Enchanted 178

The temperature between the man's lips melted her and warmed up her entire body. As he opened his mouth to her ear lobe, the warmth of his tongue spread quickly. She could feel that the man's strong desire had become uncontrollable. She felt a gentle pain between her legs, but it stirred when the warm current reached her lower abdomen, and then a certain part of her body slowly became moist.

"Isabel," Joseph called her name softly beside her ear. His words were ambiguous while kissing her, but they were enough to shock Irish. "We can because Ruby and I are only married by name."

His kiss fell again after this remark, and gradually he moved down to her collarbone, and his big hands became more restless, unbuttoning her buttons one by one, and her dress slipped from her shoulders, revealing the infinite joy inside. His demeanor changed, and he was about to lower his head when Irish suddenly held his cheeks.

"What did you say?"

Joseph smiled at her astonished expression, "Was I not clear enough?"

"You mean. You and Ruby, you two are…." She stuttered.

Joseph once again smiled, "In other words, I am now fully qualified to own you. I'm an unmarried man in the eyes of the law."

"Oh, my God, how can you be so bold?" She was shocked, and her eyes popped out of her head, but her heart beat faster as if her feelings of ecstasy were spreading. Joseph laughed but did not speak.

"But why did Ruby agree to this?" She hadn't fully lost her mind yet.

Joseph's face became helpless, and he sighed, "Isabel, do you really want to force me to tell you about the situation at this time?"

At first, she was stunned, but soon she saw that his cheeks were flushing as his eyes showed that he was dimly repressing his desire, and she couldn't help laughing again. Joy and great happiness rose up from her heart, prompting her to reach out to his neck with her hands. She called his name in a low voice, "Joseph. Joseph. Joseph. Am I dreaming? Are you lying to me?"

Without waiting for him to explain the reason, Ruby loved Eric, but he loved Emery, so Ruby could not be alone for the rest of her life, right? Sometimes, love was unimportant in marriages between rich families because the important thing was to match, as her father and Shirley.

"Silly girl, you are the last person I want to lie to." Joseph did not fail to see the joy in her eyes, his heart felt warm, and the strength between his fingers became more gentle.

He gently clung to her waist, "But I am selfish because I want to be more perfectly able to protect you."

Irish stared at him and understood the meaning of his words. She lowered her long eyelashes, and her red face showed her obedience. Such warmth had never inflated Joseph's heart, and he became more cautious, but he could not help but open his mouth to taste her petite red plum.

She was as beautiful as his imagination would allow. The woman under him was suddenly excited and started shaking her whole body, making him go crazy. But as he tried to explore her beauty further, she called his name in a hurry and even put her hand over his lips.

Joseph, because his desires were interrupted, became flustered. When he raised his eyes, they were also full of chaotic light, and his voice was hoarse, "Please don't refuse me. Please give me all you have. Stop torturing me." He had endured hard times before, and he had never thought that his self-control was this strong, but it didn't mean that he could work this hard to restrain himself every time, especially when a woman's body was almost naked in front of him with flushed cheeks. Her body trembled uneasily under his gaze.

Her slender legs were extremely symmetrical, and her butt was perfect. Her slender waist was perfectly curvy, and her chest was illuminated beautifully by the soft light. This delicate body, like an elaborate work of God, was so perfect that every man wanted it, and he was not an exception.

This thought had passed through his mind hundreds of times.

"I, I mean..." Irish's face was ablaze, and her eyes peered at him in shyness.

"What do you want?" Joseph was not willing to get angry. Seeing that she wanted to say something but didn't, he pressed the question in a light and accommodating tone.

Irish bit her lip, blushing, and said what she had wanted to say, "I... I'd like to see your...that thing."

Joseph quickly reacted and saw her cheeks flush to her ears, and he could not help laughing. When Irish looked at his face, she wanted to find a cave to bury herself in and reached out to cover his mouth.

"Don't laugh at me. I just want to see it." Was it wrong for her to see his body? She thought it was only fair.

Joseph resisted his smile and pulled her hand, but the smirk on his lips was still slightly visible. His low voice sounded sexy, "Are you sure?"

Irish took a deep breath, her heart pounding, but nodded forcefully. She really wanted to see it.

Joseph had an evil smile on his lips, so he got up and took her hand, then loosened the towel around his waist. He was wearing underwear, but his thing was lying horizontally and had awoken from the friction just now, but her initiative aroused his desire even more. Although tightly wrapped, his inflated manhood was clearly visible across the top of his thighs, his underwear unable to contain his eagerness.

Irish could not help swallowing and pointed to it and whispered, "It's so big…."

Joseph held her chin and asked, "So you have seen many?"

"Of course." She answered casually, but then she thought of a figure as thin as a monkey. Not only was the figure little, but also his cock was the same, forming a strong contrast with Joseph's. Though Joseph's cock was still in his underwear, she could imagine its actual size.

Upon hearing that, Joseph pressed her chin more tightly, "What?"

"Thanks to your partner Ken, I have watched many x-rated movies."