

TABOO STEPSON SYSTEM

Taboo Stepson System

Dum! Dum! Dum!

Carried in a bridal style, Hannah bit her lips, feeling Miles' possessive arms locked around her body. Her flushed face heated even more and her heartbeat increased every single second her thoughts spun around the reality that she was being carried by her stepson like a bride.

She wasn't delusional to think she didn't have much of a weight, after all she was a thick, curvaceous MILF in every aspect.

Being held so effortlessly in a calm, steady nonchalant pace blew her emotions into a frantic chaos.

Complex thoughts rose, questioning her how she felt and her current state of being so close with her stepson.

'Miles... how come his abs and chest feel so strong.' One of her arms had intuitively hung around his neck, the other firmly pressed against his chest.

'Stop! What are you thinking about Hannah? He's your stepson, no, your son in fact. Don't be so sick.' Hannah's sanity rebuked her thoughts.

But, she was just a woman after all.

A lonely woman for the past 10 years.

Being treated like a princess in the arms of her hero had completely won her over. How could she resist such thoughts?

Besides, Miles had been the only man in her life in a decade.

There was a time she bathed and clothed him even. She knew everything then, till puberty came and ruined it all.

Truly, she missed and longed for those moments.

But now, being in the arms of the once cute little boy, she felt something change, something unethical and taboo form in her heart.

'Am I... Am I falling for my son? Miles?'

Realizing what her rapidly thumping heart meant, Hannah inwardly squirmed. Though drunk, her thoughts had become active, spinning several scenarios and unable to calm down. That, until a sudden click ruined the moment.

Miles opened the back seat of her car, and gently placed her inside.

"No..." She tried to protest against being placed in the car, but Miles merely took it as a drunken habit when her hand sluggishly hit his chest.

The moment he let go, her heart sank, filling a hollow sense replacing the warmth of his embrace and strong arms.

She pouted and her thoughts slurred, intoxication taking over.

Watching his Stepmother slump on the seat—

'Damn.' Miles inwardly cursed and withdrew his eyes from her voluptuous body towards the bulge in his pants.

"It took everything in me to try to hold you down." He muttered at it, feeling relieved he made it through.

Hannah's boobs had been mostly pressed against his chest all this while. Her intoxicated expression and scent made it worse to resist both his imagination and daring thoughts at the same time.

Glancing around, he saw the security guards still gazing in his direction after they had been left speechless.

Shaking his head at them, he walked forward to pick his bicycle and put it in the trunk.

"Hello?" Miles picked up the call and Deb's tensed voice came through.

" I found mom, she's with me right now."

The moment he said that, he heard several relieved gasps from the other end.

"...Thank goodness." Deb breathed, her voice softening with joy.

" Where are you now? We'll come pick you up." She added a moment later.

"Don't worry, I've got this, will reach home soon." Miles responded as he entered the car and shut the door.

Whilst, there was silence over the other end for a moment.

"... Wait! Can you drive?"

Cassie seemed to have collected the phone and spoke out their thoughts.

"What? Do you think I'm dumb?" Miles sneered, grinning as he ignited the engine and revved it enough to silence the girls.

'Call ended.'

Miles read the pop up notification on his phone screen and smiled.

10 minutes later.

In front of the Sinclairs' Duplex in Sunflower Estate, three girls could be seen, silently pacing around with a subtle loom of worry in their faces.

Debra, Josephine and Cassie.

At this moment, the illumination of a bright light on the roadside and a single horn caused them to stop.

Grinning behind the wheels at their genuinely surprised faces, Miles smoothly pulled into the driveway.

" Surprised?" He jeered at them before they then revealed captivating smiles.

" Asshole." Josephine cursed at him, while Deb and Cassie looked too stunned as they took in his appearance.

"No way, did you dye your hair?"

Cassie slowly walked towards him in amazement, and moved her hands to touch his hair when she came close.

Meanwhile, Deb blushed heavily because of her impure thoughts when staring at him.

After a moment of checking out his hair, Cassie lowered her neck feeling it ache from the craning then slapped his shoulder, only to gasp again.

"Wait a minute." Her eyes widened, before Miles could react and stop her hands, she already pulled up his shirt. Exposing his intricate masculine abs that were close to perfection.

"Ah." She yelped and jumped back in daze.

Deb was left dazed.

"Huh?"

Due to what happened earlier, Josephine didn't want to end up blushing again, so she didn't want to go up close to Miles.

But staring at him now, she couldn't believe it.

'Help! I'm dazed by my brother's abs.'

"What the fuck. I feel harassed! You bunch of perverts."

Feigning a molested cry, Miles crossed his arms over his chest and managed to pull the girls from their daze.

They blushed, realizing they had stared too long and intuitively exchanged glances, knowing they had the same thoughts.

Cassie was the first to make a comeback.

"What? Can't I admire my brother's body or the good things in the world?" She smirked, a great look of satisfaction on her face after saying it.

"Pervert, why did you show it to us?"

" I didn—"

" Yes you did." Deb interjected, cutting him short.

" How shameless." Miles said with gritted teeth knowing he had lost.

His sisters exchanged silent glances too and proceeded to the car.

"Shit! Was mom drinking?" Opening the door and perceiving the strong scent of liquor, Cassie quickly turned to Miles.

Chapter 82: Unexpected Movie Night

"Yup, she was."

Miles nodded, causing the girls to grimace.

"It must have been very serious."

Deb muttered with a grave look. They all knew Hannah never drank unless she was deeply hurt or saddened by something.

"Hmm." Miles also nodded with a solemn look.

Was there someone hurting his family out there? Then the person would pay dearly.

"Come, I can't lift her on my own."

Cassie called out to him after failing to carry Hannah.

"Move away."

However, Miles blatantly disregarded her when he stepped forward.

Cassie wanted to rebut, but found herself speechless when he casually dipped his hand and lifted Hannah in his arms.

Josephine blinked, recalling that Miles had challenged his former bullies and beat them on the court.

Before they could recover from being speechless, Hannah drunkenly clung onto him like a love bug. One arm hung around his neck and the other held firm in a half hug.

" I missed you." She pouted and snuggled into his chest.

"..."

"..."

"..."

The surroundings went quiet as all eyes fell on one person, Hannah.

"I'm glad I wasn't the only one who got to see that." She muttered, a wisp of disbelief still in her tone.

Cassie and Deb nodded, hiding the glint in their eyes.

Miles was the last to recover, his gaze had been lowered so he could actually capture every detail of Hannah's body.

His dick was trying hard not to rise and traumatize the girls, except for Deb of course. She, on the other hand, would have welcomed it.

"Move, or are we going to stand here all night."

Miles urged and the girls quickly stepped away.

5 minutes later.

With the girls tailing behind him as they entered the room; Miles moved with a steady pace and slowly placed Hannah on the bed.

"HMMMMMM." Purring like a kitten, Hannah smiled, her eyes wistfully closed as she felt the warmth and softness of her bed once more.

But after placing her, Miles was about to let go when she grabbed his arm, her fingers digging deep into his skin and causing him to hiss.

The girls responded by sharply turning their head to see Hannah holding Miles' arm like it belonged to her.

"Mom?" Cassie called out intuitively.

