

243 A little Pay back

Sinclair's Duplex. 1

Upon getting home, Miles inhaled deeply as he felt the serene, warm atmosphere.

As usual, there was no one in view, and Cassie was most likely in her room. If he searched his memories, the number of times he had been home before her over the last decade could be counted on one hand.

Loosening his tie, Miles quickly climbed the stairs and headed toward his room.

Minutes later, just as he finished taking a bath and was changing into a new set of fresh, casual clothes—

Knock knock

"Miles?"

Two soft knocks and Cassie's eloquent voice interrupted him.

Stopping mid-action, he turned toward the door as a spark of an idea lit up his eyes.

"Yes? Come in." He had just put on his sleeveless shirt, wearing only tight-fitting boxer briefs to keep everything properly in



place—a lesson learned from their last practice.

Hearing his go-ahead, Cassie absentmindedly opened the door, her eyes glued to her phone screen, having somehow forgotten Miles' true nature.

Meanwhile, Miles held a grin of vengeance on his face as he clutched his shorts in place, pretending he had just been about to put them on.

"I'm ready. What are you still doing? Let's go—"

She spoke the last words and looked up from her phone to glance at him, already three steps inside the room.

"—Ahhhhhhhh!"

She froze in fright, her eyes instinctively zooming in on the vivid outline of the bulge in his underwear from the sleeping, coiled dragon, and screamed. She jumped back with a shocked expression.

"Pervert!"

It wasn't Cassie who screamed, but Miles. Pretending to be frightened by her sudden intrusion, he raised the shorts he was about to put on to cover his chest, despite already wearing a shirt.



However, this action only exposed the full form of the bulge, including the outline of its tip. It was thick and coiled so flexibly.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Cassie screamed again, pointing a shaky hand at him, though her eyes never left the sleeping dragon.

Her face flushed intensely.

"Bloody—" She wanted to call him a pervert, but realizing the roles had been switched, her face turned bright red. She wished the ground would swallow her whole.

"Pervert! What are you still doing?"

Miles mimicked a feminine voice, then glanced down at his crotch in exaggerated shock, using his hand to cover it.

"Pervert!" he shouted again, snapping Cassie out of her dazed state.

Cassie blushed furiously, unable to refute him, and quickly dashed out of the room and down the stairs.

Listening to her hurried, departing footsteps, Miles laughed victoriously. He pulled on his shorts before joining her downstairs.



When she saw him, Cassie fumed, blushed, and turned her head away as if refusing to look at him.

"Pervert," Miles grinned, not hesitating to throw the word back at her.

She gritted her teeth and turned to face him.

"You... you told me to come in! You didn't tell me you weren't done putting on your clothes!" she blurted out, blushing heavily as she recalled how tightly packed it had looked.

Miles laughed, picking up his bag from the table.

"Let's go. It's not like it's your first time seeing it anyway. Remember, you even had it in your mouth. Hehehehe."

Miles chuckled, feeling his cock twitch as he walked toward the door.

Cassie covered her face, blushing furiously, then ran up behind him to hit his back repeatedly.

"You... how dare you bring that up! That was different!" she muttered meekly, her cheeks burning as she continued to swat at him.

"Argh. Stop already! Are you trying to break my bones?"



Faking a pained groan, Miles inwardly smiled at her harmless punches as they walked out into the driveway, heading toward the innermost part of the circle.

Meanwhile, a familiar vehicle bustling with loud music pulled to a stop outside the Sinclair home. Josephine stepped out and waved goodbye to the girls inside.

Wiping the smile from her face a moment later as she turned toward the house, she suddenly paused and looked back in the direction she had come from.

Far ahead, she spotted the backs of Miles and Cassie, walking like a lovely couple—or perhaps close siblings.

Staring at the two for a moment, she bit her lip, muttering to herself.

"Why does everyone get to spend quality time with him except me?" She pouted, feeling a sting of jealousy as she recalled what was going on between Deb and Miles.

Watching the two of them, she swallowed her envy and was about to look away when something suddenly clicked in her mind.

What if...?



An idea of something taboo going on between them began to form in her thoughts.

However, Cassie's beauty and innocent personality flashed in her mind.

She always condemns him.

With that thought, Josephine felt oddly relieved that no one else was sharing the pie before her, at least.

She was about to brush the thought aside, but froze again, recalling the day before when she had seen Miles and Cassie talking to two other girls together.

"What are they doing together? Where are they going?"

Curiosity welled in her heart, but she quickly shook her head, dismissing the thought, and walked toward the front door.

A couple of minutes later, completely unaware of Josephine's watchful gaze from earlier, the two arrived at the studio.

Finally relieved from the late-summer heat as the spring season came to an end, they turned on the AC and sat down for a moment to catch their breath. 1



A few minutes later, Cassie stood up and brought out the large MP3 player for their practice. Along with two bottles of water, she also pulled out a medium-sized container of fruit, popping the lid open to reveal its contents.

Seeing this, Miles looked a little surprised.

"You brought fruit? Should I be scared that you're going to work me to death today?" Miles asked, putting on a terrified expression.

Instead of answering, Cassie's cute face broke into his signature smirk, making her look like a beautiful devil.

"Fuck," Miles cursed.

