

## Chapter 71: Cuckolding Daniel

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?'

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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.

" Ahhhhh!" Helen moaned, feeling his hot semen filling her womb and quickly spread through her pussy as it leaked.

She wanted to protest against this action since it could lead to child birth but then her thoughts decide to dare. She wanted to feel the sensation of cum pooling in her womb and pussy, a long lost feeling.

As he came deep inside her, her legs began spasming in a rapid succession. The next moment she gripped the hand folding her boobs and dug into the sheets with the other.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" A slutty arousing cry filled that room the next moment as she came. A flood of juice gushed from her pussy and dripped soaked the bed.

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"Huh?"

Stepping into the house, Daniel froze as heard the ecstasied cry like that in real porn since he never made a girl feel like that in reality before.

'What's going on?' He doubted he misheard, but his mother's tone was just too distinguishable.

"Mom?" Daniel quickly dashed forward, a chill thought filling his heart.

How could his mom possibly bring home a man? She hadn't done such for the past four years and it wouldn't be now either.

The only conclusion Daniel formed was that someone had forced his way into their home and was now doing something forceful with his mother.

"Ahhhhh!" As he got close to the door, his step froze and his ears instinctively peaked.

His mother's trembling moan could be heard, panting heavily. There was no way it sounded forced. She was enjoying it like a slut!

Daniel hesitated, clenching his teeth, a deep pang of betrayal slammed into him on behalf of his father. How could his mother possibly do this?

But the longer he stood by the door, the more he heard to harden the blow.

His mother was clearly pumped with thrill.

"How... how do you know my son?"

Her stuttering voice came through the door, making Daniel's eyes widened. Without hesitation, he jerked open the door and stepped in.

What he witnessed, he could never have fathomed it till this moment, because Miles stood between his mother's legs which were wide apart like a whore and was waving his dick at her pussy, drool of cum connecting to her cunt.

He saw that his mother was naked, her panties ripped into shreds as it barely hung around her waist.

There was also the sight of cum steaming out of her pussy.

What more, her face was all sweaty and flushed, making it evident she had consented to this.

At this moment, both Miles and Helen turned to Daniel.

One felt happy with a smile on his face and the other was deeply terrified. Her heart shook in fright as she froze.

She couldn't believe it. In fact, she hadn't thought of it. She was supposed to know that he would arrive by this time but the only thought she had been having was that of crazed lust towards Miles dick.

"Daniel?" Helen intuitively called out in panic, shock. Her widened eyes, focused on only.

'How could I have forgotten?' She thought to herself feeling horrible and ashamed.

Thinking of the current sight of her, which was her bites marked breasts and leaking pussy of her and Miles' orgasm, she felt as if the world should end right now. Or the ground should open and swallow her up.

"...Mom." Daniel called in speechless daze. Finally managing to form a concise word, he struck his hand to his chest and slowly got to his knees due to his weakened legs.

'Why?' He had only one thought. Why had she chosen, of all people to sleep with, and it was Miles fucking her. Miles, his classmate.

For a moment the world felt blurry and he tightened his finger to his chest.

This was unbelievable.

Shifting his gaze, he was momentarily stunned by how big Miles dick was with thick girth compared to his own. No wonder he mocked him.

Zooming in closely, he could see that it was covered in his mother's fluid.

'How could you?'

Daniel roared in his heart, anger burbling within him like a volcano.

Compared to killing Miles, what Miles did was way worse.

"You... you." Daniel called through gritted teeth, his hand quivering as he pointed his finger at Miles with threat in his tone. F

Miles grinned at the sight.

"What? Cat got your tongue?" He sneered before adding.. " please if you don't have anything to say, kindly close the door behind you, as you can see, we are in the middle of something."

Helen's eyes widened further. Miles and Daniel knowing each other was a taboo twist that she could never have expected.

"You..." She wanted to speak up in her son's defence, but was cut short by a swift slap from Miles, on the same spot as before.

Feeling the searing pain tearing through her cheeks —

"Ahhhhhhh!" Helen moaned sluttily, causing Daniel's eyes to shake.

It didn't stop there. Miles grabbed her boobs and dominantly fondled them like they were jelly.

" Ahhhhhhhh— Mmmmmm!"

Helen helplessly moaned.

"I'll kill you!" Daniel roared venomously, his eyes turning red in fury as he stood up, wanting to rush towards Miles.

'Cold Blooded Heart.'

Miles activated this ability and Daniel froze in his steps.

It didn't matter if he wanted to or not.

His boiling anger on the rise like a volcano was instantly quenched. Fear froze every fibre within him and his eyes widened. Staring at the wild grin on Miles' face as he waved his dick at his mother's pussy.

'Nooo!'

"

## Chapter 72: Subservient Helen

"I know he is a bully. I get calls everyday , but there's nothing I can do. Growing up without his father all these years had led him astray. It's good he's learned a lesson."

Of course it was all a lie, the perfect lie to mask her secret desire and hunger to quench the thirst of her starved pussy using Miles fuck, being his slut.

" Mom..." Daniel couldn't believe it. Seeing Miles face turn from stunned to a proud smirk made things worse.

"Well, I guess there is no need to tell you that your son committed murder with his pals." He said, meeting Helen's shocked eyes.

"Dan... he killed someone?" It was as if she couldn't even refer to him as her son when faced with Miles' words.

"Hmm, yes, they killed someone and I have come for vengeance by fucking his mom."

Helen shuddered at Miles' words, resolution quickly formed in her eyes as she met his gaze.

Reaffirming her grasp of the base of his cock, she spoke up, her pussy dripping at this point, in a rush of horny sensation.

"I'm sorry...." She paused, stroking his cock and kissing the tip before reassuming a sincere look.

"... If it pleases you, please use me. I offer my pussy in atonement for my son's sin. If it isn't enough, I can bear you a new life..." This time, a flush of shyness appeared on her cheeks as she completed the statement.

"Mom..." Daniel muttered and passed out from the intense surge of emotions stifled within him.

But despite that, neither Miles or Helen paid him a glance, both locked in an intense stare. One brutally aroused with need to unleash his primal excitement and flood her pussy. While the other was subservient yet daring, she wanted to be dominated till the years of yearning was satiated.

"You did well not going astray all this while, you would have been a street whore."

In response to his words, Helen stroked his cock and sucked it with a pop sound.

"Hmmmmmm." She breathed, licking the shaft and taking it deep inside her mouth.

Though lacking in skills her whore mode cursed Miles to quickly rise once more.

Inhaling a deep breath, Miles held her head, his muscles from the intense rush of bliss.

"Argh!" He growled, closing his eyes as he savoured the sensation of her tongue licking him and her lips tightening around him with suction force.

"Hmmmm-."

