

Enchanted 222

But Joseph just moved calmly with his strong arms surrounding her tightly. He was so fit, while she was petite as a feather, gasping and immersed in his chest like a paste.

This kind of position required a man's total control. In this way, Irish realized completely what the real feeling of being conquered was.

"You...broke your words. You let me take the initiative...." This unique posture and sense of excitement made her gradually numb with every thrust he made.

Joseph lowered and kept her in his mouth with a light voice while his actions sped up, "It's better for a man to take the initiative."

"Joseph..." She looked up and was nearly cramped. She called out his name repeatedly while savoring the pleasure they shared.

Compared with Irish, Lilith was not so lucky. While the barmaids were bailed out and left one by one, she was still in the interrogation room, drooping her head and losing her will like a piece of limp lettuce.

The neon light outside the window was broken into pieces, and the darkness was pasted on the window like ink.

She didn't know what time it was, so she looked up at the clock on the wall. It was nearly ten o'clock at night.

Beside her was her phone, Jay gave it to her to let her call her family. She did so, but she told them that she was working late. As a result, she saw her fellows leaving one by one. Feeling tired, she sat on the chair and leaned against the wall, slouching.

After a long while, the interrogation room door was pushed open.

She didn't take a look and just stared at the geometric pattern on the floor.

And then a man stepped on the pattern.

Lilith raised her head and felt very surprised when she saw the man's face. She thought that he would have left.

Jay had changed into his casual wear. Having taken off his uniform, he was still standing upright. As he saw her, he frowned and asked impatiently, "How's it going?"

Lilith just glanced at him and didn't answer, keeping her head down. As she thought of his forced kiss, her heart beat quickly.

"Say something!"

"How's it going? You took me to the police station, and you're asking me this stupid question?" She sniffed.

Jay shouted, "I mean, why didn't you call your family."

Lilith raised her eyes to glance at him idly, cocking her head a little to one side, "Actually, you are part of my family, so there is no need to call anyone."

Puzzled, Jay turned to be more serious, "Lilith, do not think that that kiss represents anything. I am not your family."

Lilith stared at him, "Sir, you think too much. I didn't mean that. I am Irish's cousin, and you are too. So to some extent, we are family."

Jay might not have expected that she would answer him in this way. Embarrassed, he cleared his throat and said, "Call your family quickly." Sometimes he had to admit that Lilith had something in common with Irish in terms of personality.

"You do it. I will not call my family since you need to be responsible for your behavior." Lilith was no longer rational.

"You..." Jay frowned.

However, Lilith still looked at the geometric pattern, seeming to care about nothing. Jay stared at her, and after a while, he turned to go away. She had not expected this, so as the door closed, she stood up from the chair and rushed to catch him. She wondered if she would have to stay there overnight.

Thinking about it for several minutes, she was still wondering whether to call her family. Jay entered again, and this time there was a bag in his hand. Lilith was confused, and he threw it at her.

It was her bag, which was regarded as a clue and taken to the police station.

Lilith raised her head to look at him, not fully understanding.

"You can go now." Jay suddenly said.

Lilith still didn't understand, "Ah?"

"Take it. I'll bring you back." Jay told him patiently.

Lilith felt happy immediately, "Sir, are you bending the law for personal gain?" Jay didn't answer her but turned to leave. Lilith took up the bag and quickly followed him.

It was strangely dark.

There was thick fog at night, which was not good for driving. Lilith sat in the passenger seat, carefree and pleasant, while Jay was still indifferent.

Jay stopped at a red light, and beside his car, there was another one, stopping beside Lilith slowly. The driver was a young man, aged 18 or 19, with strange clothes. As he turned to see Lilith, he then took a glance at the inside and then put the car window down, whistling towards them, "Sir, do you like this type of girl?"

With the windows open, Jay grasped his words easily and turned to look at him. Such a coincidence! He was one of the others who were taken to the police station from the bar. A typical dude! Since he was usually innocent, he was also bailed out. Jay didn't respond, and the younger guy drove away without saying anything further.

Lilith sniffed at him while Jay drove his car silently. After a while, he suddenly said, "Change your clothes."

No wonder the younger man would play such a joke. Lilith looked like a playgirl, especially in her skirt, which was incredibly short.

Lilith took a glance at the back seat where her bag was. She then looked around and said, "We're surrounded by so many buildings. You want me to change my clothes in front of them?"

Jay didn't say anything and drove onto a side road.

"Or in front of you?" Lilith grinned. He took a look at her and then threw a package of wet paper napkins at her, ordering her coldly, "Clean that ridiculous makeup off your face."

Surprised, Lilith adjusted the rearview mirror to have a look. She then stared at him, "How delicate I am! You don't know how to appreciate beauty."

"Clean it!"