

Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 255: KO'd In Two Strikes/ Daughters Discovery[1,501 words]

"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 stretched moan barely sounded before he inserted the same hand he had used to finger her inside her mouth. While reinforcing his other hand around her neck, securing her like reins, he sharply buried his cock in the depths of her slippery wet, tight pussy.

"Argh..."

Miles took a deep, pleased breath, gritting his teeth tight and choking her with even more force as he felt her insides perfectly grip his cock in a tug of war.

Enveloped in the warmth of it, he stayed still for five long seconds while Yasmin's voice almost faded, then pulled back against the crushing grip of her pussy.

Instantly, Yasmin's trembling eyelids and whitish pupils that had almost closed widened with vivid shock, followed by a jolt and a sharper exhale than a woman in labor.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM..!"

Despite Miles firmly choking her, the sound reverberated through the walls so clearly that Cassie, who had just stepped into the corridor, paused in confusion before moving on, thinking her mind was playing tricks on her.

And just like that, Miles arched his waist in slow motion, pulling out his cock until only the tip remained buried inside.

Very visibly, Yasmin's body slowly released the tension embedded in every part of it, the dreamy, ecstasied look in her eyes refusing to fade away.

"Arrrrrrhhhhhh.."

Squeezing the sheets, she moaned and trembled as Miles dug the fingers he had used to finger her down her throat, making sure she tasted what was left of her orgasm after he had rubbed it on his cock.

"Bad girl."

Behind her, Miles grinned, reinforcing the power of his grip once more as her body quickly tensed back up to its maximum limit.

Kpa!

"AH.....Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!"

There was no prelude. Like the heavy judgment of a gavel, Miles let his body weight do the striking, crushing every bit of resistance until he was nine inches deep in her womb.

Yasmin screamed—or tried to—but Miles's chokehold left no room to breathe, making the result even more catastrophic than intended. Like a compressed explosion, it converged inward and released tenfold afterward. Yasmin's eyes looked as if they could pop, and veins stood out on her flushed, pinkish-purple face while beads of sweat rapidly dripped down.

At the edge of extreme bliss, suffocation, discomfort, and pleasure, Yasmin found the strength to lift one of her hands from the sheets and grabbed Miles's choking hand around her neck in desperation. Driven by the need to let out her moan, she managed to pull away about three fingers that were blocking her windpipe.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh hh hh hh hh h h h!!!"

The sound she let out was so eclipsing that anyone who heard it would jerk continuously, backed as it was by nights of desperate longing and years of celibacy given a thousand percent fulfillment. Such deep emotion.

Just then, Yasmin's body began trembling with a monumental shift, as if every single cell in her body were dancing while the strength within her was being sapped away, twitching rapidly in ways words couldn't describe.

"Fuck!"

Feeling as if he had buried his cock inside a vibrator, Miles held still for a moment as the tight clench of her pussy increased several-fold and then suddenly loosened with a spasm.

She came.

It wasn't a regular orgasm; her sweet nectar flowed freely in waves, each accompanied by a subtle jolt that made Miles grit his teeth.

To the side, Hannah watched, her burning, lustful eyes suddenly flickering with speechless shock at what she had witnessed.

'Yasmin...'

The word echoed in her mind, failing to escape her lips.

Of all the things she had imagined—three hours of a crazy threesome, getting fucked by Miles until they were completely spent and even after—Hannah hadn't expected her enthusiastic neighbor to be taken out in two thrusts by her stepson. Yet the reality was right before her: Yasmin's recent scream was that of a finished woman. There was no way she was recovering from that in the next 48 hours.

Watching Yasmin's nectar soak the bed, Hannah's mind cleared for a moment before a heavy sense of jealousy befell her.

'How come...'

The question of why Miles had never used that style on her echoed in her mind.

Staring at the two in a daze, she suddenly noticed Miles glance at her with a renewed grin, and her heart trembled.

