

### Chapter 61: Mrs Laurent's Shock

Shortly after his little discussion with Alice, Britney walked in. Appearing as if everything was normal, their gazes met for a moment before she looked away and collected the pack of biscuits from Daisy who was clueless about where she had been for the past thirty minutes.

Whatever it was they were both discussing, Miles didn't get the chance to listen because at this moment, Theo also walked in and gazed at him with an offended look on his face.

Seeing this, Miles smirked and flashed a peace sign with his two fingers.

Theo responded with a middle finger and took his seat.

'We are cool.'

Understanding, Miles watched the rest of his classmates walk in till he finally spotted Daniel who froze slightly and avoided his gaze.

'Look at you, just after one round of torture. I wonder how you'll feel on the fifth.'

Just then, the air thickened with attraction, the classroom momentarily fell into a haze of silence, all eyes fell in one direction, the doorway.

'Mrs Laurent.'

Miles was no exception.

Standing tall at 5'11, Mrs Laurent was the perfect blend of being chubby and thick.

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

Looking at her alone felt like being captured by an illusion of fantasies.

'Shit.'

Feeling his dick spring up in haste, Miles inwardly cursed his lack of self control and hid it.

"Hello students."

Her words were like a spell that broke the boys from their daze, causing the girls to frown upon noticing this.

" Welcome Mrs Laurent." The boys roared in sync and the girls rolled their eyes.

Met with such welcome, Mrs Laurent smiled like a mother would, dismissing the lewd eyes she caught checking out her boobs and ass.

And as expected, the whole class became active.

"Still on the topic of Home Management, we'll be dealing with simple budgeting and savings you apply in everyday life." Mrs Laurent introduced, scribbled on the board and turned to the class.

Everyone's eyes lit up, not because of the topic, but because her breasts shook with every subtle movement.

"I believe we might all have an idea on what this is, but I would like a specific instruction. Any one?"

Mrs Laurent pitched her voice a little bit and swept the class with her gaze.

" If I may Mrs Laurent?"

" Shut it. Mrs Laurent I believe I have enough knowledge in this forte to enlighten everyone."

"Says an extravagant wastrel."

The class erupted into a targeted argument between both genders and at any one who volunteered to answer the question.

"Enough, watch your language." Mrs Laurent stepped in, shaking her head. From her expression, it wasn't hard to guess that this frequently happened.

The class quietened and Mrs Laurent carefully scanned through.

A moment later, her eyes paused and squinted at Miles.

" You." She pointed at him.

"Me?" Drawn by the sudden shift in the atmosphere, Miles doubtfully touched his chest, his eyes widening slightly.

The class also froze and stared in his direction.

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'Huh? Why does his voice sound familiar?'

Faced with Miles' doubtful gaze, Mrs Laurent was a bit taken aback by his voice, unable to trace the familiarity but felt it was strikingly familiar.

"Hmm, yes, you ." She shook her head with a go ahead sign.

'How could she have possibly picked me? I was just on my own.'

Feeling disgruntled, Miles unfolded his arms.

"Well, simple budgeting is basically planning how to use your money wisely. You list your income, then divide it into needs, wants, and savings so you don't overspend and can still keep something for the future."

'Wait, his voice... there's no way I'm mistaken. I remember it clearly, it's the same voice.'

While listening to Miles give a brief explanation, Mrs Laurent fell into a trance recalling the details of what happened yesterday inside the restroom.

Miss Emily's moans guided by Miles' commanding tone was exactly the same.

'A student? He blackmailed and fucked her...'

Mrs Laurent was so dazed by the discovery that she almost couldn't stand straight. And strangely, the discovery lit a fire within her that she couldn't explain.

"Mrs Laurent?" Miles called out.

It had been seconds since he answered, and Mrs Laurent seemed to have lost herself staring at him.

" Oh, sorry about that." Forcing herself to stand still amidst the struggle to comprehend everything, Mrs Laurent let out a smile while trying to shake her eyes off Miles.

"That's a great explanation. That's a great start." She quickly said and turned her back against him, trying to hide the flush on her face, her heart thumping fast.

Still unsure of what had just happened, Miles lowered himself back into his seat, at a loss for words when suddenly, a system notification flickered at the corner of his vision.

[Mrs Catherine Laurent→80% Infatuation Gauge.]

'What the fuck?'

He shifted his gaze from the holographic pop up notification and stared at Mrs Laurent.

There was no way the system was mistaken. But how?

Miles couldn't understand how Mrs Laurent had so much infatuation with him that it skyrocketed to 80% and still climbing higher.

Thinking back, he couldn't recall ever having any conversation with Mrs Laurent. Before today he had never answered a question in her class.

'There's no way the system can be wrong.' Miles tried to recall, but failed.

Although he had no clue, the continuous increase in her Infatuation was under his steady watch.

[Mrs Catherine Laurent → 90% Infatuation Gauge.]

'This is crazy.'

Till the class concluded, Miles noticed Mrs Laurent avoided looking in his direction.

Seeing her leave the class, he was tempted to chase after but restrained himself . Not only would he act out of character but draw unnecessary attention.

At the end Miles relieved himself with the thought he wasn't far from fucking the dream of countless students.

'This is going to be epic.'

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Meanwhile, in the hallway, Mrs Laurent let out a breath of relief and almost stumbled.

'I must see Miss Emily.'

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## **Chapter 62: Mr Marcus**

"Look who it is, the star of today's show."

Simon announced with an exaggerated tone the moment they spotted Miles and Theo coming while they waited next to the bus.

"Yeah? And guess who isn't."

Miles sneered a cool smile tugging his lips as he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around their shoulders.

"Tsk." Simon shook his head, feigning a look of displeasure.

"Okay guys, I was working on something." Signalling at Theo to move closer, Miles lowered his voice as they surrounded him.

"Don't you want to lose your V-cards?"

The air within the group fell silently, and Miles continued.

\*-I was working on that."

They all stared at him with a skeptical look, and upon seeing the seriousness buried in the depth of his eyes. Simon was the first to break it.

" No fucking way." He tried to stifle his excitement but failed, so he ended up engaging Miles in an intense bear hug

Whilst, Theo and Oliver were still taking their time to grasp the reality behind Miles' words.

Oliver glanced around and lowered his voice-

"You mean some real pussy, right?"

"Yup." Miles responded with a shake of his head.

Theo finally managed to recover and joined in the conversation.

"How is this even going to happen? You want to call a whore ?"

"Hehehe-" Miles chuckled dryly and continued.

"Whore? Do you want to sink into a cunt before you pound it?"

Naaah, it's something much better."