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

Helen sucked hard. Puffing out thick lines of precum as saliva dripped down her chin.

It was intense.

Feeling his dick pulsate with renewed life once more, Miles experimented a few dips down her throat and slapped her chin lightly.

" Good whore, you did well." He praised me.

" Hmmm- yesss- Dadddddyy." Helen puffed, stroking his dick without any intention to stand up unless Miles told her to and rewarded her.

Nodding at the sight of her precum dripping chin, Miles couldn't help but think about how it began and how he had to convince her with repeated compliments. Who knew she had this side of her.

Thinking about it now, his desire stirred and erupted, his body brimming with renewed energy.

"Stand up." He told her strictly and waved his dick right at her face.

Standing up with difficulty and no complaint, Helen waited on his next instruction only for Miles to grab her by the hand and walk her out of the room.

Miles' gaze swept the sitting room, looking for something she could properly hold on to. His eyes fell on the biggest couch and he pulled Helen to it, slapping the head rest with a quick demonstration that she should hold onto it.

Helen understood the assignment and did just that.

Behind her, Miles pulled her waist backward, his dick resting behind her ass crack.

" Mmmmm-"

Helen trembled from the feel of his touch, dipping inside her pussy.

Smack!

Miles slapped her butt hard, rubbing his dick teasingly between her folds before slipping in quite smoothly.

" Ahhhhhhhh!" Helen cried out from the thrust.

" Argh." Miles growled and steadied his grip on her waist.

Kpa!

Miles pulled and slammed into her with so much force that she almost lost her footing.

" Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Helen moaned, feeling the brutal sensation deep inside her like never before.

Kpa!

Kpa!...

Kpa!

The second came, the third, fourth, until finally the count was lost. The only thing that remained was the screams that followed.

No doubts the neighbours must have heard it.

Putting her to rest on the head of the couch with her back. Miles lifted and held her legs in both hands.

Her pussy was wide open, the pink slit filled with his cock and gleaming with moisture as it leaked fluids.

Even the floor wasn't spared, Helen's 8th orgasm had piled up along with the previous.

Her face was visibly fatigued but that didn't deny the need for Miles cock. She still had a bit in her at least

As for the reason Miles' hadn't cum yet, it was the sight of her boobs jiggling with every of his thrust that kept him going.

Also, the last remnant of his Taboo Points had been spent on buying sustenance from the Taboo Shop. There was no way he could have lasted this much without it.

Both were reaching the peak and exhaustion tolling every fibre of their being.

Using the last remnant of his stamina, Miles picked up Helen by hooking his arms beneath her legs while she quickly clung onto him and carried her to Daniel's room with his dick still buried inside her.

"Ahhhhhhh!" Feeling Miles slam her mid air was completely insane.

At the end, with both growling like animals.. Miles placed her on the bed and collapsed atop her, his cock buried inside her pussy shooting webs after webs of cum till they both fell silent and cum gushed from her pussy, soaking Daniel's bed

" Mmmmmm!"

QN: Finally done with this. Took a lot of willpower

## **Taboo Stepson System**

"Nooooo!"

Daniel shouted, a deep pain in his voice as he watched Miles teasingly slip his dick inside his mother then pulled out.

Helen wanted to put up resistance, but failed miserably in the act. She craved for Miles' dick, and in fact, the realization that her son stood frozen, watching her get teased by Miles, completely overwhelmed her.

'What's happening to me?' She thought, guilt welling in her eyes as she was unable to resist the feeling.

Daniel's traumatic experience was a thrilling adventure for her.

She could barely form any resistant thought when Miles dropped her legs and slapped her thighs.

"Stand up." His commanding voice echoed through the room.

Helen could only bite her lips and did as she was told. The next moment her pleading gaze landed on Daniel, hoping that the fact that she could now walk would put him at ease.

'Mom... She can walk?' Daniel's pupils shook.

As she got on her feet for the first time in ages, she turned to Daniel, ashamed and hopeful. A guilty smile tugging her lips.

"Look... he made me walk again." She said with a bright smile..

Daniel couldn't believe it, so he shifted his eyes to Miles and noted the wide undenying grin on the latter's face while groping his mother's ass.

"Surprised?" Miles sneered.

Helen turned to face him and he instantly pressed his lips against hers. Helen barely reacted at first but the next moment, she erupted into a frenzy. Her arms coiled around his neck and her lips latched onto his as their tongues clashed wildly.

Not minding if her son was there or not, Helen passionately grinded her body into Miles'. Drawing every portion of her breath into the heated kiss of lust.

" Hmmmmmm! Hmmmmmm! Smooch!"

Daniel could only watch, tormented as Miles kept groping her butt and she eventually leaped into his embrace, wrapping her legs tight around him.

His finger even tried to push past her asshole but it was just too tight to let him.

Daniel felt like coughing blood at the sight.

Following the deep kiss sessions, Miles slapped Helen's ass right before Daniel's eyes and then broke the kiss.

Not yet detaching from his embrace, Helen stared at his eyes as she heaved with lust and submission, ready to go in for another round.

However, Miles only grabbed her ass with his two hands one last time, kissed her neck so good that she purred helplessly, then bit the side of her neck enough to leave a deep red mark that almost bled.

Feeling the pain Helen dug her fingers and frantically moaned.

"Hmm "

Miles heaved and as he loosened her legs that were wrapped around him.

"Get down."

Helen bit her lips, glanced at her pained son and did as Miles commanded.

She went on her knees, facing the erect weapon trying to recover and unhesitatingly grabbed it.

However, the next moment, another slap also landed on her cheeks. Helen teared up on the spot, raising her head to look at him, she stared at him like a girl deeply saddened by the fact her Daddy wasn't satisfied with her intention to please him.

"Did I tell you to suck it?"

Miles said the reason behind his disciplinary action just now.

To Daniel's shock, his mom actually looked nervous and sad.

'What did he do to you Mom?'

Thinking back to how reserved she actually was before this, his heart ached even more.

"Now grab those boobs and wrap them around it."

Helen quickly complied, she rose on her knees and grabbed her two sets of boobs. Jiggling it before suffocating Miles' dick around them.

"Argh!"

Dazed by the sensation of being cushioned between her boobs, Miles growled and instinctively placed his hand on her head.

"Faster." He urged and Helen did just that. Massaging his dick with her boobs.

"Hmmm-." Miles inhaled deeply and arched his waist to thrust between them. The force behind each slam causing her to jolt and reaffirm her grip.

Thrusting and massaging, Miles soon felt overwhelmed by the sensation and pulled out.

Stroking his dick, he held Helen in place while she held out her boobs hoping to bless them with his seeds.

" You want this?" Miles growled as the first rope of cum shot out.

