

Enchanted 400

Soon Irish rushed to the room again and was frightened by the grandeur. The first floor was the living room and dining room, and there was a swimming pool. The second floor was for guests' bedrooms, and the third floor was for his bedrooms and studies. In the middle of the hall, there was a huge pendant crystal lamp, which reflected its luxury.

What caused Irish to collapse most was the fact that such a courtyard had two small elevators, which went directly to the second and third floors from the ground. Needless to say, both were with sophisticated modern facilities.

She thought that the Lake family was extravagant enough, but his house was even so extravagant!

So, when he parked his car in the underground garage and hugged her from behind, she grudged her teeth and stared at him, "Joseph, you are a scrupulous businessman. Tell me, do you use my deducted salary to buy these things?"

Joseph did not answer her, and as soon as her voice went down, he bowed his head and kissed her lips without notice, and his big hands began to slip restlessly on her delicate curves. His enthusiasm startled Irish and feeling almost breathless by his hug and her lips aching, she whispered, "Joseph, you can't..."

The next words were stopped by his mouth, whose one hand clasping her wrists, the other lifting her skirt and covering her stockings. She felt her legs tickling, and she struggled. She felt that his desire was direct and strong, which made her mind go blank.

With her light gasps, Joseph's thin lip slid to her ear, and his breath was hot, "Did you prepare something for me?"

The breath crept into her neck and tickled her. She withdrew her neck and smiled at him. "That cake, I picked it out."

"Not enough." He had a hoarse voice, and put her in his arms from behind, with his chin on her cheek, and said, "Isabel, how can a cake satisfy me? I'm still hungry."

Irish's face flushed to the root of her ear, and she understood what he meant and could easily feel the change in his body. Joseph's eyes were as dark, charming as night. He held her to the sofa without waiting for what she said. She fell on it before she could catch her breath.

The broad sofa was soft like cotton, "devouring" petite Irish. He did not wait for her to get up, Joseph's body pressed down. His movements were much ruder than ever, and there was a sense of compulsion in the relationship between lovers.

His lips couldn't wait to fall, and his big hand tore open her shirt. The hot kisses went down with punishment, flaming red marks on her neck, clavicle, and chest.

Irish knew he had a desire and didn't struggle too much. After all, she had sex with him and knew his passion in bed. But when he pressed her under him, even the kisses became too strong to be normal, so she reacted. She always felt that his behavior that day was too unusual, so she rebelled and panted under him. "What's the matter with you, Joseph? You're hurting me."

"Don't you like it?" Joseph pulled his tie open, and the collar of the man's shirt loosened, revealing a few strong chest muscles, and the sturdy skin hurt her.

"I..." Irish looked into his eyes, startled by the darkness of his eyes. He seemed gentle but also angry. Carefully looking at him, she felt a calmness, and it wasn't easy to understand. She did not know what had happened to him but subconsciously felt that she might not be able to bear the love he brought.

But Joseph suddenly smiled, bent over, and kissed her again, but it was almost a bite. When his big hand went down, he felt that her skirt was so obstructive that he pulled it apart. It was so powerful that she looked into his eyes with astonishment, followed by the sound of a torn stocking in his palm.

The torn stockings strangled Irish's legs, and the soft texture now turned into a deadly weapon to hurt her. She felt pain as if a sharp weapon had hurt her.

Irish did not know what had happened to Joseph. He was never a hasty man, and he did not act as if he was eager to vent to Irish. On the contrary, he seemed to be in control, and it seemed that only in this way could he satisfy his deep desire. With all her strength, she drew her hand and put it against his chest and asked softly, "Don't do that, Joseph."

She was not in a hurry to resist, and she didn't panic because she had always believed Joseph would not hurt her, even though he was a little rude tonight.

Joseph seized her hand again, pressed his face down, and touched her ears with thin lips, said with a deep, intoxicating voice, "But I want to." The kiss fell on the side of her ear.

The hot breath burned her, and his lips, with his words, fell on her.

The next second, she only felt a bit cool under her body, which was complete without cover.

She could not move her hands, and he bit her chest.

Vaguely, she seemed to hear the sound of the trousers being pulled down.

She was raised before she could react.

Then the man rushed into her body without warning.

Joseph's action was strong and domineering, not giving her any time to prepare, so hard into her body. Irish screamed in the next moment, and although he was gentle as usual, she would find it hard, not to mention the moment when he was almost bossy.

Like a knife that split her hard, yet she couldn't smell flesh and blood. She could only see the dark and deep eyes of the man, her whole body was stiff at this moment, and the cells of her whole body were all contracted together. And the innermost part of her body, too, was instinctively repelled by the barbaric invasion of his huge manhood.

But the man was really comfortable. Joseph did not move again after he rushed into her body. He felt so clearly that the woman in his arms was shaking, struggling to bear him. Bending down, raising her small face, which her long hair had covered, his eyes went down between her slightly stretched lips.

"Remember, baby, that's what you vent."

