addition to my Harem , and I also got a total of 12,500 Taboo Points left, after adding the 1800 Taboo Points from Grace.'

Calmly walking out of the Spa, and was about to flick his phone screen on, Miles felt something and snapped his head to see a car parked right outside the Spa, the dark silhouette of a man was within and staring at him.

'Huh?'

Miles frowned slightly and turned to walk away. His intuition as a killer had been alerted.

'Shit! Does Grace have a stalker? No, it doesn't seem like that, he seems to be waiting for her, they should be close. So an abusive boyfriend?'

A minute earlier.

"Damn bitch. You were supposed to come home earlier but you made me come pick you up instead and even dared to make me wait." Silas gritted his teeth as he stared at the exit of the Spa, venomous glint in his eyes as anger surged through him.

The thought of Grace setting him up to be arrested crossed his thoughts, but he instantly discarded the notion.

'She wouldn't dare.' Completely fearless, Silas' eyes narrowed as the exit pushed open, and he saw Miles walk out.

'A kid?' His brows furrowed when he judged Miles' age and quickly discarded the scenario that Grace would have something to do with a young boy at the expense of making him wait. If only he knew the young boy in question had his seeds dripping from Grace's pussy.

The longer he waited, the more Silas' patience thinned out, just then the exit opened again.

Meanwhile, moments earlier.

In the changing room, after Miles left, Grace went into full panic mode, the calm restraint she pretended to have around Miles was gone, replaced by fear of her ex. A man named Silas, a depraved psycho and a lowlife pervert who had decided to make her life a living hell right after they broke up.

Using the video she let him record during their intimate moment, he blackmailed her of every penny she worked for, stayed at her place and often forcefully intruded on her.

Grace was tired. She considered ending it all but couldn't let the lowlife man be the victor. Of course, killing him had crossed her thoughts several times, but Silas was cunning and never slept in the same room as her.

As for reporting to the police? Her leaks would be out twenty four hours after he got arrested and she would live everyday waiting for the day of his release.

Honestly, Grace hated everything but had no choice.

That said, if he tried to have his way tonight, he would definitely discover Miles' seeds inside her and make her pay for sleeping with another man.

Taking a deep breath, Grace stepped outside and saw Silas waiting in the car filled with rage.

Without a word, Grace stepped into the car, a tense atmosphere taking place as Silas stepped on the gas pedal.

Not far away, Miles watched what had happened through the Uber he ordered and told the driver to follow the departing vehicle.

"That's my boss, we might be saving a life not stalking her."

After sensing the driver's suspicious gaze, Miles quickly cleared the air.

And although the driver wasn't convinced, he still tailed behind.

'If she really does have an abusive boyfriend, then her attitude is no surprise.'

Whilst, inside Silas Car, with Grace having left hers behind- the pensive mood was suddenly broken by a ringing tone.

Buzz Buzz!

Silas frowned and dipped one hand inside his chest pocket to bring out a small button phone. His lips stretched a smile as he saw the caller ID.

"What's up Blood?"

Silas answered, nodding his head consequently afterwards with a low hum from his throat.

" Alright, I will be there soon."

Cutting the call, he glanced at Grace-

"Alright, show me what you got bitch."

In a commanding tone laced with threat, his voice cut the air, his gaze steady on Grace's phone.

"You made 3 grand? Wow! You must have gotten a couple of high end clients today.Hehehe."He laughed and continued.

" Now be a good girl and transfer those to my account."

Watching Grace bite her lips with a look of pain and struggle etched in her eyes, made Silas grin because she sent him the money anyway.

Buzz!

Receiving the alert buzz, Silas nodded.

" Good girl."

Not long after, the car pulled to a stop before a high end apartment building.

"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow, won't be home tonight! Wow!" Silas shouted and stepped on accelerator, obviously going to spend the money gambling at a high end bar filled with hoes and stripers.

Watching the car disappear from view, Grace's expression turned to that of relief. With that amount Silas wouldn't be home tonight and tomorrow before she goes to work.

" Alright, she's safe, keep going."

After seeing nothing happened, Miles felt relieved and told the driver to reschedule to their previous destination.

"There's definitely something going on though. I've never seen Grace that tense or relieved."