" Hmmmmmm! Yesss! Spill them on my tits." Eyes filled with joy, Helen happily let him cum on her boobs, smiling adoringly at every drop.

Unable to resist the temptations, Miles even spilled one shot across her face, forcing Helen to close her eyes and savor the sensation.

"Argh."

"Hmmm-."

Their ragged pants filled the room.

Unable to move due to Miles' ability, Daniel collapsed on the floor with a deep thud, sitting with dark traumatized eyes.

His own mother was actually being used as a cum slut by Miles.

Tears streamed down his cheeks.

Seeing this, Miles smirked, held Helen by her chin and tilted her in Daniel's direction to see him crying.

Helen's eyes widened, feeling a heavy guilty pang in her heart at the sight.

"Dan..." Helen called out to her son but was cut short by Miles swiftly thrusting his limp dick inside her mouth.

"Hmmm- " Her eyes widened and she intuitively welcomed it before she realised what it was.

After she realised, she responded by grabbing the base and stuffing it deeper with a thick slurp sound.

That to say, even Miles was surprised as he had expected her to feel guilty seeing Daniel shed tears.

"Bitch, don't you feel remorse or guilt? Your son is crying because his mother is being fucked and used as a cum slut by his worst enemy."

Helen froze, glancing up at him with a complicated look flashing past her eyes, she tilted towards Daniel whose expression had peaked upon hearing Miles' question.

'Didn't she feel remorse?'

There was a moment of silence before she pulled out his half hardened dick out of her mouth with a slurp sound, the tip connecting to her lips with a thin line.

Heaving with a flushed face to catch her breath, she spoke clearly, exposing the fact she was in a clear state of mind.

## **Chapter 74: Epic Bonus Rewards**

On the Bed, Helen's eyes were half closed, a sense of ethereal sensation coursing through her.

Her whole body screamed of exhaustion, but at the same time, a deep sense of relief washed over her soul. The satisfaction was so deep that she couldn't feel her limbs, except for Miles' cock buried inside her and his cum that filled her womb.

Atop her, Miles exhaustedly listened and watched the system's holographic screen pop while pressing half of his face between her tits.

Ding! Ding!

[Fabulous! Great Thrill Packed Adventure! What a find!]

Ding! Appraising...!

[Target: Mrs Helen Carter

Relationship: Classmate's/ Daniel's Mother<a target for revenge.>

Age: 41

Status: Widow

Circumstances: A perfectly planned masseur session to fuck Daniel's Mom. Turns out she was a whore waiting to be unlocked. Daniel is traumatized for life.

Orgasm: 9.]

[Appraisal: SSS Grade Taboo.]

'Shit! I really did it.'

Shocked that he struck SSS Grade, Miles' heart thumped with joy. Unfortunately, he couldn't move any other part of his body due to exhaustion.

Ding!

[Epic! Fantastic! Peak Scenario!]

[+12,000 Taboo Points

+\$30,000]

Ding!

[Bonus Reward → Epic Bonus Rewards]

[Epic Bonus Rewards:

+2 Inches Dick Growth

+9% Lume Horizon Shares.

+2 Charm <Special>Stats Card

0.1 Voting Shares of Kingston Group.]

Seeing this, Miles' eyes widened and his pupils dilated, readjusting his head on Helen's boobs, a wild smile stretched across his face.

'Fuck! The system is so generous to the extent that I'm scared.'

He couldn't believe it. 9% of Lume Horizon's total shares made him ten percent owner of Lume Horizon in some sense when added with his previous percentages.

Kingston Group's average worth was around 300 million dollars. 0.1% of their whole shares was 300 thousand dollars.

With such an amount, Miles was nearing 1 million dollars in net worth in less than a week.

'A fucking week!'

Faced with such reality, his sense of exhaustion was rapidly being extinguished.

'With such money, I think it's time we move to a more grandiose house in a peak upper class community. Or maybe I should buy a Lamborghini? That's about 200,000+...'

As he thought of what to buy, Miles was quickly dosed by a bucket of cold water, he gained a slight insight into the lives of the wealthy.

'Lamborghini? A mansion?'

The only thing Miles saw was his net worth being converted into properties rather than cash flow.

He controlled his breathing and quickly gained control of his thoughts once more.

His eyes shifted to the 12,000 Taboo Points. Staring at it in disbelief, he couldn't help grab Helen's boobs and squeeze them tightly, causing the her to squirm.

'What a treasure you are.'

He had never thought it was possible to get so many point in a single fuck session, but Helen and Daniel had made it possible.

As a reward, Miles began munching and sucking Helen's boobs again, causing her squirms to fill the room.

+2 Inches Dick Growth was no joke either. Considering he would be at the pinnacle of the dick ranking, bordering on extreme and inhumane sizes. A bona fide 9 Inches Destroyer. Any pussy he entered would be laid waste.

Miles wanted to test it out on Helen but the junior him felt extremely sore and refused to budge.

Glancing at his total number of Taboo Points, he smirk burst on ecstatic face. Due to the little points he previously had, he didn't dare purchase expensive things from the store, but now he had the courage to.

Without hesitation, he bought just the

Revitalisation Potion, keeping it just in case he encountered another scenario.

'I bet I am more handsome now.'

Even with no mirror to notice the beautiful streaks of silver hair on his head, Miles didn't doubt the value of the charm stats.

Standing up from the bed, he stared at Helen's big round boobs for a moment before shifting his gaze between her legs, Daniel's bed was completely soaked.

Exiting the room, he entered the room where it had all begun and put back on his uniform. Glancing at Daniel's unconscious body, he felt tempted to crush Daniel's balls, but then he felt pity for Helen. Who didn't want to be a grandparent?

Picking the basket he brought with him, he dialed Grace's number.

"I'm done." He said in a neutral tone as he spotted Helen's maxi skirt and baggy top on the floor.

'I should probably give her those to wear. Instead of walking the house nude.

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Outside Daniel's home, Grace's vehicle pulled to a halt.

'... And there's my ride.'

Without a word, Miles stepped inside, his

expression perfectly masking the fact that something had happened other than a simple massage.

In barely seconds after the drive began, Grace broke the silence. Her cold, nonchalant expression fracturing to expose the curiosity hidden beneath.

" Did you do it?" She asked, glancing at him briefly before focusing on the road.

'How bold of her to ask straight away.'

"...Do it?" Miles asked, feigning a look of shock and surprise.

'Shit!' he cursed inwardly the next moment as Grace glanced at him weirdly then realized.

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So instead of faking it, he actually ratted himself out because that wasn't what Grace asked for.

The drive became awkwardly silent afterwards.

'Wait, did he fuck a disabled woman?'

Of all her thoughts, scenarios and assumptions that coursed through her head, Grace couldn't shake off the image of Miles fucking a woman whose lower body was paralysed. At the same time she was also stunned by his taste in women.

