

## Enchanted 177

He didn't think that she would have entered his room on her own initiative, looking sullen. That was the only reason he drank the wine the woman next to him served.

He abandoned all of his previous plans, for, at that moment, he knew how much he had been missing her.

If she was happy, he could endure solitude, but she was alone, wandering like a shadow on the ancient streets. Her thin figure made his heart ache, and he could not wait any longer as he'd told her, and he didn't want to leave her by her lonesome.

Irish was frightened by his boldness. Without saying a word, she only looked at him. Joseph's heart was softened, and he bowed his head and kissed her again, but this time his kiss became bold and aggressive, nearly crushing her lips. He moved down to her chin, a delicate kiss stretching down her neck to her sexy collarbone.

"Joseph..." Her voice was squeezed out of her throat in tiny bits and pieces.

The man's big hands became restless, slowly moving down her back, outlining her beautiful butterfly-shaped shoulder blades and quietly slipping along her spine. Then, when he grabbed her hips, her whole body tensed up. She reached for his hand, and her red lips trembled slightly.

Joseph's eyes gradually darkened, like ink rolling in the depths of the sea. Finally, he lifted his head slightly, brushing her nose with his hair, and uttered softly, "I imagine that...you haven't had time to put on underwear?"

Irish gasped, not knowing if it was because of what he said or because of his kiss. Though he had been intimate with her before, he had never acted as he did that night. She was not a young girl; she naturally read the longing in his eyes and his hoarse voice and felt suffocated for a moment.

Joseph gently smiled, picked her up, and stepped into the bedroom.

Palpitations spread through the bottom of her heart, gradually gathering into an ocean. She quietly nestled against his chest and his strong arms. She looked at him, and he also lowered his eyes to her. The feeling was so good that it made her mistakenly think that everything would be true forever.

In his eyes, she seemed to read that they would be together forever. They had crossed mountains and seas and waited for this reunion for a long time. They should belong to each other.

But when her back was close to the bed, a slight coolness rushed through her body, bringing her back to reality. She tried struggling to sit up, but Joseph bent down. The yellow light reflected off his strong upper body. There was a faint smell of wood on his breath, as there had always been, and his breath was so familiar that it made her eyes moist and her throat close up tight. She looked at his nose, and then his strong chin, his sexy Adam's apple, and his broad, thick shoulders, whose curve was rugged and strong. His tough, fit body looked chiseled in the soft light.

She was familiar with the curve of his chest. He bent down, and she could see his chest and stomach, but the only thing she couldn't see was his eyes.

Even if she didn't have to look up, she still felt heat in her eyes at this moment. She was afraid of the enthusiasm in his eyes, burning her forehead like a fire, and gradually spreading over her whole body.

The man's lips quickly rose up, and Irish closed her eyes. She was afraid of being burned up by the man's eyes, but she could feel the force of Joseph's kiss, soft on the tip of her nose, but with force when the kiss fell on her lips. She kept her eyes closed, and her whole body was as rigid as stone.

A long time later, his lips moved to the side of her ear, and his kisses became soft while his hot, heavy breath tumbled between her ears.

"Open your eyes," Joseph said in a hoarse voice.

Irish closed her eyes even more tightly.

Joseph sighed and kissed her trembling eyelids with his head down. His voice was almost coaxing, "Irish, look at me."

Her long eyelashes trembled like a cicada gently spreading its wings, and she finally opened her eyes and was forced to look into his dark eyes. Their color was blacker than ever before, vaguely expressing his physiological desire for her.

"Joseph..." His eyes were too hot for her to look at, and even the strength of him calling her name vanished.

He held her face and ordered her to look at him.

"Why?" Why would he force her so? She was not used to him being like this.

Joseph looked into her eyes and became more gentle. His long fingers stroked her cheek with pity and whispered, "Look at me, and you won't think of anyone else..."

She was dumbfounded.

"Your old boyfriend, or Leo, who you have always liked." His eyes ached. "I want you to see who I am."

Irish's heart hurt slightly, and she gently shook her head, "No, you misunderstood, I dare not look at you."

"Why?" He asked carefully.

She looked up, and panic rose up in her eyes. "It was a bad idea to approach you, but I haven't really thought about what's going to happen. Joseph, I..."

"I want you to belong to me completely." Joseph didn't get angry but laughed.

"I never thought of it that way," Irish said, a little sharply.

Joseph gently smiled, looking down at her eyes, and said, "Isabel, I thought you understood my intentions. I thought when I brought you back to this hotel, you would know what I wanted."

"But you said...."

"I told you I'd only let you play with fire twice," He kissed her forehead.

Irish glared at him with wide eyes, "I didn't stir you again...."

Joseph, however, shook his head with a smile. "You were already playing with fire and burning yourself when you appeared before me."

"You..."

"Hush..." He tilted his head, and his lips fell on her neck again.

"But we can't..." She tried to hold on to his moving head, but her fingers were tingling.