

Enchanted 66

"I'm thirsty," Irish said with a soft voice behind him. Joseph stopped and turned to look at her.

"I'm thirsty, my brother-in-law." It was different from just now when she called him brother-in-law, it sounded helpless this time. Her eyes looked like those of an innocent deer, pure and simple.

Joseph was tenderhearted again and sighed slightly, "Wait for me here." Irish grinned.

Beside his luxurious villa, the resting room was the place where he usually lived since he was busy with his official business. Sometimes he didn't want to drive home through the night, and he would stay here. Therefore, there were many available everyday items here, including clothes.

Because of Irish's drunkenness, he did not even have time to change his clothes or clean up after getting this drunken woman off to bed. When he came back to the resting room with a glass of water, he found that Irish was lying on the bed quietly. He could see her slender figure in her fishtail skirt. Behind her was the starry sky, and from his perspective, she was a sleeping beauty.

When Joseph pressed the remote control, the curtains automatically closed and covered the city lights outside the window, leaving only the faint yellow glow inside, as if lit by fireflies. "Isabel."

She opened her eyes slightly.

"I have water for you."

"Thank you." Irish was about to get up but staggered for a while. Joseph reached out and lifted her up while Irish fell into his arms directly after taking the water.

Joseph didn't push her away, and maybe it was because he was afraid that the water would spill out, or maybe for another reason.

She was allowed to drink water in his arms. She lay in his arms and suddenly smiled at him after taking a sip. Her smile was like the warm breeze in spring that melted his solid heart.

Soon she began to drink water again. Joseph's eyes fell on her tender neck, reminding him of a word: When a beauty bowed her head gently, she was like a bashful lotus.

Irish was still very drunk and quickly finished the whole glass of water, but she didn't immediately hand him the cup. Instead, she raised her head to look into his eyes and showed a bright smile, "Do you want some water?"

Joseph thought it was just her drunken talk and took the cup from her, but unexpectedly Irish held it tightly and said softly, "If you are thirsty, I'll give you some water."

Joseph was confused but could perceive her fragrance obviously. She stared at him quietly while their chests were closed to each other. It couldn't be told whose heart was beating faster. Though she was drunk, she felt her heart was about to be cracked, and she felt thirsty again under Joseph's gaze.

He beamed his lips into a thin line. Suddenly, she was eager to feel the softness of his lips and raised her head and kissed him boldly with her sexy red lips.

His lips were a little bit cool compared to hers. She felt that her heart was going to jump out of her chest while her head buzzed. And she could feel the man's body stiffen at that moment.

Somehow she kissed him.

Perhaps Joseph did not expect that she would be so bold as to kiss him, so he was motionless when he felt her soft lips. But soon the fragrance Irish was sending out stimulated him. His body was stiff, but when she licked his lips with her soft tongue, Joseph couldn't help but grab her waist and enjoy her tender skin under her skirt. The next second, he took the initiative and began to kiss her passionately.

Irish began to respond to his kiss ardently, and she felt her heart almost stop at the moment when their lips touched each other. The man handheld her waist tightly and kissed her even more heavily, then a spinning sensation occurred to her as if she was overwhelmed by the alcohol.

But what was strange was that her sense of smell and touch was still extremely keen.

She could feel his fresh breath, his strong arms, and the warmth of his chest. And she could hear her taut breathing. Her eardrum nerves jumped violently, which stimulated the heart to follow.

She uttered a soft, faint moan, which ignited the fire in Joseph's heart. The woman in his arms was tender and warm, and soon the flames in his heart ran wild. His eyes were like the stars in the dark night sky, deep and profound. When he heard her emotional moan, he couldn't help holding her waist and leaned over.

Joseph took the full initiative, towering over her. Irish felt dizzy like she was trying to encircle him. But unexpectedly, when she was held beneath him, his lips moved away, only leaving his hot breath on her forehead, blowing her hair beside her cheeks.

Irish opened her eyes, breathing heavily.

She could feel his ragged breathing, but it seemed that he was trying to calm himself down, looking down at her eyes while Joseph's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat. He held himself with his elbows on both sides of Irish's head and was not completely leaning on her. Irish was dizzy and wriggled subconsciously but felt something hard against her leg, and as she wriggled, it seemed to get bigger.

"Don't move," Joseph said in a low and deep voice and held her face with his hands, which were burning hot as if he had lost control.

Irish stopped wriggling and smiled softly when she saw his slightly exposed bronzed chest heave quietly.

Joseph beat back his impulsion and began to fondle her with one of his hands and then ruffled her hair affectionately. However, when she was still immersed in his indulgence, his magnetic voice sounded again, "Isabel, don't play with fire. It will burn you!"

Irish was motionless, and her eyes were like the shining stars. She seemed to be drunk but also awake, and then she said gently, "If I'm really playing with the fire, do you dare put it out?"

Her questioning, maybe out of carelessness, was like a crazy adventure, and somehow it broke the tension between the two of them, heading toward an ambiguous direction.