

Enchanted 244

The sky in the night was black as ink, dark and profound. Even the sea outside the apartment was tranquil as if it had fallen asleep. The moonlight poured into the room and illuminated broken silvers on the ground.

Under the dim light, Irish closed her eyes and kissed his lips as well as his sturdy chest. Through the light, he could see her slightly trembling eyelashes. Though her lips were red and sexy, she looked pale under the moonlight. Joseph felt sore seeing her as if his heart had been pinched.

The woman in his arms was like a flower, and he couldn't help kissing her. At that moment, their passion was abruptly ignited, and his kiss turned mighty while she responded to him actively.

They held each other like two fish in the ocean and used the most violent way to demonstrate their love.

Joseph controlled the initiative and turned her around, pressing her against the door. She looked up and opened her eyes to look at him, undoing his last button. Her clothes were taken off, and she was like a beautiful butterfly emerging in its full splendor.

Irish could feel his hot breath, and his lips almost melted her heart. His kiss was so mighty, and she responded to him passionately.

Their clothes were scattered on the carpet.

Irish whispered and called his name. When Joseph circled her legs around his waist and entered her body with great passion, she felt she was like an arrow that was poised for flight. She bit his shoulder to release her great joy when she had an orgasm.

Joseph was wild and pressed her against the door as if he was trying to embed himself in her body permanently.

He was so strong, and she felt like she was a soft sponge that was getting squeezed out by him. She couldn't help moaning from the great physical pleasure.

Under the dim moonlight, they were soaked with sweat, and she bore his violent pounding with her soft body. Her long hair entwined them like seaweed in the ocean, drifting in the rapids.

They were in the Linkus Mental Research Institute in New York.

After finishing lunch, Blair was about to read some documents about a case, but Cheska knocked on the door and came in with a pile of documents in her hands, putting them on his table and saying, "Now that it is a mystery case without any clues, I am afraid that I can't help you."

A mystery case without any clues meant the case was not the same as the case referred to by the police. Blair had such a case. He was a behavioral therapist, and when he never encountered a bottleneck in treatments, he would seek hypnosis assistance from Cheska. In general, many cases do not accept hypnotherapy because, at present, hypnotherapy is still at a controversial stage in its development.

"You can't do it?" Blair frowned.

"Your client refused to cooperate with me because he thinks you gave up treatment on him and transferred him to another therapist, like throwing away a piece of chewing gum."

Hearing this, Blair shrugged his shoulders.

But Cheska did not leave immediately.

"Anything else?" Blair asked.

She sat down in the chair and said frankly, "Did you know Professor Tim wants to retire earlier?"

"Retire early?" He thought for a while and asked, "Is that necessary? Why does he want to do that?"

"I heard that he wants to focus on his research."

Blair shook his head and replied, "I haven't heard this news yet."

"It is not important if it is true, the key point is if Professor Tim retires in advance, who will take charge of his position? I think it should be Irish."

Hearing this, Blair sneered and said, "Irish? You must be joking. She is a young therapist, how could she take charge of the entire institute?"

"You'd better not look down upon her." Cheska warned him and said, "Or do you think Professor Lincoln asked an airborne soldier for nothing?"

Blair hesitated for a while.

"What's more important, I heard that Tim's son was Irish's tutor." Cheska got close to him and added, "His son, Fredrick, specialized in psychology and has won many international awards. He is regarded as the most promising psychologist, and most of his works have been collected into textbooks. Irish is his student, and she even works at his father's institute. Do you still believe there is no inside story?"

Blair squinted and thought for a long while. When Cheska was still waiting for his opinions, he cleared his throat and replied, "Even if that is the case. It is none of my business. Cheska, I am busy; perhaps we can find another time to chat."

After hearing this, Cheska stood up and sneered, "Blair, it is too late to pretend to be sanctimonious."

Blair also stood up and opened the door for her, "Goodbye, Cheska."

Cheska walked to him and said sarcastically, "It's not appropriate to burn a bridge after crossing it." And then she left.

The door was closed, and Blair began considering what she had just said to him.

It was a sunny day in Cape Town, but the temperature had cooled down.

Belle brought Will to their apartment in the morning. She was a stubborn girl, and no matter how horribly Irish treated her, she would collect the documents as well as some necessary items for Joseph

every morning. In the beginning, Irish was annoyed by her behavior, but gradually she became accustomed to this because she found that it was interesting to argue with her occasionally.

Joseph took a long call, and she couldn't hear what he was talking on the phone clearly. From her perspective, he looked a little serious, especially in his eyes.

Irish had been accustomed to his busy life and did not feel surprised at all. She walked into the room leisurely, leaning against the door, and said to Belle, "Please put on my sunscreen."

Belle stopped and turned around to her, "I'm not your assistant. You can do it yourself."

Instead of being annoyed, Irish smiled faintly.

Belle rushed in front of her and widened her eyes, "Don't think I will be your slave, even if you are Joseph's girlfriend."

They were getting so close that Irish pinched her cheek, frightening her. "What are you doing?"