

## Enchanted 529

Jay pressed on her body and raised her waist when she was trembling.

He straightened his waist and lowered down gradually while Lilith groaned sentimentally.

It was a sense of fullness she had never had before, so she arched her waist, panting and groaning.

Jay kissed her lips gently since the woman's tightness led him more intoxicated. He waited for her to adjust patiently and cherished her first night, from which she finally turned from a girl to a real woman.

He sighed with satisfaction beside her ear, wiping her tears, and whispered, "Lilith, you are mine, finally."

Lilith held him, her body trembling but feeling happy.

The temperature was rising quickly in the room where the man's breath and the woman's groaning mixed together.

On such a chill night, they pressed with each other and were reluctant to part with each other.

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There was faint light embedded in the farthest clouds while the dim light blurred the moonlight.

A faint sigh sounded beside Irish's ear, and she opened her eyes but found she was curling in the man's arms.

The light outside the window was so bright suddenly, pouring into the room as if there was a thin layer of gold on the ground.

Adam, she called this name softly.

The man who held her waist soon pressed on her body. She panted, holding his neck, allowing his hands to fondle her body.

She called this name continuously and felt happy.

He entered her body, extolling her tightness with his magnetic voice. She lingered with him on the bed while the bright sunshine warmed their naked body. He held her with his strong arms, and she was obsessed with his fragrance, almost melting in his warmth.

I love you. She mumbled again and again. It was a voice from her deep heart.

The man's hot breath fell on her ears. Oblivious of herself, Irish catered to him with great passion, rubbing his handsome cheeks through the light, and she then saw clear of his look, but she was shocked and felt that her blood was frozen. Joseph?

A blast of mist rose, causing chillness to her, and she lowered her head but found she was hanging in the middle of a mountain.

She gnashed her teeth to fix the piton and tightened the rope

The wind was blowing while the snow blurred the rock climbing mirror.

Someone was greeting her in the distance, hinting to her to loosen her rope for a little bit while she complied with him.

When she looked down, she could see the endless white and the light reflected by the white snow.

The man caught up with her soon and climbed with her, shoulder by shoulder. They looked at each other, smiling softly.

She slipped accidentally while the man beside her held her immediately with his strong arms.

Irish puckered her face into a smile and saw the man's appearance through the mirror.

Joseph?

In great astonishment, she walked into an endless dark lane. She rolled up in a corner and shivered out of fear.

She couldn't figure out why she was so scared and didn't know where she was, but she only felt severe pain in her feet as well as her wrists.

She wanted to cry and go home.

Suddenly a faint light appeared at the lane entrance, swaying in the darkness.

She squinted, staring at the light, and wanted to run but was exhausted.

The light came to her in a blink of an eye, but she couldn't see the comer's appearance clearly. However, she could see the leather shoes with some dust on the surface. It was a pair of shoes worn by a kid around nine years old.

She asked while shivering, "Who are you?"

To her surprise, her voice sounded like a small girl who was puerile.

The light was raised up slightly, making the boy trapped in the shadow of the oil light, but illuminated her face. She reached out to cover the light that dazzled her eyes but found her hands were full of wounds.

She heard the boy say softly beside her, "Don't be afraid. I will take you away."

Somehow, she was relieved by his words, and her fear and worries soon vanished.

But soon, she heard some footsteps getting close.

The small boy clenched her hands, and she could only see his back. He was dressed neatly and noble as a kid from a rich family.

But soon, she heard someone shout, "Hurry up! Run away!"

Irish screamed and opened her eyes abruptly, panting out of shock.

It was dark in front of her eyes, with only some dim light falling into the room. There was no snow mountain or dark lane, and it was not sunny outside.

Irish lay on the bed, her body rigid, and couldn't move until a few minutes later. Her forehead and back were wet from sweat, which made her very uncomfortable.

A man's arms held her from behind and asked, "Do you have a horrible dream?"

Irish trembled and then realized the man's body pressing her was as strong as the wall. His arms held her, and he turned her over to face him.

Under the dim light, his eyes were bleary, and he wiped the sweat on her forehead, asking in a magnetic voice, "Why are you wet by sweat?"

Irish stared at him in the dim light and couldn't tell if it was a dream or reality.

And she almost called Adam's name when she moved her eyes to him. After staring at him for a long time, she then mumbled quietly, "Joseph?"

Joseph was also awake completely and rubbed her wet hair, pulling the quilt to cover her shoulders exposed to the cold air. "Don't be afraid. I am here."

He said the same words as the boy in her dream, which stunned her.

Irish stared at him, frowning. Why? Why did Adam look like Joseph in her dream? It was not the first time she had had such a dream; she had had the same dream before.

"What's wrong?" Joseph perceived her glazy stare and turned on the bedside lamp.

Reaching out and embracing her, he soothed her frown and said softly with a smile, "What kind of nightmare frightened you?"

His fingers were dyed with a pleasant smell of woody fragrance which relieved her.