As he completed this statement, Miles directed their eyes to look at their surroundings.

"No way."

It was Theo's turn to whisper these words as he caught some girls already staring in their direction while seemingly engaged in a conversation.

Feeling shy, Oliver couldn't even catch his breath and quickly averted his gaze.

Simon smiled pervertedly.

"See?"

Miles asked and shook his shoulders like it was nothing.

"Yup bro. I guess I need to challenge Kelvin in a 1v1 too." Simon commented jokingly, retracing his gaze from the girls to Miles.

"Go on, ain't stopping you." Miles answered with a grin that made the others envious.

"Theo, you can tell them." Miles said to Theo and the former suddenly revealed a helpless look.

Raising his hand, he showed his palms to the two boys who became momentarily confused by what it meant.

Shaking his head, Theo spoke.

"We found 10 secret letters slipped inside his lockers and it contained girls asking to be his girlfriend with their numbers written on it."

Simon and Oliver fell silent, their eyes widening as they both turned to Miles and saw his wild grin.

"You betrayer. What happened to being a celibate? I thought we are all nerds who are going to college as virgins. Fuck.,"

Simon cursed through gritted teeth, not hiding how envious he was of Miles getting secret letters.

Five days ago, Miles was just like them. Cowardly nerds who were always being bullied. Who could have thought that within five days, he would lose his virginity, challenge the bullies and suddenly have girls clamouring to become his girlfriend.

Suddenly, while still trying to accept the revelation, a freshman girl walked up to them, stopped to look at their faces and brought out a red envelope.

"My sis said to hand this over to you."

"Me?" Miles asked doubtfully.

'Who could be so bold?'

The girl smiled and nodded, then turned to walk away, leaving the boys speechless.

In the silence, Miles opened the envelope and pulled out a white slip of paper from it.

"Hi, it's me Lena. We spoke earlier. I couldn't bring myself to say this to your face, but I just came to realise how much of a big crush I have on you. I'm sorry I couldn't bring myself to tell you all this while.

If possible, I would like to be your girlfriend. Here is my number."

Miles silently read it out for the boys and glanced around searching for Lena when he suddenly found her smiling at him while secretly waving.

Sure enough, he smiled back too.

"Quick, get on the bus." Almost unable to bear it in any longer, Theo rushed into the bus, Simon and Oliver tagged behind. When they cleared from sight, a roar of choked laughter reverberated inside the bus.

Almost falling on their knees but grabbing the seats for support, the three held their tummy tight, tears almost spilling from the corner of their eyes.

Of course, those in the bus stared at them weirdly, but they didn't care.

At this moment, Miles also stepped inside the bus and shook his head at the sight.

Their laughter was understandable because everything Lena had written was a pure, inadequate lie that showed how she just wanted to ride on his fame.

'Crush my foot.'

Before today, he was believed to be a bullied nerd, which girl would possibly fall for such...

'...right, which girl?' Miles couldn't help but think and abruptly remembered Chloe.

' I should probably ask her out. Her Infatuation Gauge has never gone lower than 100%.

Tsk! It's more complicated than I thought, I'm not willing to settle down now. Maybe I should relieve her of her obsession by telling her the truth.'

As Miles thought of a way to approach Chloe, Theo, Simon and Oliver never stopped laughing at the thought of what happened, making Miles shake his head.

It was noon, and Miles was almost home when he noticed three police cars parked outside the house next door-more precisely, the one just before theirs.

Glancing around, he saw most of the neighbours across the street standing outside their homes to witness the commotion.

"Damn it! Let go of me!"

Just then a raging voice came from the house and three police officers walked out holding a bare-chested man in cuffs.

"Is that even a crime? How can you arrest me for such?"

The man shouted.

'Mr Marcus?'

Miles stared at the man being dragged out in cuffs. According to his memories, this man was a confirmed bachelor who switched ladies like clothes everyday. No one knew what he did for a living, but the whole estate knew him for his man-whore lifestyle.

Without uttering a word, the police led Mr Marcus into one of the vehicles and drove off, ignoring the questioning neighbours.

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## **Chapter 63: Conservative Woman**

*Zzz! Zzz!*

Exiting the bathroom, Miles picked up the ringing phone after seeing who the caller ID belonged to.

"Hello." He spoke soundly as the voice over the other end of the phone cracked.

" Hello, Miles?"

Grace's voice managed to come through.

" Yes, it's me."

" Okay, good. We have a client who I would like you to meet. But she has a special condition-"

" Stroke?"

Miles spoke before she could complete it, leaving Grace astounded over the phone.

"You... how did you..." she struggled to say but then gave up.

There was a moment of silence again before she spoke up.

" Yes, she has a stroke." She confirmed.

Miles nodded.

" Okay, I know what's going on, but it has to be home service. Charge on your own terms, the success rate should is fifty-fifty."

"...why do you sound like the boss instead- sorry"

Grace mistakenly blurted her thoughts out loud and it was too late to take it back when she realised.

"About that..." grinning at her mishaps, Miles continued... "Remember that we are partners."

With that, the line ended.

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At the other end of the phone, Grace's office.

Grace's emotionless expression fractured and she cracked a smile after the call ended.

'Partners... Why do I get this strange feeling?'

"I have to apologize, madam, but we only offer home service at the moment. Our rooms are fully booked at the moment."

Grace turned her attention to the woman opposite her sitting on a wheelchair with a pale sickly face that marred her beauty. But terribly failed in reducing the size of her melons.

Naturally this woman was Helen, she couldn't sleep all night due to her parents unusual activity so she spent time thinking about the miracle massage that could heal strokes. Tempted, she could resist the thought of trying, and so she was.

Surprisingly, the woman she came to meet didn't deny the claim and called someone instead. Who could believe they were actually going to accept the request.

As for it being home service? Helen didn't care, she felt her excitement bubbling.

"No problem. Absolutely no problem." Helen replied.

"Alright, he'll be here soon. You can make half payment, if you're cured you'll make a full payment of \$8000. If things don't work out, we'll give you a refund."

Grace explained in a strict business tone.

"That's great. Thank you." Helen almost shed tears on the spot, her boobs jiggling with every movement of hers.

"It's okay ma ." Grace comforted.

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Back in the Sinclair's Duplex, Miles quickly told Cassie where he was headed to and stormed off.

When he got to the office, Grace was already waiting for him.

50 minutes later they arrived at Daniel's home following the address Helen had left behind.

For this service, Miles excluded Grace by saying it was one of his family's most prized techniques so she couldn't be allowed to see it.

Although Grace felt misjudged, she didn't press forward.

Ding! Dong!

"It sure feels good to come through the front."

