

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1251

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1251

“Brandon!”

Janet’s voice came out sweet—the honeyed lilt sending heat creeping through Brandon’s body.

“I want you,”

Brandon growled, throwing Janet onto the soft bed.

His lips trailed over her eyebrows, plating butterfly kisses across her face.

The heat of his breath fanned over the sensitive skin of her ear, sending a shudder through her.

“Don’t...”

Janet weakly protested, but her frail resolve crumbled within seconds.

Her hands found their place on Brandon’s chest and pressed, torn between pulling him closer and pushing him away.

Moans escaped her without her assent.

The sounds were alluring, sending Brandon into a frenzy.

He could barely hold himself back from pouncing on her like a beast as molten heat crept lower and lower his stomach.

He buried his head in his neck, his teeth nibbling at the tender curve that led to her shoulders.

His hands wandered all over her body, caressing her soft breasts before tightening around them.

They crept lower and lower until they reached her womanhood.

His fingers found her bud, stroking them into hardness.

The sudden assault of pleasure on her sensitive spots made Janet's body tighten almost painfully, as if electricity was running across her skin.

She raised her head upwards, helpless against the sounds that Brandon coaxed out of her.

Her back arched as she writhed, her wetness rubbing against Brandon's clothed heat.

She was laid bare in front of him, her breasts freed from their confines by his deft and eager hands.

The peaks of her chest had grown taut, standing in attention as her pleasure rose.

"I can't take it anymore... Oh... Brandon... Please, I..."

Liquid gushed out from her entrance from Brandon's rhythmic movements.

He stopped, then pulled his fingers out.

He stared at the glistening moisture on them, mesmerized.

The sight of her sprawled down on the bed, eyes blown wide with wanton pleasure, made the tightness in his pants unbearable.

He tore off the rest of her clothes, bearing all of her to him.

Janet's slender body trembled from the sudden contact with the cold air.

Soon, she felt heat engulfing her as Brandon's body came closer, chasing away the chill.

He lifted her leg with one hand while the other held her hip and cupped her buttocks, drawing her closer to him.

His eyes went to the unobstructed view of her center as her legs were spread open.

Her hot flesh was pink and glistening with moisture as if inviting him for a taste.

Brandon felt as if his mouth had suddenly gone dry.

He licked his lips and swallowed, straightening his waist and pushing into her inch by inch.

“Brandon...”

Janet’s eyes closed, her small hands gripping his strong arms.

She felt light-headed, the sensations pouring over her like a deluge.

“You’re so tight.”

Brandon breathed.

Then, in one smooth motion, he thrust deep into her.

“Ah!”

Full.

Janet felt so full.

Her legs stiffened, her whole body tightening from the pressure.

“Be gentle...”

the woman murmured, half-conscious.

A flush had crept over her skin, her eyes gleaming with watery light.

Janet looked at Brandon, her red lips swollen and parted seductively.

“You’re so fucking hot.”

As if possessed, Brandon pushed deeper into her body, his hardness plunging into her deepest parts.

He felt her insides wrap around him tightly as if sucking him in.

He groaned, throwing his head back from the pleasure as the movement of his hips became more and more intense.

“You’re too deep...”

Janet cried out, tilting her head back.

His long and hard cock stretched her insides, rubbing hard against every inch of her tender flesh.

Tears spilled from the corner of Janet's eyes, her mind almost blanking from pleasure.

Almost...

She was almost there...

A familiar tightness twisted in her core and made her toes curl.

The wave rose higher and higher, approaching its crest.

But the feeling hung suspended without moving when Brandon suddenly stopped moving.

"No..."

Janet protested, half-drunk with pleasure and frustration from having been denied.

Her body twisted on the bed, desperately looking for the sensations to bring her where she wanted.

"Move..."

Brandon's eyes drank the sight of her greedily.

He held Janet tighter, fighting the urge to pound into her.

His hands went to her breasts and kneaded them, knowing that the pleasure he was giving her was far from enough.

"Beg," he said, his mouth on her ears.

"Please..."

Janet turned her head and kissed him wildly, wordlessly begging him to let her come.

She was drowning in desire, her mind focused solely on satiating her.

Her sweet plea made Brandon's gaze darken.

Unable to resist her any longer, he spread her legs open and drove back in, moving relentlessly in and out of her center.

“Ah!”

Broken sounds of pleasure came from Janet's lips.

The sounds of their lovemaking filled the entire room, echoing in the space until dawn broke on the horizon.