

## Enchanted 456

This was a long working report because the marketing director was a very serious person, and each item was very detailed. Irish was almost asleep under the table. She didn't know how much time would be wasted when it came to working. She quietly took her clothes and spread them on the carpet. She simply sat on them, soothing the pain in her legs.

In front of her were two long legs of him and his leather shoes.

Staring at it, Irish became playful, stretching out a finger into his trousers, scratching his leg, and the next moment she felt his thighs taut.

That was fun.

Irish discovered the new world with bright eyes.

Her brows could show her bad intention. More boldly, she thought, and with a bad finger, she pressed the protuberance in his suit and thrust it at the huge outline.

So she succeeded in hearing Joseph's breath.

She almost laughed out loud.

Vaguely there was the voice of the director's concern, "Mr. Dover, any problem?"

"Nothing." Joseph's voice changed slightly, he cleared his throat and handed the glass to the director. "Bring me a glass of ice water."

The director took the glass for the ice water.

Hiding under the table, Irish tilted her head and looked at Joseph. He reached out and pinched her small face with a great warning. Soon, the director poured a glass of water and returned. Joseph sat uprightly.

The two men were beginning to talk about the marketing strategy again.

And Irish, having tasted the sweet, how could she be easy to stop? Biting her lips and resisting her laugh, thinking of how to tease him again, her eyes fell unwittingly under his belt, and a bold thought ascended to her head.

She hesitated for a moment.

But soon, the idea was rectified. Who had let him just tease her so?

The next moment, Irish reached out and put her finger on his belt.

Joseph, who was listening to the report, suddenly felt a soft little hand groping between his hips, and then the chain of his trousers was gently pulled open, followed by a feeling of tension being released.

The bold woman took out his thing under the table.

Beneath the table, Irish stared at his big thing, then stretched out her hand and wrung it. Joseph's lower belly shrank, and she almost laughed.

"Mr. Joseph, are you having a stomachache?" Of course, the director could not see what had happened, only to see Joseph's face a little distorted with one hand laid down, thinking he was covering his stomach.

"Nothing." Joseph's aim was to stop the little thing under the table.

Unexpectedly, she grabbed his finger and opened her mouth, and sucked it. His fingers felt the softness of her mouth.

The naughty goblin tortured him!

Joseph's eyes were so deep when the director pointed out one of the documents to him. In order to prevent him from coming forward, he had to draw back to take over the document.

In this way, it was easier for Irish to do.

Her hand covered his big thing, and she breathed on top of it softly.

Joseph only felt that a hot current swept his whole body, and his lower abdomen was more aroused and bulging.

As the director spoke, he looked down slightly from the corner of his eyes. Beneath the table was a scene that made his veins blossom. Irish sat on her clothes, naked, her cheeks flushed, her dimples were cute, and her sexy red lips opened slightly towards him.

Gosh, this little woman is seducing him!

Then he felt himself in a soft space, warm and moist.

Aware of what she was doing, Joseph looked down; it looked as if she were greedily eating ice cream.

Joseph did not expect her to be so bold!

But what followed was inexplicable excitement.

The thrill of a love affair!

In front of him was the reporting staff; beneath the table was his charming woman, and the danger of being peeped at, at any time made Joseph's heart stir up to the highest point.

If possible, he really wanted to pull the woman out of the table, crushing her to the table, telling everyone that this sexy woman was his, Joseph's.

Irish was working harder but finding her mouth more and more difficult to accommodate him.

But Joseph was fluttering. The warm, slippery little mouth was inexplicably pleasurable as if it wanted to suck out the essence of his body.

Joseph closed his eyes and pretended to think. A big hand took the opportunity to knead it on her chest, and the soft touch made him unforgettable.

Beneath the table, the mouth of Irish put forth her strength to protest.

"Go on." Joseph opened his eyes, his left knuckles regularly clicked on the table, and his right hand kneaded her hills into various shapes in a man's most instinctive way.

To make it more convenient, he moved his chair and moved a bit deeper into the table.

His ear seemed to hear her gasping voice, of course, the voice of his fantasy.

In front of the eyes, only the marketing director meticulously reported the work.

Joseph's heart was already floating in the clouds, and her red lips, like the gate of heaven, moved him in and out between heaven and the world, and the difference between them made heaven more perfect.

At this moment, he finally understood what is called "Hero dies for women" because every minute, he wanted to send the marketing director out and let him close the door for him.

Her tongue was playful and seducing him.

As if to empty him.

Joseph could not help reaching for her head and helping her to stimulate himself better.

It was not that no women were seducing him in the office. On the contrary, some of the former secretaries took off their clothes in front of his face, only to be swept out of the office by him, and only Irish was so bold as to make his blood rush.

It was an unprecedented thrill.

His hand's strength grew stronger, too.

Her scalp ached with pain.

Also, in order to retaliate, her mouth was more strenuous. She had seduced him like that, but it was the first time on such an occasion. Not knowing how long it was, Irish felt that her mouth was numb.

Finally, she heard Joseph say calmly, "Okay, that's right, put the document down, let's get off work."

Her little shoulder trembled.

Soon, the marketing director left.

But Joseph's big hand clasping her did not relax, and the strength was getting bigger and bigger.

She hummed and protested with her nose, only feeling her throat getting hotter and hotter.