



253 How Do You Like It?

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! Glurk! 1

"Argh."

With one thick groan, Miles buried his whole cock down her throat and released his seed.

"HMMMMMMMMM."

Hannah's stifled moans echoed as she gagged on his cock, feeling webs of his hot, warm semen scald the back of her throat. In just a moment, it rushed up through the tiny space and seeped through the extreme corners of her lips.

Her face was flushed purple from intense suffocation, with tears, mucus, and semen trailing down. Seeing such an intensely slutty expression on his stepmother's loving face sent a jolt of glee deep inside Miles.

Holding his breath, he almost pulled out her hair as he let out every last bit of his seed, still enjoying the slippery tightness of her mouth and throat for a couple of extra moments.

"Fuck!!"

The word escaped his lips.



Glurk! Glurk! Glurk...

Choking on his half-flaccid cock, Hannah let out these sounds as cum freely flowed from her mouth, dripping onto the satin fabric that held her massive boobs.

She heaved, her breasts quaking with each subtle movement.

"Arggh."

Groaning, Miles pulled out his cock when he felt her fingers already piercing through the flesh of his thighs.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!!"

Finally, after he pulled it out, Hannah let out a loud gasp, inhaling desperately for oxygen while ignoring the sticky cum and saliva coating half of her face and chest.

Miles stood, his gaze lowered at her as she recovered, then she glanced up at him with a twisted smile of bliss. Her flushed face had regained its normal color, and her tears almost instantly dried up; the mucus from her nose could no longer be differentiated from the cum.

She didn't say anything, still trying to breathe, but her eyes lowered to his semi-limp cock, which dripped a long, sticky line.



"Hmmmmmm."

Hannah let out a soft, erotic hum the moment she felt him grip her hair again.

Pulling her lightly, Miles met her eyes with a slow smirk spreading across his face...

Standing on the bed, Yasmin had unknowingly begun to bleed from clenching her palm while watching the two. Her whole body was like a boiling kettle with no steam, wanting to explode without warning.

Just then, Miles turned his gaze toward her with that same silent, ethereal smirk that held his intentions toward her.

Damn, I'm only gonna have one left if I do this, his thoughts churned as he stared at his holographic inventory.

Fuck it.

His grip on Hannah's hair softened, and he let go. Turning toward Yasmin, his eyes lowered slightly to her clenched hands. Noticing the bloodstains, his lips curved further, opening to form a grin.

Then, to Yasmin's shock, breaking her from her dazed state, the limp, sticky shaft rose up and fattened at an astonishing rate.



An absurd silence settled in the room as his cock rose, brimming and pulsing with vitality like it had never fallen.

Yasmin's already heavy breathing quivered as she swallowed hard.

"Come... to daddy."

Miles completed the statement after a deliberate pause, stretching out both arms in a welcoming embrace.

It wasn't known how or why she did it, or even dared to act on it. But by the time Yasmin realized what was happening mid-air—worse than dreaming about him fucking her, worse than her pussy dripping wet at his words, worse than him being the source of her longing, touch, and warmth (things a woman who had never experienced such emotions would rebuke with her life)—Yasmin actually leaped into Miles's welcoming embrace from atop the bed.

The scene was an image of him with just his shirt on and his big cock hardened, and her in a thong and bikini bra, flying through the air.

A seventeen-year-old boy and a thirty-four-year-old woman.



Contrary to Yasmin's flushed face upon realizing too late what she had done, Miles happily welcomed her. His arms slipped behind her ass and back mid-air.

"Ahhhhhhh!—Hmmmmmm!"

When her body slammed into his embrace, Yasmin gasped, then hummed when she felt secure in his arms without Miles so much as taking a step back. Neither did he groan.

The moment she regained her senses and felt his hands over her body, her face flushed, but she welcomed the sensation with a tight hug—especially his steaming hot cock resting near her clit and the dominant squeeze on her ass.

They locked in this posture for a couple of quiet moments, as if trying to understand each other's body language.

Seeing this, Hannah smiled despite dripping and being filled with his cum.

"You've got a nice ass."

Suddenly, Miles broke the silence as he massaged her ass cheeks, feeling them shake slightly.

"Hmmmmmmmm."



Yasmin jolted, humming sharply as she felt his teeth nibble her neck and his hot breath tease her skin. Her arms involuntarily squeezed around his neck, seeking his embrace even more.

"HMMMMMMM."

She hummed, this time shuddering as he lowered her slightly, making her clit slide along his cock. The surreal feeling of it deeply stimulated her.

Yet Miles didn't stop his seduction, preferring to play the game a little before outright unleashing the damaging fuck.

Smooch!

"HMMMMMM."

Yasmin shuddered, letting out a soft hum like a kitten as he licked her neck and nibbled on her earlobes, all while massaging her ass and squeezing the back of her neck just slightly to make her gasp.

"Ahhhhhh."

Yasmin's voice cut through the room, instinctively tightening her legs around his waist to feel his cock better.



"Shhhhhhhhhh... slowly," Miles whispered in her ear, kneading her neck softly while holding back a grin at how Jazmín would react when she realized what she was doing now.

Listening to his quiet whispers, Yasmin lowered the sounds she made, making them softer and more seductive.

"That's it... good girl," Miles praised, and as a reward, he slid his fingers lower, teasingly rubbing the fabric of her thong against the dripping slickness of her pussy.

In response, Yasmin whimpered and shuddered dangerously, digging her fingernails into his back.

"Tell me... how do you like it?"