Enchanted 110

It seemed that everyone else had been falling asleep.

Under the night sky, above the farm, there were only two of them.

When Irish could not tell whether he would be silent until dawn, she didn't expect to see him reaching for her. She lowered her head, looking at his hand. The moonlight made his palm print clearer, broad, and full of strength.

In her heart, the feeling became clearer and stronger. Irish actually began to be afraid.

Joseph looked at her, his eyes darkened a little, and then he took her hand and held it. She looked up at him in astonishment. He whispered, "Why are your hands so cold?"

She was in silence.

Joseph also did not intend to wait for her to answer, taking off his coat and placing it directly on her shoulder. Immediately, her breath was filled with his masculine scent, which had a heavy wood fragrance.

Then he took her hand again and clasped her fingers.

She felt that his hand was warm. She thought of her father's hand, which she never held.

When her heart was slightly hurt, Joseph stretched out her hand and lifted her chin. "Your eyes are pink."

"From the wind," She hurriedly lowered her head.

An ache flashed in the deep eyes of the man, but he laughed, "Where is the singing spirit, like in the daytime?"

Those words succeeded in dispelling the pain in her heart. Irish pushed him away, smiling, "Can you even win without my songs?"

She pushed him, and for a moment, he staggered. Retreating several steps, he smiled without a word.

"Hey, what about my song?" The silence broke, and her voice became clear.

"No comment," His smile expanded. "Are you laughing at me?"

"No," he raised his hand," I swear. "

"But you're laughing?"

Joseph, however, smiled more brightly.

Irish was naturally disobedient, rushing forward to push his hand, "Do not laugh."

This time she was unable to push him away, and she struggled when he took her hands, but Joseph apparently did not intend to let her go, holding her tightly, freeing a big hand to put her in his arms.

She was startled with a struggle, but the man's deep voice said, "Let me hold you.", which was like both a request and an order.

"Joseph." She was surprised at his boldness and initiative.

But he smiled, loosened her wrists, hugged her with one hand, and raised the other. His slender fingers touched her forehead and brows. She looked up and could see her reflection in the depths of his eyes.

In his eyes, it was only her right now.

"Isabel," Joseph called her name softly, with a mellow voice like a cello on the side of her ear. "I've been thinking these days that I've been selfish."

Irish's heart, which was not easy to settle down, jumped suddenly. What was he talking about?

"Are you ready to stand on the tip of the waves?" he said, with a slight sigh, with his fingers on her cheek, "If you allow me to stand in front of you, I can stop the wave that will sweep over you. I just want to know, do you want to accept my selfishness?"

"I..." She was not a fool and understood what he meant.

She had dared to say in front of him that she liked him because she wanted to see his fear.

What should she do?

Push him away or continue her lie?

"Joseph." Irish tried to be calm and said in a low voice after taking a deep breath, "I've never thought about it before." Maybe this was the perfect answer.

Actually, he could sense her ambiguity.

But this time, Joseph didn't want to abandon her casualness and arrogance but raised her chin with a rough thumb, swept her lips, and looked at her sincerely, "I want to kiss you."

She felt nearly suffocated.

"And once I kiss you, it means that my selfishness will implicate you. Irish, want you to tell me…" He stopped there and took a deep breath and threatened her to look at him, "whether you need my protection." His identity decided that he could not do many things and that he could only count those choices.

At this time, Irish really hoped that they could be interrupted by a certain incident. Joseph forced her to fall into a dilemma accidentally, and there was no way out for her, so she could not make such a decision. Just as children were scared of examinations, they prayed for the ruin of the earth even at the last minute before the exam. Irish had the same feeling now.

She just closed her lips tightly and smacked them since she felt their trembling. In this way, her white teeth met her red lips, seeming to be so beautiful and charming under the moonlight, just like a rose blooming in the darkness. Although this rose had thorns, it still looked attractive.

Joseph was not a god.

And then his fingers walked around her head, and he lowered to kiss her without any early warning.

This action was like throwing a grenade, and soon became beyond control. Irish's mind went blank at once and became wholly motionless. Joseph's kiss was soft and explored her lips slowly along the corner of her lips.

She felt his smell in every breath, or maybe she just couldn't take a breath at all because her heart beat so quickly. It was not until Joseph touched her teeth with his tongue that she was awakened and pushed him away immediately. But he held her head strongly.

As a result, his tongue entered her mouth and attacked her tongue.

When their tongues entwined with each other, Irish's legs became impotent. Joseph attached his hand to her back, and the warmth of his palm got to her heart through the cloth.

But for his strength, she would have lost the capability to stand on. She felt that she was attached to him entirely, and the only strength came from his support.

She gave up struggling.

His kiss became oppressive and strong, just like a thirsty man tasting clean water. Joseph's action turned from tentative to passionate, and his breath became dull and deep.