As he stood before the door, hoping silently that Daniel would be the one to open-

Click!

The distinct sound of the door handle being pressed reached his ears, forcing him to take step forward.

" Hello, how can I help you?"

A grey hair granny popped her head through the door with an unusual bright smile on her face

With one glance anyone could tell there was amazing news to share. Of course, being the perpetrator behind it, Miles felt happy for the old couple.

'Don't worry granny, I have also come to share the same news with your daughter.'

"Tranquil Touch Spa."

Contrary to his thoughts, Miles sounded very professional.

"Tranquil Touch- oh okay. Dear come in." The woman instantly opened the door ajar with welcoming arms.

"Thank you." Miles stepped into the decent living room that seemed aged.

" Are they here?"

Another woman's voice cut through the living room and the Granny responded.

" Yes baby."

Pushing the wheel chair to move, Helen appeared and was quite stunned to see the youth who looked around the same age as her son in masseur uniform.

" Is... is he the one?" She struggled to say, holding back the flush from appearing on her face.

She had guessed the person would be a man but prayed silently for a lady.

Helen was a conservative woman by nature, she kept her body as it was after her husband died five years ago and didn't bear the thought of having another husband ever since then.

Seeing someone so young here to give her a massage incited several thoughts and her worries.

'My body is so old, what would he think of me.' This was her first thought.

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'Dang! Look at those melons. Ripe and untouched.'

Miles held back on the act of licking his lips due to decorum but didn't stop his thoughts.

'With one glance, it's possible to see she doesn't hold herself in high regard. Quite stubborn too. She's going to be quite the tough nut to crack... but when I do, I'll uncover hidden treasures and a devoted bitch.'

Thinking of several ways to make Daniel pay, Miles didn't feel pity in the slightest.

"Where should we..."

Seeing that she looked dazed, Miles used his voice to shake her out of it by asking a question.

"Oh-" Helen quickly hid her embarrassed blush and looked around.

" Sorry, my room, my room." She said,

" Okay." Miles replied and stepped behind the wheel chair, pushing it.

" Oh no, you don't have to-" she spoke flusteredly but Miles simply pushed her towards the door of her room.

Occupied with dealing with her chaotic thoughts, Helen didn't notice it was strange.

And as for the granny? The old woman already resumed taking her seat on the couch watching some old TV show.

"Here." Miles grabbed the door handle and pushed open revealing the well lit room.

Click!

The door closed shut, jolting Helen from her thoughts and the reality quickly dawned on her that she was in a room alone with a young man.

## Chapter 64: Live your life to the fullest

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A tense silence filled the room as Helen struggled to maintain her calm.

Miles didn't say anything. He walked towards the lamp stand and casually selected the new bottled ointments, carefully placing them on it.

In order to make the process more authentic, he lit purple candles and placed one at every corner of the room.

Seeing this, Helen watched with fascination her nervousness, lessening.

When he was done, Miles walked back to her.

"I'm sorry miss. For this to work out we need maximum skin contact, so you'll need to wear as little as possible."

'Did he just call me Miss? Doesn't he know I'm married? I look old enough to be his mother... this... why am I thinking like this?'

In all Miles said, Helen's heart fluttered at being called 'Miss' that she forgot everything else after that.

Turns out she was particularly concerned about her appearance before Miles.

'Uh? Why is he silent?'

Instantly, her eyes widened as she recalled what she had just heard.

"Maximum skin contact?... As... as little as possible?" She stuttered unknowingly, failing to hide the flush on her face this time.

She had known she would take off her clothes beforehand but the way Miles said it caused her thoughts to run wild, thus her reaction.

Miles nodded, directing his gaze to her chest and her pants as if telling her they needed to come off.

Helen's face flushed and she instinctively pressed her arms against her chest in order to guard them from his gaze.

She realized a moment later that she had overreacted and quickly tucked away her hands feeling ashamed.

"Sorry." She muttered a shy apology.

'Damn.'

Whilst Miles couldn't help but curse, dazed by her actions just now, he marveled at how incredibly soft, round and bouncing her boobs seemed. They weren't just big, they were round, not the big, thick and slacked downward kind of titties. These ones still stood firm and pointed as if they were filled with water and soft as a balloon.

And yes, she had no bra on, there was no bra that could probably fit those two. Much more were the discomfort she would feel, so it was understandable that she left them uncaged.

"It's okay, Miss." Miles said again, earning a shy expression from Helen.

In normal circumstances, he would have turned for her to undress, but Helen was quite disabled so he would have to do the work.

"Are you ready?" He asked in a measured tone, lowering himself beside her.

Helen didn't respond but quickly shook her head with her gaze lowered, not daring to meet his eyes. She tensely folded her arms above her waist.

Miles carefully inserted his arm beneath her legs, slipped the other through her arms, coiled around her waist and held firm.

"Hum." With a light exhale, Miles lifted her up.

Pressed against his firm chest and feeling his strong arms around her waist and legs, Helen's face completely flushed, she basically froze stiff.

'Am I too heavy? No... no, don't think about that!'

'This close... he should be able to feel my heartbeat at this rate...'

'No, no. Why do I feel strange?'

The more she thought, the more things felt strange for her. But fortunately, the distance was just a foot away so Miles let go, placing her on the bed like a sacrificial lamb.

Helen's stiff body gradually relaxed. When she opened her eyes, she blushed again because she met his eyes staring down at her.

"Miss, I'll have to take them off."

Helen stupidly nodded, not even comprehending what he said.

'Well, this seems easy.'

Miles thought, taking in her outfit.

Helen wore a long black pleated skirt and a gray baggy T-shirt.

Grabbing the skirt, he was about to pull it down when she suddenly jolted and grabbed his hands.

"What.. what are you doing?" she said, panicked with a flushed face.

Miles held back, and spoke calmly, in a smooth tone

"I'm sorry Miss, but I'll need to take this off to be able to work on you."

Helen was taken aback, speechless, she didn't let go and shook her head negatively.

'Wait, is he being serious right now?'

Letting go, Miles stood back.

Helen visibly relaxed her guard but didn't speak, instead she turned her face away.

'No way, she must be mentally unstable.'

Thinking about her swift change in attitude, Miles couldn't help but think there was something wrong with her.

"Alright, what should we do Miss?"

Miles squatted next to the bed. Sensing the movement, Helen turned to him once more, a complex of emotions mixed with confusion glinting her eyes.

She tried to speak but then suddenly closed her mouth, biting her lips cutely and unknowingly spiking Miles' desire.

'Crap, she doesn't know how dirty that look is.'

"It's okay Miss, I saw your husband's picture in the living room just now.

