

Enchanted 90

As if reading her mind, Joseph loosened the big hand that had bound her wrists but took advantage of the opportunity to wind down on her waist and hold on to it. Through the thin cloth, the heat of his hand almost burned her skin.

She wanted to scream, but her throat felt blocked.

His kisses were soft, like a May spring night, where one could get immersed in it without care. He suddenly opened his mouth, keeping her exquisite earlobe in his mouth.

The sudden sucking finally succeeded in causing her to gasp, and she put her hands on his bare chest. His sturdy bosom was burning to death, and with his heartbeat, he slammed into her palms with force.

His heart was like hers.

She was not a little girl. She knew it was a sign of a man's affection.

"Irish..." His voice sounded vague and thick because of the kiss.

She shuddered.

His kisses took advantage of the opportunity to move down, they paused on her neck, then her delicate and beautiful collarbone.

When his thin lips were completely buried in the cleavage of her chest, her whole body shook into a sieve, only feeling that his thin lips burned her heart, which was terrible.

She felt disheveled in her clothes.

The strap of her top was gently pulled down from her shoulder. The light in the room was dark, making the room seem hotter. The faint light emphasized the limitless beauty of her chest.

Though she laid on her back, her Swan-like neck, deeply curved collarbone, and two beautiful bosoms were still in perfect shape. Half concealed by her house dress, she looked even sexier, and her chest fluctuated with her breath.

Joseph was bold enough to immerse himself in this. His head was buried in her chest, and his brightly-drawn eyebrows were stained with tenderness. His eyes blackened, his breath deepened, and the sound of him calling her name was thicker and thicker.

He admitted he was attached from the moment he had accidentally strayed into the bathroom. The woman in his arms was like a clear spring that made him happy and like a poppy that made him smile. The scene still reverberated in his mind from the bathroom: under the water mist, her figure was enchanting and dreamy, and her long seaweed hair hung on her delicate body. For a moment, he wanted to touch her hair and hold her tightly in his arms.

Joseph could not help but kiss her deeply. He opened her mouth, and through the thin cloth, he could not control himself to keep that dreamy red plum from his mouth.

For a moment, Irish stiffened. Her body trembled and then made a strong writhing.

She felt there was something big between her legs, and it hurt her, she was scared to reach out to put it aside.

Then her blank brain buzzed.

Joseph, however, chuckled and grabbed her hand all the way down. At the moment when her fingertips touched a hard and hot thing, Irish's voice begging for mercy finally broke through her throat. The voice was small and helpless, like a bird that had been taken away its wings. "No..."

The sound was like a defense against some taboo.

In a word, Joseph stopped as she wished. Without anger, he let go of her hand, but he immediately turned over, and she could still feel his hardness which almost hurt her.

She did not dare to move.

And he, with a trace of pity in her eyes, stretched out his hand and covered her face again, but his voice sounded heart-wrenching. "Why are you afraid of me since you like me, huh?"

She could not answer, though she knew it clearly.

Her heart hurt a little, but she couldn't find a reasonable cause.

Joseph did not intend to wait for her to answer or, knowing she would not sigh and rolled over. Irish hurriedly turned her back to him, only to find that it was no longer the place where the heart was pressed.

His arm stretched to make her back against his chest, and the beat of both hearts seemed the same, feeling warm and attached.

Irish did not know what he was thinking but felt his breath fluttering overhead. His arms completely embraced her, and her mouth moved, but she could not say a word anymore.

Joseph's big hand covered her fingers, forcing her fingers to entangle his. Irish looked down, whose fingers were like weeds, powerless to cling to his fingers.

"Isabel..." Joseph's voice fell over her head, soft, "I won't force you to like me, but if you do one day, let me know."

She looked at him in surprise, waiting for his next words. Somehow, looking at him from this angle, his eyes were dark and bore the pain with the lonely beauty of a wolf, and it suddenly hit her heart.

Joseph said only half of what he said, leaving the rest to be reverie. Finally, a kiss fell on the tip of her nose, and he whispered, "Sleep."

At the New Zone coffee shop in New York, there was no crowd. Cassie took a half-day off because she wanted to have a nice time with Fredrick. He did not like to go shopping, but today, he was very patient with her, going through the whole New Zone Mall and buying her beautiful clothes and special care products for her parents, who had been living in her house.

Cassie was never a girl who liked to take advantage of others, which was quite different from Irish's. As long as Fredrick spent money to buy things for her, she would have to buy something for him, so she felt comfortable. So when her favorite rose water was served, she pushed an exquisite box toward Fredrick.

Fredrick was surprised, but she smiled and motioned for him to open it up.

He opened it. That was a pair of Givenchy men's cufflinks.

"Cassie, you don't need to buy me anything." He was helpless.

"I can't take advantage of you. Besides, you're my boyfriend, and it's my duty to make you handsome. Aren't these nice? I've been staring at it for a long time, and you'll be wearing it at my house this weekend." Cassie slightly closed her lips.

"Cassie..."