

Enchanted 180

This time she didn't resist but entwined herself with him. Their breath mixed again, and their reason disappeared completely.

Britney gave an invitation to lunch the next day over the phone and described the surrounding view in the restaurant. Joseph focused on Irish's tightened body.

"Ah..." Irish's body shivered, and she suddenly moaned aloud.

She suddenly felt a change between her legs, and warm liquid flowed out. She called Joseph's name lightly and involuntarily, "Joseph."

Britney stopped talking and said, astonished, "Joseph?"

Joseph grabbed the phone calmly and smiled at Irish, who kept gasping. He continued to kiss her lips and savored the sweet taste of it.

"Sorry, I don't have time." He refused Britney's invitation directly and took the phone off after hanging up.

Irish closed her eyes with her hands on his shoulders. She was completely helpless, panting lightly in his arms. She had never experienced such happiness and excitement before. Her mind was blank, and she didn't even realize what had just happened.

She heard Joseph laughing quietly and felt it get warmer between her thighs. She screamed and opened her eyes, totally shocked by Joseph's bold behavior.

Irish gulped and twisted her body uncontrollably, grabbing the soft bed. She felt so excited and happy.

Joseph could not resist his desire anymore, and he lowered down, his cock approaching her. Irish felt afraid and began to resist with her eyes open. She even began to cry, pounding on his chest. She looked at him with wide eyes.

However, he lowered to kiss her lips and swallowed her moans. He then raised her legs and straightened them up, his huge cock entering her slowly but without hesitation, bit by bit.

Irish's body trembled because of such a large intrusion. He proceeded slowly and deliberately, so slowly that she could feel her body opening bit by bit. She had never experienced such great pain, but she still wanted the satisfaction of it.

As Joseph entered fully, she cried out, moaning loudly. Tears fell down from her eyelashes.

She cried because of the complexity of her emotions.

She finally understood how attached she was to this man and that he could provide such intense completeness to her. She also realized how difficult it would be in the future.

Joseph finally gave out a satisfied sigh overhead. He didn't move quickly, intending to let Irish adjust herself to the size. He kissed away her tears, complimenting her in a low voice, "Irish, it's so tight."

Irish's body still quivered heavily after being filled with his maleness.

"Are you in pain?" Joseph asked carefully, showering tiny kisses on her lips and cheeks.

She shook her head, but as Joseph reached to grip her hands, her tears fell down continuously. She could not control them because she didn't know how to face him in the future.

"I'm sorry." Joseph was afraid that he hurt her, so he just controlled his desire, kissing her eyelashes with great care.

She saw the sweat on his forehead, and a sense of warmth arose in her. She bit her lower lip and said, "I like this way...Do you like it?"

"Yes. You're swallowing me tightly," The tightness he felt controlled his desire, but it was also very wet. Regardless of her pain, he moved without control, and when he suddenly straightened up, he said beside his ear, "You know what; I really wanted to swallow you long ago; however, I'm afraid you will run away from me."

Joseph made another thrust as his eyes fell on her beautiful face.

Irish was totally lost in his fierce attack.

She felt a feeling of fullness, and her consciousness seemed to leave her. She could only cater to this man by instinct.

He raised her hands above her head, with his body fully attached to hers. He could feel her breasts shaking and rubbing his chest. With this incentive, he moved even more quickly.

During the whole process, he still stared at Irish's little face. He knew that it would be wonderful, beyond even his imagination. He held her beautiful face, kissing her out of love.

Irish's mind went blank, just calling his name again and again.

They disregarded reality and just enjoyed the moment they shared.

Joseph lifted up her hips to bring her even closer. He felt lost too.

It was like a perfect storm, drowning him in an unspeakable sensation. The long drought he felt over many years gradually disappeared while he immersed himself inside her wetness.

Irish could only hold Joseph's shoulders for support, like a boat shaking in the sea under his full control. She looked at Joseph emotionally, ignoring the thunder and lightning outside. There was only Joseph's face to her, and she was willing to be occupied by him.

They were connected with each other, and even their souls were entwined.

She groaned again and again, making him even more lost further. Suddenly her stomach seized, and a great sense of comfort and happiness exploded in her, destroying all of her senses. She grabbed him tightly, and her fingernails cut into his skin, leaving two obvious red marks on his back. Joseph grabbed her hips and moved quickly inside her. After a short while, he emptied his seeds inside her while she let out a long moan.

Irish was still dizzy and sleepy in her dream.

The thunder finally disappeared, and outside the window was only the sound of dew drops.

Irish slept deeply. She was so tired that she was nestled in Joseph's chest, seeking comfort.

When the first ray of sunshine entered the room, Joseph woke up. He didn't care that his arm was numb, but he stared at the woman in his arms. She was so attached to him that he felt her subtle breath, which felt wonderful.

It was not the first time for him to embrace her into sleep, but this time was different. He finally tasted the sense of satisfaction and happiness of a woman that really belonged to him.

He was not sleepy anymore but blocked out the sunshine, so it would not disrupt her dreams. He looked at her and touched the bridge of her nose, then her lips.

He thought of her moaning his name. The scenes of the night before were still fresh in his mind.