I'm truly sorry for your loss and it's fine if you don't want to soil what was once his..."

Miles spoke calmly, each word carefully picked and deliberately soothing in the most relatable tone... he paused, letting his words dilute and as expected, Helen's expression softened right away.

"...It must have been hard, wasn't it?" Miles asked softly and continued after a minute nod from Helen.

"I totally understand. You see, I also lost my dad and mom. I live with my step mom who treats me like the son she never had and loving step sisters too."

The moment he said this, Helen's expression fractured, revealing a look of sadness and pity, a hint of guilt even.

"You know why I said this... it's because any time I try to give up on life, I'm reminded that my dear loved ones are wishing the best for me.... So Miss, even if your husband no longer lives, wherever he is, he definitely wishes you a good, happy life, to live your life to the fullest. For him, and for yourself, too.

## Chapter 65: Big... Very Big

At this point, Helen was completely dazed as if she's entered a realm of enlightenment... Questions, things she was confused about, tangled thoughts; all began to untangle and answers were given.

Miles saw this and took advantage of the moment to grab her skirt... Helen didn't react.

'Good. It would be a pity to miss sucking those tits today.'

"Think about it, Miss... If your husband was here, wouldn't he want the best for you? For you to walk again? For you to feel good everyday?"

Closing her eyes, a stream of tears ran down her cheeks, Helen smiled and nodded.

'Good.'

Miles smiled gently and began to pull her skirt down.

"Thank you." Helen whispered, enough for him to hear and laid back down. She arched her waist in order to help him out.

Slowly, her delicate pale thighs were revealed, she had a black lace boyshort panty beneath.

'She's got a good taste.'

Miles commented.

There wasn't much struggle to what was left, Miles pulled off the skirt, exposing her long curled up legs.

Acting the massage talent, in his vision holographic arrows quickly mapped her legs, revealing to him the problem that had cut off her leg potential.

'Four blocked Vital Points. How brutal.'

Each leg had two crucial vital points blocked, the reason why she couldn't walk any more.

The first one was located on her thighs, the second beneath her kneecap.

'I know what to do.' Miles thought, his eyes glinting with dark purpose.

"Miss, I'll need you to relax your body." Miles urged, picking up a bottle of aromatic oil.

Having recovered, Helen managed not to smile from nervousness and stayed still.

'Here we go.'

A stream of oil poured from the bottle, drawing a clean trail down her thighs to her toes.

'Jeez, I forgot to tell her she'll need to change the sheets after this.'

Skipping the thought, Miles did the same thing to her other leg.

Rubbing his hands, Miles gently grabbed her thighs and began massaging them.

There were no words, no single reaction from Helen because she couldn't actually feel anything, so he forsake his first plan which was to unblock the vital point beneath her knees first.

[Target: Helen Carter

→{Femoral artery- clogged}

→→ Massage for ten seconds, thumb press with a  $360^{\circ}$  twist.]

'Big life problem, easy solution.'

Miles thought and did as the system instructed. His hand roamed her thighs, his fingers digging into the stiff muscles with each press, his strength pulsing through, he suddenly stopped and stamped his thumb at the exact spot and shifted it clockwise  $360^{\circ}$ .

'Huh?'

After he did, nothing changed, the room remained silent. Miles thought he had done it incorrectly but the green tick at the exact spot from his holographic view said otherwise.

'How com-' Before he could form the thoughts, a loud scream filled the room.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

It was a relieved moan mixed with a pinch of agony.

Helen jolted awkwardly on her backside, eyes bulging, she clamped her thighs with both hands, squeezing it tightly.

" Hmmmmm." She inhaled deeply.

To the side, Miles was stunned by the reaction.

Click!

The door opened and the granny popped her head inside.

"Baby, are you okay..."

Her words drifted as she saw her daughter half naked, boobs jingling like two bell clappers. It was a sight to behold honestly. But witnessing her daughter clenching her right thigh caused the granny's eyes to widen.

"Baby." She called in a daze and walked towards them.

Helen didn't respond, after so many years she felt sensation from her thighs. It was as if every sensation that had accumulated for years was suddenly released. And it brought an immense sense of satisfaction, pleasure and pain at the same time.

"Baby." The granny called again, this time sure that she was witnessing a miracle in progress. She wanted to touch Helen's face, but Miles intervened and blocked her hands in refusal.

"Please refrain from touching her, it could ruin this."

'Shit, I failed to take the granny into account.'

Inwardly cursing, Miles quickly stopped any emotional intervention that would make the granny stay in the room.

After telling the granny that a contact could ruin things, he saw her frightened look and nodded.

"If possible ma, please kindly step outside."

The granny nodded and didn't even contest his words.

" Alright, alright. Help me take care of her. I'll go call Arthur. Please tell her I will be back in forty minutes."

Following that, the granny closed the door and her hurried footsteps could even be heard before it faded quickly.

'Forty minutes huh?'

Looking back at Helen who was still downloading every previous sensation, a sly glint flashed past his eyes.

'There's a common saying that helping someone at their lowest point makes them feel greatly indebted to you.

Only through pain would one cherish a helping hand.'

At this moment, Miles activated blissful Hands and held her thigh, pressing firm against the spot.

" Ahhhh- Mmmmm."

Suddenly, Helen let out a shivering curled moan, her eyes rolled back in pleasure that she collapsed on the bed, reeling in bliss.

'Bloody hell.' Watching her tits shake like two water filled balloons, Miles almost couldn't resist the urge to pounce on her.

Holding his grip still, the pain Helen felt was quickly extinguished.

Within thirty seconds, he let go and watched the leg spasm.

Before Helen could recover he went through the same procedure with her other leg. This time though, she didn't scream because Miles did the same magic using bliss hands.

By the end of it, Helen's face was flushed, and her eyes clouded like a harlot who had just pleased a whole throng.

She looked so irresistible that his bulge quickly became visible.

When he stood up, Helen's eyes darted towards it and froze.

'Big... very big.'

She thought in trance, seeing something she hadn't seen in years felt so magical that she failed to notice the faint smirk Miles had on his face.

"I'm sorry."

When she suddenly regained her senses, she blurted an apology, covering her eyes in shame.

'He is so young... I made him hard with my dirty moans. Helen, you're such a stupid girl. Is he still going to call me Miss at this point.... Wait.... he got hard, does it mean he found me attractive.'

Seeing she was so swarmed in her thoughts, Miles coughed.

" I'm sorry Miss but I have to work on those."

## **Chapter 66: Stubborn Helen**

I'm sorry Miss, but I'll have to work on those.

The direction of Miles' eyes quickly told Helen where he meant.

"What...what... what do you mean?"

