

Enchanted 414

Outside the window, the sun slowly shifted southward. Joseph's cheeks were half bright and half dark. His eyes were still silent and were still staring at Irish, and her bold and slightly provocative words did not make him unhappy. Seeing him silent, Irish was even more curious, hesitating to ask, "Don't you hate your brother?"

Joseph smiled and shook his head. "No, he's my only brother. How can I hate him?"

"You never mention your brother, so I thought you hated him."

"Not to mention it is not I hate it, but I'm not used to talking about myself." Joseph sincerely said.

Irish believed him. There are many people in the world who like to share and are willing to share. They will exchange their own affairs for trust and proximity, and some people will do their own thing and will not deliberately force others to get close. They don't trade their personal affairs or experiences with others from time to time.

Joseph was definitely the latter, if he was asked, he would answer, but if they were not, he would never mention it.

"What is your brother's character? May he be that under your high-handed policy is as boring as you are?" This time Irish asked.

Joseph shook his head. "He's the opposite of me."

Irish was stunned.

"What he likes is completely different from mine." Joseph looked at Irish with a faint smile, "I do think you two should be able to play together, he likes the pursuit of excitement, and you are all competitive."

"Wait." Irish sounded so uncomfortable, "I like to pursue excitement, but how can I be competitive?"

"People who like to pursue excitement have the potential to be competitive." Joseph put his hand on her face and pinched her face. "Just as you are now, you are arguing with me."

Irish gave him a hard look.

"Now you have to thank me." Joseph's smile deepened, "At least I help you to face the red wine."

Back to the theme, Irish realized that her body was still immersed in red wine. She looked up at his smiling eyes and said, "I think you still have the potential to be a psychologist."

"Honey, I don't have so much time for sympathy. Other people's minds are used. You're not like them." In other words, he only cared about the people he wanted to care about. It was none of his business to the lives of other people.

Irish lightly closed her lips, "The nature of the rich and ungrateful has been exposed again."

Joseph was not angry but smiled, "How do you like it now? Are you still afraid?"

"All right," Irish answered truthfully, raising her hand and rubbing her forehead.

"Just a little dizzy, after all, I was in the alcohol."

People's psychology was like this. Fear was only the shadow of the past and the blankness of the unknown, the real face of the moment was also fear, but once facing, when we crossed the barrier, it was nothing.

Now, looking at the glowing redness of her eyes, she breathed so clearly as the alcohol went into her nose that she gradually became less afraid of the smell of blood.

It was just weird that the huge pool was with all red wine, not to mention being in it. Women originally have some resistance to red liquid, different from men, and men will only feel excited about red liquid, as in Joseph's eyes at this moment.

Though his eyes looked calm and quiet, it was not difficult to look into the depths of his eyes to find some emotions, such as the simmering undercurrent under the calm sea, which would trigger a tsunami until a certain amount of savings had been accumulated.

And now, Joseph, no need to hide anything. She clearly knew it.

So, not surprisingly, Joseph stared at her and meaningfully said, "You are so beautiful to make men excited."

The wine sparkled, and the sunlight cast in, forming a dazzling light, and the vast space seemed to be shrouded in a layer of water mist, gently shrouded over Irish.

Her shirt was soaked in red wine, which made her look more detailed, and the blood-like color spread over her body, and the white, jade-like surface of her skin had a faint blush, above which was also dotted with a few crystal beads of water, which made her charming.

Wet clothes made her sexy, drawing a hazy attractive painting that beauty was just out of the bath.

Man's bold eyes made Irish confused, or it might be the reason for the red wine, in short, her face suddenly became fiercely red, and her heart began to accelerate.

Joseph's obsession and hidden lust in his eyes were silent praise for her. She knew what he wanted and that her look was awkward, but in his eyes, it became a kind of seduction.

His eyes and words were a sign of his impatience, and somehow, the thought that he might make love here, her instinctive shame and uncontrollable excitement aroused her.

She didn't want to look at his eyes, but she felt his gaze so clearly that the man's eyes could kill people, and even if he didn't do anything, his hot eyes alone gave her an instinctive reaction. As the heart quivered and her body moved subconsciously, the feeling pervaded her whole body.

She seemed to hear her flustered heart and breath in the quiet swimming room, and her skin flushed with shyness and excitement.

"Pull me up." Irish could hardly hear her own voice.

Joseph held her hand but was dragged by her. Instead, he laughed, "It's good."

She shrank in surprise and tried to swim in another direction, but her dizziness grew worse, and her body became more sensitive. She turned her head away from Joseph but could still perceive his staring eyes.

The shirt on her body already almost became transparent, which was closer and tight instead, and the exquisite back curve was completely stretched out. The long legs, and very cute buttocks, were under the man's eyes, exuding sexiness.

She felt the water gently caressing her skin as if Joseph's warm hands rubbed her body. The calm water stirred up layers of water waves but rippled Irish's heart.

Behind her was the slight sound of him entering through the water, and before turning back, a strong and hot body had been clung to her, holding her small, soft body in her arms from behind. The familiar big man was firmly attached to her tailbone, and she ached.