

Chapter 1852 Do You Want Me To Use Another One

Brandon gently removed Janet's hand from her bite mark and kissed the tooth marks on the back of her hand. Smiling, he breathed in her staggered exhale, tasting her breath.

He was still dressed. Janet lifted his shirt and slid her hand underneath to touch his firm abs, making him moan softly.

He placed his hand on her neck and raised his head to meet her eyes, filled with a smile and a hint of moisture. Something deep within him softened, leaving him at a loss for words.

Brandon kissed her deeply, nibbling her lips with passion. As their tongues intertwined, a hint of sweetness from her blood mixed with the fervor of their embrace. Their bodies pressed together with fervent urgency, causing a surge of desire. His hand wandered down to her crotch, where he found her already soaked with arousal.

Janet felt the wetness. Brandon eased her apart with his damp fingers.

His desire was unmistakable. His fingers explored, seeking entry. The sensation made her instinctively tighten around him, but instead, she pulled him closer by the waist.

Brandon shifted, using his legs to hold himself up to keep from weighing her down.

He didn't take off his clothes. As he drew near, the coarse fabric of his shorts grazed her sensitive spot, teasingly close but not quite making contact. The unique sensation left Janet longing for more.

Brandon buried his head in her neck, planting it with deep kisses. Moisture enveloped them, blurring the line between her sweat from the heat and his saliva from their fervent kisses.

His hand covered the spot between her legs, feeling her wetness. Her shoulders and collarbones bore his marks as he nibbled her earlobe. Feeling ticklish, she leaned back, muffling her shy voice.

The cock raised his underwear, and the fluid dripping from the tip dimmed the surroundings. Janet's lower half turned as slick as honey. Brandon slid his manhood against her thighs before pressing it against her entrance. 2

Feeling empty, Janet murmured, "Brandon..."

Brandon's desire flared up at her unspoken hint, stirring his soul. Despite patiently engaging in foreplay, he couldn't resist any longer. Without giving her time to adjust, he thrust deeply into her.

He pulled her close as if to merge her into himself.

"You..." Her body tensed, unsure whether to resist or yield. "You are too much! You... Ah... Mm... Wait... I... Stop..."

He didn't wait for her to catch her breath. He simply held her and thrust into her, silencing her angry voice.

The next morning, Janet woke up to sunlight streaming through the window. She glanced at the nearly empty condoms on the bedside table, recalling Wren's advice. Her body required six months of recovery before attempting to conceive. She pondered how to communicate this to Brandon.

Just then, Brandon entered with her favorite juice. Noticing her gaze, he smiled and asked, "Why are you looking at this so early in the morning? Do you want me to use another one?"

Janet blushed bright red all of a sudden. She distanced herself from Brandon, hurried to the bathroom, and said, "I just realized we're almost out. Don't forget to grab some more."

Brandon chuckled, clearly amused. "Okay. I'll get some today."

Janet felt so bashful that her cheeks stayed hot until she slammed the bathroom door and splashed her face with cold water a few times.

After breakfast, Janet dressed in a crisp white professional suit. Brandon personally drove her to the studio.

As they passed familiar streets, Janet looked out the window. She smiled and said, "This is the first time I've felt so passionate about my work."

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Brandon, hands on the steering wheel, turned to her with a grin and said, "Haven't you always enjoyed working? From what I remember, you've always been very dedicated."

Janet smiled back and said, "Before, it was about making a living. Now, it's about love. Maybe after losing so much, I've learned to value things more. Since getting my memories back, I find that everything I took for granted seems precious, and I want to cherish it all." 1