In a dreamy, subconscious space of overflowing bliss, Yasmin smiled with her eyes closed as she sank into clouds of tranquil ecstasy, unable to perceive the flow of time or her actual body.

The only thing she could feel was Miles's cock confronting the gushing waves.

Smack!

Kpa!

"Ahhhhh!!!!" The sound escaped her lips as a subconscious response.

Grabbing the waist of her frail, half-conscious body with a firm grip, Miles held her up and began thrusting into her pussy from a clean angle, striking with so much precision that a wet, slick sound accompanied each thrust.

His cock was completely covered in the gluey fluid, soaking his balls as well.

Plurp! Kpa! Kpa! Slick!

They made countless sounds, but Yasmin remained half-conscious with that same dreamy smile on her face, moaning instinctively with what remained of her little strength.

In a way, she was like a lightweight bag of rice for Miles to fuck and freely use however he wanted, completely at his mercy and desire.

"Arghhh!"

Groaning deeply as he pounded Yasmin's loose pussy—gaping from her extreme orgasm and filled with her own fluid—Miles tilted toward Hannah, who was still kneeling with a pleading look on her face, the small puddle that had gathered beneath her clearly obvious.

However, he only increased the throttle of his thrusts, obliterating what was left of Yasmin's pussy.

"Suck those boobs."

Letting out a low laugh, he ordered Hannah, who didn't hesitate to expose those succulent manifestations.

Meanwhile, outside, Cassie had long since stopped and was staring intently at the door.

'There's no way I misheard that thrice, right?'

...

"Expose those boobs."

Those words sounded like a merciful decree to Hannah, who was lost in a trance listening to the smacks from Miles's ruthless thrusts.

With an absolutely willing smile on her face, she pulled up her loose shirt—which had several wet spots on it—stretching out her tongue to lick his dried-up cum off her chin while her two big melons wobbled softly in the air.

It didn't stop there. Hannah continued pulling the shirt up until she flung it away, impatient to obey her stepson's order. She roughly grabbed her breasts in both hands and squeezed them while staring at his bouncing ballsack.

Kpa!

Kpa!

Kpa!..

For a moment, the repeated sound of his thrusts was all that echoed.

"Suck them."

Miles spoke two words, and Hannah reacted delightedly, promptly bending her head to suck her own breasts.

"Fuck!"

It had barely been a moment, but watching the way Hannah squeezed her own breasts triggered something deep inside him, causing him to suck in a deep breath and let go of the now-unconscious Yasmin's waist.

With his cock glistening—Yasmin's sticky fluid worn over it like armor—and his abs defined as a prized work of art glistening with sweat, Miles appeared to Hannah like a divine god coming to bless her.

"Yes..." In slow motion, the word escaped her lips as his balls jiggled toward her.

But then her vision blurred the moment he grabbed her hair and swung her over his shoulders...

Meanwhile, outside in the corridor, after a minute of standing in silence and listening to the distant sounds that lingered in the air before disappearing as if they had never existed, Cassie stared at the last door she had yet to peek through while her heart continued to beat rapidly.

"No.." she muttered, but her feet had already begun to move, leaning closer than she intended.

Not far from her, Deb and Josephine, who were hiding behind the door to Miles's room, had also picked up on the strange silence. They tensely peeked their heads out, hoping to see Miles and Cassie going at it, but were stunned by the scene before them.

"What's she doing?"

10 Minutes earlier...

"Mom?"

Click!

Pushing the door to her mom's room open, Jazmín casually stepped in, intending to check if her mom had left for her date night after being stuck in her room for the last couple of hours.

Seeing the empty, spacious master bedroom of the duplex, Jazmín intended to leave, but then heard the curtains rustling softly as they were stirred by the wind. She tilted her head in that direction, noticing that the windows were wide ajar.

"Mom.." she muttered softly, dragging her flip-flops across the room, dressed in shredded mini shorts that clung to her ass and a loose, baggy shirt.

Just as she was about to close the window, she paused...

"Mom?"