Chapter 48: Paying Daniel A Vist

"Miles!"

Hearing his name being called out loud, Miles dashed down the stairs in a hurry to see the whole family at the dining table, seeming a little bit impatient as they've waited quite some time for him.

"I'm here. I have to study, you know?"

In order to throw off their suspicion, Miles promptly made an excuse, knowing fully well that he had just slipped into the house 5 minutes ago.

'Huff, that was close.'

Without thinking much of it, Hannah refocused her gaze on her meal, bringing up a conversation by asking about how their day went.

Sure enough, Miles' changes didn't go unnoticed; the girls' eyes were filled with heavy suspicion of him losing his V. There was a strange tension in the air, but Miles quickly defused it by standing up to reveal his new set of abs, stunning the girls.

" You've got to be kidding me."

" Naaah, I went to the gym today." Miles responded to the shocked Josephine, noticing his other sister's eyes and Mom refused to leave him.

Unnoticed, Hannah's cheeks flushed slightly staring at the awe inspiring changes in her Stepson. Deb and Cassie showed similar reactions too.

In the moments that followed, the family dined happily till the dishes were emptied up. Choosing to wash the dishes as usual, he saw Cassie smirk at him, her unspoken words clear as day because she expressed how lucky he was to not have missed dinner.

Deb also flashed him a secret wink, a naughty smile across her lips, mouthing she would be waiting in her room this time.

Miles replied with a wink of his own and got to work.

While washing the dishes...

'I'm fully booked for tonight. I need to move fast.'

Minutes later, with no family members in sight, Miles sneaked out of the house in casual fits that wouldn't rouse any attention.

It was roughly just around 9pm, so the night wasn't dead but bustling with activity after he got out of the estate which was as silent as a graveyard.

Jumping on his bicycle, Miles pressed the pedal with strong force, his firm steady on the handles and began the journey to hunt his prey.

"Oakridge District."

Thirty minutes later, Miles' stopped, sweat dripping from his face, he wiped it off and brought out his phone, zooming in on the picture displayed on the screen and compared it to the surroundings.

"Yup, definitely the place."

A little smirk tugged the corner of his lips as he thought of how he easily pinpointed Daniel's home by going through his social media uploads.

As his gaze swept through the streets, Miles came to a realization that made his lips twitch.

Turns out , Daniel was from a lower standing background compared to him.

The streets were plagued with suburban family houses lit with some activity, and Daniel's home was just a big cape cod house with a porch and large front yard.

"He doesn't even live in an estate." Feeling insulted for being bullied by someone as such, Miles couldn't help but spit a curse and rode his bike with undeterred confidence towards the cape cod home. Parking the bike by resting it on the porch, he casually stretched his body and jogged around the courtyard, then around the house. This way, even if someone caught sight of him, they wouldn't feel suspicious in the slightest thinking he lived in the house.

'In the ranking of home invading techniques, Home Delivery comes first then 'Act Like It's Your Home' second.'

After getting to the side of the house, Miles switched to stretching while walking so he could observe the area more cautiously .

'One, two, three... 10 windows. The usual layouts should consist of a sitting room, 3 bedrooms, 4 baths and kitchen.'

'Strange though, I thought Daniel was believed to be an only child? Why 3 beds? A guest room?'

As Miles pondered, he completed his survey and moved with experienced ease by using the pipe for support towards the slightly opened window above.

'That should be the Master bedroom where his parents sleep.'

And indeed, the moment Miles popped his head through the curtains, he spotted two dark figures cuddling each other on the bed through the dimly lit lamp stand.

'Lucky me.'

Things were going as planned...

Stealthy walking to the bed side, Miles was able to make out the appearance of the couple on the bed. They looked to be in their late fifties, Daniel's mom didn't seem to exercise much and her face card was just average. She was wearing a night gown that shared a glimpse of her saggy breasts.

'Damn, they look quite old like he's their grandson or something...' then it clicked.

'Shit, he's their grandson?'

Miles' eyes glinted deviously.

He activated the system's holographic screen and quickly swapped to the Taboo Store.

'Purchase 2 Aphrodisiac Surge Cards.'