" Don't leave me alone... Greg..."

Hannah murmured, her voice fading, yet her grip remained firm, unwilling to let go of Miles' arm.

'Greg...'

The atmosphere turned solemn, sad even.

Greg. The name brought memories. Their step dad, Miles' father. A man who treated them like they were his precious daughters.

The girls revealed a look of understanding as they stared at their mother, whilst Miles cursed inwardly, both from the pain and the bulge in his pants he was trying to hide.

With no choice he quickly fell on the bed, breaking the solemn atmosphere while secretly tucking the sheets to hide his erection.

The girls turned to exchange glances after that, before their eyes settled on Miles who met their gaze with a clueless look.

"Mom needs comfort." Josephine said.

"Hmm, I agree. Miles should sleep with her." Deb solemnly said.

"Sounds good, but wouldn't it be nicer if we all slept together? Jeez, I can't remember the last time we slept in a room together." Cassie added, her eyes landing on Miles, expecting him to speak.

Seeing the same expectant look in Deb and Josephine's eyes, he could only curse inwardly.

'Shoot! You want us to sleep together? Do you girls think I'm gay? And my dick, cock doesn't work?'

Miles wanted to blurt all these questions, but was afraid of ruining the moment.

'Girls and being emotionally supportive... Anyway this is a dream for me.'

Resigning to his fate, Miles forced out a smile.

"Sure, why not?" He promptly said.

"Alright, I'll go grab extra pillows."

The girls instantly broke a happy smile.

"Hehehe- let's turn this into a movie night. I'll order pizza and popcorn."
Josephine squealed in excitement.

Glancing at his sides, Miles nodded that Hannah's bed was very big, they could probably all fit in, but there would be barely any room to stretch comfortably.

"How are we going to fit in here?" Miles asked, hinting at the tight space, but only received a dismissive scoff from Cassie.

"Don't overthink it—we'll manage just fine."

'Shit.'

He nodded and quickly adjusted his rock-hard cock from all the "sleep" word triggers.

Fortunately none of the girls noticed this.

Whilst gripping his arm, Hannah snuggled closer, pressing her boobs against him.

Miles closed his eyes and tried to control his breathing but failed, so he called out to Cassie.

" Cass."

She turned from playing with the t

TV remote and glanced at him.

"Are you going to let mom sleep like this?"

His finger hinted at her clothes.

"Oh, don't tell me you're shy Miles." She sneered, holding back a giggle to his restrained expression.

However, Miles didn't deny and nodded.

" What do you expect? I am made from brick?"

Cassie looked taken aback by his theory but then shook her head.

" I thought your unexpected glow up and gym routines changed that part of you." pretending to recall something she jeered and moved closer her hands gripping the band of Hannah's maxi skirt.

Seeing she wanted to pull it down, Miles held her hand.

"Are you crazy? You want to undress her right in front of me?" Miles asked, his tone on the edge at the thought of seeing Hannah's body without her permission.

"Why not?" However, Cassie seemed clueless about his misgivings and smiled.

" Relax, mom most probably has her tights on. Besides, she used to wear denim shorts then too. What couldn't you have seen?"

Hearing Cassie's brief explanation, Miles felt like face palming to hide his embarrassment.

'How didn't I think of it?'

" I remember now." He muttered with a neutral expression that left Cassie disappointed.

"Watch me undress Mom."

Ding! Ding!

Just then, the system rang its bells.

[You've received a Sub-quest on Family Man main quest.]

[Sub Quest

Chapter 83: The Cat Found What It Searched

"Watch me undress Mom." Cassie taunted.

Whilst, beneath the sheets, inside his pants, his cock nodded, raring to let loose.

Before his focused eyes, Cassie began pulling down the maxi skirt.

And indeed, her tights was exposed beneath.

Cassie smirked and glanced at him, her expression clearly the "you see?" look.

Miles gave her a middle finger in defeat and glued his eyes to his Stepmother's body. Inwardly itching to tear off the black fabric and unleash his primal desires on her. But without her permission, all he could do was stare as Cassie continued to slide down her skirt till it was finally removed.

She turned to him, her eyes doubtful and hesitant, before she brought herself to say it.

" I think you'll have to turn away from this one bro. She needs to sleep in something comfy."

" Okay."

Miles didn't banter and promptly turned away, focusing his attention on the TV screen which was currently displaying a movie trailer.

Cassie walked towards the wardrobe and brought out a clean set of black PJs. Watching him with a subtle smile on her face, she placed it beside him and proceeded to take off Hannah's underwear.

"Oh, you can look now ." She teased but Miles didn't take the bait, he kept his eyes glued to the TV.

"How cute." Cassie jeered and giggled.

An awkward silence ensued as the shuffling of fabrics filled the room, a strange tension growing between them.

"Okay, I'm done." Cassie's prompt voice broke the silence. Kneeling on the bed , she leaned forward, wanting to detach Hannah's grip on his arm but failed.

"No kidding, I bet she's dreaming about her fantasy right now."

Nudging Miles, she added.

"It seems like you'll have to lend a hand."

Reading the seriousness in her tone, Miles let out a little exhale and turned to her.

"Help with what?"

"I need to take off her bra. She's so stubborn and doesn't want to let go of your hand, so why don't you take it off?"

"Oh... no problem."

Before Cassie could add another comment, he placed his palm on Hannah's back and instantly found the hook. Using his experience of taking off Deb's bra, he handled it smoothly and then slipped the bra straps through her clothes and brought it out.

" Hmmm-." Hannah let out an arousing purr, heaving with a look of contentment on her face.

'Fuck, it's worsening.'

While freeing her melons, he couldn't avoid feeling their plumpness a few times and was swiftly punished by his dick .

Miles clenched his teeth as the weight of the sheet bore down on him.

To the side, Cassie finally managed to recover. Her gaze rapidly blinked from the bra in his hands to her mother's chest.

'Such precision...'

Thinking of the fact that she would have encountered trouble taking off the bra in such a manner, she stared at Miles as if she'd suddenly discovered all his secrets.

She was about to curse out at him when her eyes noticed the subtle movement of the sheets placed over his legs. Her gaze turned skeptical and she leaned back.

Miles also noticed the change, and raised his brows at her while pretending like everything was alright.

Before Miles could stop her however, she had already pulled open the sheet with a sudden jolt. Letting it fly for a second and exposing the huge predator that leaned upward like a pole, with its head sharply outlined through its cage, underneath.

There was no shout, no cry. Only the sound of Cassie taking a step back in shock, then collapsing on her butt with her eyes looking lost and dazed.

Like the saying, a cat that sticks its head into the bag will find what it seeks, Cassie found what she sought by pulling up the sheet.

To say she was traumatized amongst other things won't be wrong, but she was currently too overwhelmed by what she saw to form coherent thoughts.

'Was that a dick?'

She couldn't bring herself to believe as the vivid image remained embedded into her mind and eyes.

'No, it couldn't possibly be right?'

She thought again.

'Or did he stick a pipe to scare me?'

Every logic she tried proved her wrong eventually so she just sat there and stared at Miles who was holding back his laughter.

'How can his dick be so big?'