'Older women?' Come to think of it, she was part of the older women he had his way with.

Thinking about it, an embarrassed blush subtly tinted her cold cheeks.

But at this moment, Miles finally spoke up.

"Wait, it isn't what you think or whatever you're possibly thinking happened. She was healed by the time we started. So yes I did manage to fix her key point vessels, she's no longer paralysed."

## **Chapter 75: Jealous Grace**

Wait, it isn't what you think or whatever you're possibly thinking happened. She was healed by the time we started. So yes I did manage to fix her key point vessels, she's no longer paralysed."

Listening to Miles' explanation, Grace's eyes gleamed in amazement in the casual way he said it.

'A couple of key point vessels? Something certified doctors had deemed permanent and incurable could be casually treated?'

In Grace's mind, her image of Miles and his mysterious background grew immensely.

Just when she was in deep thought about how this could greatly benefit her and she could finally complete her long term plan of moving away to a faraway country by saving enough money, Miles cut through her thoughts.

"Hum, I have been thinking about this lately..." seeing he had caught her attention, he continued. "... Obviously, you're the Boss and should be present to manage your business. So instead of tagging along for home services, how about you assign me an assistant. And oh, yes, I already have someone in mind."

Stunned, Grace tilted her head towards him, wondering what he was possibly up to.

She paused for a second, hinting to him to clarify her.

"Well, there is this black lady. She's got neat braids and seems to be in her mid twenties."

"Aaliyah?"

Grace looked stunned for a moment and suddenly blurted a name.

Not like he knew, but Miles nodded.

"She's my distant cousin. No way."

Grace shook her head in refusal and reaffirmed her grip on the steering.

Knowing who Miles was beneath the scheme he thought she hadn't seen through, Grace couldn't bear the thought of possibly sharing the same dick with Aaliyah.

Although they were distant cousins, there was an existing gap in levels between them.

Thinking back to what she witnessed and went through in Carolina's house to what later went down in her office despite her being disciplined and restrained. She could already imagine Aaliyah sucking Miles' dick and shouting as he pounded her.

In fact, it could be anybody but not family or employees.

—

'Wait, did I just sense jealousy and the voice of privilege?'

Miles smiled and it swiftly turned to a grin directed at Grace with no subtle camouflage to mask it from her.

"What?"

Seeing his grin, Grace asked with a frown, still not liking the idea in the slightest.

"Sounds like someone is jealous and doesn't want to share my cock with her beloved cousin." Miles jeered, causing Grace to almost step on the brake and somersault the car. Fortunately, it was just a sudden jolt before she released the brake

'Fuck!' A chill traveled down his spine at this grave mistake.

Grace didn't seem to take it lightly with him either, she instantly swerved the car to the road side and stopped.

"What did you just say?" She snapped sharply at him, the accumulated anger at herself surging like a tide.

Miles was too stunned to reply that he froze .

'Did I step in her tail?'

Seeing that Miles didn't respond, her anger surged even more that she stared into his face.

"Cock you say? That pesky 7 inches of yours thinks it's earned the title to be called a cock? You better be kidding me and get down that high horse. If you don't like this job, then quit. I'll be fine without you."

She barked at him, her grip on the steering tightening that she even wanted to punch it.

'Wait, why does he suddenly look handsome and when did he dye those streaks.'

Suddenly, she was captivated by Miles' look and her eyes softened.

The moment he noticed this, Miles sneered and bit back.

"Pesky 7 inches you say? You didn't know that when you begged me to fuck your dripping cunt? Or when I fucked you over your office desk last night too." He stopped and shook his head."

"Pfft I would feel greatly insulted by that, but fortunately for you I'm willing to test my cock on you. And trust you'll regret knowing the beasts you've awakened."

Was this an outburst or blatant confession that he wanted to fuck her so she would regret what she just said?

Grace instinctively closed her legs, feeling it get moist at everything Miles said.

'Am I already a whore?' She couldn't help think, her anger disappearing like it was never there, she heaved and tried to control her breathing.

Seeing her calm down...

'Shit, I was expecting her to let out another outburst then I would shush her with a kiss. After that, I would take the potion and place her hand on my dick, feeling it new length, then we'll drive to her apartment where I'll let loose a furious devastation on her pussy.'

Everything was already planned out in his head but Grace was just too damn good at controlling her emotions.

Thinking about how he failed, he switched to comforting mode.

"Is it about that guy?" He asked, causing Grace to snap her head up, fear glinting in her eyes.

" Which guy?" She asked, a little too sharply— confirming his guess.

Miles' expression darkened.

"The guy that dropped you off last night... is he blackmailing you?"

Grace shuddered, her eyes widening.

'How did he know?'

Her lips trembled.

A heavy silence dwelled between them as they stared at each other.

Eventually, Grace bit her lips softly and looked away. That way, she could nod without being too dazed by his handsome looks.

Miles blinked twice when he noticed it.

"I can help you take care of him, but you'll have to agree to two conditions."

Miles suddenly said, causing Grace to snap her head once more with a look of astonishment tracing every inch of her face.

"Chill, I can't possibly kill him, right? I have my ways—"

Realizing how comical that sounded, he cut himself short halfway and let his reassuring gaze settle her worries.

'Is he going to use his family connections and take him out?'

She honestly didn't care if the man that made her life a living hell died, so she gave it a few seconds of thoughts and spoke up.

"What are your conditions?"

## **Chapter 76: Solving Grace's Problem**

"What are your conditions?"

Miles conceded a smile and raised two of his fingers.

"One, you assigned Aaliyah to me as my assistant for home services."

" Two, you won't have to see, or sleep with any other man that isn't me henceforth."

To his first condition, Grace knit her brows, forming a clear frown on her face.

'Am I not enough?' she thought, irritated by the fact he persistently wanted to hit her cousin.

His second conditions however caused her to freeze inwardly and her cold heart fluttered at the sense of protective ownership laced in his words.

'Like I would ever date another man.'

She was already on her path to be an extreme man-hater if she didn't employ Miles and tasted his dick.

There was also this sense of safety she felt with him since he didn't bother to hide his ulterior motives or rather always expressed it in a way she couldn't care to give a fuck about, except for now in which he clearly expressed his intention to fuck her cousin without caring to hide it from her like it was a normal thing to do.

Meanwhile, the nightmare of a man she once blindly fell in love with, would continue to be a nightmare she dearly wanted to erase. Compared to sharing the same dick with her cousin, this was way better.

"I agree to your conditions." Grace said and nodded.

" Good, is he going to be home now?"

Startled by his question, Grace looked at him like she had misheard what he said before shaking her head positively.

"So soon?" She whispered.