The moment he said it, two invisible cards- only he could see appeared between his fingers and he pressed one each against a couple and darted towards the door.

'Enjoy your moments.'

After dashing out of the room, Miles was met with a stairway and quickly descended it to see two opposite doors.

'This is tricky. Opening any door poses a high risk of a loud scream that would alert the neighbours, if Daniel has a sister. And if he has a father or mother that's a light sleeper, a click may alert them.

I can easily get over Daniel so he isn't a problem.'

Intensely contemplating on which door to open, Miles stepped to the right and pushed down the door knob.

Click!

The door opened and Miles got to see a beautiful woman in her early forties sleeping soundly on the bed. The room was lit so he could see everything contained within, but before his eyes could dart around, he noticed a wheelchair next to the bed and everything suddenly made sense.

'Hehehe, so his mother is disabled?'

Miles felt dark humour taking hold of him and moved closer to softly feel the sheets, two limbs formed.

'So she has legs?'

Tempted, Miles pulled up the sheets and was stunned by what he saw .

The woman had two big sets of melons that shook softly with every breath she took like they contained water.

'I'll be damned.'

Swallowing his saliva, Miles lowered his gaze, finding her ass average and her legs strangely curled stiffly.

'Huh?'

Miles hesitated but activated his Masseur Talent right away.

'Her leg's nerve system has been blocked. Need contact to assess the target?'

'Her lower body suffers from stroke?'

Chapter 49: Predator & Prey

'Her lower body suffers from stroke?'

With the new discovery, Miles instantly realized a more vicious plan to get on Daniel.

As a cruel, depicting villain's smile crept up his face, he quickly found a tablet by the lamp stand and turned it on. Fortunately it had no password so he opened the search application.

'Miracle VIP massage from Tranquil Touch Spa.'

The search bar processed and revealed the location to Tranquil Touch Spa and also its website to book appointments.

'Hehehe.'

Miles turned off the tab and left it there.

He dressed the sheets over her body and made a stealthy exit.

Click!

Daniel, who had been half asleep after getting insulted and blocked by Britney for what Miles did, suddenly woke up when he heard the click. His eyes darted towards the door, finding it pushed ajar as a dark, dangerous silhouette stepped inside his room, filling with a sense of dread and horror.

Step, step, step.

The dark silhouette took one step after the door, something dark forming in his hands to be a familiar knife from his kitchen.

For a moment, Daniel couldn't move an inch of his muscles, frozen, he was completely horrified before his danger sense sprang into action.

"No! N-no! No! No!"

He stumbled on his back, jingling his legs as he kicked the sheets moving backwards.

Daniel screamed at the top of his lungs but strangely no one outside the room heard him.

The dark silhouette kept walking, but suddenly stopped when it got to the edge of the bed.

Daniel's heart thumped heavily, skipping a beat repeatedly. There was no place to go, his back was pressed against the wall.

Other than Daniel's ragged breathing and skidding legs on the bed, nothing else could be heard. The atmosphere felt terrifying as the dark silhouette stood, not saying a word.

Strangely though, the more Daniel stared at the silhouette, the more an unhinged sense of familiarity bloomed within him.

" Hello?"

Suddenly, a touch of light flickered on the silhouette's , revealing Miles' face with a sinister smile and a voice straight out of a horror movie.

Daniel's eyes widened in shock.

" Miles?" He called out, his voice filled with trepidation as he pushed his back against the wall in more fright.

"Boom!"

"Ahhhhh!" Daniel screamed in terror, jolting off the bed and falling to the ground with a loud thud.

"Hahahahahahaha!"

A sinister laugh like it was from the depth of hell filled the room, sending Daniel to stumble before he could stabilize himself.

Stumbling back in cowardly fear.

"Hahaha- look at you. Daniel Carter. Did you think you would go scot-free after sending me to an early grave?"

Miles dropped the sinister tone and suddenly squatted to face Daniel who was trembling non stop because both normal and upgraded form of Cold Blooded Heart ability was active. He was the predator here and Daniel was his scarred little prey, so even if he dropped the tone, Daniel would feel no less terrified.

"No, you aren't real. You're dead! Get the fuck away from me!" Daniel shouted in fright, shaking as tears began to stream down his cheeks.

