Taboo Stepson System - Chapter 268: Endless Pounding[1,007 words]

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Miss Emily gasped before the girls could try to guess who it was amongst them.

"Arghhh," groaning as he pulled out his cock, Miles held Miss Emily's ass, glancing down at his cock, which had only the tip left in her pussy.

"Damn," he cursed, licking his lips at the glistening sight of it covered in her sticky juice.

"Ahh—"

A startled yelp sounded, momentarily drawing Miles' attention to the side. There, Alice sat on the floor, her back against the door and her hands tightly covering her mouth while staring at Miles' glistening monster with veins dancing across it.

"Hehehe... gasp all you want, even if you beg you aren't going to get a taste of it," he sneered, completely pulling out his cock and waving it in the air just for her to see.

Embarrassed, Alice forced her eyes away from him as he playfully slid it back in, bowing her face into her thighs while trembling.

"Hehehehe."

Laughing mockingly at her, he shook his head and thrust it fully in, burying it in the depths of Miss Emily's walls as she moaned through the stifled leash around her neck.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

Smack!

"Hmmmmm. Ahhhhhh. Hmmmmmmmmmmm...."

Moving with the rhythm of riding a horse, Miles smacked her, pulled the belt, and bent her waist while tirelessly pounding her from behind.

Watching and listening to the carnal sight of Miss Emily moaning and gasping like a whore on a leash while coming every five thrusts, the atmosphere in the class had quickly reached an extreme point.

Even Alice, who once hid her face, was watching with rapt attention as Miss Emily's pussy dripped from her own orgasm while enduring every single one of Miles' thrusts, which seemed to expand her insides and quake her intestines.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

"Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhh! Hmmm! Hmmm!"

Slurp! Slurp!... squelch.

At some point, a wet slurpy sound began to resonate between each thrust.

"Fuck!"

Cursing out loud, Miles pulled the belt, held her waist, and deepened one final thrust, standing still as he spurted webs of cum inside her womb.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Triggered by the sensation of his seething cum filling up her pussy, Miss Emily jolted. Her breasts, long since slipped out of her bra, jingled in the air as her eyes rolled backward into a whitish hue while her haggard hair shook, clinging to her sweaty forehead.

Unfortunately for the girls, none of them could relate to the overwhelming bliss both Miles and Miss Emily felt at this moment, but the thirst still left their minds in a depraved state. Craving lust, they twisted and curled their bodies, trying to free themselves from the chains.

"Ahh."

"Miles, come fuck me too."

"Papi, come fuck my pussy."

"Daddy! I need you."

"I'm dripping for you, please let me go."

"I know I'm a bad girl, please punish me too."

"Ahhhhh. My pussy."

"Please fuck me, Miles! Please!"

Shouts rang out one after the other. After varying attempts to gain Miles' attention and to experience the might of his cock failed, the girls resorted to crying out to be fucked, twisting their legs in several ways in order to ease the itch between their thighs.

Meanwhile, Alice bit her lips and dug her fingers into her flesh in order to ease the twisting desire in her heart, but unfortunately, she couldn't stop her body from salivating.

After coming deep inside Miss Emily, Miles growled and pulled out his half-erect member.

"Hmmmmm."

Miss Emily also hummed, her pussy spasming waves of orgasm mixed in Miles' cum.

Lowering her down, Miles finally let go of the belt. In response, Miss Emily shivered when she felt the cold surface of the floor and curled weakly.

Staring down at her, Miles observed the purple mark around her neck and the red marks on her cheeks from his frequent smacking.

'Damn.'

Lifting his head, he glanced at the girls begging him to fuck them and smirked.

'Invisible silence dome.'

Silencing their cries, he turned towards Mrs. Laurent, who was shivering on her feet from excitement and thrill after witnessing how he dealt with Emily.

'I can also create that, right?'

Thinking to himself, he willed his body to simulate the effect of a drop of the system's aphrodisiac.

"Argh."

The next moment, he groaned, feeling particularly reinvigorated in his groin area as a seething sensation coursed through him.

Like a work of magic, his limp dick rose and its girth expanded, pulsing with life as veins snaked across it.

"Come to papa," Miles joked, clearly sensing how dearly Mrs. Laurent wanted his cock buried inside her.

Spreading his arms, he bent slightly, hooked his hands behind her knees, grabbed her ass, and easily lifted her.

"Ahhhhh!"

Mrs. Laurent gasped. Feeling his fingers caress her ass, she quickly hooked her arms around his neck for support.

"Yess, papi."

She hummed as Miles carried her from the desk to the middle desk.

In order not to crush his best friend's head by placing Mrs. Laurent on him, Miles willed a magical wind hand to pull him aside, then seated Mrs. Laurent on the desk with a thick hum.

"Ahhhhh."

Gasping lightly, Mrs. Laurent reluctantly let go and arched backward, planting her elbows behind her for support.

"There we go."

With a sleek, smooth stroke, he spread her thighs and slid his reinvigorated cock between the thick, slimy, pink slit of her pussy.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Uplifting her thick thighs in his arms, Miles cracked his waist at the speed of a gunshot and began a thorough pounding—one that pierced through every tight clench and hit the core.

Kpa! Kpa! Kpa!

"Ahhhh! Daadddy! Yess! Fuck me! Ruining my pussy! I'm a bad cheating wife and mother who loves your cock! Yess!"

Apart from the sound of her flesh quaking and the desk craning under the force of each thrust, only these dirty words could be heard.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

After about twenty minutes of endless thrusting in this position, Mrs. Laurent gave out and they both came, right before the spectating girls.