Miles nodded.

"Let's get over this."

Recovering from the shock, Grace started the car once more. This time, the destination was her home.

—

30 minutes later.

Beep! Beep!

Beep! Beep!

Beep! Be—

"—cut the crap already."

A hand slammed hard on the beeping phone, silencing it with a disgruntled grunt as it lifted it from the lamp stand with great difficulty.

The phone screen shone bright, illuminating the tough, rugged face of a man who had clearly survived the dark streets.

This man was Silas, Grace's ex who had chosen to make her life a living hell by blackmailing her with videos he took while having sex with her during the time they were dating.

Last night, he had managed to collect a couple of grand from her and spent the night gambling at a casino then straight to the night club where he spent all his wins.

Currently, there were about two bitches nakedly sprawled on his chest, and in deep sleep after taking a huge amount of expensive liquor.

Grace's room was made a mess with their clothes sprawled at every corner. Wrapped weeds and white powder could be seen on a plate atop a wooden stool.

Silas' eyes squinted as they strained in order to read the caller's ID.

(Bitch>money, tomato and garden emojis)

"What the fuck?" He cursed silently and rubbed his face with a frown.

Accepting the call, he placed it by his ears

" What is it?"

From the other end of the phone, he could hear Grace inhale deeply before speaking.

"I want to travel to meet one of my clients, I received some cash."

Grace fell silent, feigning she was unhappy about wanting to give him the money.

Silas grinned instantly, exhaustion and drowsiness cleared from his face.

" You're finally starting to have some sense." Silas jeered.

" Where are you?" He added right after.

Grace then paused silently for a second before replying.

"I'm outside the building in my car..."

" Alright, wait there." Silas didn't think much of it and scrambled to find his trousers before putting on a white singlet.

' I'm sure broke.' he thought as he stepped outside the apartment.

—

Meanwhile, outside the apartment building, inside a black Mercedes.

Miles crawled behind the front seat, patiently waiting for the prey to sit on the trap.

There was no knife, so he held a fork which he found inside the car.

Honestly, Grace was confused and ready to give up at this point after realising that he wanted to do it himself. Or could his family avoid sending him to jail? She held her curiosity.

Minutes later, under that pensive silence. Heavy footsteps could be heard approaching the car. A moment later, click!— the handle was pulled up. Silas sat inside, totally unguarded against the idea that he would soon be labelled as a mad man.

Dum! He closed the door right after and the car settled in silence once more.

"Where is my money?" Silas raised his brows and commanded.

'Cold Blooded Heart & Subzero Agony.'

Silas' eyes widened, a sense of danger feeling his every being. As someone who rose from the streets, he understood this feeling very well. Without hesitation he tried to open the door but found out he couldn't move any of his limbs.

'Fuck! She set me up' he cursed in his mind, using all his strength to make his fingers twitch against the terror he felt without having to glance at Grace even.

But before he could, an arm slid from behind the head rest wrapped around his neck, choking him.

" Arrrrrrgh!"

Silas let out an animalistic growl, jerked free from the fear, his hand reached towards Miles' arm, wanting to pull it away.

Shocked, Miles reacted instantly and dove the fork deep inside Silas neck, causing the artery to spill out blood as he let go.

Silas pupils widened, his hands reached towards his neck, hoping he could stop the blood but failed.

The next moment, Miles unhesitatingly stabbed his shoulder, activating the Masseur Talent to trace his key blood vessels and disabling his left hand movement.

Silas lost the feeling of his left arm.

Miles moved the fork to his other hand and did the same.

'If I don't heal the wound on his neck, he's going to die from mental shock.'

Thinking about being apprehended by the police, Miles restored Silas' neck to how it was before. Causing the man to fall into dazed stillness as he inhaled deeply.

## Chapter 77: Dealing with Silas

"How is it?" Miles whispered behind Silas, his tone chilling—like a predator toying with its prey.

Terror instantly gripped Silas' heart.

'What's happening?' His stomach sank at the thought.

After his neck healed, the pain from his two bleeding arms finally reached him.

Silas couldn't understand what it was but there was this fear that he would definitely die if he glanced at Grace in his heart.

'Just, who did she hire?' he thought.

"You think blackmailing a girl you once dated is cool, right?"

"I also heard you've been living off her." Miles' chilling tone caused Silas to tremble.

The windows of Grace's car were tinted and firmly locked in place to isolate any sound from both outside and inside. So no matter how Silas would scream, no one would come to his rescue.

The next moment Miles stabbed Silas in his thigh with brute force, sinking the stainless steel fork deep in his flesh that blood began to spurt out

Silas roared in pain, stamping his other foot vehemently.

Realizing it would cause the car to shake and arouse suspicion if anyone was watching it, Miles stabbed the other thigh as well.

As Silas' savage cry filled the car, he unplugged the fork and stabbed it through his palm, to both palms.

Meanwhile to the side, Grace felt like she was watching a clown show.

Miles merely placed the fork on Silas' neck and the man began to clench his neck, strangling it like a goat whose throat had been sliced open.

That wasn't all.

Miles pressed the tip of the knife against Silas' arm, close to his shoulder. And Silas' left hand slumped down.

The same thing happened when Miles placed the knife on his other arm, then his thighs.

Currently, Silas looked like he was staring death right in the face.

Grace couldn't help but close her mouth with her palm in amazement.

'What is he doing?' she thought, clueless as Miles stood up, hunched due to the car's interior and leaned forward with his arm, pressing the knife towards Silas crotch.

"It's done." Miles said as he sat back down.

" Arrrrrrghhhhh!" Silas screamed in horror, shaking violently as every part of his limbs refused to move while he stared down at his soaked pants in blood because Miles had missed his dick and stabbed through one of his balls instead.

Brutal.

There was no horror greater than this.

Grace's pupils dilated and her whole body froze in shock when she heard Silas scream with such horror that stemmed from the depth of hell.

"Open the door."

Miles said, calmly intruding her thoughts like it was all normal.

"...yes, yes ."

Grace nodded absentmindedly and unlocked the door.

With a strong push from Miles, Silas fell from the car, his body spasming nonstop.

After that, Miles willed that Silas' thighs and hands be healed by cancelling out the effect of Sub-Zero Agony, leaving just the illusion of his balls pierced and a bloody gey liquid flowing out.

This way, Silas would be able to stamp his foot and hold on his family jewels while crying in pain.

Whilst to the eyes of everyone else, he would be a comical pervert before being concluded as a madman and locked in a psychiatric hospital.

'Damn, I should have pierced his tongue so he wouldn't be able to confess who did it to him.' But then again who would trust the words of a mad man?

Miles smirked and glanced at Grace who seemed lost in her own thoughts.

" What, are we going to remain here till a crowd gathers around us?" Miles jeered.

