

Enchanted 181

Now she really belonged to him.

Joseph looked down at the woman's pale face in his arms. Her long eyelashes were like butterflies resting in the center of a flower, and her enchanting, tender body was covered by the blanket. She was sexy but pure, and he was obsessed with her graceful body but also moved by her pureness and courage in sex. At the moment of orgasm, she panted and moaned.

Looking at her, he recalled the scene the previous night that got his adrenaline pumping. Gradually his sexual desire was rekindled again, and this time it was even stronger than last night. His body felt extremely hot, while Irish's body was so cool that he wanted to extinguish the fire inside him with it.

Irish was still not completely awake, and she looked at him with her blinking eyes.

She pressed her face closely into his chest, enjoying the warmth of his body.

Her unintentional actions destroyed his last line of defense. His greed for her body soon burned into a fire. He didn't hesitate anymore, turning her soft body over and grabbing her slender waist from behind.

He was very gentle this time, and Irish, who was still sleepy, was soon overwhelmed with joy. She opened her eyes and then realized the man was full of vim and vigor once again.

Joseph bent down and held her tightly, his chest pressing close to her soft body, and he kissed her cheeks from behind her.

His impact was powerful and decisive, making her feel like she was being burned by a raging fire.

She tried to hold his waist, but he pulled her hands to his abdomen.

She was astonished by the size of his cock.

Their emotions felt like a flood that had been building for the whole night. Joseph originally intended to cherish the woman in his arms and gently release his enthusiasm, but he couldn't control himself and went wild.

They indulged in joy and panted together, and she followed him, loved him, and melted with him. She suffocated in the utmost joy and moaned seductively with his ejaculation.

Joseph whispered in her ear, "From now on, you can only be with me."

Irish fell deep asleep again.

Every city under the sky was different from the other. Bustling New York and the tranquil Water Township in the South of the Yangtze River were like two completely different worlds.

It was still a busy morning, and Jay went into the police office after parking his car. He looked very handsome in his police uniform, but he changed his countenance as soon as he saw the person inside, and he turned back.

But the door opened, and the woman's delightful voice sounded, "Jay."

He stopped and found his colleagues all looking at him with ambiguous eyes.

He had no choice but to greet her.

"Look! Your plant is blooming," Lilith waved at him and then went back into the office.

One of his colleagues walked toward him and pouted his lips at her back, "Good job, Jay! You have such a beautiful girl."

Jay didn't respond to him and said to his assistant, "I have told you many times not to let anyone into my office."

The man felt wronged and replied, "But she's your girlfriend. We all know this. How could I stop her?"

Jay felt helpless.

Since the time he found her wallet for her, apparently adopting the identity of her boyfriend, their relationship had been misunderstood by his colleagues. He wanted to explain but thought it would hurt her, so he had been waiting for her to explain it herself. But she came to his office frequently with the excuse of taking care of the plant that she had given him.

When entering his office, he found that it really had bloomed. The tiny white flowers were so beautiful, and though he knew what this flower was, he felt it was pleasing. His voice turned soft, "Lilith, don't you have to work?"

"I have to go to work. But my hours are later than yours, so I have time to come here to water your plant."

In this way, Jay couldn't blame her and sighed slightly, "You'd better take it away. It is not appropriate to put it here."

"Nonsense! Don't you see that it has bloomed?" Lilith grinned and then walked up to him. "Your tie is not fastened properly." She said as she adjusted his tie for him.

She was petite, and he could hold her with only one of his hands. Since she was getting so close to him, Jay could smell her sweet fragrance attracting him.

Perceiving that he was staring at her, her face turned red, and she said to him in a low voice, "Don't work too hard. I'm still trying to find that pattern."

"I will find it. You don't have to do so," Jay calmed down and said indifferently.

Her eyes suddenly looked depressed.

"Lilith, I am not your Mr. Right," Jay said with a sigh.

"But I think you are," She looked up at him abruptly.

"You have just graduated from school. Do you even know what true love is?"

"Well, do you even know about it?"

"I..."

"Have you experienced true love before? Do you know it makes people feel intoxicated? Have you had this feeling?" She asked him several questions in one breath.

Jay was rendered speechless, and he finally said, "Though I've not had this feeling, at least I know that you are not the woman I want."

"You!" Lilith was annoyed and widened her eyes at him, "Then who are you looking for?"

"Nobody yet," Jay replied briefly.

She bit her lips and asked, "Why would you treat me like this? Is it because I'm a member of the Lake family?"

Jay looked into her eyes and said meaningfully, "That is not my business."

"Then what's the problem?"

"Lilith, you are still too young."

"Too young? I'm an adult now, and I'm legally allowed to marry!"

Jay shook his head and said, "You should find a man that suits you, at least the same age."

"Yeah, I already found him," Lilith looked at him.