



245 Trump Card

Cassie closed the distance between them, blushing at his smirk, and slowly went down on her knees before him. 1

Shuddering at this scene, Josephine clamped her mouth even more tightly as Cassie grabbed the waistband of his pants and shifted it down.

Revealing a look of amazement at his packed dick in his tight-fitting underwear, she instinctively reached her hand out to grab a feel through it, rubbing it a couple of times.

Her face was completely flushed as she let go, then reached for the waistband of his boxers as well.

Peeping through a hole, Josephine was left in awe as a nine-inch monster bounced out of its cage like a spring and slapped Cassie's face.

She watched Cassie freeze, closing her eyes as she inhaled the fresh scent of his cock hovering less than an inch from her nose.

'Is this... what they've been doing?'

Watching Cassie so close to Miles' cock, Josephine thought in a daze as she stared at them.



'No... no...'

She cried out slowly in her heart as the image of the cute, innocent little sister in her heart cracked at the scene of those petite hands grabbing the base of the monster that had sprung from Miles' pants.

Delicate, but swift and soft.

Despite being unable to contain the huge thing, Cassie moved her hand, performing an upward stroke as she felt his veins and pulse.

"Arrgghh."

Miles' deep groan echoed through the studio from the soft and delicate feeling her palms gave his dick.

Looking up at the ceiling, he clenched his hands into fists, suppressing the urge to place them on her head right away.

Hearing him groan, Cassie revealed a look of pride in her action and proceeded to stroke down while looking up at his expression.

"Hmmmm."

Miles inhaled in deep bliss, clenching his teeth with a suppressed groan.

Increasing her pace, Cassie stroked up again



while reaffirming her tight but soft grip on the base.

"Hmmmmmm."

She moved her hands again and set a steady stroking pace.

For a long moment, the studio was filled with the sound of her hand moving against the dry skin of his cock. Quickly, precum gathered at the tip, but Cassie made no motion to use it as a lubricant.

Instead, she let it trail in accordance with her strokes and would often stretch out her tongue to lick the thin trail that dripped down.

Compared to the last time, her stroking mastery had improved by a large margin, no longer looking like that of a novice.

'Heheheh, I bet she must have taken lessons and practiced on something,' Miles thought amidst the pleasure. As for where she took the lessons from—well, the internet is a wild place, and she had most likely practiced with her body lotion bottle.

By the door, Josephine watched Cassie stroke Miles' cock and even lean down to lick the trail of his precum when it dropped.

Listening to Miles groan, the part of her that wanted to burst in and stop them quickly retreated, unwilling to incur the resentment of the two for interrupting.

So she kept enduring the torture, which made her pussy moisten—and she wasn't even wearing any panties since she had wanted to feel free in the house.

At this moment, she regretted it and pressed her thighs together, swallowing hard as she resisted the urge to join the fray and get a taste as well.

However, her pride wouldn't let her; or rather, she didn't like the idea of sharing him.

So she could only watch as the innocent Cassie played with his balls and stroked his cock. The lustful and proud look on her sister's face caused Josephine's heart to tighten.

"Put it in already," Miles said impatiently, on the verge of being unable to resist the urge to shove his cock into her mouth.

Hmph.

Letting out a cold harrumph, Cassie rolled her eyes, pouting that he was telling her what to do just when she was about to do it.



Seeing this look, Miles paused and apologized.

"Okay, sorry. Go on."

With that said, Cassie promptly flashed a smile and swooped down on his cock.

"Arrrrrrhhhhh!"

Miles' groans grew louder as he felt her lips, tongue, and saliva lubricate the tip of his cock in a blissful warmth.

Sucking in a deep breath, he placed one of his hands encouragingly on her head.

Cassie swirled her tongue, coating his cock with saliva as her lips massaged his pulsing veins.

"Hmmm."

She hummed, her breathing stifled as she sucked his cock gently while softly cupping his jewels in her other palm.

"Arggggh"

Slurp! Slurp! "Hmmm."

Cassie leaned down and sucked him more devotedly, taking him deeper to experience the warmth.

"Yeah, good girl. Suck it."



Miles held his breath and her hair, feeling overly stimulated by her small, delicate grip compared to the large, firm hands of Hannah and the rest.

Each movement of her tongue was like a teasing blow that left him nodding as she kept playing with his balls.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to them, Josephine was peeping through the hole, watching her younger sister suck her stepbrother's huge cock.

Losing count of how many times she had swallowed her saliva, Josephine had unknowingly lowered her hand and slipped it between her thighs as she watched four inches disappear inside Cassie's mouth.

But even that wasn't as stimulating as hearing Miles call Cassie a good girl.

She wanted to be called one too, so she slipped her finger between her slippery lips to stroke her clit.

Slowly, she watched the next scene unfold with bated breath.

"Arhhhh."

Groaning once more as she slowly licked and

sucked his cock, Miles stopped Cassie mid-act by tightening his grip on her head to pull her back.

Sensing his intent, Cassie withdrew her gaze, which had been solemnly focused on making him cum.

Looking up at his face, she showed a bit of displeasure that he had interrupted her.

Noting this, Miles barely restrained himself from laughing out loud just to tease her, fearing she might bite his cock or crush his jewels, which were still in her palm.

Cassie pulled back, leaving just a thin strand of saliva and precum connecting her lips to his tip.

"What?" Pouting innocently, she kept stroking the base of his cock while looking up at him.

"Let's make things fun. I'm feeling a bit bored," Miles said with a teasing grin.

"Hmm? What do you mean?" Cassie asked innocently.

"Take off your shirt. Let me see them too while you suck it," Miles said with a simple shrug of his shoulders.



"Are you mad?" Cassie blurted out, sounding angry as she quickly let go of his cock and used both arms to cover her chest protectively.

Seeing her cute resistance, Miles' cock twitched, pulsing as he stared down at her, his gaze directed specifically at her lips, which were coated with his precum.

"Calm down, what's with the drama? It's not like I'm trying to ravish you or something. I'm your brother, remember?" Miles sneered, causing her to frown before she quickly switched back to her cute act.

Seeing this, Miles continued to convince her.

"It's not like I can't see them if I want to. In fact, I definitely will," he said, his voice hinting at a specific scenario. She blushed, biting her lip hard just to keep up her front.

"Or... I could sneak into your room and peek at you while you bathe," he added in a casual tone, as if he weren't threatening her.

Cassie's face changed instantly, erupting like a volcano.

Though she liked the image, she directly rebuked him.

"You... I'll report you to mom!"



After pointing her finger at him for a couple of seconds with nothing else to say, she meekly threw in a random card.

Staring at her, Miles wanted to fall to his knees, hold his stomach, and slap the floor repeatedly in laughter.

'If only she knew I'm fucking Hannah and Deb.'

He entertained the thought for a moment, then set it aside, choosing to play an ace card instead.

"Tell mom? I hope you also tell her about the way you stroked my CONQUEROR." He waved his cock at her face with a grin that made her eyes widen and her heart tremble at what he was about to say next.

"Remember? That night? Right next to mom. You touched it and did whatever you wanted with it."

Cassie's eyes widened, and she froze.

Scenarios flashed through her head in rapid succession.

Realizing that Miles had only pretended to be asleep that night—and that she had persistently called him a pervert after what she did—her heart almost leapt out of her chest.



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She felt as if the ground should open up and swallow her whole from sheer embarrassment.

Her heart kept pounding, and she didn't even know how to react.

Everything kept replaying in her head, her face flushing so hard it felt like it might explode at any moment.

But the one who had received the biggest blow was Josephine.

So much had been going on under the same roof that she had absolutely no clue about. 1

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