

Chapter 1987 You're So Wet

In the quiet of the night, Janet was hunched over her desk, deep in concentration, sketching away.

Brandon rested his hands on Janet's shoulders. "You modifying Tasha and Lexi's design?"

Janet blushed, feeling caught. "Yeah, I sort of borrowed from their stuff to get Norma's attention. Now, I'm all tangled up in guilt, trying to make it right for Mrs. Blake."

Scooping her up, Brandon insisted, "You need a break. Plus, it's been forever since we had sex."

His voice thick with longing and patience, he leaned in, planting a kiss on Janet's lips.

The kiss sent a wave of warmth through Janet's body, making her legs feel like jelly. Her cheeks flushed pink as desire pulsed through her veins.

Reluctantly, she agreed, knowing she couldn't resist Brandon's request. "Fine..."

Janet was stunning in her sleek black dress, the color setting off her smooth skin beautifully. The intricate patterns on the sides highlighted her curves, while a daring slit showcased her toned legs and waist.

Brandon removed Janet's dress, pulling her close as he wrapped his arms around her waist. With a tender touch, he tilted her head and kissed her soft lips.

His hand slipped beneath her bra, his fingers finding her breast as he savored the sensation.

Breaking the kiss, Brandon turned Janet around, his gaze lingering on her as she caught her breath.

Their eyes met, and Janet shyly murmured his name. "Brandon..."

Without hesitation, he kissed her again, his warm tongue exploring her mouth eagerly. Moving lower, he deftly removed her bra and took her pink nipple into his mouth, eliciting a soft gasp from her.

He seized the nipple eagerly, sucking hard like a hungry child nursing.

With one hand entwined in his hair, Janet arched her neck, emitting a soft, melodic moan.

His lips and teeth grazed Janet's sensitive nipple, eliciting a mix of pleasure and discomfort. She groaned, squirming beneath him. "Easy... Ah... It hurts..."

Brandon focused on savoring her nipple, feeling it tighten and swell with his saliva.


Her arousal surged, her hips grinding against his erection as she clutched him close to her chest.

He abandoned finesse, pulling her close as he slipped his fingers beneath her panties, teasing her clit with feather-light touches. His voice husky, he murmured, "You're so wet."


A shiver of pleasure ran through Janet, her shyness fading. "I need you..." she whispered, her voice like music, wrapping her arms around his neck and gazing at him with longing.

Her words ignited his desire further. His throat tight, he continued to stimulate her clit, before slowly sliding a

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finger into her wetness.

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Chapter 1988 I Want You

As Brandon's finger slipped inside, Janet's pussy clenched tightly around it, enveloping it in its warmth and wetness.

He slowly slid his finger deeper, mimicking the rhythm of intercourse. When he withdrew it, his finger glistened with her arousal.

Janet, consumed by desire, unconsciously parted her legs, welcoming him eagerly and letting out moans of pleasure.

But even as he pleased her with his finger, her craving only intensified. She twisted in anticipation, craving something thicker, more substantial to satisfy her burning desire.

Sensing her need, Brandon withdrew his finger and swiftly removed his trousers. His erect penis sprung forth, poised to fulfill her longing.

Janet's gaze fixed on his impressive member, her longing palpable in her words. "I want it... I want you..."

He pressed his erection against her entrance, savoring the anticipation in the air. With a reassuring smile, he whispered, "Don't worry. I'll take care of you."

Gently, he guided her legs apart, positioning himself at her entrance. Slowly, he began to slide inside, each movement deliberate and unhurried.

Janet's senses were overwhelmed with pleasure, and any remaining shyness melted away as she eagerly took hold of his erection, guiding it deeper into her body.

As he penetrated her, she surrendered to the sensation, her body yielding to his gentle advances. Their eyes locked, breaths mingling in the air as they shared this intimate moment.

With a final, fervent thrust, he was fully immersed in her warmth. In an instant, her mind went blank, consumed by the overwhelming pleasure.

"Ah... It feels so good..."

Encouraged by her satisfaction, he began to move with increasing intensity and speed, driving them both to new heights of ecstasy.

The next day, Janet arrived at the studio with a wearied expression. As she reached for a cup of coffee, the studio door swung open.

Mrs. Blake entered, adorned in elegant attire and exquisite jewelry.

With a polite smile, she addressed Janet. "I hope I'm not interrupting. I commissioned a dress from your studio, and I've come to check on its progress."

Tasha and Lexi exchanged nervous glances. Mrs. Blake was notorious for her exacting standards, and even esteemed designers often found themselves on edge in her presence.

With a composed demeanor, Janet placed the design before her.

The dress, tailored to flatter Mrs. Blake's figure, exuded elegance without ostentation.

"I absolutely adore this dress. However, the color doesn't quite complement my complexion. At my age, it's quite the challenge to find a hue that suits me perfectly. Opt for something vibrant, and I risk accusations of trying too hard to appear youthful. And if I opt for darker shades, I become the subject of ridicule for being out of touch with current fashion trends." Mrs. Blake's commentary seemed endless.

Tasha had chosen the color, so she stepped forward to offer an explanation. "Hello, Mrs. Blake. The dress is actually a deep navy blue, crafted using a unique dyeing technique. While it may seem dark at first glance, it truly comes to life under different lighting conditions."

"Alright," Mrs. Blake conceded, seeming satisfied with Tasha's explanation. After admiring the design, she turned to Janet and gave her approval. "You may proceed with making the dress."

Lexi couldn't contain her excitement. The fact that they hadn't received any criticism indicated Mrs. Blake's approval. Furthermore, she seemed genuinely pleased with their work.

As Mrs. Blake departed, Lexi and Tasha exchanged joyful glances, celebrating their accomplishment.

However, Janet's smile was tempered by caution. "Don't celebrate too soon. This will be our first time using a special dyeing technique for a dress. We need to oversee the manufacturing process closely and ensure everything goes smoothly."

Eager to take charge, Lexi eagerly volunteered. "Leave it to me! I'll make sure everything goes according to plan."

At this moment, car horns blared from outside the door.