

## Chapter 1593 Put On The Sexy Lingerie

In the soft glow of the room, as the topic of their wager lingered between them, Brandon delicately eased the silk nightgown from Janet's frame.

The gown's descent revealed Janet in her full splendor. A sharp intake of breath from Brandon warmed her slender neck. "Dress in the ensemble you've crafted for yourself." He couldn't wait to see it.

Janet's senses heightened as the room's chill met her skin. Catching their reflection in the opulent mirror, she noticed Brandon's hands, gentle yet firm, exploring the contours of her silhouette. The intensity of his gaze, evident even in their reflection, made her heart race.

A soft pink hue adorned her with excitement and apprehension. Her thighs, almost drenched from the liquids tracing down from between her legs.

She whispered, barely audible, "Alright..."

With reverence, Brandon helped her into the

alluring lingerie she had designed.

The dark fabric contrasted against her skin, making it appear even more delicate. Its design accentuated her figure, with the side cut-outs and high slits showcasing her graceful legs and curves.

Transfixed, Brandon lost himself in the vision before him, words escaping him.

Janet, taking in her reflection, felt a mix of pride and shyness. She hesitated, then asked, "Do you... do you find it appealing?"

"It's breathtaking," he replied, his voice filled with emotion.

Drawn to her, he wrapped an arm around her waist, tilting her face to his, sealing the affirmation with a tender kiss.

He inserted his large, heated palm into her brassiere, effortlessly cradling one of her bosoms. He massaged it, causing the breast to quiver in a rhythmic motion.

Post the kiss, Janet was swiftly repositioned to face Brandon, barely given a chance to regain her breath.

Their gazes locked, and with a hint of bashfulness, Janet softly uttered his name, "Brandon..."

In the ensuing moment, Brandon's lips once again sealed onto hers, his warm tongue venturing into her mouth, engaging in an alluring dance with her own. Gradually, Brandon's kisses descended, his hand gently maneuvering the ornate bra, exposing her chest and teasingly enclosing a nipple within his mouth.

With a resolute nibble, he sucked fervently, reminiscent of a babe nursing.

Janet's fingers tangled in his ebony locks, her other hand resting upon his neck. Arching her graceful neck, she emitted a beguiling moan.

Brandon's lips and teeth occasionally grazed Janet's responsive breast, amplifying her melodious moans. Restlessness overcame her as she gasped, "Take it easy... Ah... Not so firm..."

Yet, Brandon was consumed by his fervor for the nipple ensconced within his mouth, his ardor undiminished. The nipple glistened with his salivary traces.

Through the mirror's reflection, Janet could vividly observe Brandon's actions as he sensually suckled her breast. The arousing tableau spurred an escalation in her bodily fluids, moistening the fabric between her thighs.

Overwhelmed by arousal, her lower half instinctively pressed against Brandon's arousal, a friction that set her aflame. Claspng his head fervently, she melded him to her chest, abandoning any semblance of restraint.

Finally breaking free from the embrace of her breasts, Brandon hoisted Janet, situating her on the cloakroom sofa, parting the fabric that concealed her most intimate region. His fingertips danced over her clitoris, his voice gruff as he inquired, "What's making you so wet?"

In the face of unabated desire, all traces of bashfulness vanished. Janet's arms encircled Brandon's neck, her beguiling gaze locking onto his, her words dripping with allure. "I want you..."

Her proclamation ignited a conflagration within Brandon. A tingling sensation coursed through him as he leisurely stimulated her clitoris with his fingers. Gradually, one digit ventured forth, probing tentatively.

Upon entry, the digit encountered the velvety embrace of damp, heated flesh, wrapping snugly around it.

With measured insistence, he plunged deeper until engulfed entirely. His rhythm remained

unwavering, the withdrawal of his finger often accompanied by a glimmer of translucent moisture.

Consumed by unbridled desire, Janet's legs parted, issuing intermittent, delicate moans.

Yet, despite the full insertion of Brandon's digit, her insatiable lust remained unsated. She contorted, aching for a more substantial and unyielding presence to fulfill her fervent yearnings.

Noting Janet's restless demeanor, Brandon withdrew his finger and promptly shed his trousers. His sizable, rigid manhood sprung forth, aligning itself with Janet's intimate area. Confronted by the substantial erection, Janet clenched her thighs and uttered, "I desire... I crave you..."

Positioning his shaft between her thighs, Brandon admired her allure. With a smile, he reassured, "Fear not. I shall gratify you shortly."

In the ensuing moment, he held her legs, parting them wide. The firm phallus found its place between her limbs, its movement deliberate and measured.

The deliberate rhythm nearly drove Janet to the brink of ecstasy. Casting aside all inhibitions,

she seized his member, hastening its entry into her eager depths.

Brandon's rigid length inched into her yielding form. Both captivated by the unfolding union, their breaths quickened in tandem.

At last, the entirety of his erection penetrated her, instantly filling her emptiness...

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

A sigh of contentment reverberated within the expansive cloakroom. Succumbing to desire, Brandon surrendered to forceful thrusts.