

## Enchanted 679

She had a small but high nose bridge, and the outline of her mouth was as perfect as engraved by a designer.

Then, suddenly, the tip of his fingers got wet.

He was shocked, he found out that tears were drenching her eyelashes and slowly dripping onto the pillow, causing it to get wet.

The pillow swallowed her tears, but it hurt Joseph's chest.

Maybe she got tired of scolding him and fell asleep.

Joseph suddenly felt so exhausted. Actually, he hadn't felt as tired as he did today since he entered the business field.

He had to admit that he was exhausted.

He was devastated and hated her before, but as he touched her face with tears, all his pain, disappointment, and anger suddenly disappeared.

There had been no woman like her, making him so exhausted.

He wanted to let her go, but he couldn't bear to do it simply because she was the only woman who robbed his heart and drained all his inner strength.

Irish was right. He was really an idiot.

He couldn't indulge her properly and couldn't bear to let her go because he only wanted to grab her freedom to let her stay beside him for the rest of his life despite her anger and resentment against him.

The so-called freedom referred to the fact that she could do anything she wanted in his private world, and there was only one premise: she couldn't go out of his world.

Joseph had thought that his own world could let her in, and she could live casually and without worry. He didn't want to mention that, actually, there were so many women longing to live in his world. He thought that this kind of idea was childish. He only wanted to emphasize that he had provided such a place for this woman who drowned him gradually. His private world only belongs to Irish.

Irish is the only woman who made him so desperate and changed the entire course of his life abruptly.

No matter how stubborn she was, he would love to provide her with a secure and stable place.

He had thought that he was deeply familiar with her, but he forgot that she was actually a psychoanalyst.

Was he an individual case for her or a tool for her revenge? Was their unborn child also a part of her scheme? How could she have the heart to sacrifice their unborn child? She should have killed him, not their child.

As he thought about those painful events, he got angrier.

His eyes turned cold.

It was the first time Joseph was so serious with a woman.

And it was not until now Joseph knew that money was not Irish's target. If she really did everything for money, it would be easy for him to grasp her. She hasn't jumped from the high building or gone rock climbing. Instead, she dared to die before him this time.

Joseph's fingers stopped on her face for a while.

He wiped away her tears lightly. Her wrists were so pale, along with her fingers.

Joseph held her hands and felt her cold fingers.

He felt really sorry for her.

He untied the rope and released her wrists.

One of her arms slipped down slowly while Joseph stretched the other into his palm. He pressed the red print on her wrist lightly, and then on the other...

Gradually Irish's wrists got warm again after Joseph gave her a massage on them, along with her fingers.

Joseph lay down by her side and turned around to face her.

He pulled her fingers to his mouth.

Her fingers were so soft, just like the clouds.

Joseph's action interrupted Irish's sleeping. She murmured and pulled back her hands in an immediate response.

The collarbone got distorted, and her breast was vaguely shown under it.

Joseph clearly noticed it. The view became more attractive along with her breath.

He realized that he hadn't slept with her for over a month.

Joseph was certain that he hated her but loved her body.

He unveiled her pajama, and then her shoulder was shown.

She was really charming to him. Joseph approached her and lowered to kiss her red lips.

Irish's dreamland was also not beautiful.

She dreamed of going rock climbing, and suddenly the safety buckle was open, and she fell down.

Right before her eyes, the mountain quickly collapsed.

The mountain suppressed her, and it was hard for her to breathe.

It was not until she woke up from the nightmare that she realized she couldn't take a breath.

She didn't know when she was naked.

A man was pressing her.

The light wooden aroma exposed him.

She screamed.

There were no clothes on her, and Joseph was also naked above her.

She groveled on the bed, so she couldn't perceive his expressions, but only felt his lips moving on her back, ridge, and finally on her hip.

His lips were hot like volcanic lava, and his one strong arm wrapped her entire body while his other hand gently kneaded her plum breast.

Irish gave out a shrill scream, astonishment was written all over her beautiful face, and the next moment she turned around and then pushed Joseph away.

She quickly grabbed the quilt, trying to cover her naked yet beautiful body, and stared at Joseph vigilantly as if he were a monster who would lunge at her anytime.

However, to her surprise, Joseph just stood there motionlessly.

He remained silent and even didn't get mad at her even if she pushed him in such a rude manner.

Joseph just didn't get irritated but just leaned against the bed and gazed at her with a faint smile.

With the cold moonlight shining on them, they could see each other clearly. Joseph was naked and gazed at her directly without any hesitation.

The thing between his legs was erected like a lion with its head sharply eyeing her.

Seeing his naked and extremely beautiful body, Irish felt that her heart was burning while a sudden strong desire crept through her whole body, shuddering her and making her sore.

It was easy for her to feel the man's desire to touch her.

Irish trembled slightly and had a sudden physical response uncontrollably. But soon, she warned herself that if she succumbed to it, she would learn a bitter lesson tonight from him.

Her physical reaction meant that she also became enamored physiologically, but it was a different case in psychology. Psychological emotions refer to love, while physical emotions often refer to the desire for sex.