

Chapter 1877 Forgot To Wear A Condom

How could Janet dare to speak now? She turned away bashfully, unable to respond.

Brandon took a gentle bite on the back of her neck; he grasped his jaw, forcing her to face him. "Don't you like my face?"


"No," Janet retorted stubbornly.

After a moment of silence, Janet suddenly gasped as the man pressed closer, the contact sparking a mix of sensations. The area felt sensitive, and even the slightest friction seemed overwhelming. Panicking, she struggled and pleaded, "I like it! I was wrong! Please stop!"

Holding onto her waist, Brandon struggled to control his urge to move closer. It was a moment that tested his resolve to the limit. Before Janet, he gave in, pressing himself against her with urgency.

The scent of masculinity enveloped her, the air thick with desire. Janet's senses were overwhelmed by his deep breaths, igniting a fire within her. She felt an uncontrollable arousal.

Brandon slowed his pace. Janet felt an aching emptiness, her body yearning for more. Relief came only when he inadvertently brushed against her. Her

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eyes reddened from the intense longing, yet she found herself unable to voice her need.

"You're so wet..." Brandon said with a smile, gently touching her. His voice carried a hint of amusement. "Look, you've even wet my hand."

"Brandon!" Janet couldn't hold back any longer. Her voice trembled, close to tears. "Please..."

Brandon suddenly turned his head and kissed her lips from the side, as if he knew exactly what she was about to say.

He quickened his pace, intent on ending this overwhelming encounter swiftly. The intensity of his deep kiss left Janet dizzy. She hadn't realized his kissing skills were so refined. This kiss, fervent and starkly different from his earlier gentleness, seemed fueled by the excitement of a nearing climax, compelling him to cast aside all pretense.

In the end, he gave a forceful push. Janet then felt a warm sensation on her thighs, more pronounced than usual, slowly trickling down her skin.

Brandon lay beside her, breathing heavily. After a moment, he lifted his head and said, "See, I told you, you can't resist me."

After they had sex in the office, Janet slept until ten o'clock in the evening. Her body ached so much that she struggled to move her legs.

Seeing her awake, Brandon presented the desserts and fruits he had prepared earlier, urging her to eat.

Janet glared at him and said sternly, "You've been too much lately. Don't touch me for a week!"

Brandon's smile vanished. He pleaded, "You're just too enchanting; I couldn't help myself. Can you forgive me?"

Janet snorted coldly and focused on her food, ignoring his gaze.

Despite his attempts to appease her, Janet maintained her cool demeanor. After finishing her meal, she simply asked Brandon to clear the plate.

As Brandon dutifully went to put away the fruit plate, Janet tried to straighten her clothes but suddenly froze.

It hit her that it had been a while since she last came to the office, and the supply of condoms was depleted. Neither had noticed, and this time, Brandon hadn't used one.

Previously, she might not have been as concerned, but things were different now. Wren had confirmed her uterus was back to normal, yet her overall health still needed improvement. She was advised to wait another half year before considering pregnancy. For the health of herself and a future child, she was not willing to take any risks.

When Brandon returned, he found Janet with a troubled expression. Thinking she was still upset about earlier, he tried to soothe her, but she remained distant.