

Mogul 881

[Chapter 881 Pleasure](#)

A man and woman rolled on the bed and lay on top of each other. All of a sudden, the former rolled up the latter's tight skirt, exposing her fair and slender legs.

Janet's white shirt had been torn open, revealing her plump breasts cupped in her white bra. They were as flawless as porcelain if it were not for the red marks Brandon had made.

At this moment, he straddled Janet's waist and hastily took off her coat.

He then moved to separate her legs, and the white panties underneath her dress was exposed.

It was soaking wet, and the middle part was sticking to her vagina.

Brandon removed her underwear and stroked Janet's wet vulva with his slender finger.

He touched her quivering hole and, suddenly, inserted his finger in it.

[Chapter 882 Who Wanted To Take Revenge On You](#)

Janet rolled over in bed, eyes closed, following a romantic night.

She wished she could go back to sleep, but she felt uneasy between her legs. It felt painful once it was touched.

In shock, Janet opened her eyes.

"You're up. Don't you want to sleep some more?" From behind her, a man spoke in a hushed tone. Feeling her rolling over, Brandon put down the newspaper he was reading and gazed directly into her eyes.

Upon seeing his flawless face, Janet quickly recalled the way she was begging him for more last night.

What a bad move!

Janet shut her eyes and pulled the quilt over her face.

Snoring soon came from the quilt.

[Chapter 883 The Most Eligible Man](#)

Derek looked haggard. He had dark circles around his eyes and one could clearly see from a glance at him that he hadn't managed to get a wink of sleep all night.

"Go and ask the police to see how the investigation is coming along," he said. Derek was drained of all

energy and didn't even notice that there were other people in the elevator ahead of them.

"Don't bother. Look ahead." Wilder nudged Derek's arm and signaled him to look up.

Derek looked up at the elevator in confusion. When his gaze fell on Janet, there was a spark of surprise in his eyes.

But soon, he also noticed the man standing beside her.

[Chapter 884 The Model From Last Nigh](#)

In a high-end restaurant in Northcliffe.

Brandon and Janet were seated in VIP room. Its floor-to-ceiling windows allowed them to overlook the lush garden outside, but Janet was not really in the mood to sightsee.

The atmosphere was tense, and perhaps a little awkward. "Take a look," Brandon said as he handed her the menu. "See what you would like to eat."

Janet took the booklet and pretended to read it while closely observing Brandon's expressions.

"I asked you to check the menu. Why are you staring at me instead? Do I have the food items written on my face?" Brandon seemed like his usual self.

[Chapter 885 Drive Kathie Away](#)

Janet was visibly upset. She didn't want to get Brandon involved in her work. "Don't worry," she said reassuringly. "I can handle it myself."

"What's your plan?" Brandon asked. "Confront her face to face? Do you have any evidence to prove it was Kathie who planned everything last night?" Brandon's questioning hit the nail on the head.

Janet lowered her head and took a slow, deep breath to calm down. "What are you going to do then?" she asked.

Holding her hand gently, Brandon turned back to the painting. "Don't let someone like Kathie ruin our day," he advised. "Let's enjoy the exhibition for now. It's interesting."

Janet's spirits were low. "They really did ruin my day, though," she muttered bitterly.

[Chapter 886 Say Goodbye To Zuri](#)

The door closed, and Janet looked away. She felt much better.

"These people only dare to provoke you because you've always kept a low-profile," said Brandon. He looked at her calmly.

Janet continued to appreciate the paintings. "I am here for work, and I have to keep a low profile," she replied. "If I brag about being Mrs. Larson or Miss White all the time, the public won't value me or my work probably."

[Chapter 887 Meet Derek Again](#)

Janet stared at the pizza and swallowed.

"No, thank you," she replied, quickly suppressing her desire and regaining her composure. "Are you going to Barnes for a fashion show?" she asked.

Were there any upcoming shows, though? Janet was a designer, so why didn't she know?

Derek put the pizza back into the box and took out some tissues to wipe his fingers. "My home is in Barnes," he explained. "I'm going to stay at home and develop my career. I'll probably cooperate with W Marks Studio soon. I told my manager to negotiate with the studio, and the cooperation project is being finalized."

[Chapter 888 High Profile Return](#)

"Stop watching. Let's go. We have something important to do." Seeing Derek absent-minded, Wilder elbowed him to get his attention.

"Wilder, do you think married couples still feel passionate about each other after many years?" The sudden question startled Wilder, who was still single.

[Chapter 889 Committed Suicide](#)

Janet didn't expect Sean would suddenly turn serious at her joke. She had the vague sense that something was wrong.

"If you have something to say, don't hesitate to say it, Sean."

Her intuition told her that Brandon was keeping something from her, and Sean knew what it was.

Sean stuttered for a moment, unsure of how to answer. He glanced at Brandon in a silent plea for help, but Janet immediately blocked his line of sight. "I asked you a question, Sean," she prodded with a bright smile. "What happened?"

[Chapter 890 Sympathy](#)

"But are you sure you're fully recovered? Why are you leaving in such a hurry? I need to double check with the doctor."

Janet was surprised that Draco was able to leave the hospital so soon.

She wanted to talk to the doctor about it, but Draco stopped her.

"Don't bother the doctor," said Draco. "A few days ago, Brandon sent the best medical team in the area here to take care of me. Naturally, I recovered quickly."

Draco looked a little tired, but he seemed to be moving comfortably and everything else appeared normal.

"Well, I'll help you pack your things then," said Janet. When she noticed him looking out the window periodically, she asked, "What are you looking at, Mr. Wesley?"