

## Enchanted 511

After a long time, Roy looked up, whose drunk eyes were dim, looking at Joseph, and his smile obviously helpless, "Joseph, do you know what love is?"

Words startled Joseph.

"When you think you know love, it's bullshit!" Roy was drunk, talking nonsense, pouring the wine, and said, "When you think you can have her, in fact, you are just a backup!"

Joseph's fingers, holding the glass, stiffened for a moment. He knew that Roy was saying this to himself, probably for Cassie's sake, but it slipped into his ear and groped inexplicably into his heart.

It was not that he did not believe in Irish's love but that when he saw clearly that she had lied to him, the weight of that love had become a question.

In other words, did he understand love?

Or did he think he knew a lot, but in fact, he didn't know anything about it?

The following time, Roy began nagging in front of Joseph about Cassie. He said that he did not understand how love was so difficult. He did not understand that he had done so much and could not win a woman's heart. He could not understand why she should marry that man.

Joseph did not comfort Roy. Originally, he was also in a bad mood that day and drank a lot of wine until he was drunk.

Until one o'clock in the morning, Roy patted Joseph on the shoulder with a vague tongue, "...I see clearly, in love, who first takes the initiative will lose. I won't spend my whole life with a woman anymore."

Joseph also drank a lot of wine, the whole person lazily leaned on the sofa, shaking glasses, gently laughing.

Roy wobbled up with the woman in his arms, "This model is for you, do not hurt her."

Then he staggered.

The woman around him quickly helped him and said, "You drink too much."

Roy smiled and approached her, "Rest assured. I can fuck you though I am drunk."

"Sick." The woman patted him.

"Joseph, I'll go first, and have a good night." Roy restored his consistent ruffian appearance, smiled, and hugged the woman, walking away from the box.

In the huge box, only Joseph left and the young model.

He did not move and closed his eyes to ease his drunkenness.

The room was quiet except for the brilliant lights.

The young model quietly looked at the man beside her, and the silhouette of the light reflected his sharp cheeks. His tall figure fell on the sofa in drunkenness, which exposed his charms.

She gently leaned forward, carefully climbed to his body, soft hands on his broad and strong shoulders, voice light and fragile, "Mr. Dover, you drink too much? Do you have a headache?"

Joseph opened his eyes and looked at the woman in front of him by the shaking light. She, although in make-up, was still shy.

She looked at him with some timidity, a little shyness. She wore a black brassiere skirt so short that it could reveal her legs.

He would not doubt Roy's words. The woman who could accompany him was either a hot model or a passionate star.

Since he said she was a young model, then she might be.

Seeing his open eyes, the model hurriedly changed into a smiling face and took the initiative to cling to his bosom, whose red lip rubbed his sexy throat knot, "I send you back to the hotel."

Half of her body lay on him, and her full breast rubbed against his arm and chest.

Joseph pressed his hand on his temple, pushed her away, took out his purse without saying a word, and put more bills on the table. The young model quietly collected the money, then got up, and she undressed before him the next second.

The little black skirt fell to the ground.

The naked female body was beautiful in the dim light. Every inch of skin had a young vigor, such as the blooming flower under the night, delicate and sexy.

Joseph leaned forward, took a glass of wine, slowly poured a glass of wine, sipped it lightly, and said lightly. "Here's your money. Leave quickly."

The model was shocked, immediately shaking her head, "No, I accept your money, I should serve you."

Joseph ignored her words and waved irritably to her to leave.

The model did not go; instead, she sat back to him; by this time, she was naked in Joseph's arms in a suit and tie, and this picture was unusually ambiguous.

"This is my first time tonight. Don't worry, I'm clean." Red lips sent up, along with his straight chin, gradually down, and the tip of her tongue gently bit open his shirt button, "Mr. Dover, I will not let you down."

She recognized him the first time she saw him, and the man who had been in the roaring gossip, she did not expect that as an unknown model, she could see a real wealthy man. Nevertheless, he was so handsome and so difficult to approach that his charm enchanted her. Moreover, he looked at her differently than any other man, with no hunger, no eagerness, but an impenetrable stillness.

But he was drunk, even though she could see that he was in a bad mood, and she had no idea that the famous general manager of the Runestone Group would be so heart-wrenching after being drunk.

The woman in his arms was soft, and her fingers touched his skin from his slightly open neckline tentatively. He could feel her warmth and her perfume, as well as the smell of alcohol, leading to a feeling of pain to him.

He was slightly sideways, and the silent, cool eyes fell on the face of the model, but as if he was thinking of something.

When the model looked into his eyes, her hands trembled and then blushed, feeling as if she was getting an electric shock, and her heart also beat fast.

His eyes were so profound that they almost overwhelmed her with drunkenness, but unlike other men who always went mad after drinking, he was more fascinated by the intoxication.

She couldn't help but sigh with the feeling that how could there be such a man in the world who was so charming that women were unable to forget at first sight.