'This is so much fun.'

Holding the touchlight to his own face, Miles smiled.

"Oh? I'm dead? Didn't you see me at school today? You ran with your tail tucked behind your back didn't you?"

The moment Miles said this, Daniel froze, eyes widening in horror like never before.

He looked dazed for a moment before managing to speak again.

"No! No! No no no no! I'm in a dream! This has to be a nightmare! I don't believe you! Get away from me!"

Daniel screamed, but Miles calmly smiled.

"A dream huh?"

His voice sounded skeptic and then the touch went off, drenching the room in darkness once more. Before Daniel could comprehend what had happened, urine drenched his pants and his agonised scream followed after.

Clean and decisive, Miles turned on the touch once more. He was squatting much closer to Daniel with his right hand twisting the knife hilt that had been embedded into Daniel's thigh.

"Arrrrrrrgghhhhhh!!!!"

Daniel's scream didn't stop for a long time till he was finally out of breath, his traumatized eyes met Miles' gleeful pupils that seemed to take joy in his agony.

" Do you think this is a dream? A nightmare?"

Daniel's lips twitched and his pupils dilated hearing this.

If Miles was right, that means Miles was alive and he had broken into his home, entered his room and came to kill him.

But then again, Daniel couldn't comprehend why no one had heard him scream.

His pupils dilated in horror with a sudden conclusion.

Miles had killed everyone in the house.

But then again, what about the neighbourhood? His screams should have awakened them, or did he kill them?

Without a word a stream of tears resumed to fall from his eyes, not just from pain but sorrow.

—

Grasping Daniel's train of thoughts, Miles grinned .

"Oh no, I wouldn't kill innocent bystanders in this life." Miles said playfully and then increased the sound vulnerability of his illusion.

" Ahhhh-! Ahhhh-! Ahhhhhh!" Dum! Dum!

The silence suddenly broke, Daniel's eyes widened for another round of shock upon recognising the tone screaming in ecstasy and shaking the whole house.

'GrandPa and GrandMa?' Daniel couldn't believe it.

Nerfing the sounds, Miles grinned at the devastated Daniel.

"Don't worry, they are having the best time of their lives in decades. Your Mom on the other hand should be going through a torment of her own."

"But you, I have so much in store."

"Now open your phone."

—

Meanwhile, in the opposite room, next door, it was just like Miles predicted.

Helen was woken, traumatized by the sound of her parents fucking the life out of each other.

'Shameless despicable idiots.' Cursing them, she slipped her hand under the pillow with flushed cheeks and brought her earpods which normally used to play music and inserted it into her ears.

Due to it being years since her husband passed away in an accident while she permanently couldn't walk again, Helen felt more sensitive to her parents having sex for the first time.

Just as she picked up the tablet to play some music, her eyes suddenly widened when she saw the search result on the screen.

Chapter 50: Daniel's Nightmare

But for you, I have so much in store."

"Now open your phone."

It wasn't known how Miles had gotten his hand on it or when, but he was with Daniel's phone, switching it up as it revealed the password option.

" First, let's begin with this."

Showing Daniel the screen, Miles watched as the former froze in fright.

"Your password?"

Miles asked calmly again, but Daniel didn't respond, shaking even more in fright.

'He seems more afraid to say the password. Now I'm curious.'

Without warning, the room fell into darkness and a distinct thrusting sound then gurgled, cut through the air, followed by a high pitched scream in horror.

The torch in Miles' hand flickered with light once more and revealed the brutal scene.

Daniel was sitting in a pool of his blood, his right palm had been stabbed through, impaled by a knife still in Miles' grip.

Daniel clutched his other hand, screaming in pain but didn't dare attack Miles or try to remove the knife since his instincts screamed of a more predictable fate.

Seeing Miles' face once more, Daniel overcame his fear and confessed.

"Wretched Bastard! The Password is Wretched Bastard! Please Miles, forgive me, I'm sorry! It wasn't my fault! I swear-!"

His words were cut short with a swift sign of Miles placing his blood covered finger on his lips.

'Wretched Bastard huh?'

