

Chapter 1797 Be Gentle

Every time Janet heard Brandon's deep, alluring voice, a sense of calm washed over her. She nodded in agreement, confessing, "Ever since I met Wren, I've had this feeling that something about her is off, but I can't quite pinpoint it."

Brandon tenderly stroked her hair, a charming smile playing on his lips as he reassured her, "You're just a bit too tense, darling. Don't fret; I can find out who is Jeremy's teacher."

Janet's eyes sparkled with hope as she gazed up at him. "How so?"

Brandon's fingers danced lightly over Janet's smooth shoulders as he deftly began to remove her clothes.

Flustered by his touch, Janet protested weakly, "Hey! What are you doing?"

Before she could finish her sentence, Brandon's lips claimed hers in a passionate kiss. His embrace was cool yet tantalizing, stirring up a whirlwind of emotions within her.

She found herself lost in his embrace, her breathless gasps punctuated by soft whimpers of pleasure.

Brandon pressed his body against hers, his breath sending shivers down her spine as he whispered teasingly, "Would you say this qualifies as a method?"

His lips brushed against her earlobe, eliciting a soft gasp from her.

As Brandon took her, pleasure surged through her body, causing her to involuntarily release moans of bliss.

Janet's body tensed momentarily, discomfort mingling with desire below.

Brandon continued to tease her, nibbling her tongue, igniting a primal rhythm between them. She found herself moving in tandem with him, unable to distinguish between the heat of their bodies.

Feeling the size of him, her senses were overwhelmed as she felt herself stretching and expanding below.

"Please... be gentle." Her protests were feeble, sounding more like enticed pleas as Brandon's movements grew more forceful, eliciting pitiful pleas for mercy from Janet.

Janet held onto Brandon tightly as he kissed her with fervor, their tongues entwining in a passionate dance, exploring each other's mouths. She felt an insatiable thirst, eagerly returning his kisses with equal fervor.

Their passionate exchange mirrored the intensity building below them.

"Ah..." Janet's grip on the sheets tightened as their union grew more heated, her breath coming in quick, ragged gasps. "Slower... Please, slower..."

Their bodies melded together, releasing a slick fluid that eased their movements, each thrust accompanied by a surge of pleasure.

Janet's legs wrapped around his narrow waist as she arched her head back, her moans of pleasure filling the air. "Brandon..."

Brandon deftly flipped Janet over, his eyes tracing the graceful contours of her flawless back, admiring the delicate curve of her spine and the elegant butterfly bones that adorned it.

With her slender waist exposed and her back accessible, Brandon pressed into her with increasing urgency, each rapid thrust fragmenting her moans into gasps of pleasure.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Brandon intensified his movements, driving Janet to the brink of ecstasy against the pool wall.

With a few final, powerful thrusts, Janet reached the peak of pleasure, her body trembling with release as her inner walls clenched tightly around him.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of the moment, Brandon couldn't hold back any longer, his warmth spilling into her as she pulsed with pleasure, her body pulsating as if savoring every drop of him.

Janet clung to Brandon's shoulders, her mouth open in silent ecstasy as she reached the pinnacle of pleasure, her breasts swaying with each shudder of her climax.

As they lay together, breathless and spent, Janet's gaze drifted down to their naked reflections in the mirror. To her surprise, she saw him ready and eager once again.

Her beautiful waist captivated his senses, rendering him momentarily spellbound. She shook her head, her voice a desperate plea. "Wait, please..."

But her plea was silenced as Brandon entered her from behind.

Throughout the night, they shifted positions, indulging in each other's desires until her voice grew hoarse and her body trembled with exhaustion. Yet, the man atop her remained insatiable, not relenting until the break of dawn.

After a soothing shower, Brandon gently tucked the drowsy woman into bed, covering her with a warm quilt.

Traces of his affection adorned her collarbone in the form of love bites, a testament to their night of passion.