

Chapter 1893 It Tastes Good

"I'm just joking," Brandon said, finding amusement in Janet's panicked expression. He paused, impatiently unbuttoning his pants with one hand. His erection suddenly popped out, teasing against her moist vagina. He slowly rubbed himself against dripping pussy, but didn't penetrate.

Brandon's gentle movements sent shivers through Janet's body, igniting sensations so potent they seemed to surge through her like electricity. Despite his yet unfulfilled penetration, her mind and body harmonized, edging her closer to the brink of ecstasy with each tender touch.

Janet, overcome with bashfulness, refrained from lifting her hips. Instead, she teased the tip of Brandon's member with intention, her actions guided by a shared desire. Lost in the sacred bliss of the moment, her thoughts dissolved into the ecstasy they created together.

She bit her lip, a subtle sign of her longing, as she discreetly pressed her legs together, hiding her eagerness from Brandon.

"It tastes good!" Brandon released her breast, leaving her nipples erect and taut with arousal. With a smirk, he pressed a tender kiss to her cheek, momentarily lulling her into a sense of ease. Just as Janet began to relax, he swiftly lifted himself with one hand and entered her one deep thrust.

Brandon's skillful touch caused Janet a fleeting moment of discomfort, swiftly eclipsed by waves of pleasure before she could utter a sound.

Recalling Janet's earnest pause earlier, Brandon redoubled his efforts, quickening his pace and focusing on stimulating her most sensitive areas. With each intensified movement, her reactions deepened, eliciting choked sobs of ecstasy.

"Brandon... Slow down..." Janet's face flushed with exhilaration as she reached out, grasping Brandon's shoulders for support, ensuring her balance amidst the tumultuous waves of pleasure.

As Brandon thrust hard, the veins on his arms stood out prominently. With one hand gripping her waist, he used the other to squeeze her nipple firmly, teasing and stimulating it with fervor. Before Janet could fully process the overwhelming pleasure, his actions sent a surge of ecstasy to her brain. With a smirk, he bit her earlobe, his voice a soft whisper. "Call me by my name."

Brandon was skilled. He was more like a beast.

This thought briefly flickered through Janet's mind before his movements once again rendered her thoughts nonexistent.

Kneeling before Janet, Brandon didn't withdraw but left half of himself inside her as he stood to remove his pajamas.

With one hand skillfully unbuttoning his pajamas, Brandon used the other to prevent Janet from escaping. Once his pajamas were undone, he casually threw them away and leaned over, pressing

his chest against hers.

He whispered in a low voice, "Call my name, Janet."

"Brandon... Slow down...Please... Mm... It hurts..." Janet instinctively tilted her head, evading the kiss, but Brandon countered by biting her lips once more.

Brandon followed with a deep, passionate kiss.

Simultaneously, he exerted his strength, thrusting his body against hers. His rigid member surged forward, its head pressing into Janet's narrow, tightened cervix.

The intertwining sensations of overwhelming pain and pleasure engulfed Janet's body, causing her to suddenly widen her eyes.

As Brandon's penetration broke through, Janet's legs instinctively straightened out. She felt an intense tension coursing through her body, as if she were a taut string connecting heaven and earth.

With each movement, Brandon's actions seemed to tremble the very string of tension within her, teetering on the brink of unraveling. Despite the fear that gripped her, Janet also anticipated the impending rush of divine pleasure.

Brandon appeared at ease, finding comfort in Janet's embrace as he continued panting, battling the overwhelming urge to climax. He withdrew slightly before thrusting back into her repeatedly, the head of his penis frequently striking her cervix. Unable to contain herself, Janet arched her body, overcome with sobs and tremors.

Janet wrapped her arms around his neck, lifting her body and biting him firmly. Their teeth clashed, creating a dull sound as the smell of blood filled their mouths. Suddenly, Brandon withdrew his ejaculating penis, leaving a thick, white release in the air.

Brandon's chest rose and fell with violent heaves as he collapsed onto Janet's back, drenched in sweat. With his eyes partially closed, he surrendered himself to the lingering sensations of the ejaculation, lost in its aftermath.

When he finally lifted his head, he found Janet with closed eyes, either asleep or passed out, drained from their tumultuous encounter.