



248 Annie's Guilty Pleasure

After cumming in Cassie's mouth, Miles pulled out his cock, and she quickly used her palm to cover her mouth in order to stop the sticky cum from leaking past her chin. 1

Grabbing his thigh for support, Cassie hurriedly stood up and rushed toward the restroom, leaving Miles to glance down at his dwindling, slimy dick.

"Fuck," he cursed in a low tone, pulling back on his pants while feeling the need to wash up.

Meanwhile, by the door, Josephine slowly sneaked away as silently as she could after an intense orgasm from watching Miles deepthroat her younger sister with his huge cock.

Quickly rubbing herself underneath her shirt, she soon got out and hurried back home like nothing happened.

After Cassie finished cleaning up, they both packed up and headed home.

"End of practice. We'll use the remaining days to stimulate your excitement into mental review. We'll dance on stage, and you better



not get that thing up."

Casting a flushed glance at his crotch, Cassie quickly turned away.

Dominic City.

After a grand union ceremony that gathered the gym community under the bright LED lights, amidst claps, cheers, and splendid decorations at the venue entrance, a tall, bulky man in a tight-fitting black suit and a short, petite lady in a white wedding gown walked the red carpet toward a big carriage capable of accommodating them both at the other end.

"What a destined couple!"

"Hahaha, you better handle her, bro!"

Claps erupted from the crowd, and everyone waved at the newlyweds, unaware of the subtle look of disturbance on the petite bride's face.

Beneath that veil, Annie constantly bit her lip and fidgeted with her fingers holding the flowers. With every step, she brought her thighs together to suppress the dripping sensation between them while constantly thinking about it—the guilt of what she did with Miles yesterday and the shame that followed when she heard the claps and cheers around her.



Experiencing two conflicting emotions, she was horny and dripping wet, but not for her fiancé—now husband—Max, the person whose name she had just taken and sworn to love for better or worse before everyone gathered today. She was dripping wet for Miles, a person who wasn't even present, though the grin on his face kept flashing in her head.

Bearing these feelings, she stepped into the carriage with her husband beside her.

As for why they were using a carriage instead of a car, it was because of her husband's size and his fear of an accident.

Waving at the crowd just like her husband was, Annie bit her lip, her smile quickly vanishing as the carriage began moving.

Unable to bear the guilt, she suddenly leaned in and hugged her husband from the side, resting her head on his shoulder and wrapping her arms around him with deep emotion.

"Hahaha. Take it easy, pookie. We'll reach home soon."

Stunned, Max laughed and reciprocated the gesture, unaware that the reason she hugged him was to subdue her lust for Miles' cock—an attempt to mask her desperate desire with his



presence.

"...I can't wait," Annie hummed softly, snuggling closer into his embrace.

Minutes later...

The moment the newlywed couple got inside their new home, things instantly erupted, and it was Annie who made the first move. Her hands tangled in his tie, kissing him fiercely like a wild animal in heat.

In only a moment, she had snaked her legs around her husband, letting him tear her wedding dress apart as she hungrily began to dig in.

In the dark, Annie closed her eyes, envisioning everything around her—that massage room, and the hands groping her—to be Miles.

They somehow managed to get into the bedroom, and she felt herself being tossed onto the bed, landing with a subtle thud.

Her husband descended upon her, but she imagined it was Miles with that trademark grin and smirk. That was until he laid atop her and she felt his pesky little thing rub against her dripping clit. She instantly jolted awake from her daze, opening her eyes to her husband's smiling face at her heated passion.



Before she could even process it, a wave of guilt slammed into her so hard it threatened to squeeze her heart. Tears streamed down the corners of her eyes as she saw his face, but it only served to further twist the pleasure and yearning her pussy felt for that distant cock.

Feeling her husband thrust into her, she only let out heavy breaths, closing her eyes to a brief memory.

'If only I hadn't gone to that spa... This would have been my only world. My pleasure... my happiness...'

The thought echoed in her subconscious, filled with regret and twisted bliss.

Inwardly, she felt nothing as her husband entered her repeatedly. She faked an intense moan that was fueled by the twisted, burning desires she sought to deceive. Yet it didn't even reach eight minutes when he pulled out, pouring his seed onto the sheets so as not to soil her delicate, pristine image.

Such care and thoughtfulness, yet the thought prompted in her mind: 'He should have just poured it on me at least...' She had this thought as an image of Miles spewing cum on her formed in her mind.



He was what she needed.

Biting her lip with the guilt and shame she buried deep within, she stared at her husband, who was panting above her with a smile, believing she had enjoyed it.

That sincere and pure love in his eyes made her break free from the confinement of her mind and act.

"Let's go on a month-long honeymoon first thing tomorrow morning," she blurted out, afraid that she might run away tonight to find Miles' cock. Now that she had managed to think clearly, this was her immediate thought.

Though stunned by this, her husband readily agreed, and they cuddled until he fell asleep.

A couple of hours later, Annie sneaked out of his embrace and went to an old friend—one she hadn't used in a long time. Even if it was smaller than Miles', she thought it was still better than her husband's to offer some respite from Miles' own.

A seven-inch dildo.

Meanwhile, a couple of hours prior, somewhere in Dominic City—away from the epicenter of the police-versus-gang clash—sat Sinclair's Duplex.



"What's going on? You guys are even quieter than yesterday. Exam stress? My poor babies," Hannah said at the dining table, smiling at the three of them as they ate in silence.

Next to her, Miles smiled and glanced at the other three.

'Well, don't ask me. I don't know what's going on here either.'

From his understanding, Josephine and Deb still had an awkward relationship due to Josephine's jealousy. But strangely, she seemed even more withdrawn from Cassie today.

He had checked the Infatuation Gauge earlier and discovered there was a new entry, and Josephine was now at 100%.

He was still trying to figure out where he slipped up. Or had someone spread what he had done to them, causing them to have intense sexual thoughts toward him?

Josephine's percentage wasn't a total surprise, since she was already at 98% before.

Staring intently at her cold expression for a moment, Miles could only swallow his doubts and resume eating.

Meanwhile, Cassie happily ate, raising her head

to answer Hannah's inquiry.

"Well, I had a nice—even great—day," she smiled, shrugging her shoulders.

Josephine paused upon hearing this, her heart skipping a beat with jealousy before she nodded, remaining silent.

"At least someone is being honest." Hannah shook her head and focused her gaze on Josephine. "Baby, your prom night is just a night away. Got any date you would like me to meet?" Hannah asked curiously, drawing everyone's attention to Josephine.

After a moment of silence, Josephine rolled her eyes.

"I don't know yet..." she said, revealing how lonely she truly felt for the first time.

Inwardly, at this moment, Josephine's heart quivered with enlightenment as she suddenly figured out a candidate.

"My poor baby," Hannah pouted.

A couple of minutes later, everyone was done eating, with nothing much left to say.

Saying that he would handle cleaning up the dishes, the rest of his sisters ascended the



stairs while Hannah stayed behind. She appeared as though she wanted to say something, but held back with a smile that suggested otherwise.

Seeing that smile, Miles instantly knew he had a long night ahead of him.

About twenty minutes later, he finished cleaning up the kitchen and went to his room. But less than five minutes after that, he heard a subtle knock on his door.

"...I have a surprise for you."

Author's Quick Note:

My dear beloved readers.

The past few days has been hectic as fuck. Traveling and getting a new apartment is no joke. Still trying to set up my room, and do a lot of other shit. **1**

I'm sorry for not updating, from now I'll do all I can to update either 2 chaps or 1 chaps with 1500 words count. **2**

Thank you very much guys.