Miles didn't think much of it and typed into the screen; the screen flickered and then came the surprise. Daniel's phone home wallpaper was a photo of him, Miles lying in a pool of blood , the back of his head brutally mangled.

"Hahahahahaha!"

After recovering from the surprise, Miles began laughing maniacally.

'Here I was, thinking these bastards killed you by mistake. But they dared take a trophy picture.'

Instantly, the little bit of mercy Miles had in his heart vanished in regards to Daniel and company.

"Now let's see."

The light disappeared –

Chop! Chop! Chop!

3 swift and heavy chop sounds sparked through the room and was followed by a higher pitched, agonised scream.

Miles turned on the light, revealing Daniel's fingers that were cleanly chopped off.

"Keep it up."

Feeling curious as to what kind of secrets might be hidden in the device, Miles tapped on the media file app. He found normal videos of Daniel doing random shit and porns.

'Found you.'

"What's the password to this?"

He showed Daniel a private video icon that showed it needed a password to unlock.

Seeing this, Daniel was greatly frightened but didn't dare hold back this time.

"Bitches. The password is Bitches!" He shouted hurriedly.

Miles nodded in satisfaction and didn't cut him again.

'Bitches.'

Miles typed it in and found what he wanted the most, sex clips from Daniel's escapades. Using his eyes to sum it up, there were about ten clips.

Grinning victoriously, Miles played the first clip without lowering the volume, causing Daniel's eyes to widen.

" HmMMM- HmMMM- HmMMM-."

The video started by casting a familiar face, Britney, lying on her back, her shirt was raised up, same as her bra and her round firmness was exposed, shaking as what appeared to be being fucked by Daniel.

Her expression barely showed ecstasy, only the sound of her erotic heavy breathing came from the video.

That said, her face was scrunched into a slight frown, the displeasure of being filmed. She tried to push the camera each time but Daniel persisted.

Soon Daniel revealed his small dick, showing Britney's shaved pussy as his 4½ inch dick came outside.

It didn't take long before Britney pushed him off her, her face clearly veiled in displeasure as she picked up the roll of tissue paper and cleaned off the cum off her while Daniel heaved deeply, clearly exhausted.

"Hahahahahaha." Miles burst into an honest laugh, causing Daniel to feel embarrassed amidst the agony and horror.

"You have such a small dick. Wait, should I call you a dickwit? Hahaha- funny.

But then again, girls are really stupid. They antagonize the big cock and settle for less. You couldn't even make her orgasm yet she acts proud before me. How tragic."

Now that roles were reversed, Miles gave Daniel a nickname and playful slapped his chin.

'Small dick and low performance, wait till the whole school hears about this.'

Keeping his thoughts to himself in order not to make Daniel think he might make it out alive, Miles skipped to the next video.

There was loud music in the background, and inside what appeared to be a restroom stall, a girl was sucking Daniel's pale 4 1/2 inches. Playful flicking her tongue over it like it was her toy.

Clearly, she was intoxicated but also seemed to enjoy the fun.

" Interesting, who is this?"

Letting Daniel see the video, Miles asked.

Daniel gritted his teeth in pain and replied.

" She's Kathy, a senior."

"Damn, you must be good at your game aren't you?"

Daniel didn't know how to reply, his eyes pleaded but his mouth couldn't due to fear of Miles' brutality.

Seeing this, Miles smiled viciously and switched the light off.

In the darkness, Daniel felt a grip around his crotch, and then the piercing of sharp steel followed by a brutal swift cut.

A blood-curdling cry tore out his lungs and then a pain he had never felt overwhelmed him. Daniel began convulsing and soon passed out in sheer terror.

Seconds later, Miles turned on the light and pointed it at Daniel's limp body over the ground. No pool of blood, no injuries. Everything that happened was an illusion, and depending on Miles' will and intention, the pain sustained could be real but unseen.

"Unfortunately, I need to see you in school tomorrow. You dying would ruin the thrill of the hunt and send me to jail much quicker than expected."

While muttering these words, Miles brought out his phone and transferred the videos, then flashed Daniel's phone through refractory settings.

" New fresh prey to hunt."

Without arousing any suspicion, Miles left the house.

—

When he got home, there was someone waiting for him on the bed.