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Irish almost melted in his arms, and her voice was hoarse and enchanting. "Yeah, it hurts."

"Where?" Joseph raised her body slightly, but his face was obsessed with her neck.

"You are going too deep. It's too big." Her voice sounded delicate.

"Do you like it?" The light shone in her half-opened eyes and reflected beautifully back at him. Her wet core was tight around his cock, and her body intoxicated him.

Irish let go of his arm to hold her own trembling body. Her disappointment and suspicion had left, and she just lingered in a state of joy.

"Yes, I like it, I like it so much..." She finally expressed her desires to him while her slender fingers clenched the sheets to brace herself to take his enthusiasm.

Joseph stretched out his arms and twined his finger into hers. His strong shoulders pressed her down, and he ordered into her ears, "Call my name when you orgasm this time."

She was amazed, and before she could respond, she was trapped in another powerful whirlpool of love. For a long time, she looked at his strong arms, and she was consumed by him completely and couldn't control herself anymore.

At this moment, she finally cleared her mind.

She had to face the facts though she had many obstacles in her heart.

She had fallen in love with this man.

She loved Joseph deeply.

Their lovemaking left her exhausted, and she became sleepy while he was in a good mood.

Her phone rang at the bedside again, and Joseph kissed her forehead and then went into the washroom. She reached out and picked up the phone. Unexpectedly, it was Pea who was calling her.

"Sister Irish, have you left Light Town?" Pea asked her seriously.

"Well, I'm not sure because I don't know where I am." She hastily took a blanket to cover her naked body and shouted in the direction of the washroom.

Joseph, who was ready to shave his beard, turned back and glimpsed at her and then shook his head. Then she corrected herself, "Well, I searched the place just now, and it isn't too far away. What's wrong?"

When she was talking, she felt his semen run out of her body which she thought was so hot. Her face suddenly turned red, and she looked up at the man in the washroom subconsciously while her heartbeat quickened.

"I have a gift for you, and it is very important."

"Now?"

"Yes, please come here. I will wait for you." Pea spoke with a rushed voice.

"Pea, there is no need..."

"I am waiting for you while doing my homework. You know my mom hopes for me to get into a good university."

Irish was astonished and said, "You think so much."

"Not me. My parents," Pea mumbled and urged her once again.

Sitting on the bed, Irish put the phone aside and took a glimpse at the sheets, which were in a mess, strewn all over the place.

Her heart twitched, and she couldn't help control her heartbeat when she looked at the man in the washroom. She didn't consider herself a conservative person, but she still cared about virginity. She assumed that every woman's first sexual experience would cause her to bleed. Every man cared about a woman's hymen, but it was also easy for it to be broken without sex. Irish suspected that sports like climbing would have had an effect on it, and now her theory seemed to have been proved.

Looking at the white sheet, her first thought was that there was no blood on it. Then it reminded her of when she met Joseph the night when she had first come back from abroad. She didn't know if she had had sex with him that night. Perhaps Joseph had also forgotten about it.

Thinking of this, Irish wrapped herself in the sheet and walked to the door of the washroom, looking at the man in the mirror. He had just finished shaving his beard, and it looked as if he was thinking of something. His breath was so fresh, and the room was filled with the smell of his cologne.

She stepped forward, looking at his back, which was covered with scratches on it from her hands. Joseph was happy that she had approached and stared at her from the mirror and smiled softly. He turned his back to the mirror and glanced at the scratches, then reached out and pulled her into his arms and teased, "Those are all thanks to you, wild little cat."

Irish leaned against his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat, and said in a low voice, "Sorry." The scratches had been left by her at the moment she had the first orgasm. She just wanted to hold him in that joyful moment as if she was trying to clutch driftwood in the water.

"Silly woman," Joseph reached out to pat her head.

"I want to ask you something," She looked up at him.

Joseph nodded.

Irish drew back her eyes and hesitated a little bit, "What happened that night when I met you at the bar?"

Joseph was surprised, but soon he laughed and asked, "Why do you ask?"

"I just want to know," She said as she looked at him eagerly.

Joseph raised his eyebrows and thought for a while, and then he described the situation of that night to her. Just as Cassie said, they had celebrated in the bar, but Irish was drunk and fell in Joseph's arms,

holding him as tightly as she could. Cassie was also drunk and thought that they knew each other, so she just left.

"And then you brought me back to the hotel?" Irish frowned and continued, "You told me that nothing happened that night, are you sure?"

Joseph giggled and replied, "Of course. You held me tightly, and I couldn't move at all, and you asked me to take you away, so I was left with no choice but to take you to the hotel. When we arrived, your tears almost submerged the entire hotel. You cried for more than two hours and fell asleep afterward."

"I cried that night?" Irish was shocked.