

Chapter 871 Pleasure

A man and woman rolled on the bed and lay on top of each other. All of a sudden, the former rolled up the latter's tight skirt, exposing her fair and slender legs.

Janet's white shirt had been torn open, revealing her plump breasts cupped in her white bra. They were as flawless as porcelain if it were not for the red marks Brandon had made.

At this moment, he straddled Janet's waist and hastily took off her coat.

He then moved to separate her legs, and the white panties underneath her dress was exposed.

It was soaking wet, and the middle part was sticking to her vagina.

Brandon removed her underwear and stroked Janet's wet vulva with his slender finger.

He touched her quivering hole and, suddenly, inserted his finger in it.

As he stimulated her insides, he caressed her breast at the same time. In an instant, her nipples

turned red and hard. They looked as though they were waiting to be fondled and played with.

Janet, who was lying on her back, gasped in anticipation. She looked down and watched as Brandon kneaded her breast. As it was big, he could not hold it with one hand and could only squeeze it into different shapes.

"Is this enough?" Brandon teasingly asked as he gazed at the look of pleasure on Janet's face.

She did not answer and just blushed with embarrassment as his finger circled in her wet insides.

Brandon's finger was slender yet powerful. As it rubbed against her G-spot, Janet whimpered and quivered.

"Are you going to climax again?" he mischievously asked.

Janet could only blush with shyness.

Unable to take it any longer, Brandon took off his trousers and aimed his strong and hard dick at her hole. Then, ever so slowly, he pushed it deep into her.

"Ugh... You're so big..." Janet unconsciously grabbed the bed sheet, and the void and heat of

her body were instantly dispelled. As Brandon moved faster and faster, her mind went blank, as if she had fallen into a deep trance.

After she came again, Janet felt as though her body was going to fall apart.

"Let's go to the bathroom," Brandon whispered, their bodies hot and drenched with sweat.

"I'm tired..." Janet replied with a trembling voice.

Without another word, Brandon carried her into the bathroom and turned the shower on. Soon, the glass door was covered with mist.

Janet thought that Brandon would be a gentleman and bathe her, but she was wrong. Accompanied by the sound of rain outside, another erotic scene happened in the bathroom.

With Janet's legs wrapped around his waist, Brandon pressed her against the glass door.

His lips trailed from her lips, to her neck, and down to her collarbone. As he moved downwards, Janet's desire was stirred once again.

Brandon leaned over and whispered seductively, "You're wet. Do you want me go in again?"

With her eyes closed, Janet nodded obediently. The moment Brandon got her approval, he

caressed her breasts and played with her nipples, making her moan with pleasure.

To add fuel to the fire, he stimulated her clitoris, and her whole body trembled like a leaf. However, she felt a slight, sharp pain in her hole.

Maybe it was because Brandon had fucked her a little too hard.

Janet pushed him and said in a hoarse voice, "It... it hurts..."

Brandon stopped at once. "Where does it hurt?"

"Down there..." Janet answered with a blush.

Brandon lifted her legs and looked at her red and swollen labia. They were covered with sticky liquid, and some of it was still gushing out of her and dripping into her thighs.

Upon closer look, he saw that her vagina was swollen and gaping open.

"Does it still hurt? Did it hurt so much when we were doing it?" he asked with concern.

Janet sniffled and answered, "I said stop when you got in for the third time."

All of a sudden, something occurred to Brandon.

Janet must be refusing him at the time because

she was in pain.

Brandon was unable to control himself. After all, they had not seen each other for days, and more importantly, Janet seduced him after getting drunk.

Well, he was also furious at her for not protecting herself well. So, he could not help but ravish her body. He enjoyed himself, but he ended up hurting her.

Brandon lowered his head and gently stroked her privates.

Janet lowered her head to see what he was doing. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw his face moving closer to her vagina. What was he planning to do?

Brandon held up her legs and ordered, "Don't move."

Janet clenched her fists and awkwardly placed them over her chest. She had guessed what this man was going to do. Flustered, she tried to close her legs and protested, "Don't..."

Her wet lips, along with their salty smell, were so erotic. Without any hesitation, Brandon stuck out his tongue and licked them.

"Don't... Stop... Brandon... Please..." Janet muttered while trembling.

Of course, Brandon did not stop and instead entwined his fingers with hers.

The tip of his deft tongue went in and out of her hole.

"Ugh... Ugh... Honey..."

Janet's eyes rolled upwards as she experienced the most sensuous feeling she had had in her life.

Unlike his dick, Brandon's tongue was wet, soft and flexible, and it brought a different kind of pleasure.

The pain in her hole gradually dissipated, and her vagina began to contract.

She could not wait to be filled up by Brandon again.