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Joseph didn't stop her this time but kept driving. It seemed that her words didn't work on him anymore. The street lights on both sides of the street were looming, and the dim light poured from the windshield into the car, which made him look even more handsome.

Irish originally thought he would respond, or at least warn her to stop, but he didn't. His eyes were calm, and he looked forward. She thought for a while and then said, "It's not my fault that your assistant Belle is half-hearted about her work. She did not treat the security scan seriously. If she were more serious, things would be different."

But Joseph still kept silent.

Irish bit her lips and frowned at him, thinking that he was really a demanding man!

"Joseph, you're not ignoring me, are you?"

He wrenched the wheel and drove towards the downtown area.

"Are you serious?" Irish squinted at him, and an evil idea occurred to her.

Joseph turned aside slightly and took a glimpse at her, but he still kept quiet and focused on driving.

Irish was like a wild cat, throwing herself beside him, and giggled, "I don't believe that you can keep silent forever." After finishing, she reached out her slender fingers and slowly moved them down from his face to his sexy Adam's apple and then unclasped his buttons. Her soft body writhed beside him while her hands reached into his shirt.

She could feel the man's strong chest.

"Joseph, your chest is so sturdy," She said in a sweet voice.

Joseph showed a faint smile, and his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

There were only a few cars in the street, which was why Irish acted so audaciously. Of course, she only focused on Joseph's response and didn't notice that the buildings outside the window were getting fewer and more desolate.

Irish was an ambitious girl, and she had always been passionate about extreme sports and enjoyed the adventure. So when Joseph became the man she wanted to conquer, she was as enthusiastic as if she was trying to climb a mountain.

Her hands moved down and untied his belt slowly.

Through the comfortable fabric of his underwear, her palm was warmed by the heat within. She was deeply shy in her heart, but she was also excited to explore, so her hands touched the outline of his maleness.

It was already fully erect, like a wild beast ready to devour her, and that was about to be released, full of dangerous strength.

His Adam's apple bobbed again, Irish noticed it and felt proud. She liked tormenting him and enjoyed seeing a rational man lose his composure because of her flirtation. Thinking of this, she got closer to him, and her plump breasts rubbed against his arms that were holding the steering wheel.

Her fingers fumbled and slowly lowered the last barrier.

The next second, his erect cock was exposed to the air.

"Joseph, it's so big," She kept tempting him, but at the same time, she was praising him. She did not intend to disguise her desires and held it gently to feel its power and temperature.

Joseph slowed down the car, freed one of his hands to hold her, and put his arm around her shoulders. Finally, he said to her in a hoarse voice, "Witch girl."

"Wow, you are talking to me," Irish got closer to him while her hands became more restless. She looked down at it where the blue veins stood out, and she felt a warm stream flowing from her underbelly, affecting every bone in her body.

Joseph could feel her slightly cold hands, and when she held them, his abdomen trembled slightly. Her soft hands felt like silken cotton. They did not cool him down but ignited a fire, forcing him to release his male power.

It was in the middle of the night, and it was quiet.

The luxury business car was like a deep-sea fish swimming along quietly under the faint street lights. If someone passed by, he would inevitably see a handsome man driving in a steady manner, but if he looked at it again, he would find that his clothes were not entirely on, and an enchanting woman was leaning against him.

Joseph gently caressed her face with one of his hands. Though he still looked forward while driving the car, his voice turned husky and whispered, "I only need your love."

"I don't trust you," Irish liked him when he was like this when his harshness had been removed and replaced with a trace of evil charm. "Haven't your assistants ever done this, such as Belle?"

"She would not dare to do this," Joseph smiled softly at her.

Irish smirked and continued, "Well, what about Britney?"

"Unless she wants my investment," He answered directly.

"How about other women?" She looked at his handsome face, especially his thin lips, which appeared so luscious. She was eager to kiss him.

Joseph swerved, and the car drove into a depopulated area. He replied to her with his deep voice, "You are the first woman to act so audaciously before me."

Irish puckered her face in a smile and was amused by his devilish look. She pretended to help him dress up again and said, "Well, I think I'd better be moderate so as to leave a good image for you."

"Too late," He said unexpectedly.

Irish did not understand him.

But the car stopped suddenly, and he locked the doors.

It was not until he stopped the car that Irish realized that it was desolate outside the window, and they were not on the way back to the hotel. The buildings loomed in the distance, sparkling with light. It was quiet, and there were no other cars passing by.

"Joseph, where are we?" Aren't we going back to the hotel?" She felt a little bit concerned in such a desolate place.

He did not reply but stalled the car and then leaned against the seat. With a faint smile in his wolf-like eyes, Joseph stared at her motionlessly.

Irish was a little startled by him and pressed on the window, looking outside, and then she turned to Joseph and repeated, "Where are we?"

"The old town," He replied slowly.

Irish was shocked by his answer.

"Old town?" Irish cried out and widened her eyes, holding him tightly. "We have to leave. It's not safe here."

"You're afraid? But you were so audacious when I was driving just now."