

Chapter 1859 Waking Up From A Nightmare

At night, Janet had an unsettling dream.

In her dream, while she was sketching a design, all the lines on the paper turned red, deepened in color, and began to leak from the paper, staining her dress red.

Startled, she stood up quickly and realized she was standing in a pool of blood.

When she tried to run, it felt like something was grabbing her legs and holding her back.

Suddenly, Janet woke up in bed, clutching the blanket and gasping for air.

She woke Brandon up. He looked at her with concern and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling alright?"

Still shaken, Janet sat bewildered.

Brandon quickly sat up, wrapped his arms around her, and patted her back soothingly. "It's alright, it's alright. Was it a nightmare?"

Janet breathed in deeply and started to chill out next to him. Then she nodded slowly and mumbled, "Well...I had this dream...Lots of blood..."

Hearing this, Brandon hugged her tighter and

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reassured her, "It's okay, I'm here for you. Don't worry."

The thought of Mandy lying in the ICU flashed through Janet's mind, stirring her anxiety. She sought solace in Brandon's embrace and asked him, "What would you do if you were Locke?"

Brandon reassured her patiently, "I'm not him. I'll make sure nothing happens to you. I'll protect you."

Janet was unsure whether Brandon's response was merely comforting or if it hinted at deeper feelings. His hand touched her as he spoke.

Janet could feel the hardness at his waist through the fabric, a sign of his long-standing discomfort, while her fear from the nightmare seemed to morph into something else.

Her hand traced the contour of his pants, increasing pressure as she reached the top. She leaned against his shoulder, and her quiet breaths tickled his ear, sending a chill down his spine.

She was in her underwear. Brandon couldn't remove it with one hand and pushed it up instead. Suddenly, she felt a chill and curled into his embrace. Her nipples trembled from the cold.

He held her breast in his hand and rubbed the nipple with his rough fingertips, causing a tingling sensation that Janet found unbearable. With a soft moan, she moved closer to him. She loosened her underwear and pressed her other breast against his chest.

Brandon's breathing grew heavier as he sucked on her nipple, drawing out the faint milky scent. He seemed entranced, his desire intensifying. Her eyes misted over. She felt a mix of pain and pleasure, and impulsively, she kicked him.

She was always sensitive. Brandon caressed her pink nipple with his tongue and delved deeper.

His warm breath spread continuously. The thrill caused Janet to cry out. She clutched his hair, pushed his head away, and, in the next moment, kissed him deeply.

Janet was now naked. She wrapped her legs around his waist.

Brandon pressed her down on the bed and pressed his finger inside her.

Cold, hard touches probed inside Janet, eliciting a strange sensation that softened her body. Her ears and cheeks reddened, her eyes watered, and even her gaze at him was flirtatious.

He did it deliberately.

Janet sat up and unzipped Brandon's pants. She felt numb as his tongue continued its deep movements. Then she pulled away from his intense kiss and leaned against his chest, breathing heavily.

After Brandon put on the condom, he felt the moisture on himself. He kissed her and parted her legs, moving closer to her. He softly opened her and caressed her a few times before he entered her.