Helen stuttered, her eyes blinking rapidly and her face flushed with shy embarrassment. She pressed her arms, guarded over her boobs like the shared words of comforts seconds ago never happened.

'Jeez, how the fuck can she be so stubborn.'

Aggravated by the sight of those boobs, Miles clenched his teeth slightly. She was messing with him.

He exhaled and spoke calmly, words that every woman would never hate to hear, to some, it was even brainwashing.

"Miss, remember what we just talked about?" Miles reminded and her eyes quickly softened.

Seeing this, Miles nodded and continued.

"Miss, I tend to understand women due to being in this line of work. And honestly, I've sensed that you don't feel good about your body, which is cruel because..."

When he said this, Helen's breath hitched, her expression mirroring a look of curiosity at its peak, mixed with a bit of faint worry.

"...you have such great boobs."

'Yes! I said it. I definitely said it.'

The most heart fluttering compliment was often the most sincere one. Which is why Miles dared to say it, instead of saying a lie she would doubt every time she saw her reflection.

The room fell into a dazed silence, as Helen's widened, shocked eyes stared at Miles in disbelief. She couldn't believe it.

'It must be a dream--'

Before she could form this thought, Miles hit the nail in the head while it was still hot.

" -In all my life, I have never seen such perfectly shaped, round boobs like two balloons filled with water."

Miles spoke in such a tone that his eyes boldly stared at her boobs in amazement and his voice practically dripped with devotion, exposing his true nature.

'In fact, fuck it.'

Miles cursed and decided not to hold back his thoughts anymore.

"Do you know how many women lost their lives annually trying to blow their boobs? Ten thousand... Yet, you've got such wonders. The envy. The unattainable goal of thousands. You should never feel ashamed, Miss."

Miles concluded and finally shifted his gaze to meet hers after staring at her boobs for so long.

" Ahhhhh!"

Suddenly Helen squealed like a teenage girl who had just been proposed to, avoiding eye contact, she grabbed the pillow from the side and pressed it against her face as if wanting to suffocate herself .

To the side, Miles watched her try to stifle her giggles before falling silent.

Seconds turned into a minute before she lifted the pillow slightly and spoke.

" Do it."

She clenched the pillow tightly afterwards.

'Hehehe.' Staring down at her, Miles grinned sheepishly and slowly pulled up her shirt. Ravishing in the delight of exposing every inch of her skin, he sure took his time.

In the next second however, Miles reached the limit of hardness as he caught glimpses of the cheeks of her boobs.

Swallowing his saliva out of thirst, he kept pulling up the shirt till two thick pinkish nipples were revealed.

Like two cherries on a cake dessert, the sight was extremely tempting, but Miles didn't dive in yet. He kept pulling her shirt till it was hooked above her tits and picked up a bottle of aromatic oil.

"Miss, this technique helps refocus the direction of your blood flow, interrupting or stopping me before I'm done might raise precautionary retaliation in your body."

Miles explained in a warning tone and got a quick nod from her that caused her breasts to ripple like two waves.

Gripping the bottle tightly, Miles exhaled and poured down a yellow stream of oil from her navel, drawing a line upward to her tits.

—

Meanwhile, lying on the bed with a pillow pressed against her face, Helen was nervously swarmed in her thoughts. Her whole body was tense.

Feeling the ticklish drip of oil against her skin made her curl her toes and bite her lips, holding back the urge to squirm and twitch to the funny sensation.

Knowing her boobs were laid bare before his eyes to feast on them didn't help it but his words of compliments managed to ease her.

'Perfect boobs... He said he likes them.'

'So people die to have these?'

'I made him hard, the look in his eyes... like he would do anything I requested just to touch them. Hmm-, he's going to touch them. No one has ever touched my

boobs since he passed away, I wonder how he's going to like it. He's so young... he is going to jerk at the thought of them.'

Remembering when she caught her own son years back, jerking to magazines, Helen imagined Miles doing the same about her tits and her heart beat quickly increased. She felt nervous and tense, a jittery sensation filling her like there was an adrenaline rush ready to let loose.

Helen intuitively bit her lips when she felt oil drip on her nipples.

That's right, she had two sets of extremely sensitive nipples, they were her weak points.

When Miles was done soaking her tits with oil, making it glisten, a strange heated silence fell.

Helen felt like she was being imprinted by his gaze, something within her squirming in excitement.

'Activate Blissful Hands. Plus 1 drop of aphrodisiac.' Miles said inwardly to the system's screen, unwilling to put his complete trust in Helen's lust due to her unpredictable stubbornness, he decided to use an aphrodisiac to set loose those emotions held up within her for years without break.

Grabbing both sides of her waist, he embedded his fingers on her skin with firm precision that held despite her jerking upward from the bliss.

"Hm-mm-" moaning in delight, Helen dug her fingers into the pillow.

'What's happening to me?'

It was as if his touch had sparked a flame within her. She reeled in thrill and delight, soon succumbing to the pleasure

## **Chapter 67: Suck mommy's...**

"Ahhhhhhh!" She hummed each time his hands roamed her belly, teasingly spreading out.

Helen felt her pores breathe, due to the intense relaxation she felt at the same time.

Biting her lips while trembling, she suddenly arched her back upward when his hands slipped beneath her boobs, easing the tension beneath.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Helen moaned, biting into the pillow as Miles became more daring and directly scooped the base of her boobs in both hands.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" She curled like a smitten kitten, jerked the pillow from her face and froze as she held his hands from advancing further.

'This is too much. I can't bear so much at the same time. His hands make things worse.'

Already feeling moist between her legs, Helen feared what would happen if she lost it. Her eyes found Miles' and saw them completely cold and detached.

He was about to loosen it.

—

'Damn it bitch.'

Just as he was about to unleash his assault after feeling how soft and surreal her boobs were. Miles felt indignant. If things went at this pace, he would be the one punished before Daniel.

So meeting her eyes, he let her know how greatly displeased he was.

And sure enough, her guilt reflected in her eyes and she softened her grip around his wrist and bit her lips like a slut.

'I'm gonna make you pay for this.' Though he wanted to add another drop of aphrodisiac, Miles wanted a deep eruption of true lust.

—

In her thoughts...

'Why do I feel guilty?'

Before Helen could understand this complex emotion, her grip softened and she felt Miles' hold of her boobs tightened and became restless.

She saw him squeeze hard while staring straight into her eyes

She wanted to resist but failed miserably and moaned instead.

Now that the pillow was removed, her explicitly slutty eyes and flushed cheeks were revealed to Miles.

