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Recalling that night, she created a scene in her mind where she lay next to Miles and Cassie crossed over Hannah's body to stroke Miles' cock. ¹

Thinking about it, she felt stupid rather than jealous.

She covered her mouth even more tightly as she watched the next scene.

Left with no choice as she withstood Miles' gaze, Cassie trembled slightly, blushing as she slowly pulled up her shirt.

Focusing his eyes, Miles watched the hem withdraw against her skin to slowly uncover two plump, sweet-looking treasures.

Biting her lip nervously, Cassie pulled her shirt over her small, perky breasts, presenting them before his eyes with a flushed face.

"Damn."

Miles cursed under his breath as he saw them.

His cock twitched in his pants, and he held his breath just to tame it.

Noticing his flexing, curved, thick cock had



recovered its rigidity, Cassie stared wide-eyed at it as she came to a realization.

'Did it straighten back for me?'

She thought, staring intently at his pulsing cock right at her face.

And yes, it was just as she thought. As if it had a mind of its own, it bobbed, nodding toward her face.

Her face flushed, but she wasn't shy.

Knowing the effect of her breasts, she withdrew her gaze from his cock and looked up at him with a flushed smile, then began rubbing her breasts for his entertainment.

"They look nice and very soft," he commented as his eyes locked on her tits, deeply analyzing their beauty, softness, size, and weight, all while subconsciously holding his breath so as not to pounce on her.

His cock kept twitching as she played with them, cupping them with playful intent before his gaze.

Unable to bear it any longer, he moved slightly, closing the distance between them.

"Hmmm."



Cassie protested at the sudden move as the seething weight of his cock rested on her face.

Letting go of her breasts, she directly grabbed his cock with both hands in a threatening clench that made his breath hitch.

"At least give me a moment," she pouted, then began stroking his cock softly, using her face to feel its warmth before sliding it inside her mouth.

It slid past her lips, and her tongue circled around it with saliva.

Her mouth was so stuffed full that the side of her cheek bulged.

"Argggg."

Miles groaned from the bliss, touching her head encouragingly as he stared down at her, watching her stroke his cock and put it inside her mouth while also being granted a view of her fair, soft, delicate, perky small breasts.

She guided her mouth purposefully, licking the shaft and sniffing his balls while stroking him up.

Proceeding to take five inches of him, she ground her teeth softly against his thick meat for a couple of minutes.



Peeping through the hole, Josephine constantly rubbed her clitoris, standing stiffly as she watched everything unfold while trying to comfort herself.

Finally content, Miles pulled Cassie's hair back, the tip of his cock still being sucked.

Cassie looked up at him cutely, sensing he wanted to say something.

He rubbed her face sweetly before speaking.

"Like last time, hit me if you can no longer take it, okay?"

Hearing his words, Cassie's eyes widened as she recalled that piece of memory where he had thrust inside her mouth with swift slurp sounds.

Remembering how she had choked on it and felt suffocated, her body reeled with desire and her pussy got wetter. How could she not? She was barely holding onto her rationality because he wouldn't do it even if she wanted to unless they had won the stage.

Putting that aside, it was the heavy feeling of his cock in her mouth that planted something deep inside her.

"Hmmm," she hummed, nodding her head in



acceptance as she nervously prepared for what was coming, letting go of his shaft and resting her hands on his thighs instead.

Close by, Josephine watched even more intently.

Closing his eyes, Miles placed both hands on her hair, holding his breath as he first gyrated with his cock inside her mouth to ease the tension.

"Argh—\$\$:@"&:)"

Cassie's incomprehensible voice was crushed and violated before she could gasp.

Miles directly shoved seven inches inside her mouth, burying it for about two seconds before pulling it back out.

"Arg—"

Cassie's moan was almost inaudible. She held onto his thighs with widened eyes as he shoved it back in, then began fucking her mouth, pulling out just after reaching her throat and pushing it back in a second later.