Just then, a distinct click reverberated through the room as Deb pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Her eyes gleamed at the sight of her mother clinging to Miles' arm with her bra bare.

'Poor Miles, he must be in a difficult situation.' Her eyes darted towards the sheets above his legs, she knew what was going down there and smiled inwardly.

'I have to take care of him.' She thought about planning to take his side when it was time to sit.

"I brought the pillows." She began throwing the pillow she brought on the bed and mistakenly missed, hitting Cassie instead.

" Huh? What are you doing there?" Seeing Cassie on the floor, Deb asked with raised brows.

"Hum—"

Cassie bit her lips, wanting to say something but quickly cut herself short.

" —nothing. I just thought the floor was very warm for a moment."

.

Deb raised her brows.

" Are you sure? You don't seem warm, quivering slightly from the cold to me." she added

"I know, I said for a moment, remember?"

Inwardly cursing at herself, Cassie shook her slender waist and stood.

" Okay." Deb shrugged and dropped the pillow on the bed.

" I'll be back with an extra duvet." She said before leaving again.

They were alone once more.

" You didn't have to act like that, you know?"

Miles glanced at Cassie, contrary to his soft, comforting tone, he was staring at her with a mocking grin.

" Now who is having the last laugh now?"

Miles sneered.

Faced with his snickering remark, she could only grimace.

Miles couldn't help but shake his head.

'Is this the terror of a nine inch monster?'. He thought to himself, feeling a thrill to test it out.

Chapter 84: Little Greg? Big?

In the moments that followed, Josephine came in with two piazza boxes and a white nylon bag.

Deb with two extra duvets.

"Alright! Who is in for a spontaneous movie night?" Josephine shouted, pulling out a few bottles of soft drink and handing them to everybody.

"Wooooo!"

The girls responded with a howl, whilst Miles could only stretch one arm to receive the drink.

The next instant, the lights were turned off leaving just the bright screen of the TV to illuminate the room.

Josephine placed a box of pizza on his thighs and plumped on the bed, right next to his side, causing Deb who had just secretly smiled at him to pause in her tracks, her eyes set on the occupied space beside him. It could only contain one person and Josephine couldn't care less or notice the look in Deb's eyes.

" Hehehe- Mr One-arm. I've got you so don't stress." Josephine said, referring to Hannah's firm clutch of his other arm.

Miles grimaced and handed the bottle to her.

With the lights off, he could finally use the dark illumination to hide his dick .

Pfft

The sharp release of gas echoed through the room.

Deb secretly stomped her feet and grabbed the other box of pizza. Now only her and Cassie could sleep by Hannah's side. But before she could take a step forward, Cassie launched herself to Hannah's side.

" Hehehe- " she giggled at Deb.

Closing her eyes, Deb walked towards the bed having no choice but to lie on the edge beside Cassie.

They were all set.

" This is nice." Josephine muttered, spreading a duvet around them while adjusting the pillow.

" I agree."

Shortly after, Cassie added, chewing on a slice of pizza while her mind drifted to what she had just seen moments ago.

'Is he turned on by us?'

She thought deeply.

To her side, Deb's heart ached that she couldn't get close with Miles.

The moment passed mostly in silence. Occasional laughs filled the room from time to time.

Josephine readjusted her position , placing her head on his chest.

Deb was the only one eating from the pizza box, while Cassie's eyes were glued to the screen.

Clearly they were all sleepy but wanted to hold onto this cherished moment longer.

An hour later, the gentle breathing of the girls filled the room, soundly asleep.

"Hmmm." At this moment Josephine exhaled and snuggled closer, one of her arms crossed over his chest and her boobs pressing warmly into his sides.

Miles batted his eyes, opening them. If the lights were on, the faint redness in them would have been impossible to miss.

He took a deep breath and clenched his fist tight.

They were all fucking asleep, sleeping soundly while he was unable to, tortured by the sensation of two melons resting on him.

He couldn't even use his second hand to jerk off since Josephine had him embraced in her bosom. To remove it would exert force, awakening her.

'Arggh! Damn it!'

Miles cursed frustratedly.

"Greg... I want you."

Just then, Hannah murmured breathlessly, sounding to be in fiery heat, and stretched her one hand towards his face. Hastily searching for something; her hand reached the back of his neck and pressed firmly.

"Hmmm." She let out a soft moan and arched up instinctively, her lips reaching for his lips while grinding her melons into him.

"Hmmm." She let out another breath, kissed his chin, and used her tongue to savour him before she found his lips.

'Shit, she thinks of me as dad and wants to have sex with me?'

Sensing the passion and years of yearning embedded into every movement she made, Miles figured she was having a wet dream

'Poor mom.'

Miles accepted her kiss and let it deepen to a feverish stage.

"Hmmm-! Smooch! Smooch! Hmmm" the bed was almost shaking at this point and the sound of their action filled the room with no filter.

'If this keeps up they are going to wake up.'

Unwilling to compromise the risk, Miles accessed dominance and quickly switched to capture her lips in a way it would be muffled, deep and more intimate.

However, that did nothing to lower their heavy breathing, oozing with lust.

Miles sucked, imprisoning her tongue and lips. Hannah was completely at his mercy.

But since she couldn't have the upper hand, she switched to an underhand tactic.

Her hand softly traced his chest, feeling the firm shaped muscles underneath, she roamed for a few extra time, grinding her body into his before lowering her hand towards his groin.

There she could hear the silent cry of an imprisoned Dragon, roaring to unleash its rage.

Her hand slid under the sheet, moving much more slowly, she gently felt it. The source of a heat that set her desires aflame.

Without hesitation she launched her hand towards it and firmly grabbed it, feeling hindered by a stretched taut fabric.

"Arghm."

Miles growled like a beast, wincing from her tight firm grip of his cock.

Stifling a hiss, he clenched his fist, forcing himself to endure the sharp, conflicting surge of pain and pleasure.

Hannah didn't stop there, she reached her for more, seeming to measure the size of it, so she stroked it through the fabric.

" Hmmm-" Miles could feel himself on the verge of losing control, but his stepmother, clueless of this subconsciously decided in whatever wet dream she was in that she had to feel it for real.

So she withdrew her hand and pulled up the band of his pants.

Moving with burning curiosity, she pulled it higher and swiped it forward, letting it go.

Slap!

The band shot and snapped at his balls. Miles jolted from the pain and gritted his teeth with everything he had.

He could feel his Dragon bone snap as it was set free, waving in the air like a loose spring before it slapped against Hannah's blindly searching palm.

"Ah, there you are." She muttered wistfully.

"Hmm? When did little Greg get this big?"

Chapter 85: Exhausting Night

"Huh? When did little Greg get this big?"

Hannah murmured.

Deep in her fever dream, all she could see was Greg, Miles' dad.

The strong scent coming from him was so familiar and vivid. Not even a decade had worn it out, instead his cock got ridiculously big. Almost half the size of her wrist. A thick pulsating flesh with veins stretching over it.

"Hmmm-" Hannah smiled and began to stroke it, grinding her body against him at the same time.

Years of starvation were finally going to pay off, but first she had to indulge the sensation of little Greg's new size. Wanting to feel it with her palm before it entered her.

" Can it even enter me?" She murmured but didn't get any response, only a hot fiery breath that oozed onto her face.