Helen felt defenseless like a cat scapped of its fire.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Miles didn't hold back, he dug his fingers into the firm surreal softness of her boobs and squeezed so hard that his fingerprints remained on them.

"Ahhhhhhhh! Hmmmmmm- ! Hmmmmmm!"

Helen's moans filled the room, unable to close her mouth.

For the first time she felt the extreme love someone could have for her boobs. She felt dirty, shame and ecstasy clouded her face.

But despite that, she didn't try to stop Miles' assault and only rested her grip on his wrist.

Miles noticed this and decided to spice things up in a way to get her hornier.

"You've got great boobs, Miss."

He complimented scooped more of her tits into his palm, squeezing hard as she moaned louder and jerked, squirming with murky sweat dripping on her face.

Hearing Miles' ragged voice confessing his sincerest thoughts, Helen was completely smitten, she blushed and continued to withstand his assault.

"HMMMMMM- " her breath stretched, blissful and meek.

"Such nice perfect boobs. You're probably the only blessed with such."

" Ahhhhhhhh!"

" They are so big and soft that I want to suck them so bad."

" Ahhhhhhhh!"

Helen moaned, she couldn't believe what she had just heard.

'Did he just confess that he wants to suck her boobs?'

She didn't feel insulted, instead a sense of pride and satisfaction grew within her. She had never been spoken to like that before so it triggered a daring thought within her.

She opened her eyes once more and met Miles' heated gaze that looked like he was about to lose it.

He was still massaging her boobs, so she summoned the courage to stop him despite the sense of loss.

Sensing the glint of importance in her eyes, Miles didn't try to override her sense of control yet, so he stilled his hard squeeze of her boobs.

There was a moment of silence as the sound of their panting filled the room.

Helen hesitated, her cheeks rosy and spoke.

"Do... Do you really want to suck them?"

She asked, her eyes doubtful like she couldn't really believe her boobs were just too appetising.

Miles was stunned for a moment.

'What the fuck? How can she be so distrustful despite all that I have displayed since?'

Yet for the sake of boobs, Miles nodded like a good dog about to serve its master.

"Yes, who wouldn't?"

His voice, his gaze shook Helen and caused her to smile foolishly.

She stared at him for a moment like he was her beloved child and nodded.

" Hmmm- you can suck them... but be gentle."

Recalling the frenzied massage he gave her boobs, she quickly added.

'Naaah, there's no way I'll be docile as a dog.'

"But how can I hold back?" Miles asked and she got silent for a little moment, nodded, then raised up her own boobs to feed him.

'This is a big progress.'

"Here." She said and cutely closed her eyes.

The moment the sensation of Miles' tongue latched onto her nipples, Helen hissed erotically and proactively responded to his touch.

" Hmmmmmm." With a deep breath, she jerked upward, her waist and neck arched. Her eyes were closed and her other hand instantly located his head and sunk her fingers inside his hair. She began rubbing it.

" Hmmmmmm." Helen moaned hoarsely, biting her lips as she tried to hold back from saying those words she desperately desired to say. To hold onto that fragile consciousness.

" Hmmmmmm." She let out a sultry deep breath when she felt his tongue purposefully lick her areola, rubbing it in a circle. She clenched her teeth but couldn't let go, not now.

She tried but she lost the last straw when Miles finally ate her nipple. He held the tip between his teeth and tickled it with his tongue so hard that she couldn't resist.

"Hmmm- yesss! Suck my tit harder like a good boy-Hmmmm , you suck so good! Yesss!" Her voice rang loud and illicit. Rubbing Miles' head, she encouraged him.

"Yessss-! Suck mommy's tit so good and squeeze it like an orange - Hmmmm-, it's yours baby." Her motherly ego had been triggered alongside the slutty girl that had been restrained since her childhood.

Conservative my foot.

---

Meanwhile, not far away, close to the district. Daniel was currently on his way home in a vehicle with the rest of the squad. They were going to drop him off.

### [Chapter 68: It Wants To Enter There](#)

"Hmmm- yesss! Suck my tit harder like a good boy-Hmmmm , you suck so good! Yesss!" Her voice rang loud and illicit. Rubbing Miles' head, she encouraged him.

"Yessss-! Suck mommy's tit so good and squeeze it like an orange - Hmmmm-, it's yours baby." Her motherly ego had been triggered alongside the slutty girl within her that had been restrained since her childhood.

In a frenzied feast to satisfy his hunger for the softness of her boobs, Miles sucked so hard that every part of her boobs he latched onto developed a red spot.

"Hmmmm-"

Helen moaned like a hentai character. Gripping Miles head tightly, she fed him her other boob that was beginning to feel left out.

The instant he latched onto her boobs, her eyes clouded and she cried out helplessly.

" Ahhhhhhhh!"

There was no holding back anymore, Helen was totally absorbed in the bliss, ignoring the fact that her once fair big round boobs had become red. Reddish bite marks decorating it like stickers.

"Hmmmmmm." Suddenly her breath trembled, the itch between her legs had gotten unbearably intense, her whole body heated in desire.

Helen's closed eyes and lips trembled. Quivering, she needed Miles' head to suck her tits, unable to get enough of teeth, tongue and the hard squeeze of her breasts like it was a loaf of bread.

Instinctively, her fingers found their way between her legs, kneading her clitoris through her panties, her fingers rubbing her pussy, feeling the slimy moist leaking through it.

" Hmnnnnnnm—" she jerked. Instead of calming the itch, the sensation actually got worse.

Suddenly, a part of her thoughts shread from the hazy lust, bringing her to realize the shame of what she had done.

'What am I doing?'

'No, no, no. This is uncultured, I can't possibly be doing this.... Helen!'

Her conscience pleaded, she couldn't bear the torture of the itch.

Realizing this, Helen's mind flashed to a memory of her parents' heated moment last night despite their old age.

'Then why shouldn't I...' She thought, feeling maltreated.

'Remember, you're a widow. Helen.' Her conservative sanity screamed at her.

'Yes, and I haven't tasted dick or slept with anyone in four years. Even my parents have happy moments like that... Why can't I? I'm sure he wants me to be happy too. I can't... I can't hold it back anymore.'

She screamed back at her thoughts too, using her late husband as defence.

She was going through a heated battle within her, one of ideas and emotions.

Whenever she tried to think, her body would squirm in rejection, protesting to what it desperately needed, for that itch to disappear.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Suddenly, the equilibrium broke.

Helen jerked, her body arched 20cm upward, her eyes widened, her mouth unable to close, and her hand shot to hold Miles wrist a moment after he made contact

with her pussy, with the effect of Blissful Hands sending a slight electrical surge through.

"What are you doing?"

