

Enchanted 407

Irish made his mood improve, and Joseph's lips corner slightly up. There was a subtle light flow between lips and teeth, which made him sexy. His broad palms slapped her hips, making Irish cry like a kitty. He chuckled and teased. "Why do I think money is more attractive than me in your eyes?"

Irish's chin rested back on his chest and moved as he breathed, and the air of elegance clung to his. "Yes, money is much more attractive than you." Her finger gently drew a ring on his chest, smiling, "So, do you know what you can do to stand firm?"

Her fingers tickled Joseph's heart, and he was pleased to see her sticking like a slug to himself. To him, she was so petite that she was now more like a baby, too small to let him rub her into his body. His long fingers twisted a strand of hair, slightly raising eyebrows, waiting for her to continue.

The breath was filled with fresh wood fragrance on his fingers, intoxicating and steady, smiling at the bottom of his eyes as bright as the lanterns, and her red lips close to his, "You buy me whatever you want. You have to buy me everything that tastes good and is fun so I can love you even more."

Joseph nodded with understanding, "So I have to be sure I'm a man of money at all times."

"Of course. You have to remember I love you, but I love your money more."

"I see." Joseph nodded seriously.

She closed her lips and was about to laugh when she saw him.

"What if one day I'm poor?" He smiled at her.

Irish pretended to think very seriously, "Then I'll find a man with money and let him keep me, and I'll keep you."

This answer was really beyond Joseph's expectations. He was first stunned, then could not help but laugh out, and his big hand pulled over her face, "What? You keep me?"

"Only if I find someone with the money to keep me I can support you." She emphasized.

"I thought you'd just drop me."

"How?" Irish stretched out her hand and pinched his face. "You are so handsome that even if you are poor, you are pleasing to the eye, and your skill in bed is so good that it makes women in paradise," she said. "How can I leave you alone, even if now it's hard to find a man like you with money?"

Joseph raised his brows because never a woman dared to regard him like that. At the next second, he deliberately changed his face, "I think I am spoiling you, you even dare to say that to me?"

"It was you who asked me the truth." Irish's voice was long, and her fingers gently twitched the graceful arc of his lips and chin.

Joseph seemed to smile, "Then we do the first rehearsal?"

"Hmm?" Irish looked at him doubtfully.

But the smile on his lips expanded, and he rolled over and pressed her directly under his body. His big hands were skillfully heading down, making Irish gasp, gently touching his pressed chest. "Joseph, don't..."

"Don't what? Let's start with some of the rehearsal on the bed." Joseph wanted to play, and he bent his head. His handsome face was buried deep in her neck and stretched down the collarbone.

A big thing was standing high between his legs, and he held it up against her.

He had lifted her legs up, and his big hands had put them round on his waist so that she could feel his long thing's hot temperature more clearly, and the length of the big thing was so clearly depicted in the most sensitive part of her body that it was so large that would make women scream and shudder.

Irish was extremely afraid of Joseph's enthusiasm, almost begging and being coquettish, "Joseph, I'm so tired." Joseph's kiss climbed up her cheek again, whispering with a bad smile, "Where?"

She flushed, hammered him, and said, "It's really too big. I am tired every time."

Then the red glow on his face went to the root of his ear.

"Then I make it softer?" Joseph only felt that his heart was soaked in tender honey, shivering and that a small opening in the bottom of his heart had spawned an infinite pity and love for the woman in his arms. His voice beside her ears became gentle, soft, and indulged.

Irish put her hand around his neck and began to act coquettish. "Give me a break, Joseph." She was infatuated with the experience of the affair he gave and was deeply afraid of his enthusiasm, and the extreme joy would have made her tired and frightened afterward. It was like taking drugs, and the more infatuated she was, the more frightened she was.

Joseph could see that she was really tired, pressed down the newly lit fire, gave her more time to rest, and ordered with a low smile, "Give me a kiss, and I'll give you a break."

She kissed him obediently.

The dizzy light was like a golden yarn shrouded in the woman's delicate cheeks. Her eyes blurred beautifully, and her eyes light rippled with beauty. Joseph did not turn away, but in his affectionate gaze, his fingers gently touched her eyebrow and long eyelashes and were attached to the softness of her face, like caressing the fine porcelain treasure.

She was burned by his eyes for a moment but did not turn her eyes and looked at him deeply, breathing shortly, and her heart beating quickly. Every time she looked at him, she felt that she loved him more.

But at this time, Joseph's eyes quietly changed, gradually becoming dim. She could clearly see the change at the bottom of his eyes. As soon as she was shocked, she saw him bow his head, and his cheeks were hidden in her hair. His words seemed to command and entreat. "Isabel, don't go on a blind date."

Irish was startled.

"Don't go on a blind date, give me a little more time, I beg you," Joseph said with painful love beside her ears. Irish's heart was as painful as being attacked by a rock, and the next moment she clasped his arms

and nodded forcefully. Proud as he, if not the last resort, he would not ask his own woman this way, and he was a man used to controlling, so it made Irish's heart feel more pain.

Joseph kissed her deeply.