"Sorry." Quickly stepping on the acceleration pedal, Grace drove off in a daze.

Minutes later, after they had gone far enough, Grace finally couldn't hold back and asked.

" Is that it?"

." Hmm, yes." Miles resounded. Turning to her, he added—

"—well, he's going to spend at least a decade in a psychiatric hospital if he doesn't die from it..."

". . . From it?" Grace whispered realizing that he wasn't willing to reveal more information.

Meanwhile Miles fell into deep thought. Silas breaking free from his Cold Blooded Heart gave him a quick reality check.

Before, he thought with it, he was supreme and could freeze anyone with fear as long as he willed it. But he couldn't help but think of a scenario.

'What if I chanced against a serial killer or someone who gets thrilled by fear?

A gangster who's lived his life on edge all his life and doesn't even fear death anymore?'

'Damn...'

Thinking about it now, 12,000 Taboo Points wasn't much, he needed at least 20,000 to purchase a new ability.

'The best choice is to consider Danger

Sense. Healing abilities are worth at least 50,000 Taboo Points.'

If you're immortal, why not avoid danger?

As he concluded his thoughts, he revalidated his goals.

'More pussy.'

He thought.

Soon they arrived at the Spa, this time much earlier than yesterday.

When they stepped inside, Miles was surprised to see that everyone was present and lazing about in the reception area due to lack of customers.

And by everyone, it was all the employees.

Apart from the dark skinned girl with neat braids and a big shaped ass that made him want to goon to it, Aaliyah.

There were six other people he was going to be seeing for the first time.

Four girls and two boys.

One dark skinned girl and three light skinned. All with gorgeous physique and beauties that were worth cracking multiple times.

'Crap, I messed up. I should have asked for a rotation of shifts regarding my assistants.' Miles felt wistful regret but also understood that it was wrong for Grace to share a dick with all her female employees.

'She's got good taste. Men must come here a lot.'

Shifting his gaze, Miles was left stunned after looking at the guys.

One was a pumped bodybuilder, his Masseur uniform barely fitted him.

The other was lean with light make up on his face, smiling at Miles with an entranced look on his face.

'Gay.'

## **Chapter 78: A New Assistant**

'Gay.'

Turns out Grace was smarter than she usually let on to be.

She offered all kinds of massage therapists, basically making it an all gender Spa.

The girls were drawn by his looks, a little bit traced but eventually took their eyes from him.

'Why does he look more handsome than the previous time?'

Aaliyah who had once appraised Miles' looks to be quite mid, couldn't help but raise the bar higher. He was now handsome enough to tempt her.

"Hi handsome." The gay looking Masseur spoke rather enthusiastically waving his hand with a side wink.

In reaction, Miles' face turned sour and grim.

'Who is this fucker?'

He didn't reply, instantly letting his dislike for such known.

The thought of being admired sexually by his own gender already creeped him out.

The other girls stifled a laugh when they noticed, while the gay Masseur rolled his eyes at them.

"Hi."

The girl looked to be in her early twenties, brown Ponytail with a vibrant vibe around her smirked at him as she waved her hand.

"Hello." Miles responded with a faint smile, wanting to return the same high energy and possibly befriend the group right away, but felt a chilling gaze from Grace, since his ulterior motives didn't escape her notice.

"I'm Regina by the way and this is Tiffany , Lily, Harper, Aaliyah, Ryan and Malik."

The girls all revealed curious eyes as they were being mentioned, causing Miles to twitch his nose as he would have to pass on giving them another name.

"My name is Miles Sinclair. It's nice to finally meet my seniors."

Confirming their assumption of him being young, Miles bowed briefly in a formal manner and smiled.

"Oh, you didn't have to do that." Lily jovially waved her hand at him, blushing slightly while the other girls giggled softly, except for Aaliyah of course who seemed deep in thoughts.

"Thank you." Miles responded curtly. From the look of it, Grace was a cool Boss, so after the greeting, she cut them off and called out to Aaliyah.

"Come with me." She said creating a curious silence in their midst

"Me?"

Stunned, Aaliyah muttered, but quickly tagged behind Grace and Miles.

Seconds later, as they got to the office, Grace sat behind the desk while Miles sprawled on the seat opposite her in exhaustion.

Though stunned by the sense of casualness Miles gave off, Aaliyah refocused her gaze on Grace who summoned her.

Watching as she grabbed a bottle of water and gulped it one go without caring of her lady image.

When she was done, Grace heaved deeply and glanced towards her.

Letting a moment of silence abide before she spoke again.

" How do you feel about getting a bonus role and a good bonus to your paycheck?" Grace asked, her voice promising.

Miles also opened his eyes and paid attention to her reaction.

" Bonus?" Aaliyah echoed, surprised.

"Hmm." Grace nodded in agreement.

" Great, I feel great." Her voice brimmed with joy but then she stopped and appeared hesitant.

"—please what's the role... and how much are we talking about?"

She asked nervously, not wanting to sound ungrateful and at the same time not too stupid.

Grace took no offence in that either and glanced at Miles briefly before speaking.

"You'll be working as his assistant for every home service client he goes to. 100 dollars for each trip."

Aaliyah was momentarily dazed by what she heard and stood still in silence for a moment before the joy came rushing in once more.

"A 100?"

She asked doubtfully but Grace didn't even respond causing her to stamp her feet in jubilation and quickly composed herself.

"Thank you." She said, with a happy smile on her face towards Grace.

But Grace did something astonishing instead.

She turned to Miles—

" Be grateful to him instead, he specifically chose you."

'Kevin De Bruyne'

Miles felt like giving her a thumbs up as he saw Aaliyah's stunned face. Seemingly lost of words.

"Thank you." She said with a face full of smiles.

"Pfft, It's nothing." Miles casually shrugged his shoulders basically aura farming as he received a notification from the system.

[ Infatuation Gauge →Aaliyah Thomas →50%]

'What a deep impression.'

Aaliyah nodded and then straightened her back while hiding her thoughts about Miles' identity.

"So, when do I begin?"

She asked.

"You'll be called when needed."

After Aliyah left, Grace finally relaxed her tense shoulders, her thoughts mostly on what happened to Silas, if the police would perhaps calm her.

Seeing this, Miles held back his intention to take her for a spin fuck with his new inches.

" I will take my leave since I've got a couple of things to catch up to." He said as he stood up, earning a heavy nod from her.

---

Location: Armon's Mansion.

"Mom?"

After a steep knock on the door, Rachael stepped inside the room to see her mother silently knitting with a smile on her face.

Turning in her daughter's direction, Carolina smiled so brightly like even if the world fell apart, it wouldn't faze her.

