

Chapter 1680 Do You Miss Me

Brandon removed his coat and headed to the bathroom.

As the door creaked open, he was greeted by a scene shrouded in mist, with steam clouding the air. Through the glass door, he caught a glimpse of a figure that quickened his pulse.

"Who's there?" Janet's voice was sharp, full of surprise as she turned off the shower, silencing the rush of water.

"It's me, your husband," Brandon answered, his voice softening as it reached her through the glass.

Janet swiftly reached for a bathrobe and draped it around herself. Yet, before she could secure it, Brandon entered. He encircled her waist and drew her into an embrace. Their lips met in a kiss that was both tender and fervent.

The intensity of their kiss made Janet's legs feel like jelly. Brandon's hand was gentle yet firm at the back of her head, the other securely around her waist, pulling her even closer to him.

"Do you miss me?" he murmured, breaking the kiss.

His voice, deep and smooth, resonated like a cello's rich tones, whispering in her ear. It sent a cascade of shivers down her spine and a

blush rose to her cheeks.

Janet paused, a slight nod acknowledging Brandon's unspoken question. She wrapped her arms around his neck, tilting her head back to place a gentle kiss on his chin. Her smile was playful and inviting.

As the moment between them deepened, Janet's confidence grew. She reached for his belt, deftly unfastening the golden buckle with a soft click. The sound of the zipper followed, her cool fingers brushing against him.

Brandon felt a rush of emotion, his fingers tenderly caressing Janet's cheek.

The intensity of their connection was palpable, each touch amplifying their mutual desire.

In a surge of passion, Brandon's actions became more urgent. He turned Janet, pressing her gently against the cool glass door.

The coolness of the glass contrasted sharply with the warmth of their bodies. Janet leaned into the glass, feeling its chill against her skin. The bathrobe she had hastily put on slipped away, unnoticed in the intensity of their embrace.

In the midst of their intimate embrace, Janet felt a familiar warmth as they drew closer together. She closed her eyes, a soft moan escaping her lips, signaling the depth of her feelings in that moment.

Janet, despite her readiness, was still taken aback by the intensity of their connection.

Brandon's touch was gentle yet insistent, a careful exploration that deepened their bond.

"Hmm—" A quiet sound came from Brandon, his hands warm as they held her. His movements were tender, a slow and steady rhythm that matched the beat of their hearts.

Janet's cheeks were flushed, her breaths coming in soft, whispery moans.

She held onto the glass, her head thrown back in a moment of surrender, her body responding to Brandon's touch.

Brandon's movements became more fervent, a rhythm that echoed the crescendo of their emotions. He watched her face, captivated by every expression, every sign of her pleasure.

"Do you like it?" Brandon whispered, his voice a husky murmur close to her ear. His words were a soft caress, adding to the intensity of the moment. In the midst of their passion, he realized that words were unnecessary—her expression spoke volumes.

With gentle care, he lifted Janet, carrying her back to the bedroom. He placed her on the soft bed, the plush mattress yielding to their movements.

As they continued their intimate embrace, Janet's legs wrapped around Brandon's waist. Their connection was deep, a shared rhythm that was both tender and fervent.

Janet clung to him, her body tensing with emotion. The sounds of her breaths were heavy,

a husky accompaniment to the intensity of the moment.

At last, he gave her a firm grip while they exchanged one last thrust. Deep within her body, his member trembled, releasing every drop of thick essence.

Exhausted, he leaned in, his breaths heavy, and wrapped his arms around her. They turned together, finding comfort in each other's presence as the intensity of the moment faded, leaving a gentle calm in its wake.