

## Enchanted 65

Irish was right, Joseph did not send her back home.

With a drunken woman in his arms, Joseph was also deeply confused. He didn't know the real reason why he took her into his resting room directly instead of sending her back. Maybe it was because she was too drunk to go home, or it was an excuse for him that he was reluctant to send her away, just as Irish said.

Putting her on the bed, Joseph held his hands at the edge of the bed and looked at her sleeping there with her eyes still open slightly. They could see each other. Irish smiled and tried to touch his face with her fingers. Joseph still gazed at her without moving.

However, the next second, Irish covered his eyes, and he could only hear her laughing.

Joseph couldn't do anything but pull her hands away.

"When you look into my eyes, it really makes me feel flustered." She raised herself on her elbows, and in this way, her cheeks were less than one centimeter away from his.

Joseph's heart twitched a little, simply pressing down her restless body and then said softly. "I'll get you some water." Then he was about to get up to go, but she swung her arms around him.

In the blink of an eye, her delicate arms were like cirrus clouds holding him slightly.

Joseph was shocked and stood there motionlessly. He could have pushed her away because she just held him gently. However, he forgot at that moment.

He could clearly feel her soft body, especially her plump breasts, charming and elastic. It was like a mountain that stimulated men to climb it.

It was just as the old saying goes: A beauty's embrace is a man's tomb.

"Where are you going?" Irish whispered behind him.

Joseph was a mature man who had experienced many hardships and was beyond his youth. Therefore, even if he was enthralled by her, he could still keep a rational mind and drive away his ludicrous ideas. Turning back, he held Irish into his arms and whispered to her, "Lie down on the bed and have a good rest. I'll get you some water and come back soon."

He was still loath to push her away, and perhaps her sudden dependence on him stimulated his desire to protect her. Even if he hated drunken women, he couldn't push her away at this moment.

Or perhaps he was reluctant to hate her from the beginning. Just as that night when several friends of his were holding a bachelor party for him in the bar, she was twirling around on the dance floor drunkenly, which attracted many people's attention, including his friends.

They were just strangers, drinking in a bar. However, when she fell into his arms from the dance floor, he was somehow touched by her, and then he paid for her. She held his neck so tightly that even his friends thought they were familiar with each other, while at the same time, her eyes sparkled with glamor.

He was not a meddlesome man, but he had intervened in her affairs for the first time. He took her to the hotel room, watched her drunkenly in bed, and broke into laughter. She was like a docile cat that night without any aggressiveness. Looking at her, his perturbed mood gradually vanished.

Irish lay down beside him for the whole night, and it seemed that Joseph had granted her permission.

But she was not as docile as he thought she'd be; instead, she was especially restless.

"Water?" Irish smiled gently while she lay in Joseph's arms and said, "I want to drink more wine."

Joseph was unable to stand her being troublesome and stopped her. Then he said with a deep voice, "You've had enough alcohol tonight."

"Really? But if I am drunk, how do I know who you are?" Her drunkenness also confided a sense of enchantment. And she simply put her head on his chest and then smiled, "Hey, my brother-in-law, your heart beats so fast that it's pounding my ears."

It was the first time she took the initiative to call him brother-in-law, but it sounded unnatural. Joseph had never taken care of a drunken woman, even if it was Ruby. But when facing Irish, he was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Perceiving that she managed to get close to him intentionally, he had to stop her and warn her not to do that. "Isabel."

"It's really a nice name spoken from your mouth, even though I really don't like it. "She was like a sly snake that he couldn't control at all. Or perhaps she held him again when he let go of her hands. Her sexy lips began to press in his Adam's apple."

At that moment, neither of them knew who was the person being tempted.

"What did you feel when you held me that night? Was it the same as now?" She curled up in his arms while one of her hands lingered on his chest. The strong chest beneath her fingertips burned her heart, and her soft hands began to descend.

Joseph's spine was stiff, and his mouth compressed into a thin line. He looked at her with meaningful eyes. Irish raised her head so that their breaths interwoven with each other. Her smile turned more and more feminine, while his breathing got more and more rapid. It was not until Irish put her hands on his crotch that Joseph pushed her away with his eyebrow frowning.

"Don't make a mess." It sounded like he was a little bit annoyed..

"Hahaha...." Irish lay down on the bed lazily and laughed as if she had succeeded in breaking down his casual calmness. Then she held herself up with her elbows, so her fishtail dress swung slightly so that her breasts were revealed before him. Gently biting her lip and staring into his deep eyes, Irish said with a soft voice, "My brother-in-law, your cock is so big..."

Joseph bit his teeth, and he turned to leave.