

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 254: Daddy Is Going To Punish You[1,001 words]

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

The words were like the devil's whisper luring her to an abyss of temptation.

A blissful chill traveled up her spine and her lips slowly parted, unclenching from being pressed tightly shut.

"... Ravage me like I'm your disobedient whore," she managed to reply, each word broken and barely restraining the chaotic lust within her.

She stated her deepest desire—a premium upgrade from what she had overheard by the windows those two nights.

"Whore? That's quite the word to describe yourself," Miles whispered, his voice carrying a wisp of teasing doubt and amusement. "But then, I can understand you... you want this big white cock badly."

Yasmin trembled as his grip tightened at the back of her neck.

Two seconds passed in heated silence.

"Ahhhhhhrrghhhh."

A gasp, similar to a groan, sharply reverberated through the room.

Like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, Yasmin's eyelids trembled and closed softly. It was as if Miles had grabbed her core weak point.

Her view was overwhelmed in a swift, spiraling motion and a thick, muffled bang echoed through the room as Miles gave her a WWE smackdown.

Crushing deep into the foam and sheets, Yasmin bounced. In that brief moment, facing the ceiling, she saw Miles' evil trademark grin before she felt a firm, forceful grip over certain places.

"Ahhh!"

A light, frightened gasp escaped her lips again, the roughness and swiftness of his actions already leaving her in an incomprehensible state.

Her vision spun and she saw the white sheets again before she recognized what was happening and slammed hard into them.

From Hannah's point of view, Miles was like a master chef swiping and mixing a dish mid-air, filling her with a sense of pride.

From slamming her back against the bed to slamming her down on her knees with arms sprawled, Miles grinned at her ass placement. Filled with a raw, dominant lust, he didn't hold back in the slightest.

Kpa!!!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

He smacked that sexually appetizing ass with all his might, and a sharp gasp like a hiss escaped Yasmin's lips, containing deep ecstasy and pain.

Instantly, a red palm print became distinctively clear on her right cheek.

"Who is your daddy?" Miles asked the question with a smirk.

Bent on her knees, Yasmin dug her fingers into the sheets, grabbing them so tight that they almost tore. Her face twisted with a deep flush and her mouth hung open.

"You, Dadddy!!" She screamed, still feeling the seething smack, but driven by the bliss of it, her pussy drooled.

Kpa!!!

It didn't even take a second after she responded before Miles swung his left arm to smack her left cheek in the same manner.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh h h h h h h h h!!!"

Yasmin jolted. Her tightly shut eyes widened and tears instantly began streaming from them.

Subtle veins appeared around her neck as she screamed at the top of her lungs. The mere prospect of her being hit in such a manner and place, dominated by her neighbor's son, conquered the pain she felt, turning it into a pure thrill she had never experienced before.

"And who are you?"

Grinning as she screamed, Miles clenched his fingers—except for the middle one—as he slid it forward beneath her thong.

"I am your bad, naughty little girl, Daddy!!!— Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Yasmin screamed with raw desire, but her voice was cut short at the end, turning into an erratic gasp of pleasure as Miles slid his middle finger over her clit.

With Blissful Hands activated, her eyelids trembled and her pupils rolled back, leaving a whitish hue in their wake.

Yasmin's strained moan shook the room, but it was only the beginning.

In a slow, teasing rhythm, Miles slid his finger between her folds, basking in the sticky moisture while Yasmin jolted repeatedly.

"Hmmmmmmmm m m m mm!!!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

She would exhale and inhale at irregular intervals, completely lost in bliss.

"Bad girl, party girl, huh?"

Though Miles spoke in a contrastingly measured voice, Yasmin heard every bit of it, and she responded even more energetically. Her toes stretched taut to try to ease the pleasure.

"Yess, Daddy!! I'm your bad, naughty girl! Punish me!"

Miles laughed softly, but his expression shifted swiftly with the intent to discipline.

"Let's see..."

Without a moment's notice, he slid his finger inside her pussy and began thrusting at a rough, quick pace.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!..."

With each thrust of his finger, Yasmin sang more erotically, her breath short and trembling.

It didn't even take thirty seconds before she came heavily, exhaling in a broken, immensely pleased tone. Her trembling eyelids stilled and rolled back slowly.

Meanwhile, Miles opened his palm and watched her pussy squirm and flutter as it let out a stream of whitish liquid.

He didn't thrust while she came, but directed every flow of the whitish fluid to fill his palm.

Watching her body express so much before he even truly began, he said nothing and silently withdrew his middle finger when she was done. Yet even that slight action caused her to gasp and grasp the sheets tighter.

Staring at his pulsing, monstrous cock, he smiled and moved his hand—which was filled with the fluid—to stroke it from the base to the tip.

Watching the fluid trail along the veins of his cock, he stroked it fully and used his other hand to shift the sexy thong Yasmin wore to the side. Licking his lips for a moment, he let go of his cock and positioned it at her drooling entrance.

"Daddy is going to punish you now," he said in a strained voice as he pushed the tip past her folds without further ado.

"Ahhhh..."

Yasmin's deeply drawn-out moan barely sounded before he inserted the same hand he used to finger her inside her mouth. Reinforcing his other hand around her neck to secure her like reins, he sharply buried his cock in the depths of her slippery wet, tight pussy.