The fog of lust cleared from her eyes, disbelief filling them as she realised what he wanted to do. To be honest, despite how horny she was, she had never considered doing it with Miles, because of one reason. There was no way he would decide to sleep with an old pussy like hers, why would he? She was way expired for him.

It was another round of self doubt and derision, but Miles didn't realise this.

'Shit!' he cursed, thinking the aphrodisiac hadn't worked well enough.

Letting go of her tits, he faced her with a stunned look.

"Miss..." he began. "...you seem like you were struggling to do it yourself, so I decided to help you out." Despite hating himself for explaining instead of outright taking control, Miles still did it and her next statement and reaction made him speechless.

Her face was already flushed, but the fact that she was blushing quite heavily at this moment couldn't be hidden.

"By... by rubbing me there?" She stuttered cutely, struggling to phrase the particular word.

'What the fuck? Is she doubting her pussy right now? Well, this is going to be easy.'

Realising what it was, Miles completely eased his mind.

After repeatedly going through this same phase, he now knew how to quickly pass this stage.

"Yes, is there anything wrong?" He asked, feigning an innocent tone that made her feel guilty.

"But..." Helen visibly hesitated and continued.

"... It's dirty. I'm old, it's no good putting your fingers there. Don't you feel disgusted by it." Her voice quivered at the end.

'Damn, I wonder if she would have felt me fucking her good if I hadn't cured her thighs.'

While wanting to smack his face at her question, Miles had a random thought.

"Old?" Miles spoke like he had heard the most incredulous thing in the world. His expression featuring her self doubt.

To further prove his point, Miles let go and stood on his feet.

Before Helen's widened eyes at his bulge, he began loosening his pants.

"What... what are you doing?"

She stuttered meekly but didn't dare to look away, her eyes were glued to his action with curiosity.

Miles didn't respond and pulled out his fully erect 7 inch cock, that perfectly fit in palm.

The room fell into still silence . Helen's eyes glued to the pulsating thing, shocked that a young boy like Miles could actually possess such an instrument. If only he could make her sing with it.

"You see this?" Miles asked and shook his dick with his palm wrapped around its base.

Unable to mutter a word, it was Helen's turn to listen attentively like an obedient bitch. She nodded cutely with a curious look of interest written all over her face, masking the desire beneath.

"...You made me like this." Miles said and met her gaze, shaking his dick as he continued.

"Ever since I saw you, you caused this to rise. I couldn't contain my thoughts around you so it got bigger and bigger till it became this hard. Torturing me inside my pants... Do you know why?"

Helen was so dazed by what he just said that she responded a moment later, feeling her self-esteem shoot through the roof.

"Because it wants to enter there."

## Chapter 69: Good Girl?

'Because he wants to enter there?'

Helen's mind flared, tracing the direction of Miles' eyes, she realized that he was referring to her pussy.

'How could he?' she thought with doubt, biting her lips, tears pooled at the corner of her eyes, one of joy. She was completely smitten.

"...my pussy?" She struggled to say the exact words but did anyway. If Miles got hard thinking about her old pussy, why wouldn't she.

Emboldened by her words, Miles nodded.

" Yes your pussy... If I may, I want to put this inside so bad and fuck your pussy."

Miles said, his voice laced with hunger.

Helen rapidly blinked her eyes.

'He actually said it, he said it.'

She bit her lips and became shy.

" Okay... let's do it..." She paused silent staring at his reassuring gaze and continued, "... Fuck me."

It was a wonder how a massage session had spiralled into this but it was all Miles had hoped for.

He shifted and moved in between her legs, grabbing her stiff lower legs, he pulled her to the edge, her legs spread around him and met her struggling gaze.

"Are... aren't you going to use a condom?" She asked guilty, shifting her eyes away from him.

'Hehehe, fuck condoms, I gotta feel that juicy mature pussy wrapped tight around my dick with every slip inside of you.'

Now that the distance between them was very short due to being positioned between her legs, Miles leaned forward and placed his hand tinted with precum from his dick, on her face. Making her tilt in his direction as he stared at her eyes.

"Why should I use a condom?"

Helen blushed and avoided his gaze, unwilling to answer his questions.

But Miles didn't need her to, he traced his across her cheek, and said...

"The longer a wine is brewed the finer its taste and possess outstanding quality... Miss, you've aged like fine wine, I can't resist the allure. Your pussy is so tasty that I want to dip my dick inside there and fill the juice soak my cock."

'Juice?'

Helen's heart thumped so rapidly that Miles could hear even from inches away.

In her dazed state as she replayed his words, he leaned lower and placed a kiss on her neck, caressing it lewdly with his tongue that she jerked, and instinctively placed her hand on his head, gasping as she melted under the sensation.

" Ahhhhhhhh! Hmmmmmm." She moaned in between feeling his seething hot rod pressed against her belly. She was completely hooked, but unfortunately Miles began to pull back despite her strength filled grip to keep him at it.

"Hmmm-. Hmmm-. Hmmm-." Helen inhaled, panting as her blurry eyes stared at his possessive gaze taking every inch of her upper body.

Before she could realise, Miles moved one of his fingers to her lips and she intuitively sucked on it like a bitch. When she tasted the slimy taste on it which was of her fluid and his precum, her eyes widened.

'Did I just?...'

Strangely, she loved it and couldn't form any resistance, she kept sucking his index finger.

'She just made things worse.'

Watching her suck his finger, Miles dick nodded and an idea popped in his head.

"Good girl?"

He slapped her chin lightly with his other hand and pulled out his finger.

Helen froze realizing what he had just said.

'Did he just call me a good girl?' she thought, not mistaken.

Her heart felt jittery, a never felt desire to please Miles in order to earn his approval began to bloom within her. The next moment, she felt Miles' grip on her folded shirt.

" Just need to take this off so I can watch the sight of your wonderful boobs jiggle."

Hearing such a compliment, Helen nodded foolishly and arched her shoulders in order for him to pull it up.

Miles didn't waste time pulling it off in a blink.

Seeing it was just her pantie left, Helen blushed cutely at the thought. Instead of cold, she felt the warmth of his heated breath crawling on her boobs.

Since she had done hers, Miles swiftly pulled off his Masseur outfit and was left nude before her gaze.

'Such athletic frame. He must be an athlete.'

Helen blushed, her face seething red.

Now that the barrier a was gone, they could directly feel the warmth of each other's skin.

As they stood, Miles above between her legs and her lying on her back with her legs spread around him. Helen felt nervous and thrilled. She wanted that dick. His hard pulsating cock to enter her, to fuck her her.

