

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 15 15: Let Me Have A Try

Irish became uneasy, and the fragrance of the wine felt intoxicating. Joseph was sitting there silently, like a shadow, without saying anything. At one moment, she felt like he was looking through her and reading her mind.

Suddenly the mobile phone rang, and she felt scared. Joseph took the phone, signaling her to turn down the volume. She nodded with a smile but turned it up deliberately. But Joseph had already answered and looked shocked.

Irish closed her lips lightly, trying her best to restrain her laughter. Staring at her for a while, Joseph shook his head and looked down with a smile. He turned to go into the bedroom with his phone.

This man was patient, Irish couldn't help admitting to herself. And when she turned it down, she had to fix on the video, fast-forward continuously, the decadent pictures leaping before her eyes. The video was long, and it consisted of several short videos, which all belong to one type. Violence, SM, and visual stimulation made her uncomfortable.

Preparing to continue fast-forwarding, the remote controller was taken from her hands. Joseph sat down directly beside her. His tall figure leaned on the back of the sofa.

"What can you see on the screen at such high speed?" Joseph said slowly.

Irish gnashed secretly, but when she looked at him, she wore a smile. "Okay, I'll watch it slowly. Please don't bother me. I'm working." She intended to tease him, thinking about watching the video with him.

"You have asked many questions, and I sat here to answer you." Joseph lowered his head.

Irish suffered the consequence she brought upon herself, and she had to continue watching the video. The images of the sexual scene continued, and Joseph seemed to have no plan to fast-forward. She resisted and resisted, and finally, she said, "I don't need to watch the entire process, fast-forward!"

"You are a psychological analyzer, and you should catch every detail. That's what you said just now." Joseph's voice was pleasant, falling on her ears, which was so close beside her that it could get into her heart.

"All right, I'll watch it." Irish smiled at him.

Joseph took a slight smile. He sat with his long and slender right leg across his left leg. Irish sat stiffly, the lazier the man on the screen was, the uneasier Irish was.

A flow of ambiguity began to float in the air.

The light wine aroma and cool fragrance in him interwoven together, forming a strange atmosphere surrounding her. Yes, he just drank! The realization caused a shiver in her heart. She narrowed her shoulders and tightened the coat. But her heart shook again because the coat was his.

She began to realize that she had made a mistake. She shouldn't have teased a man who drank.

The picture became more and more bloody, and the surrounding airflow turned hot. Irish's mouth felt parched, and her tongue scorched, not knowing it was because of the breath of the man beside her or the content of the video. She licked her lips and had to lower her voice, "Please fast-forward."

Joseph was staring at her increasingly stiff back the entire time until she slightly turned sideways and lowered her head. Her tiny face was pale with reddish cheeks under the lamplight.

He had to admit that she was too beautiful and that the movement of lightly closing her eyes was extremely charming. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Leaning forward, his shadow almost covered her.

"You can't stand it?" His words were originally meant to be tender, but from his mouth, they had a hint of enchantment and ambiguity.

The moaning intensified, and suddenly there was a more mellow voice, like a word of concern, but it had more of a taste of sexuality and love. She felt a sharp contraction in her body. He was so close that she could feel his temperature and the smell of his body heat, gently spraying over her head and sweeping down her neck. She lifted her eyes and inadvertently met his deep eyes. Suddenly, Irish realized that Joseph had gotten revenge.

She glared at him severely and then looked at the video, but her face changed because of the intensifying sexual behavior.

"What's the matter?" Joseph only planned to tease her. Seeing that she changed her face, he stretched his hand to pull her close.

But Irish pushed him away and rushed into the washroom. Joseph stood up, dazed, and followed her.

Irish was bending over the sink, retching. Her stomach was overflowing, and her mouth was full of bile. Standing beside the sink, Joseph looked at her with a helpless smile. "The psychological construction of Doctor Irish could be improved."

Irish was trying so hard to pacify her nausea, washing her face weakly. "The scene was too gross." She staggered suddenly, feeling her head heavy and her feet light when she stood up.

All of a sudden, a hand tightened around her waist. She was held in his arms, and then she fell on his broad chest, warm and strong. She smelt the sweet aroma of wine on his breath.

"Are you okay?" He looked at her small, pale face.

They were so close to each other that she could feel his body temperature easily, which was transmitted through the thin clothes. The voice from the player became more outrageous, stimulating their ears sound by sound.

"Yes." She shook her head, trying to get rid of the ridiculous mental image and preparing to leave his arms, but a long strand of hair hooked the button of his shirt.

Irish hurried to rip off her hair, but it caused a bigger mess, and she exposed the bronzed skin of his chest. He didn't move at first, but when looking at the sweat oozing from her forehead, he couldn't help but reach to press her hand, and he said with a low voice, "Let me have a try."

She had never felt so embarrassed. Joseph was patiently untangling the hair little by little. Lowering his head, his breath swept over her cheeks. She was so close to him, and he could easily smell her light fragrance.