

## Enchanted 517

Joseph was eager to stop her, but she grabbed his pee-pee with one of her hands and was about to brush it with the small brush, which startled him, and he hastily held her hands.

"Let go." She glared at him.

"Isabel, you can brush all over my body except for this part." Joseph was so worried.

She puckered her mouth while her eyes were filled with anger, holding his big penis with one of her hands, and he held the other hand, so she couldn't move.

But his pee-pee was so big that she couldn't clench it with one of her hands, and she could feel its fullness and hardness, so she tightened but felt that her hand was sore.

"Why did you go to bed with another woman? I have to brush out the smell of that foxtel." Irish argued a point to death.

But Joseph felt comfortable since she clenched it tightly, and his displeasure had gone after hearing her words. He thought she would not be jealous but never expected she would be jealous in a particularly ingenious way.

He reached out to embrace her into his arms and lowered his head, coaxing softly, "Idiot, how can I sleep with another woman? It's just a joke."

Irish pushed him and said with a crying voice, "You are lying. You are partial to that foxtel!"

"But I can't even remember what she looks like." Joseph felt regretful for lying to her, and finally, he had to coax her. Why did he have to annoy her?

"Why did you give her money?" Irish struggled.

She resisted in his arms, which provoked his lust, so he held her and said with his hoarse voice, "I gave her money to let her go."

Her eyes became tearful again and beat him violently.

Joseph turned her body and pressed her against the wall, taking off her wet pajamas skillfully with his face buried beside her ears and then to the neck, whispering, "There is only your smell on me. What if you brush it away?"

His big hands slipped down and covered her lower abdomen.

Irish replied in a low voice stubbornly, "You are lying."

"I don't," Joseph held her face with his face getting close to her and said in his deep voice, "I was drunk completely last night, or why didn't I touch you last night? A man who really gets drunk could do nothing."

Irish stared at him, and her tears surged, blurring her eyes.

"Joseph, I trust you. I will trust you if you tell me you have another woman someday. If you tell me that you don't have sex with another woman, I will also trust you, so you can't lie to me."

"I am sorry, honey." Joseph kissed her cheeks sorrowfully, holding her face with his hands, and stared at her with his fond eyes, "Trust me. I didn't even touch a single finger of her. How can I fall in love with others since you have hooked my soul away?"

She glanced at him and took the initiative to kiss him in the next second.

He embraced her tightly.

"Joseph." She mumbled, reaching out to hold his neck, clenching his big penis with the other hand, and whispered, "Make love with me."

How can she not trust him?

He was her beloved man, and she trusted every word he said.

Joseph was imbued with his strong lust, and then he took the initiative, kissing her lips and grabbing her hands.

The sprinkler boiled the bathroom. His breath turned heavy obviously while she felt the most sensitive part of her body held against his erected pee-pee, and she could easily feel its scorching temperature.

He rubbed her gently and skillfully.

Her heart also swayed gently, like the leaves that were gently blown by the wind outside the window. She felt the hard and hot penis rubbing the most sensitive part of her body, leading to great joy, which relaxed her.

But suddenly, he protruded, and his big penis entered her vagina. Irish grunted, closed her eyes, and breathed fast to feel the sense of fullness.

He moved slowly, inch by inch, to fill her vagina so as to let her feel him. She almost cried out of this great joy, and when he finally buried his whole cock into her sensitive path, she panted while he held her slender waist, protruding to her deepest position, feeling the deadly tightness.

From his perspective, her hips looked sexy as a carved model from Olympus, which stimulated his desire.

Gradually, his movement turned wild, and he kept pumping in her body.

Irish felt it hard to withstand his collision, and her legs were trembling.

She couldn't help shivering every time he entered, and her heart almost jumped out of her throat.

His hands also covered her plump breast and made her groan.

His lips slipped at her neck as well as her spine, giving her an unnamed delighted feeling, leaving hot kisses and marks.

The temperature in the bathroom is rising, and the man's panting intertwined with her groaning, forming the dulcet movement.

The joy lasted for a long time, and he held her out of the washroom.

Her whole body blushed with several love bites on it. She was exhausted as a little bird with broken wings could not move, leaning in his arms motionlessly. Her hair was wet from water, while her forehead was also wet either from the water drops or her sweat.

Irish was petite, and she looked like a child in his strong arms. Her waist was slender, and she held his neck with her fair arms. She closed her eyes, her cheeks flushing red, and her voice turned husky.

When he passed through the living room, he saw a small iron bucket beside the couch in which a shirt's wreckage shocked him.

Irish also looked at his sight and explained to him with a weak voice, "It is the shirt you wore last night."

Of course, he knew that was his shirt, but why did she burn it there?

"Joseph....." She held his neck, curling in his arms, and said softly, "I burnt it because another woman's lipstick stained it, and I can't let the smell of another woman corrode you." After finishing her words, she touched his penis deliberately and added, "If it is stained with another woman's body fluid someday, I will definitely cut it down and burn it without hesitation."

Joseph held her, standing still, and could neither cry nor laugh, but only lowered his head and rubbed her face, whispering, "Honey, it is only tainted with yours."

He had no time to shave this morning, so his newly-grown beard tickled her, which made her laugh.