

Enchanted 512

The light was dim in the box, like the water flowing in the dark, swaying like a ripple. Joseph stared at the woman who leaned in his arms, whose long hair intertwined in his strong arms like the liana.

He felt that he had seen Irish and returned to the time when he met her for the first time. After that, everything played back like a flood flashing before him.

It was also on such an ornate occasion.

He was slightly drunk with his friends that night when a figure of an enchanting woman reflected in his wine.

It was ambiguous that night, as if something predetermined was going to happen.

At the moment of her appearance, Joseph felt his anxiety vanish immediately. Putting down his wine, he found the figure reflected in his glass immediately and accurately.

It was a beautiful woman. To be more accurate, she was a fair woman who could easily get the attention of men. The close-fitting dark dress was simple and so short that her legs were easily exposed to the air. Perhaps she also drank a lot of wine, and she ignored her high-heeled shoes falling down on the ground with her slender legs hanging barefoot. Her ankle was small but tender and was white as her skin.

She was not far away from him, sitting in his diagonally opposite.

Joseph didn't step forward to strike up a conversation with her but stared at her for a long time. Under the flashing light, he saw her face with fine makeup, her smooth forehead, curved eyebrows, as well as her sharp nose, and sexy lips. Her skin was white as if she had just finished a mild bath. Even though she was sitting far from him, he could feel the milk smell.

She came here with another girl, and they seemed to be intimate friends. She smiled brightly, with her long silky hair tangling around her shoulders.

He took over his wine, took a sip of it, and stared at the woman with smiling eyes, and for a moment, he was eager to step forward to fondle her eyes and her eyebrows and to experience the feeling of fingers gently passing through the long hair.

Men were always obsessed with women with long and glossy hair, including Joseph. He longed for such pure happiness.

As expected, several men walked to accost her, one after another.

He could see the lust in those men. The lust to own her that was bald and unobtrusive while she had been drunk.

Joseph was worried about her. He was worried about a strange woman for the first time.

But soon, her sweet voice sounded, and she asked the man how much money he had.

Hearing this, he frowned.

But the man who was accosting her whispered beside her and laughed with her. She raised a finger to the man, and then he heard her say to the man, "Give me a billion dollars, and then I will drink a glass of wine with you."

The man was annoyed by her and walked away while she laughed even more cheerfully and asked the barman to give her another glass of wine.

But soon, a middle-aged man stepped towards her and sneered at her. It was easy to tell that she was drunk, and her slender finger slipped from the man's pilgarlic and said, "You have asthenia of the kidney, and you can't fix me up in bed." The middle-aged man left with anger.

Joseph couldn't figure out if she were really the woman in the prostitutes' quarter or if she just pretended to be that.

It was not until he was about to leave and passed from her, who was drinking with her head down, he then hesitated.

She suddenly looked up at him, showing a big smile when she glanced at his face, and then she got off the chair, staggering to him.

He subconsciously reached out and grabbed her swaying body. In the next second, her arms wrapped around his neck, and she leaned on him as a soft kitten.

Many women of several types, including pure or enchanted, threw themselves on him with various means in these years.

Somehow when she fell into his arms accidentally but naturally, holding his neck with her arms, he didn't push her away as he treated other women but felt sore for her and her fresh breath, as well as her fragrance, made him hesitate. He didn't loosen her hands.

She looked up at him; her eyes were tearful, while her lips trembled. Then, she asked him in a low voice as if she was mumbling, "Why are you so late? Do you know I have waited for you for a long time?"

Her voice sounded clear but vague, as if she was asking him seriously, but she also looked like she was mumbling to herself.

His heart trembled violently; perhaps he was affected by her words, and he even felt familiar with her in the next second.

"Don't leave me alone. Take me away." She leaned against his chest and begged him softly.

He tightened his arms and held her soft body out of drunkenness.

Her friend staggered to pull her, but she just held him tightly, shaking her head violently, shocking the girl. "Do you know each other?"

Of course, they didn't.

However, he replied without hesitation. "Yes." He felt warm since she leaned in his arms.

Her friend urged him to take care of her several times, and he promised her somehow.

Soon, his friends also left, looking at him with ambiguous eyes.

Finally, he took her to the room that his friends had booked for him. She held him tightly on the way to the hotel as the *Cuscuta Chinensis* intertwined around him. She seemed afraid that he would leave her, which made him feel sorrowful.

She was completely drunk, so he had to hold her to the hotel.

Of course, he was impulsive in front of her, especially when she was lying on the bed softly, her hair in disorder, and her plump body unfolded half in front of him.

Joseph was not a casual man, but he had to admit that such a beautiful woman also attracted him since he was also a man full of sap, so when she curled in his arms again, he felt the blood rushing into his head. Then he pressed her down on the bed in the following second.

The soft boy under him soon provoked his desire, and his abdomen was tight. He was eager to release his desire, so he lifted up her dress, kissing her lips.

He tried to persuade himself that she should have known what would happen since she was willing to go to the hotel with him.

But she cried. She cried sadly, which startled him. He stared at the tears shed down from her cheeks, and her eyes looked like the crystal in the water, pure and clear.