She opened her mouth wide for him, barely holding on as both the force imbued in his actions and the suffocation ravaged her whole being. She should have felt immense pain and



given up under normal circumstances, but blissful joy coursed through her instead, giving her a moment to watch as he shoved it back inside her mouth, producing a slurping sound as thick saliva—or perhaps mucus—spread over it to create a smooth, slippery motion.

"Arghhh."

Groaning at the tightness of her mouth and the shaky view of her small, delicate bosom, he fucked Cassie's throat even faster and felt the immense wave of pleasure approaching from afar.

Sulk! Sulk! Sulk!..

The wet sound of his thrusts inside her mouth echoed, reverberating through the studio.

Watching this scene, Josephine gripped the doorframe with everything she had and dipped her finger deeper.

Then she felt it: the almost unattainable bliss coating her finger. Her legs buckled and she slammed her butt against the floor with a soft thud.

"Arggh!"

She heard it—Miles' bestial groan of ultimate bliss.



Cassie hadn't beaten his thighs, so he used the opportunity to bury everything down her throat and cummed.

"Ahhhh."

Cassie's desperate, gagging cry with a clear bubbling sound was the last thing to be heard.

Dominic City Central Police Station.

The usually steadfast and busy epicenter of Dominic City was currently in a chaotic upheaval.

There was no peace, no delay; everything was in utter chaos.

Many cops could be seen charging out of the station; even those who had been off duty were called back.

But in this epicenter of chaos while everyone raged, captains and lieutenants of other departments gathered together inside a secluded briefing room, sitting in silence with a strong tension coursing through the atmosphere.

No one smiled, no one seemed to be whispering to another—only contained rage.

However, everyone's eyes seemed to converge



on one person, who stood at the front, sweating profusely under their gaze.

He was Natalie's subordinate, the lieutenant who had been with her when she was abducted.

Bang!!

Before the atmosphere could continue to boil, a single punch to the door shattered it.

"Can somebody tell me what the fuck is going on?"

A furious voice blustered through the briefing room, and the heart of everyone present skipped a beat.

Storming inside the room was a bulky old man who defied his age, loosening his tie with an almost crazed look, as if he wanted to eat everyone in the room.

It was the Inspector. The Inspector of Police was actually here himself.

Bang!

With the same force it had been opened, the door slammed shut as the Inspector stepped forward, his eyes scanning the room in fury.

"Tell me what the fuck is going on!"



Silence...

No one said a word, especially the lieutenant who had reported the situation.

The Inspector sneered at the silence.

"A bunch of sneaky rats dared to abduct one of us, and you all still stand here? Where is the culprit?"

The Inspector barked, and they all lowered their heads.

"You!"

The Inspector's eyes landed on the standing lieutenant.

The lieutenant quickly raised his head, swallowing his saliva as he looked straight ahead.

There was another round of silence.

Then, though still breathing heavily, the Inspector visibly calmed himself to speak.

"What happened?"

He asked in a commanding tone.

The air turned dangerously quiet as everyone waited.

"The Captain found a connection between the



six burnt dead bodies and the missing high school students. She said the primary suspect was most likely a target like the missing ones, and they would soon come for him. So, we went on a lookout for him. She asked me to use a different vehicle while we looked out for the kid... But then—"

He paused, his breath trembling before continuing.

"—A homeless man walked by, asking for a dollar. I was about to look away when someone sneaked up beside me and used something to knock me out. When I regained consciousness, the Captain was gone, including her vehicle."

Everyone in the room listened with rapt attention.

After about ten seconds of silence, the Inspector's eyes turned dangerously calm.

"Who are 'they'?"

He asked.

"The Brick House Syndicate."

An expression of disgust quickly masked the Inspector's face.

"A bunch of sneaky lowlifes think they can abduct one of us now?"



He sneered dangerously.

"Commence a drug raid. Make it quick and fast so they have little time to react, and wipe each of them out in a gunfire exchange. Let it be known that we'll give them twelve hours, or they face the wrath of the force."

He ordered, causing everyone present to nod.

Abducting or killing a captain of the force was like spitting in their faces. No one tolerated it.

"Dismissed."

The Inspector ordered.