Rachael had noticed this since yesterday after she was done with swim practice and wasn't too cringed by the smile. After all she had witnessed the cause behind it and also yearned to have a taste of it.

Last night she hadn't slept at all and played with herself till she was too weak to do it anymore.

Today at school, she had mostly been absent minded, only when she felt the cool rush of water across her skin was she able to think straight.

After much contemplation, she had figured out the Spa wouldn't agree to give her such treatment if she went on her own. So she conceived a plan for her mom to bring her along.

"Yes baby."

Carolina replied to her little daughter who was walking towards her in a pink tank top with hardened nipples that were vividly outlined and basketball shorts.

'Right, she is at that age now. Is she still a virgin?' she thought.

## **Chapter 79: Missing Stepmother**

Location: Sinclairs' Duplex.

After his long epic experience with Helen, Miles felt a great need to calm his muscles, so he soaked into the bathtub with a whole pack of ice cubes floating in it.

Inhaling a shallow breath, Miles enjoyed the cold chill seeping into his flesh and bones.

Staring at the white ceiling in a daze, his thoughts wandered.

'So far, everything seems to be going just fine. Hmm, that reminds me, I'm supposed to sneak into Kelvin's house by using Miss Emily. Oh fuck, I forgot to get her contact.'

Realizing his schedule was ruined, Miles groaned and slipped his face beneath the surface of the tub.

'What am I going to do?'

30 Minutes later, just after changing, a knock sounded on the door.

Casually picking up the stress ball resting on his desk, he walked towards the door and opened it to reveal a stunned Josephine.

The atmosphere became oddly still as she stared at him while he stared at her.

"Wow." Josephine muttered absentmindedly, blushing right after and almost stuttered.

"Did you secretly go through a face surgery or something?" Josephine asked, trying to hide her blush, as she let out a harrumph.

Whilst, Miles merely smirked-

"It's called growth spurt, Phine."

Josephine appeared stumped by his words, unconvinced and quickly waved her hand in disapproval, not wanting to hear more of it.

" Whatever, I came to tell you that mom isn't back and it's way past 7pm."

There was a heavy sense of worry laced in her tone, causing Miles to instantly grimace.

Hannah always came home in time, almost never having missed dinner before. Hearing that she was yet to be back made Miles realize something must have happened, if it wasn't bad she would have given them a call at least.

"Did you try calling her?" Miles asked just to be sure.

"Hmm." Josephine replied with the shake of her head— " her phone is switched off."

" What about Deb and Cassie?"

"Oh, they just left and are headed to her workplace."

" Okay, give me a second."

Quickly turning away from the door towards his laptop, Josephine stepped inside, tagging behind without being invited.

Opening the PC, Miles quickly typed in a series of digits and logged into the family's linked email cloud where every mail was connected.

Clicking on the members, he found Hannah's mail and accessed her profile.

'Last online. Last active location.'

In a moment, Miles found what he was looking for and the image of a map quickly expanded on the screen, pinpointing Hannah's last seen location to be a club-exclusive bar. Fortunately he knew the club and was also a member of it since it was a family thing.

"You've got to be kidding me."

"What?!"

A voice suddenly gasped behind his ears, Miles instinctively jolted, since he had been deeply focused on the screen, he didn't know Josephine was hunched above his shoulder. He reacted like a killer would, but instead of grabbing her neck, he shifted in the last moment after realizing it was her and grabbed her boobs instead.

'Fuck! She isn't wearing a bra, I can feel her nipple. She's so soft.'

The room fell into strange silence as Miles kept his hand fixed on her boobs, his dark side making the best of him while Josephine's face rapidly heated in goosebumps.

'How can his hand be so strong and soft?'

Stunned by the sensation of how firm his fingers actually dug into the plumpness of her breasts with mastered ease, Josephine was left dazed for a second but then realized he didn't seem like he was going to take his hands off them and slapped his hand off.

"Pervert!" She blurted in a high pitched tone, embarrassed and shy.

Meanwhile, Miles let out a goofy smile after coming back to his senses.

"Damn." He cursed, staring at the palm that had felt it with a look of amazement. He shifted his gaze to Josephine and realized she was feigning a furious look while vividly showing she expected an explanation.

"I swear- it was a mistake. I got too focused on finding mom and didn't know you were behind me..." he paused letting the silence stretch with an apologetic expression on his face.

"Hmm!" Josephine let out a cold harrumph and turned her head in the opposite way, pretending to be displeased. Whilst she just bought herself a moment to blush.

A few seconds later, she turned to face his attentive gaze, dazed by his looks she forgot herself for a moment, then proceeded to grit her teeth.

"You don't sound honest one bit. Then why did you... why did you.." she struggled to say the exact words but soon gave up.

Miles smiled.

"... Because I didn't expect it to be so soft."

"So soft?!" Josephine squealed, unable to believe what she heard and angrily stamped her feet.

" Just admit that was a perverted act already. I never knew you had this side of you Miles." She said in a big sister tone, inwardly trying to contain her wildly beating heart.

'...so soft.' The word kept ringing in her mind several times.

Meanwhile, Miles already summoned the system's holographic screen and saw her Infatuation Gauge rise to 91%.

'Nice acting Big sis.'

Miles sneered, having his fun.

"A pervert? What if I am? Aren't you guys the ones always walking around with nipples bouncing and poking. If that isn't perverted, what is it?"

Miles asked. Finally he could let something off his chest on the behalf of his predecessor.

Josephine rapidly heated to a tomato face, at a loss for words to reply, stumped her feet and let out a cold harrumph.

"See?"

Watching her boobs jiggle with just one action be added, causing Josephine to blush while pleading for the ground to swallow her.

'I still did it.' She felt like crying when she realized, but fortunately Miles didn't keep cooking her.

"I'll go and check the bar. Stay at home in case we missed her on the way so you can call us to return.

## Chapter 80: The Hero

Grabbing his phone, Miles left the house leaving Josephine alone squealing about what happened.

The sky was dark and the road lights stretched far across the estate asphalt road. Riding his bicycle, he enjoyed the feeling of the wind rushing against his hair while letting his thoughts wander to Hannah.

"For her not to be home at this hour, risking even missing dinner; something must be wrong," Miles thought, his concern deepening. He pushed harder on the pedals, his legs burning and going numb as sweat streamed down his face.

After about twenty minutes, he finally arrived at his destination.

A bar situated close to the outskirts of Dominic City. Seemingly secluded with tough looking security personnel by the door. A golden sign was hung right above the entrance.

(Gold Circle Exclusive Bar .)

That said, luxurious and upper class cars could be seen parked orderly outside it. So when Miles pedaled his bicycle towards them, the security frowned slightly, thinking he was homeless or perhaps too dumb to read the sign that this wasn't some regular place.