She kept stroking, her hand reached the base and squeezed the ball sack. Massaging it softly before moving up to stroke the pulsating length.

She kept stroking, ten minutes later, little Greg had gotten harder than ever instead of cumming.

This was strange...

"Little Greg..." she murmured, surprised that it hadn't ejected its white slimy substance yet.

This caused Hannah to stop and reflect on the sensation of her hand wrapped around it. Focusing on it, she discovered that something was strangely amiss.

"Little..."

Then realisation hit, a wave of sadness mixed with grief.

'Greg is.... Dead.'

Her eyes instantly shut open, Hannah was stunned to see that the room was dark. She was clinging onto someone with her breasts pressed firmly against the person.

Also in her other hand, something pulsed, feeling hot and hard at the same time.

Her eyes glinted, taking in her surroundings.

'Am I really holding a dick?' she thought, intuitively tightening her grip, questioning her reality while Miles held his breath, sensing the strangeness.

A stiff Stepson pretending to be asleep and a shocked step mother who was trying not to believe what she actually held.

'Shit! She's awake.'

Miles thought. His body was overwhelmed with so much thrill than he had ever felt. His heart thumped faster in excitement.

Hannah was holding his dick and awake.

Meanwhile...

'Miles?'

Hannah managed to form a thought after a long moment of shock.

This was the only possible scenario. There couldn't possibly be any other person in her room or so close to her for them to share the same bed.

'Or am I even in my house?'

She switched to the worst possible scenario, but then there was a soft pang in her head and events of a few hours ago flashed in her mind.

She had gone to drink in the bar, got drunk and Miles mysteriously appeared to carry her in his arms like a hero.

The memory, or rather the moment had been so cherished that she remembered it so vividly. There was no way she was mistaken.

Furthermore, the scent emanating from him, proved to be rather familiar.

The softness and familiar warmth of her bed and room.

'Huh?'

There was also someone snuggling close to her body. The space was tight.

'Cassie?' She thought in a daze, pricking her ears attentively and listened to the rhythmic breathing from her surroundings.

'One, two...'

An image of her and her children lying on the bed instantly formed in her mind.

'So this...?' She instinctively stroked the pulsating hardened flesh her palm could barely contain, weighing it— '...is Miles' dick?'

Her heart instantly skipped a beat when she came to truly realise what it was. She let go and withdrew her hand, her face completely flushed.

'Miles' dick.' the word continuously repeated itself in her mind. She clenched her hand, feeling it had lost the warmth it once contained.

Her breathing turned erratic, then she clenched his arm wanting to relieve herself of the sudden realisation, only to stop— becoming aware that she was actually snuggling into someone.

'Wait, what am I doing?'

She reached her trembling hands up and touched his chest, feeling its shaped muscles.

'Oh no, with the way I'm holding his arm... I'm probably the reason he chose to sleep with me... they too.'

Everything became clear and Hannah nervously bit her lips, ashamed that she actually got drunk and let her children see her struggles.

'But what can I do now?'

Her breasts were pressed against Miles' arm, so she cautiously raised her head to glance at his face. In the darkness, it was barely visible, but it was enough to see his eyes were closed and he appeared to be sleeping soundly.

,

She heaved a sigh of relief and arched back down.

'I caused his dick to become hard...' As a mother, she felt guilty, but at the same time her mind drifted to the pulsating sensation and rough vein she felt.

She blushed.

'How can he have such a big dick?'

Her mind drifted to the innocent face, how he often blushed when teased, when caught staring at her boobs or when conversing on the dinner table.

How could she have imagined he had something like this inside his pants all this while?

Remembering what she did in the dream, she doubtfully touched her lips, squeezing her thighs to hold back the sensation.

'No way... He's asleep, we couldn't have possibly kissed right?

Yes, yes. He's 17, he can't be that good either.'

Her heart trembled.

'Is he truly asleep?'

If stroking his cock in that dream had been real, then there was a high chance the fierce exchange of her kissing Greg happened.

'Stop Hannah, he's your son.' She reprimanded herself.

'Your son huh? Saying that while already set from the thought of it. You wished it happened didn't you?'

She tried to rebut that conscious thought but couldn't.

'His dick...' she was more than tempted to touch but felt silly and nervous. Her daughters were around after all.

'Curse you Hannah, why did you stop?'

Miles could only curse, forcing himself to steady his breath.

A torturing silence ensued afterwards. He couldn't sleep, and neither could Hannah.

Just as he was considering to quit and let Hannah know he was awake, perhaps she would pick from where she stopped. There was a sudden ruffling sound and a sneaky hand reached out to touch his chest.

The hand touched him a few times but didn't find what it was searching for so it slowly glided down.

He could have sworn it was Hannah, but he already felt her body pressed against him freeze, and her breathing slowing down, gripping him with both hands.

That meant the hand had crossed over her body to reach him.

'Deb?'

Miles first thought, but this speculation ended instantly when the petite hand grabbed his cock and froze.

'Cassie?'

He inhaled deeply and exhaled.

—

Meanwhile, next to Hannah, Cassie froze and tried to register the sensation in her hand. It was hot, hard, rigid and pulsed.

Her breath was taken away when she grabbed it.

For the first time in her life, she held a dick. Her step-brother's dick.

She felt both complicated and thrilled by the reality, so savoured the sensation for a few extra seconds before her thoughts sprang once more.

'I can't even hold it very well.' she thought in a daze, readjusting her grip around it and whole body heating up, especially down there.

'Huh? Why is his dick out?'

She suddenly realised she hadn't pulled the monstrosity from his pants but met it standing upright in the air.

'Pervert, he pulled his dick out and left it to cool off between four ladies.'

Cassie smiled at the thought and began stroking the dry shaft like it was a new toy.

Wrapping her fingers around the tip, she felt the pool of precum above it and scooped it.

'What's that?' She rubbed the slimy substance between her fingers and brought it to her lips to taste it.

Blushing right afterwards.

'It's his precum.' she thought, recalling the scene in a story she once read.

While she savoured the taste, Miles felt he was close to cumming and clenched his teeth, hoping dearly that Cassie would continue whatever her curiosity led her to.

Beside him, Hannah was going through a whole new dilemma upon discovering that one of her daughters was secretly stroking her stepson.

The moment passed in tense silence as all three participants endured the thrill of the night with one completely oblivious that she had been caught by the other two.

Cassie resumed to stroke Miles' dick.

While doing so, she figured out that the thing seemed to like it when she moved her hand much faster around it so she kept going fast till it suddenly stiffened and something sticky shot out of it.

"Argh." A stifled groan echoed through the room, causing both women to freeze.

Pretending to be fast asleep, Miles clenched his toes and resumed breathing normally.

—

'One.. two ... four...'

Cassie counted every jolt till she felt the sticky liquid soak her grip and rigid monster quickly deflated like a balloon.

'Hehehe, that should do it.'

Chapter 86: New Quest

"Wakey-wakey!"

A bright sunlight pierced through the room, illuminating the darkness with a fierce gale of morning breeze.

By reflex, Miles launched on his butt, sitting upright and clapped his palm to face to ease the sudden aches in his eyes.

