

Chapter 1860 Did I Hurt You

Janet's neck arched gracefully, forming an alluring curve as her long hair cascaded down her back. With each movement, she emitted a series of long, tender moans.

Brandon entered slowly and gently. There was no pain, only a tingling, numbing sensation of fullness spreading from her lower abdomen.

As Brandon continued with his steady rhythm, Janet initially appreciated his gentle approach. However, over time, a sense of dissatisfaction began to creep in.

His movements remained consistent, in and out, the slick sounds echoing in the air as her inner walls eagerly embraced him.

"Mm... You..." Janet murmured, her fingers tangling in Brandon's hair as he pressed closer, his short strands brushing against her skin, igniting a slight tingling sensation that only added to her restlessness. "Brandon, you..."

Brandon's hands found her waist. "Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head, her breath catching with a hint of congestion, her gaze pleading and vulnerable. Without uttering a single word, she managed to

tempt Brandon to surrender, to provide her with relief, to grant her pleasure.

He withdrew slowly, then plunged deep into her. "How about now?" he inquired, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Ah!" Janet couldn't contain her scream.

Brandon smiled, leaning down to capture her lips in a kiss, muffling her urgent moans. Her nails dug into his skin, her teeth nipping at his flesh as he relentlessly pursued his rhythm.

The air around them thickened with the intoxicating scent of their passion, fueling their desire.

Gasping for air, Janet tilted her head, only for Brandon to follow, peppering kisses along her neck. She felt as though she might dissolve under the intensity of his touch, the suffocating sensation driving her to the brink of wild abandon.

Her thighs bore the marks of their fervent encounter, red and swollen from the impact, while her trembling hands clutched at his back, a tingling sensation coursing through her from head to toe.

Janet's body tightened around him, eliciting a surge of exhilaration from Brandon as he hardened with anticipation.

In the wake of a night filled with passionate lovemaking, their worries dissolved, leaving only the two of them cocooned in their own world.

The following day, Janet packed her belongings and addressed Brandon with a forced smile. "I'm heading to the hospital to visit Mandy. You go on to the office."

Sensing Janet's distress, Brandon responded, "It's alright, I'm not in a rush. I'll drop you off on the way."

During the car ride, Janet insisted that she could manage on her own and didn't require Brandon's company.

Brandon sighed softly and rested his chin on her shoulder. "I want to be by your side."

Surprised by the faint sorrow in his tone, Janet turned to him, questioning, "Why do you sound so sad?"

Was Brandon's sudden melancholy related to her unconscious mention of divorce the previous night?

Embracing her, Brandon explained, "Knowing Mandy's nature, she may choose to end things with Locke after what she's been through, even if it's unrelated to him."

Janet nodded in agreement. Despite Locke's apparent anguish at the emergency room the day before, the responsibility for Mandy's injuries ultimately fell on him.

Brandon's sigh broke the silence. "I'm terrified after witnessing what happened to Garrett and Locke. I fear I might fail to protect you adequately and end up being rejected. I certainly don't want to become another sad, divorced statistic."

Janet was taken aback by Brandon's earnest concern but couldn't help but be amused by his seriousness. She pushed his chin away, teasing, "As long as you refrain from any foolish behavior, I won't be serving you divorce papers anytime soon." 1

The car pulled up to the hospital shortly thereafter. Stepping out, Janet was greeted by the sound of commotion emanating from the first-floor lobby. Recognizing the voices, she had a sinking feeling about the situation and hurried inside.

As expected, upon entering the lobby, Janet spotted two familiar figures.


Locke's mother exuded an air of affluence, adorned in luxury brands and clutching a seven-figure limited edition bag. She stood facing off against Mandy's parents; her expression was stern and unwavering.

With a cold tone, Della uttered callous words. "Mandy got what she deserved. If she hadn't been so greedy, attempting to conceive my son's child to elevate her status, she wouldn't be in this predicament."

Upon hearing Della's cruel words directed at Mandy, Zola's rage surged to such an extent that she nearly lost her balance, feeling as though she might faint.

Reacting swiftly, Rhett rushed to his wife's side, his concern evident as he steadied her, his priority being her well-being rather than confronting Della. Rhett implored Locke, who stood visibly distraught beside


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him, to hand over the individual responsible for Mandy's suffering to the authorities.

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