But adhering to professionalism, the security guards exchanged glances the moment Miles dropped his bicycle and came towards them.

"Sorry kid, but this isn't some place you can just walk into." one of the security guards said as he stepped forward, barricading the entrance with his heavy-built physique."

"Hmm." Having expected this, Miles nodded and raised his phone to show the man.

"My family is a member, is this enough?"

When the security saw the QR code with a twenty minute timer beneath and Miles' name, he stopped, squinted his eyes and stepped away.

" Sorry sir, you're welcome."

Not thinking much of it, Miles nodded and stepped inside in a hurry.

'She must be here.'

—

The walls came alive, their dark surface catching and reflecting the carefully placed lighting that ran along the edges and ceiling. It spread in a seamless glow across the room, bathing the exclusive club bar in a rich neon-gold hue.

Above, black asymmetrical chandeliers hung low, casting a soft golden light that deepened the atmosphere.

At the center, the dance floor shimmered with a swirling galaxy display, a radiant gold circle at its heart, standing out like a flawless work of art.

A slow R&B accompanied the atmosphere.

But at this moment, the prized art of the Gold Circle Club seemed to have lost its allure to the rear view of the woman perched on the tall stool, with one elbow resting on the polished counter, clearly drunk yet seemed unwilling to stop. She was in great sorrow.

Many eyes were settled on her, with burning intensity within them like starved vultures carefully stalking one single prey.

While some held jealousy within them.

'She's on her tenth glass.' Most counted inwardly. Between the men here with their dates or partner, none was excluded in the game.

In their minds, tonight might be a lucky night for someone as long as they were patient enough.

Unfortunately, many had gone forward, unable to resist the temptation of such a gorgeous MILF, sitting like an appetizing meal, and lost in the game. All brutally ignored by the mature beauty despite being drunk.

The chances would be higher if she was drunk enough, and wasn't in her right senses.

They all shared the same thoughts.

Naturally, this figure that had stolen the attention of the bar, earning jealous curses from the women who had come with their partners, could only be Hannah. Hannah Sinclair.

After the threat that she would be dismissed from her duty if she didn't concede her values, Hannah had come to mourn the wickedness of men and the society. Driven by the sense of helplessness to what was happening, she kept on requesting for a refill.

Surrounded by the lecherous gaze of several men, with some probably having pulled off every fabric from her body in their imagination, she drowned her disgust and ignored those who dared approach.

Her phone was switched off and her children would be worried, but she couldn't bring herself to care right now.

'How I wish someone would come to my rescue right now.'

---

After walking past the entrance, it took him more than a few seconds walking through the corridor before finally reaching the grand exclusive space that was the bar.

The moment he stepped inside, and as a guy, he could sense the strange tension in the air.

Acting on his instinct, his gaze was drawn to the source of the tension.

Met with her back view, he let out a smile of understanding.

'I expected nothing less.'

Stepping forward, Miles walked towards Hannah's figure. Her tight corporate outfit had perfectly outlined her thick curves and voluptuous assets.

Almost immediately, people began to notice him from the corners of their eyes as he closed the distance.

"Huh? Who's that kid?"

"Someone get that punk out of here."

"Hey kid, what are you doing?"

Low voices rose around him, mixed with irritated curses.

Miles bore no resemblance to Hannah so most of the men thought he was a daring youth who wanted to ruin their chances.

But upon noticing his casual outfit which didn't fit with the formal settings, some were thrown into confusion and chose to stay in their seats after forming the most unfortunate scenario.

'Shit! He's gotta be her son, her husband should be on his way.'

Miles ignored the shout and whispers and kept walking.

---

Resting her arm on the counter while trying to maintain her blurred vision, Hannah let out a small, involuntary burp.

She heard the whispers and low shouts.

"Kid?"

She briefly registered the voices, but couldn't bring herself to look at the person causing the commotion. Because a single movement and she would collapse into a spectacle for the men to glow at.

Somehow, she regretted coming here to drink.

But just as she was about to let out another burp, she heard approaching footsteps and an uncompromising presence hovering behind her before stepping to face her.

"Mom?" Miles said after a moment of staring at her drunken visage.

'Mom?' Hannah's heart shook and her eyes cleared for a moment, witnessing Miles' handsome figure in a black shirt and shorts like he had just walked out of the bathroom. His face trickling with sweat, his chest heaving mildly.

A simple look at him gave off the fact that he had gone through a great ordeal to reach here.

Hannah's heart shattered at the thought, she tried to sit up and reach her hand towards his face but almost fell off the stool instead. If not for Miles' prompt reaction in placing his hand on her back as support holding her still.

Hannah's heart almost leaped from her chest.

"It's okay Mom. I'm here—"

Miles spoke reassuringly, cutting his words short as he heard approaching footsteps from behind him.

" Hey kiddo."

A belittling voice called out to him, causing Miles to frown and turn to the trouble makers.

There were two men, both in tuxedo suits, one was bald looking to be in his early thirties and the other was clearly younger, blond hair, probably 28.

Miles raised his brows as he met their gaze, showing no intent to entertain whatever they were up to.

"You think you can handle her? We've come to help you out." The bald man said, jabbing the blonde guy with his elbow and releasing a low laugh that clearly expressed their intentions.

" Yeah, two good Samaritans, innit?"

The blonde seconded, jeering.

The bar fell silent, the atmosphere tightening as everyone watched with quiet anticipation, waiting to see what would happen next.

"No, thank you, I'm good." Miles said in a controlled tone, warning tone.

However, the two, shameless men didn't take him seriously.

"C'mon kid. We are just trying to help. Look, we've got muscles, or are you dumb to realise your own limit?"

Sounding irritated, the bald man sneered and stepped to the other side wanting to grab Hannah's hand and slip his arm around her hand.

"You dare?"

Miles activated Cold Blooded Heart without a second thought.

" You—" the man stuttered and almost lost his balance from the sudden fright, his bald scalp tinged in warning of the danger.

The blond hair almost froze in fright, then took an instinctive step back, not knowing why he felt afraid of Miles.

'When spread between more targets, the effect decreases .'

While thinking about his ability flaws, he shifted his gaze to the two idiots and coldly turned to face his drunk Stepmother.

'She looks more arousing this way.'

Grabbing her handbag, he slid his arm inside.

The system's holographic screen popped up, showing the Taboo Shop interface.

[+1 Strength Card →400→x5→2000 Taboo Points]

[Strength: 22→27]

'Hehehe.'

Before the eyes of the astounded onlookers watching, Miles slid Hannah's arm across his shoulders. His army slipped behind her back and while his other hand hooked her legs. Effortlessly lifting her and walking out of the bar like nothing else mattered.

Watching the Miles departing back, both men nervously stood up feeling the fear leave their bodies.