"Argh." He let out a grunt as he gritted his teeth in intensely.

"Jeez, you should have auditioned for the sleeping beauty cast."

"Stop, Cassie."

"Oh, I know. He must have had a great night. Hehehe-"

Grinding his eyes vigorously, Miles tried to make sense of what was going on, his surroundings and the familiar voices.

A moment passed and he rubbed his temples finally able to raise his head, his eyes squinting at them.

Cassie, Deb, Josephine, he picked up their appearances and position.

Cassie, in her school uniform, wasn't so restrained and appeared to look at him with interest.

Deb was by the window, dressed in her casual work outfits. She was the one that let the sunlight in.

Josephine meanwhile held a small plate containing omelet, bread and a cup of steaming hot tea.

Just then, Miles felt the subtle movement in the sheet beside him and tilted his head.

Hannah was wide awake, resting on the bed frame while staring at him lovingly.

He wasn't the one with a hangover, but the events of last night had greatly deprived him of his sleep while putting a strenuous burden on his mind.

'I wish.' Grunting once more, he responded to Cassie's last remark.

"Good morning." He greeted Hannah.

"Hmm." Hannah nodded.

"I'm glad you're awake." She added.

Josephine was also dressed in her uniform so she gently brought the plate towards Hannah.

"Here."

"Thank you baby." Hannah smiled before sipping the tea.

The room settled into an awkward silence.

For the three, they thought back to what happened the night before and secretly glanced at the other.

Catching the two secretly glancing at him, Miles pretended like he didn't and quietly summoned the system's screen to appear.

Switching to the Infatuation Gauge, he set his eyes on Hannah's and Cassie's.

[→Hannah Sinclair→98%]

[→Cassie Sinclair →98%]

'Worth it.'

Miles' eyes glinted, he was just 2% from sleeping with his stepmother and sister. If that happened, he would have just 3 sisters left to conquer.

—

""Do you guys want to go to school late?"

Hannah let out a sigh at last, unable to stay lost in her thoughts or properly enjoy the meal with so many eyes on her.

Shaking her head in response, Deb spoke up first as the oldest sibling in the room.

"What happened mom?"

You drank yourself into a stupor last night."

Placing down the cup she was about to sip from, Hannah took a deep breath. Knowing it would come down to this, she had revised her response countless times, but remembering what happened yesterday, she broke down at once. Her eyes shimmered with tears pooling within them, her burdened and bitterness revealed bare before her children.

"Mom?" Cassie reached out in a heart-breaking tone, whilst Miles' eyes dangerously turned cold.

Josephine and Deb grimaced, barely holding back too. Whatever could break Hannah was definitely horrible.

Seeing her children's care, Hannah forced a gentle smile and wiped the pool from her eyes.

"It's a long story. I'm about to lose my job."

Silence...

"Why?" Josephine exhaled and sat on the bed, placing her hand on Hannah's thighs.

Hannah bit her lips softly as if struggling to say it but then gave in and held Josephine's hand firmly.

"Because... they are after my body."

The room froze in silence.

Seeing the angry spark flaring in their eyes, Hannah nodded and added.

"It's either I give up my body or lose my job. But don't worry, I already made up my mind to resign."

In the silence...

Ding! Ding!

Just then, the system rang its bells.

[You've received a Sub-quest on Family Man main quest.]

[Sub Quest: Your Stepmother, Hannah Is At Risk Of Losing Her Job, Do Something.]

The system was quite detailed with the Quest, and Miles knew how twisted the System actually was when it said something like this.

—

"It's okay Mom. You don't have to be sad, "I'll deal with it."

Breaking the silence, everyone's eyes turned to him with surprise.

Miles' demeanour had turned cold and he gave off the sense of a father figure at this moment.

Even Hannah was speechless and seemed taken aback. She thought he was just comforting her, however, Miles got down from the bed and smiled.

"You don't need to worry, just stay home and rest. Everything will be okay."

There was no comedic intent in Miles' tone, instead his confidence left them feeling dazed, instantly diffusing the solemnity in the air.

"Okay." Hannah promptly revealed a smile. The girls also felt relieved.

"Alright, I need to bathe and get going. I'm already quite late." Miles scanned the room, seeing every other person was dressed and prepared to head out except for him. In fact, he would be late for school before he even finished.

The room felt awkward after he left, leaving the girls to clamour outside and Hannah to eat in silence.

'He's just like Greg.' She thought with a melancholic look, blushing the next instant after recalling what she did last night.

30 minutes later.

Slinging his backpack behind his back, Miles hurried down the stairs, towards the door.

"... And where did you think you're heading, lad?"

A voice sounded from the kitchen, causing him to draw a pause in his steps.

Tilting his head in its direction, Miles saw Hannah walking towards him with a brown paper bag in hands. Seeing her dressed in a loose fitting shirt and pants that hid her shape with a simple long woven robe draped over her shoulders, Miles was taken aback and forgot to speak.

"... school?" When he did speak, Hannah smiled and held up the lunch she packed.

"Without eating?" She shook her head and handed the brown paper bag to him.

'Huh?'

" Thanks." Miles muttered after a sense of deja vu took hold of him. In his past life, he once had a mother too, and even in this life, it had been years since Hannah made him lunch since she had been mostly occupied with work.

Seeing his wistful look, Hannah smiled.

" I know I haven't been there for you guys, I'm truly sorry. I'm here for you now."

" It's okay Mom. I know it wasn't easy."

Miles replied.

There was a moment of silence, before Hannah spoke again.

"I know you don't want Phine dropping you off. But, what about I drop you off today..." She paused, letting her words sink in.

'Well... that was his ridiculous choice but I don't mind flaunting my MILF of a stepmother.'

" Sure why not?" Miles promptly said, causing Hannah to smile and they headed out.

-

5 minutes later.

The car was driven in silence.

It wasn't awkward on Miles' part but it was on Hannah.

For her, she couldn't remember the last time she was in a car with Miles except for last night while she was mostly asleep.

Thinking about it now, she felt deeply guilty.

Was this how Josephine felt too? She would think.

"Humm." She struggled on what to say—

" How have you been doing in school?" She asked.

Miles retrieved his gaze from the flashing view and glanced at her before responding.

"Good. It's been mostly good I guess."

" Oh... sure." Hannah shook her head, adding—

"What about the personal stuff? Like... Do you have a girlfriend, or a crush, a girl you like maybe? You get it?"

She actually fumbled when saying this as the vivid sensation of Miles' dick flashed in her mind.

'Is there a girl that could have possibly received that?' she thought. There was no way those little girls could.

'Is she actually kidding me?'

"Well, not really. I have a girl I plan on asking out. I have not really thought of it yet but once I have the chance. I would."

"Oh?" Hannah raised her brows and nodded approvingly.

She couldn't help but glance at Miles.

'With his looks, girls must be flocking to be with him.' Even her heart fluttered when she glanced at him, those inexperienced girls wouldn't be able to resist.

The drive continued in silence once more before she spoke up again.

"So... I know that you never actually got the (talk) since your dad wasn't here...."

"... Are you still a virgin? If you aren't, then you better use protection whenever you do stuff like that."

Her heart leaped as she completed the statement, unable to believe she had actually said those words.

