

Enchanted 221

Joseph was delighted with Irish's appreciation, staring at her face and smiling.

In the bathtub, the floating rose petals gave out a fragrance that stayed in the air, so alluring. Rose petals were clinging to her shoulder, and there seemed to be a cinnabar mole on her clean skin, and thus, the skin appeared even paler.

While enjoying such a beautiful scene, Irish asked idly, "Has any woman served you like this?" She seemed to be indifferent to anything superficial, but the envy and terror in her inner heart were palpable. She paid more and more attention to every woman appearing next to him, no matter who appeared in the past or those who would show up in the future, even Ruby. She was afraid that he would become tired of her and that he would fall in love with others.

After posing this question, Joseph kept silent.

Feeling surprised, she opened her eyes and met Joseph's. There was a sense of hesitation in her eyes, and she wanted to avert them, but she couldn't do so. His eyes were also dyed with the red color in the bathtub, as attractive as bloodstone. After a while, he sighed and touched her face lightly, "Irish, what are you thinking about?"

Irish hated herself like this, so she just frowned and looked down.

Joseph just smiled lightly and said, "I am not accustomed to others touching my head."

Irish closed her lips lightly, feeling so happy in her inner heart. She then looked down at the petals floating in the water and dragged one up, squeezing it so hard that her fingertips were infected with its heavy scent.

Joseph's arm came down, and he entwined his fingers with hers, smiling lightly, "Except you."

Joy exploded in her heart like fireworks, and everything seemed brilliant to her. Irish smiled and couldn't help embracing him. For a man who would not make any firm promises, this affirmative answer was already the best promise he could provide for her. Seeing her smiling face, Joseph also felt pleasant. He just joked, "Your behavior is alluring to me."

His arms were held around her bosom and squeezed her breasts.

Not being shy, Irish turned around. Her figure, covered by the rose petals, was as beautiful as a glowing fish. She looked into his eyes with an obvious sense of enchantment, "Mr. Dover, could you please be bolder?"

Joseph smiled and lowered to pinch her chin lightly. He just asked, "Tell me, how do you like it?"

She lowered lightly and licked his fingers, smiling, "I will be the first."

Joseph raised his eyebrows questioningly.

Irish pulled his arm with great strength. Joseph didn't struggle, either. He just followed her will and dropped into the bathtub. The large bathtub suddenly became crowded.

The water splashed out and soaked Joseph's clothes. They were attached to him, especially his upper body. As he straightened up and held her happily, the outline of his strong pecs could be obviously seen.

"You are bolder and bolder." He wasn't angry and held her tightly by supporting her waist, lowering to look at her with a heavy breath.

Irish reached her arms to hold his neck with wet hair clinging to her back. The tips of her hair were floating on the water, surrounded by the rose petals, just like seaweed that was endowed with life and swayed in the wind.

"I suppose that it will be excellent to eat you."

"Good idea." Joseph smiled, and as their foreheads touched, his breath became hotter. With one hand moving down along her tailbone, he said, "But I am accustomed to taking the initiative."

Irish's arm also moved down and unlocked his buttons teasingly and slowly, "I think that it might also be good for you to be passive."

Soon she took off his clothes. Her fingers touched his collarbone and moved down, and finally fell on his strong chest, praising him, "Your attractive body is poison."

"So you only love my body?" Joseph frowned and pretended to be unhappy.

Irish smiled and offered to kiss him, biting his lips. Her hand also moved down and touched his maleness that was already erect. This behavior made him burst out a satisfied sigh.

Irish murmured just like a clingy cat, "In fact, you can conquer women with it. So it is even more attractive than your handsome face."

Joseph enjoyed the softness of her palm and laughed loudly upon hearing her words. He lowered his head and kissed her ear heavily, "Hey, girl. It is up to me whether I'll be mild or cruel to you."

"Joseph..." She lost her balance from his breath and looked up to accept his light kisses. At the same time, she held his shoulder, gasping lightly and resisting her shyness, "Do you want me?"

The warmth of the water motivated them to be attached to each other even more closely. Her softness made him breathe heavily. His hands touched her skin with strong emotions, and every inch of her skin was as soft as silk and satin. He was fond of her softness, light quivering, and even her blind boldness.

"You said that you wanted to take the initiative?" He asked.

She clung to him like duckweed and

said lightly, "I'm afraid of it."

"Have a try." He laughed, inhaling the smell of her hair.

Irish crawled on his body. Either reflected by the rose petals or out of shyness, her cheek blushed, but she still fell on at his waist boldly.

At the next moment, she frowned and grabbed his shoulders. The sense of fullness made her moan. Her posture and the pressure under the water made her suffer.

Her initiative made Joseph's lower abdomen shrink suddenly, and soon the sense of softness and pressing came. He praised it, feeling so comfortable. Then, recognizing her great difficulty, he laughed and rushed forward without warning.

"Oh my god...." Irish screamed at this moment. This kind of feeling almost killed her.

Joseph lifted up her body and even knelt down directly. Irish shouted out in surprise and could only rely on him with legs surrounding his waist. Her whole body was on the water, with her toes touching the rose petals occasionally.

"Joseph!" She was afraid that she would fall down, so she just held his neck tightly.