

Chapter 1851 Don't Ignore Your Husband

Brandon emerged from the bathroom to find Janet, who had just finished packing two large boxes of small ornaments. She was rubbing her aching lower back with a look of exasperation. "How could you not stop me? Why did I buy so many things? I'm exhausted, and all these little decorations make the bedroom look cluttered."

Brandon approached her with a grin, wrapped his arms around her from behind, and began skillfully massaging her waist. "You used to love these trinkets. I thought your taste had changed. If it made you happy, why would I stop you? Should I have suspended your credit card instead?"

Janet reflected carefully. There was a time when she had lost her memory and developed a peculiar affection for these trinkets. Back then, she even entertained the idea of opening a boutique. Now, with her memory restored, the urge had vanished.

Her ears turned pink at the thought, and she quickly shifted the conversation. "Let's head to bed; I'm really tired."

Brandon, dressed in his bathrobe, pulled back the blanket with an expectant look.

Feeling his intense gaze, Janet turned away slightly,

her cheeks flushed. "I have important things to handle tomorrow. I need a good night's rest, especially since I'm still recuperating."

His smile grew teasing and mysterious. "What could be more important than spending time with your husband?"

He then scooped her up and placed her on the bed.

Janet said in a serious tone, "I haven't been to the studio in ages. I need to get back and start preparing for business."

Brandon nodded earnestly. "You can head to the studio, but it's crucial for you to find that balance between work and life. Ignoring your husband because of work isn't the solution."

Janet, clad in nothing underneath, felt the roughness of his palm against her skin. The faint fragrance lingering on her body sent a dizzying sensation through him.

As he lifted her, the room's lights shifted hues, casting a warm yellow glow. Though dim, it illuminated her flushed cheeks.

Her breaths were uneven, and she gasped slightly. Long eyelashes cast shadows on her face, concealing the moisture in her eyes. The typically gentle and delicate woman now exuded softness and allure.

Brandon positioned himself between her legs, unhurried. His rough palm trailed slowly along her waist, igniting a warmth within her. A tingling

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sensation crept across her stomach, teasing Janet
uncomfortably.

"Mm..." Janet squirmed in discomfort, lifting her
body.

Just as she prepared to leave the bed, a hand
slithered up to cover her right breast. Calloused
fingertips grazed against her nipple, the pressure
gradually intensifying as they sank into the soft flesh.

His hand pushed up her T-shirt, the fabric bunching
and shifting provocatively. Leaning over, he kissed
her hip, eliciting a shiver. Her breaths grew heavier.

Sensing her ease, Brandon continued his teasing from
her thighs to her chest. His tongue danced around
her nipple, while her untouched left breast finally
felt the warmth of his mouth.

His head nestled against her chest, inhaling her
scent. His short hair pricked against her skin, a mix
of pain and itchiness. The unfulfilled desire within
her intensified, only to abruptly halt as he ceased his
actions.

Janet emitted a soft moan, feeling a twinge of
embarrassment at his low chuckle. She entertained
thoughts of kicking him, but her legs were ensnared
around his waist, and her T-shirt was roughly
discarded.

His weight pressed down on her as his tongue circled
her nipple, his teeth gently tugging at the sensitive
peak. The pleasure surged through her body,
focusing intensely on this delicate spot, as if her

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essence was being drawn out.

The bed sheets, crafted from a slightly slippery fabric, offered a perfect summer embrace. Janet's grasp found only the man's head.

She endured, suppressing the urge to let him bask in his triumph. Yet, when his tongue pushed against her hardened, swollen nipple, she couldn't contain a drawn-out moan, laden with desire.