'I sounded cringe. Oh my, this is going to turn out awkward.'

Just as she waited for Miles to blush or react. He only stayed silent for a moment before glancing at her.

"I already know that mom.

As for being a virgin? I'm not sure if it's right to say this, but I am no longer a baby in regards to sex." Miles answered honestly and he received a notification of Hannah reaching 100% Infatuation Gauge.

Speechless and trying to hide her flushed cheeks, Hannah quickly came to a halt because they had arrived at their destination.

Taboo Stepson System

'Did... he just?'

Hannah's heart quivered, her face turning pink.

Her usually composed face when at work was marred with the delight of a young girl.

Fortunately, Miles had gotten out of the car and was walking towards the lively, but less bustling entrance since most students had gone in.

'I should have kept quiet.' Hannah thought, her longing gaze staring at Miles' departing back.

"He grew well Greg..." she muttered, blushing.

Just then, as she was about to turn on the car's engine, she noticed the students nearby pointing at Miles. Looking carefully, she saw their expression and was stunned.

'...Is he some kind of big shot now?'

Today was Wednesday, meaning there would be a general PE period for all classes till break time. Real lessons would begin only after the break was over.

As for other club or sport activities, participating students were excused from lessons to train and practice. Sometimes it would be done after school or weekends.

On Friday, each class had an exclusive PE period that gave them time to catch up on their studies.

Stepping into the hallway, Miles was met with an echo of his steps and a few students tilted their heads in his direction.

The hallway was almost deserted and empty, those present at the moment were those attending to their lockers.

Walking past the silent stares, Miles unhurriedly headed to the class. It was empty, no one was present and only bags could be seen placed on each table.

'Is there some kind of event going on?' Stunned, Miles dropped his backpack and headed to the boys general locker room to change into his sports wear.

A trendy mix of black and gold colour sweat pants.

Pulling down the zip to expose his white inner shirt a bit, Miles calmly strutted out.

On days like this, the school was often divided into 3 audiences after participating in 30 minutes of non-optional exercise.

There was a basketball audience, a swimming team audience and a football audience.

Two indoors and one outdoor.

Contemplating for a moment on which to pick, he decisively chose not to go to the basketball due to the attention he was bound to attract.

'A little bit of sunlight then. I need to stretch my limbs too. 30 minutes of Dodgeball should be enough.'

Concluding his thoughts, he took the path to the field, hoping to have a relaxing time. But the moment he walked up to the field .which had been divided to host five different sports—Tennis, Dodgeball, Racing and

Football —

"Yo! That's him!"

A student in the stand spotted and shouted causing many to turn their heads in his way.

"It's Miles!" Another shout erupted.

"He really came! "

"At last, things are about to get interesting. We are getting bored of waiting."

Things scaled up so quickly that many started to make calls for their friends to appear.

On the field, Gridiron section.

"Chris, he's here."

Having been alerted by those in the stands, Tyler took off his helmet the moment he also spotted Miles walking nonchalantly across the other side of the field, and walked towards Chris who had just tackled down a team mate in practice.

"Hmm." Chris nodded, his eyes glinted with malice as he gazed at Miles' figure.

"Tell Billy we are going to clock out." Chris said to Tyler.

Although they were bullies, in the Gridiron was the captain, senior and undeniably the strongest so they couldn't just do anyhow they wanted or would be kicked out with a valid point.

"I was about to." Tyler nodded and turned back.

At this moment, Ben arrived after running from the back.

Tyler glanced at him and focused his attention back on Miles.

" We'll make sure to break his bones.

Earlier, more than thirty minutes ago. In the bustling hallway , just as students arrived and were clamouring. Four figures stepped in and halted it into silence.

" Listen attentively you bitches and worms!" Chris's voice blared, instantly drawing a look of outrage but no one dared to rebut.

Instead, their eyes darted towards him with interest.

After seeing he caught their attention, Chris' face turned solemn, his voice laced with the meanest tone.

"Miles! Yesterday was a fluke! You better be ready to have your ass handed to you. Meet us at the field and come with your bandages, I don't want to end up picking your bones yourself." He roared but unfortunately didn't get any response since Miles who was an active early comer was still on his mother's bed.

The whole school abuzz, rumours spread that Miles had gone to hide, some that he knew what was going to happen and didn't dare come to school today.

" Shit, we got to tell him."

Oliver, Simon, and Theo cursed as they quickly sprang towards the field, knowing Miles had no clue that Chris challenged him.

"Huh—? Why are they shouting?"

" They are shouting my name?"

Miles muttered to himself upon hearing the distant, unclear shouts from the stands when he got on the field.

He didn't bother glancing around for Theo and Co, since they were an avid audience of the swim team. How could they watch Gridiron?

But as he approached the group of students playing Dodgeball, mostly freshmen from the look of it, he noticed they began to point at him while murmuring to themselves.

"Crap, they dropped the ball and are running away?"

Miles was stunned.

"Miles!"

"Miles!"

"Miles!..."

'Am I hallucinating?'

Hearing his name being called repeatedly, distant at first but got increasingly closer , he intuitively turned and spotted three figures waving at him as they ran.

'Theo?'

Recognising the trio, Miles felt speechless by the sight of the chubby one, Simon, after he almost stumbled flat.

"What?!"

Miles called back at them but they weren't able to respond and kept running.

Eventually they got to him and Theo collapsed, breathing desperately.

" What the fuck?" Miles said, confused as he stared at them trying to catch their breath before being able to speak.

Oliver managed to recover first—

" It's Ben... He challenged you."

Chapter 88: Spiced Up

" It's Ben... He challenged you."

The moment Oliver spoke, Miles noticed that the people in the stand were changing the location of their seats, as if they were picking the best angle to watch the upcoming show.

A lot of students were also turning up on the field.

"Challenged me?"

Just then, he noticed a group marching from the far side of the field.

There were three people.

Chris, Ben and Tyler in gridiron jersey

"Are you kidding me?"

Looking closely, he noticed the girls from the swim team who were supposed to be training were also present, having stopped what they were doing. He saw Rachael and the Hayes triplets who he had seen naked.

Josephine too, and Chloe.

Seeing him stand with no motion to turn tails, Theo nudged Miles by his elbow while avoiding eye contact with the incoming bullies.

"Oh to the gods, they are coming. What are we going to do now?" In a panicky tone, Simon struggled to stand up.

"We?" Miles raised his brows.

"No guys, this is my fight. You guys should stay out of it." Miles shook his head, showing he was okay and could do it alone.

A look of relief flickered on Theo, Simon and Oliver's face, they wanted to retreat back into their cowardly shells but exchanged glances and suddenly put up a strong front.

"No Miles, we'll stand with you. We've feared them enough." Theo said with a brave look that took everything he could muster.

"Hmm." Simon nodded in support.

"If we don't stand up now. We'll keep covering even to their shadows. This is for us too Miles." Oliver explained.

"I don't mind breaking a few bones either." Simon added, forcing a grin while showing his chubby arm.

"What the fuck?" Miles spoke bluntly, speechless by their camaraderie words.

'Is this some kind of movie?'

Staring at their earnest look for a moment, he finally nodded.

'Sure, if they want to visit the Nurse Office later on, they are free to.'