She bit her lips as the moment passed in silence, contemplating she should grab it and stroke it instead first before they began. But before she could summon the courage to do so, Miles raised her legs, his hand hooking the back of her knee, where she couldn't feel his blissful touch due to the stroke.

Meanwhile at this moment, Miles let the system's holographic screen guide him to release the pressure so she could use her feet again. Well, to be more honest, it was for the specific purpose for her to be able to wrap her legs around him properly.

[Roughly rub the popliteal region and hold it still with a deep, firm press for 5 seconds and let go .] →↓

The instructions read.

Suddenly, after he let go, Helen gasped and felt inexplicably free for the first time in years. For a moment, she couldn't understand the rush of joy till she realized that she could now feel her toes again.

'I can... I can feel my toes?!'

Helen screamed inwardly, her eyes darted from Miles dick to his face and saw the grin on his face.

She couldn't believe it, in her heart a heavy feeling of debt formed as tears rolled from the corner of her eyes. But before she could relish the renewed sensation- A ripping sound echoed through the room, followed by an erotic gasp.

# Taboo Stepson System

The ripping sound came from Miles' ruthless tearing her panties. Exposing the pinkish lips of her pussy, dripping with thick slimy fluid.

She wanted to cover it out of embarrassment but Miles already inserted his finger. Easily slipping deep due to the wetness gathered inside her.

Meanwhile, Helen didn't feel the same. She gasped and sharply gripped the sheets, feeling the intrusion. It was as if years of longing was finally being realised.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Following that, Miles didn't let her off and began thrusting two of his fingers inside her.

Helen couldn't resist the pleasure. The only thing she could do was grip the sheets tightly and moan.

" Hmmmmmm" her waist would sometimes arch when he thrust deeper or hastened his pace.

But having something so small inside her only seemed to ignite her further. So she set her eyes on Miles' dick, her face completely flushed and sweat trickled down her face. She bit her lips, trying to hold back her moans but failed.

Without hesitation her hand reached out towards Miles' cock, grabbing it, she felt it pulsate with heat and intuitively stroked it.

Pausing, Miles stiffened, closing his eyes to savour the sensation.

Seeing his reaction, Helen arched upward, half sitting up and began to stroke him with one hand while panting.

" Argh!" Miles groaned and couldn't hold back.

Pulling her hand from his dick, he spread her legs apart, and teased her cock with it.

After the repeated trial she had been through, it was finally his turn. Miles couldn't be more excited.

"Ahhhhh!\* Helen moaned, squirming and jolting as he slipped the tip of his dick and pulled out .

She arched her waist each time but was unable to thrust his dick inside her.

'Didn't he say he wanted to put it inside of me so bad?' She thought to herself while trying to comprehend why Miles wanted to tease her back not that she actually needed it.

Her conscious self had long been swallowed by the years of yearning for a dick. So Helen couldn't form any concise thoughts. She could only grit and protest in the way her current self could.

" Please... fuck me."

She pleaded, her tone bordering on the edge of craze. Like a drug addict on her last draw.

Miles grinned.

He didn't deny her refusal, instead he grabbed her hands and locked them in his grip. Spreading both wide dominantly.

"I'm sure your husband would also appreciate you in this position. Don't you agree, Miss?" Pulling off the mask of pretense, the understanding comforter was gone and replaced by the destroyer.

Helen's eyes flushed with tears of guilt, shame reddening her cheeks.

"You... don't mention my husband— Ahhhhhhhh!" An ecstatic moan escaped her lips before she could complete the statement.

"Why shouldn't I mention your husband? Doesn't he want you to be happy? Aish, he must be a greedy bastard to think he would still have claim over you from the land of the dead."

Miles clicked his tongue.

Hearing what he had just said, Helen felt something stir within her.

Miles' words actually aroused her.

"Speak."

"Ahhhhhhh!"

. Suddenly Miles drove his dick into her moist creamy pussy. Mature, it wrapped firm around his pulsating vein as if it wanted to suck the life out of it.

Helen held her breath after, freezing as she savoured the sensation of her pussy walls finally welcoming something for the first time in four years.

" Do you still think of your husband now?" Miles asked with a scowl, slamming down and burying the last inch of him inside her pussy.

" Ahhhhhhhh,!" Gasping out loud, Helen held out her legs, moaning with guilt. She couldn't deny it. Miles' words were giving her a thrill. A never felt before sultry pleasure bloomed in her heart.

"Mmmmm-!" She bit her lips and exhaled as he pulled out.

"I bet your husband must be here. Jerking to this ." Miles impaled his cock inside her again. Helen's words were cut short before she could even begin.

"Don't... Hmmmmmm... don't talk bad about my husband again." She managed to whisper out the words with flushed cheeks, causing Miles to grin.

" Look at you, saying such so seriously while moaning from having dick submerged in that starved pussy of yours."

" Ahhhhh! Ahhhh-! Ahhhh-!..."

Helen couldn't even protest and continued to shout with every thrust he slammed into her. The sensation caused her to come for the second time in years. Slimy liquid dripped from her pussy with his cock still impaled inside.

Not stopping, he kept fucking.

"You can't even respond."

Watching the sight of her boobs jiggle, their softness melting into each other as they clapped. Miles hooked her left leg above his shoulder and stretched forth his hands to grab them.

"Damn, they feel so good." Miles said through his pants, as her soaked pussy clenched around his dick. Obviously she was going to come soon enough, and if

things continued at this pace at this pace the whole bed would be soaked before long.

"Hmmmmmmm-"

Feeling Miles' powerful steadfast thrust, his slam like that of two goats clashing horns, causing the room to be filled with claps, Helen bit her lips in shame when she felt the need for him to keep calling her husband. It actually made her hornier when he said it.

Because thinking about it now, she couldn't help but hate her husband for denying her of all these pleasures from his grave. She wanted to reenact the conversation as he kept pounding her and so she did.

"Ahhhhhh! You know- Hmmmmmm!- My husband has a bigger dick than yours- Hmmmmmm- Kpaaaa!" She taunted, but before she could realise what had happened, Miles slapped her so hard that a red print of his palm was left on her face. He didn't stop, but instead rammed her pussy deeper, while groping her balloon-like boobs much ruthlessly in his hand.

"You sure? You call that pesky little thing between your son's legs and inheritance? He must be a bastard then..."

With one final thrust, Miles stilled, burying his cock deep inside her.

"or... he hasn't laid hands on your tiny cunt?"

However, Helen's eyes had already widened and was in a daze after his first statement.

'He knows my son? Daniel?'

—

Meanwhile, outside the house, a black truck pulled to a stop and Daniel alighted from it, smiling, after a quick see you later to the guys.

"Home." He muttered.