

Chapter 1164 A Satisfying Night

Brandon pressed Janet against the bed and caressed from her shins all the way up to her thighs. Janet's breathing quickened and hitched. "Wait for me to finish my work," she murmured.

"Give me two hours." Brandon kissed her neck and roughly pulled off her skirt and underwear.

The clothes fell on her feet.

Brandon lifted one of Janet's legs and put it over his shoulder. She was already wet. "How wet you are!" He marveled in a playful voice.

Biting her lower lip, Janet's eyes fell on the bulge between Brandon's legs.

Brandon removed his clothes, exposing his long, thick penis.

Holding it, he rubbed himself against Janet's welcoming pussy.

"Be gentle..." Janet pushed against the tips of her toes and widened her legs. Each time he entered

her, she became wetter.

Brandon slowly unbuttoned Janet's shirt, exposing her pure white, lace bra.

Her pink nipples strained against the delicate material, begging him to touch them.

Janet's mouth opened unconsciously. Brandon rubbed her breasts forcefully. "Ah," she moaned. "Ah... Ah... Honey..."

Brandon hooked Janet's other leg over his shoulder and thrust deeper. She felt him against the deepest parts of her body and trembled involuntarily.

When Brandon thrust into her with all his strength, she was tight but yielding, embracing his penis, squeezing him. It felt comfortable, natural. He increased the speed of his thrusts.

The bed sheet tangled beneath them. Janet's fingers clutched the pillow. She could not speak.

Brandon had found her most sensitive spot. He pressed against it, and she trembled all over. Her moans were intermittent. She shed joyful tears.

The bodies of the two intertwined, their breathing rough and uneven. Moans echoed between them,

like the honeyed words of lovers.

Finally, Brandon ejaculated into her body. Janet's mouth was wide; her throat too dry to speak.

Liquid flowed between her thighs.

Brandon's eyes were unfocused. He called her name in a low voice, and his thick, long, hard penis pushed deeper with each call until it filled her deepest part, and the liquid became a white fine foam, flowing from the meeting point of their bodies and between their legs, sliding down.

Janet's body was slippery with sweat, and Brandon's desire had been completely satisfied.


Lying on the pillow, Janet gasped for breath. Her hair was tangled. It clung to her neck and her flushed cheeks. She gazed at Brandon's contented face.

"Shall I take you to the bathroom?" Brandon shrugged into a bathrobe. His body glowed, satiated.

Janet shook her head. She couldn't even raise a finger.

Brandon returned to the bed and held her in his arms. He combed the tangles out of her long hair

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 +90 Points at most

with his slender fingers. "I think it's a great idea for you to call your studio Iris."

Leaning against his chest, Janet felt sleepy. She yawned and asked, "Why didn't you say anything about it before?"

"I'm just worried we will have less time together after you open your own studio." Brandon played with Janet's hair. He inhaled the fragrance of her body and kissed her. "Honey, let's do it again..."

He caressed Janet's breasts, then heard a gentle snore escape her nostrils...

Janet had fallen asleep.