" Don't regret your choice though."

Turning to Chris and co, he suddenly realised the reason the three summoned their courage was because they didn't want to feel left behind by him.

"Huh? Who the hell are those dork heads?" Some students noticed the three standing behind Miles and began to share their opinions.

" A group fight? Great!"

The excitement spiked while the unknown trio started to become known. And today, after this face off, they would either be jokes or gain respect.

The murmurs and chatter quieted down the moment Chris stopped a few metres away from Miles. Tyler and Ben flanking his sides with their bulky physique in gridiron gear, except for helmet.

Whilst, except for Miles, his crew were a joke.

"I thought you tucked your tails behind your legs and decided not to come to school today." Chris scoffed.

"Give me a break bro, as you can see, I just got here. Besides..." Miles paused, his eyes flickering on the group as if searching for something, before he added...
"Besides, saying something like that while going down from 5 to 3 is kinda stupid. Don't you think so?"

Many students clapped a hand over their mouths while trying not to erupt into cheers. Miles' rebuttal hit straight where it pained the most

Because yeah, where were Kelvin and Daniel.

—

Not far away, the school's coaches, except for the basketball coach, sat together with popcorn while watching the scene unfold.

Imagining being paid to do just this. As long as no physical brawl ensued, whatever happened would be a result of practice between students.

—

Hearing Miles mention his two missing members, Chris's face became slightly ugly.

Kelvin couldn't leave the basketball practice for this, and as for Daniel? He called the latter several times yesterday but he didn't pick up.

This morning, he stopped by Daniel's house and discovered the house was empty with no one present.

While he was about to leave, a suspicious neighbour who had been watching him told him the son of the woman had been carried by ambulance service vehicle.

He didn't think much of it and concluded it was Daniel's plan to slip out of their plan. He had been behaving strangely after all.

What a twist.

"No need, I am enough." Chris said, shifting his gaze to Miles' pair.

"What an ally you've got there ." He sneered.

"Thank you, to be honest, I feel honoured." Miles sarcastically said.

"Though it would be more intriguing to know what you've challenged me to, considering all this attention." Miles voice turned stern, his gaze meeting Chris'.

Then tension in the rose as if it was about to release a high voltage. The face off between them drew an excited silence from the spectating students.

Ten seconds later, Chris finally conceded with a look of enlightenment on his face.

"I challenge you to dodgeball. 3 versus 4 doesn't sound bad does it?"

Miles drew an interesting look as he nodded in agreement, whilst a wicked, cunning smile plagued Chris' lips as he stretched out his arm, palm open and Tyler placed a prolate spheroid pigskin(football) on it.

"Let's spice this up shall we?"

The crowd erupted into instant cheers.

Miles smiled but the other two behind him almost gave up.

"We are going to end up dead aren't we?"

Simon muttered.

Inwardly stunned, Miles seized up his opponents.

They were good at acting, but he already figured out that this was what they planned from the beginning.

"Don't tell me you aren't gonna take off your armour, Knights."

Miles motioned at the body pad they wore beneath.

" Don't mention, I can give your quivering allies to wear them instead."

" I wish I could take on that offer too, but they are brave souls. A little bit of pain surely won't faze them."

Behind him, Theo, Simon and Oliver nodded dumbly.

With that being said, Chris, Tyler and Ben took position on the other line while Miles stretched his limbs with Theo, Simon and Oliver behind him.

"Let's break some bones."

Chapter 89 - 3 versus 4

"Let's break some bones."

The spectating students watched with anticipation as both groups faced off. Chris and Ben each squared a ball in their hands.

"Ready?" Go!"

The moment the voice shouted, Miles felt his hairs actually stand on edge.

'Fuck!' he cursed inwardly. Almost too late to react.

Chris and Ben shot the balls in a spinning spiral motion with just one target in sight, Miles.

'I must not catch.' Miles warned himself as he shifted slightly to dodge the ball coming from the right but placed himself in the path of the left one.

'Fuck.' he cursed instantly, realising he underestimated those two.

But fortunately, just as the ball was close to hitting him in the elbow, Simon stepped up and directly bore the full force of the ball.

" Argh!" His pained cry rang through the field, causing every student's eyes to widen at the unbelievable sight.

Simon stumbled, dragging his feet six steps back before falling on his butt with a heavy thud.

A round of silence spread through the onlookers, before each covered their mouth in disbelief.

Sure, their target had been missed, but their strength shocked everyone.

'Shit!'

Glancing at Simon groaning on the floor while clutching his stomach, Miles was also a little astounded. Although if he had been the one to receive the blow, it wouldn't have been exaggerated like that, Miles acknowledged the hatred Chris and the bully clique had for him.

Moreover, when playing in their turf, the ball made everything much more dangerous.

Seeing they had missed, Chris frowned and clutched his fist silently. That throw was supposed to settle it and leave Miles bedridden for a couple of weeks at least.

Ignoring the amazed clamours of the crowd, Miles moved to check up on Simon.

"Are you okay?"

He asked and Simon nodded, struggling to catch his breath.

"I didn't die. Hahaha." He began laughing while grinning at Theo and Oliver who appeared greatly shaken.

"It's okay now, it's our turn now." Miles comforted and swiftly grabbed the ball.

" Our target is Ben." He muttered lowly to Oliver who picked the second ball.

The onlookers quickly quieted down.

" Ready! Go!"

Oliver threw the ball and it weaved through the air . Compared to the speed at which Ben and Chris shot theirs a moment ago, it could be said to be quite languid.

But it was enough distraction for Miles who lagged his throw by a split moment.

'Huh?'

As their eyes instinctively traced the ball thrown by Oliver towards Ben, they failed to see Miles' throw.

By the time anyone realised it, a loud anguished cry rang across the field, drawing their eyes to see Ben stiffly holding one of his thighs as a ball dropped with a thud then rolled towards Chris' feet.

For a moment, silence fell over everyone, none able to understand what just happened. But before they could bring themselves to react, Ben fell like a log of wood while still gripping his thighs, his cry louder than ever.

"..."

They were speechless...

Whilst, Miles hid the dangerous look in his eyes and promptly smiled to taunt that trio.

"Can't take a light punch huh?" He jeered, knowing that the throw had contained 70% of his strength and Ben's bone had most likely suffered a deep fracture.

He felt no pity since he was just repaying a favour.

'Light?' the onlookers exchanged a synonymous glance, chilled as they stared at Ben, his eyes bulging while his hands clenched around the hurt thigh.

If he let go, they would see a deep dark red spot.

Chris' eyes turned grim, turning to glance at Miles.

'How can he be so strong?'

Every tiny bit of underestimation towards Miles vanished like a fog, now viewing him with seriousness as a mighty foe would.

The reason for this? Because he knew Ben and how strong the former was, gridiron was a sport played by those with a strong heart. And for a strong heart to crack with a single hit. Miles wasn't Miles, in his mind, he quickly judged that the person before him was an imposter. Miles' twin perhaps?

That was the only plausible scenario other than being faced with a ghost.

At the same time, he realised another thing—

'We have to find his body.'

After a moment of silent contemplation, he motioned for two students he was familiar with.

"Go and bring a stretcher."

