

Enchanted 664

The cloth became frail between his fingers.

Soon, Irish's whole body, except for the tie on the wrist, was naked.

She almost choked, reflexively moving to the side of the bathtub, staring at the condescending Joseph, clenching her lips, and a long time later saying, "I... won't have a baby for you."

She finally admitted it, but it was the result she knew so well, why would her heart feel sorrowful so much?

"Irish, no woman has dared to play me like this. Let you have a baby because you owe me." Joseph simply sat by the bathtub. The woman's still enchanting posture in the water stung his eyes and he squinted his eyes slightly. He reached out and pinched her chin, "You're right, you are nothing but a chess piece in my eyes, to put it bluntly," he said, "you are no different from the women who have warmed my bed. Now I need Lake's blood, and you are the best container."

The man's words were colder than the cold wind and bitter rain.

She drew her eyes, and when he pulled his hand away, her head leaned feebly against the bathtub, her long hair floating on the water like algae, her cheeks creepily pale.

She quivered her lips and said, "If I had to choose again, I would get another abortion of your child."

She was just a chess piece, right?

It was okay.

It really didn't matter.

She had fallen in love with him so much before, and now she hated him so much.

Joseph heard her words and smiled lightly, "It doesn't matter, you dare to do that again, I dare to get you pregnant repeatedly too."

His slender finger slid down her pale cheek, and as he passed through the cut in her neck, his finger paused a little, looking at it slightly and he noticed the cut was not visible.

His hand gradually slid gently to her collarbone, to the soaring chest, and the flat belly.

Irish's wrists were tightened so strongly that it was impossible to push away his big hand and because she had just been in the rain for an hour, her whole body was weak. When the man's big hand reached between her legs, she subconsciously tried to clamp her legs, but unfortunately, she could not match the strength of the man's big hand.

When his fingers rushed in without warning, her dry, hoarse throat hurt a little.

She tried to scream, but the noise was as low as a mosquito.

Then, she felt Joseph again, who put into his second, the third fingers.

Rude without pity.

His hands were as cold as his eyes. Her body curled up and began to tremble.

But he enjoyed the pleasure of the tight space he felt in his fingertips.

"Joseph. You are shameful." Irish felt nothing but pain in her lower body. His fingers were long, and every movement could reach her deepest point.

Joseph, however, pressed his head, smiled harmlessly, and his other hand twirled her little face, and said in her ear with a deep voice, "I am shameless? Have you forgotten when you were screaming like a little beast underneath my naked body when I touched you?"

Irish knew he was going to torture her, but she didn't think the humiliation coming out of his mouth would make her so embarrassed.

"It's been more than a month, and to be honest, I'm kind of missing your screams." He brutally raised her face, watching her every reaction and his pupil shrank, accelerating the movement of his fingers inside her.

Irish could not avoid his behavior, only to bite her lips, at least, to control her voice.

Joseph seemed to see through her mind, lowering his thin lips to her ear, gently whispering, "Don't hold on, you are very wet right now, honey."

Irish tried to twist her waist again but was held down by him all at once.

At last, she put all her strength into biting her lips.

Her stubbornness aroused Joseph's displeasure, his eyes like a rolling black cloud. He pulled out two fingers, leaving only one of them and accurately finding the small, sensitive point.

Shoving it down with a sneer, and then grinding it.

Irish suddenly widened her eyes, and the tip of the wave clapped in her heart.

Suddenly the strength was increased and her lower lip was gnawed.

Joseph, however, was in no hurry, torturing the spot and feeling the delicate and soft wall getting tighter and tighter.

He wanted her to get rid of her armour, and that was the point at which she was quickly paralyzed.

"Let go. You son of a bitch." Irish's voice was a bit of a cry.

Joseph's eyes were colder, but the slippage between his fingers made his voice grow thick. He pressed down on her struggling body, "Did you like it? Your body is getting tighter and tighter."

"Enough!" This man was an asshole. She was gonna kill him!

She hated herself for being weak and she should have stabbed him with all her strength when he entered the room!

Joseph's hand still tormented her, incessantly stimulating her.

Just when he perceived that she was almost reaching her peak, his fingers pressed hard on her pleasure spot.

Irish gasped, shrank her teeth to her lower lip, and finally exhaled from her throat, and shrank to the tightest.

Her chest panting heavily continued.

She was too weak to bear the thrill of being sent to the clouds, and the next moment she closed her eyes and slid into the bathtub.

Joseph's strong arm reached out and picked her up.

Seeing that her lower lip had been bitten hard and with blood, his face turned blue.

Irish, you were so good at controlling yourself!

Irish did not know how long she had slept.

When she opened her eyes, outside the window was bright, and the black veil was reflected to lose its pure black.

The room was quiet, and only a faint tick came into her ears.

She tried to sit up from the bed with a painful, faint head, and a broken-like wrist. She raised her hand, only to find that the tie was gone.

Only a conspicuous bruise was left.

Even without this bruising reminder, Irish still remembered everything that had happened last night.

Joseph came.

Then he became the devil.

Irish looked around the room warily. He was not in the room, but she still smelled his body aroma.

The breath was no longer as safe as it had been, and now she felt frightened even if she breathed lightly.