

Enchanted 184

They didn't talk for long, and Daisy hung up and didn't even intend to say hello to the owner of the phone. She just called to report to her boss, and that was her only goal. Irish had been lying on Joseph's chest, and she could hear his heartbeat, as well as the content of their conversation.

She heard that Daisy would come to pick him up at 4:00 pm, but he didn't mention it to her at all. She shot a quick glimpse at him and secretly felt upset.

"Are you hungry? We can have lunch in the restaurant." Giving her phone back, Joseph turned on his own phone, embracing her into his arms.

But she didn't want to eat at all since she was in a bad mood. She felt frustrated and shook her head slightly.

"What's wrong?" Seeing this, Joseph was confused and added, "They have your favorite, goose liver, and it tastes phenomenal here."

"I don't want to eat." She went back to bed and buried herself in the soft pillow, where she could still feel his breath, fresh and cool. She closed her eyes and wondered. What she cared about was not his trip to South Africa but his thoughts. Their encounter this time had been unexpected and unpredictable, to say the least. She had slept with him, and it all happened so fast that she felt anxious about it.

She believed that he loved her, otherwise, he wouldn't have treated her with so much patience. However, he had not said "I love you" to her until now.

While they were having sex, he had said, "Be with me from now on." It sounded meaningful, but she still didn't know what kind of relationship he wanted with her. Did he want her to be his mistress or his girlfriend or his wife?

She didn't know, but she knew that she had been incredibly happy to hear it while she was in mid-orgasm. She had almost been killed by how good it felt. However, due to Daisy's phone call and the ambiguity of his words, she now felt confused and upset rather than happy.

And she even began to think that "be with me" was just nothing more than something he had said during their joyful moment in bed. It seemed like something important to say, but if it was uttered during a fantastic moment in bed, did it even mean anything?

But she was interrupted from thinking more about it.

Joseph pressed her down, and his powerful chest covered her body. His big hands slipped down from her arms, and soon his gentle voice sounded out, "I'm hungry."

Irish was not a silly girl, and she understood what he meant. She could feel his erect manhood against her, as hot as last night, like a volcano ready to erupt. Perceiving her silence, Joseph smiled and lowered his face, and lay a soft kiss on the corner of her mouth.

His kiss was so hot that she just wanted to scream.

She could feel the man's breath warming the side of her ears, and the hot flow was intertwined with the cool air from the air conditioner. She couldn't hope to withstand his flirting since she had only had her

first sexual experience with him the night before, and now that he had tasted her body, he lusted for more. He was not a man who could control himself in front of her.

"Don't do this. Aren't you going to leave?" Irish finally said.

"There are still five to six hours left, we still have time." His voice was full of lust. Her heart felt like a boulder was crushing it. When his fingers slipped over her thighs, she immediately tightened her legs and tentatively asked, "When are you coming back?"

He held her chin and asked with a smile, "Will you miss me?"

At the next moment, she was overwhelmed by disappointment, and her hopes were dashed to pieces. Her heart was almost broken, and she could taste the bitterness in herself.

She did not reply to him immediately. Joseph had been staring at her without moving as if he wanted to get a satisfactory answer. Instead, she looked at his face, gently rubbing her lips, and narrowed her eyes. "No."

Joseph raised his eyebrows.

"I still have a lot of places to go, and I don't have time to miss you." She put her face on the pillow again, her throat a little tight.

Joseph smiled at her and said, "What an ungrateful woman!" He lightly patted her hip and wanted to punish her.

"Ouch!" Irish screamed.

"Don't say that again, or I will make you hurt even more!" He warned her with a smile and relaxed his hands to separate her legs.

"Joseph!" Irish suddenly realized what he was going to do and hastily turned back to him, "It really hurts. We had sex both last night and this morning, it is too much for me."

She was telling the truth, but his desire became even stronger after hearing this, and he was tempted by her pathetic expression, which strangely satisfied his vanity. He couldn't help but kiss her, but his eyes looked complicated. "Baby, are you teasing me?"

"I don't...."

"I will be gentle this time." He said softly, and his waist gradually pressed down.

She began to frown and once again felt his temperature and strength. As he promised, he slowed down. It made her feel more clearly, and she could even feel the beating of his heart.

Her body was gradually pushed up by his cock, and she couldn't help groaning while he rubbed her cheek and said in his deep voice, "Why don't you tell me the truth?"

Irish was confused and didn't know what he was talking about.

His movements were slow and firm, and it seemed like he was deliberately torturing her. Her cheeks were red as the clouds during the sunset. The rosiness spread from the corner of her eyes to her chest, which was so beautiful that he felt like he was trapped in it.

"Does it hurt?" He asked. His waist was full of strength.