From afar, the coaches who had been busy with their popcorn saw students rushing with a folding stretcher and spat out what was in their mouths.

" Deep shit, what the fuck happened?"

They wanted to run and mediate but suddenly each got a phone call.

"You'll pay for this." Chris gritted his teeth and picked up the ball.

"Bastards." Tyler cursed while sharing a nod with Chris.

Meanwhile in the grandstands, Chloe's heart felt heavy watching what was about to unfold.

"They aren't trying to aim for him." Suddenly, Billy, renowned as the Silent Giant because he barely spoke, tried to ease his sister's worry.

Chloe was stunned.

"... what do you mean?" She quickly brought herself to ask.

Seeming unwilling to speak further and praise his sister's obsessive crush, he pursed his lips before saying:

"Earlier, the reason he was able to take down Ben was because he faked the shots. Chris and Tyler know they wouldn't be able to avoid another shot like that so they are going to take out the fakes and leave him open in the next round.

" Oh..." Chloe let out a relieved look, but then her beautiful face quickly formed a worried look.

"Won't that mean he'll be in more danger after?"

"It depends." Billy replied, his nonchalant eyes focused on the exchange while mourning the fact that his sister loved another boy after all he did for her. He was a sis-con.

"Ready?! Go!"

The same shout came again.

Chris and Tyler stomped hard on the ground and let loose the ball in a spiral form.

The crowd drew a shocked breath at the next scene.

Chapter 90: They Are Coming With Me

Theo and Oliver weren't able to dodge but they managed to turn their vital parts away from getting hit.

One hit Oliver squarely behind his shoulders causing him to grunt out loud and fall.

Theo wasn't so lucky, the ball slammed him right by his side before he could turn. He fell, clutching his side while curling on the floor but managed to stifle the urge to cry, saving himself some face at the end.

This move somehow earned a look of approval from some girls, all blooming with their own thoughts.

Now that Theo and Oliver had been hit, it was just Miles still in the game against Chris and Tyler whose eyes glinted, having succeeded in their plan.

"I'm sorry bro." After a moment, and they stood up, Theo whispered to Miles.

"It's okay." Miles patted his shoulder and picked up both balls.

"What's he trying to do?" Whispers spread through the spectating crowd, be it from the stands or those on the field.

Tyler sneered at the sight whilst Chris' face turned serious and warned him.

"Don't take him lightly."

—

[Basketball Talent active...]

There were no holographic arrows mapping his vision since he wasn't on a court, but Miles' focus was optimised to the fullest. His hand clenched the balls tight as he began making simple calculations on how to take the two out.

He had to because his chance in dodging or even catching two balls were minimal now that he was alone. Although he could upgrade his agility stats and weave through, rumours of a superhuman student would spread, especially when he was being recorded right now.

So, unwilling to lose aura by letting Chris and Tyler hit him, he decided to max his aura instead.

The onlookers held their breath as he readied himself in a stance with both balls.

"Ready?! Go!"

The next moment, Miles stomped his feet forward and leaped up, twisting his body in a spiral with his hands spread out.

An aerial twist.

Using his full strength, he threw the first, then second ball mid air. One trailing behind the other like a cannon ball.

" Huh?"

But at this moment, the onlookers, including Tyler and Chris looked speechless because Miles had missed both targets by a wide margin.

The balls' trajectory was set in between the two. Right from the beginning it was set to just pass between them— but just then, the ball behind caught up to the one in the front. Both tips rammed each other and suddenly pivoted explosively in two separate directions.

It felt as if time stopped. But the balls spun fast.

Before Chris and Tyler could regain their senses.

" Argh."

" Argh."

Two sharp grunts sounded at the same time.

One slammed the back of Chris head, however, Tyler wasn't so lucky.

There was a muffled crunch and his nose broke.

"Grrggggh!" Tyler groaned in agony.

"He won?"

"He actually won?" The onlookers burst into cheers, while Chris stared in disbelief.

" How did he do that?"

In the stand, Billy almost stood up in admiration, feeling the need to request Miles to join the team.

"Is he multi-talented?"

Also behind Miles, Theo, Simon and Oliver couldn't believe it.

"We won?"

Whilst pulling Tyler up with one arm around his shoulder, Chris' face was ugly as it could get.

" You won... But just know things aren't over yet."

Booooo!

The crowd instantly echoed at the duo, knowing that Chris wouldn't be able to beat them all together.

Today, Miles' reputation had been completely solidified as one of Dominion High's top dogs.

From henceforth, the highly distinguished girls would want to befriend him. He would be invited for parties and also looked onto with respect.

"Miles! Miles! Miles!" Some began to chant while he responded with a smile and vibed with them.

To think in barely a week he would completely transform the introverted nerd his predecessor lived to a famed student. Miles grinned, turning to Theo and the rest who felt like they were in a dream.

Naturally as Miles' friends they were also sharing the spotlight.

[Alexa... Infatuation gauge→40%]

[Naomi... Infatuation gauge→40%]

[Hailey... Infatuation gauge→.....

The system bombarded him nonstop with pop notification of those who had gone past 30% of the Infatuation Gauge.]

[Mission: Sweet Revenge

50% Complete]

'Fifty percent? Shouldn't it have gone more than that?'

Minutes later, the cheers already died down and Miles was left alone with his friends once more.

"So this is fame? Did you know some girls were giving me those eye signals?"

Simon punched the air in excitement, smiling as he recalled something.

"Hehehe. Talking about attention, my crush finally noticed me." Oliver adjusted his glasses and formed a smug look.

"Who? Madison?"

The three shared a laugh, knowing they were all crushing on Madison.

But as they prepared to laugh it off—

"Hey guys?" A voice suddenly said from behind causing them to freeze.

The sound of light footsteps reached their ears and all turned to see about five girls approaching them from behind.

Theo, Simon and Oliver instinctively tried to hide behind Miles who was oddly calm and unbothered by communicating with beauties.

To their surprise, it was the girl Madison, who they had just mentioned that walked up to them as messenger for the group behind her.

Rachael and some of the swimming team besties.

"Hi."

At this moment Miles pretended to be nonchalant and a little bit aloof as he responded to Maddison who nervously swiped her hair behind her hear the moment he spoke.

"Sorry" she apologized for no reason, obviously smitten by him.

"No, it's okay." Miles responded, casually shrugging his shoulders for her to go on, but she seemed to have lost the words to say.

Seeing her friend helplessness before Miles, Rachael let out a cold harrumph and walked towards him.

He might be handsome, but she was a big catch. So she wasn't so fazed to the extent she would be blushing to talk to him, just mutual likeness.

Miles' gaze flickered to Rachael with a bewildered look as she handed a paper ticket to him.

" Pardon my friend. I'm having a birthday party on Friday night. You're invited, make sure to come."

"Oh." Miles nodded.

She was about to turn away and go, but he smoothly held her hand, stopping her right in her tracks.

Rachael was surprised, but Miles didn't seem to consider what he just did a big deal. Instead he tilted his neck to gesture at the shy bastards beside him.

" They are coming with me."

The girls with Rachael wanted to instantly rebut him, but Rachael simply nodded at Maddison.

'How arrogant?'

" Give them a ticket."

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