

Enchanted 199

She could not help laughing.

Seeing her silly smile, Joseph slowly took a sip of red wine and also raised his lips. "Who's calling you and making you laugh?"

"Nobody," Irish said, getting up and heading towards him. She took the glass from his hand and also sipped some red wine. Smiling, she was close to his chest, "I wonder how many women are obsessed with you?"

Joseph was able to put his hands around her and hold her in his arms. He looked down at her for a little while with a slightly confused expression, but she didn't explain much. Finally, she looked up and kissed him on the lips.

Joseph naturally liked the fiery passion of women. His arms tightened, and his passivity was transformed into the initiative, and he kissed her with force. Irish's heart was filled with indescribable emotion, and her face rose to cater to his request. She did not know whether what had happened between Britney and him was true or not, but she knew his good intentions.

Ruby's attitude was the clearest to her. It had all happened so suddenly that she could not doubt that Joseph was doing it on purpose.

Thinking about it, her love for him increased, but with a strange pain.

After they kissed, her face lay gently against his chest, listening to his heartbeat, which struck her eardrum with a steady and powerful force. Joseph gently pinched her chin, facing her eyes, "Who are you jealous of? Belle?"

She winked in silence.

"As I said, she's just my assistant," He smiled lightly.

Irish bit him like a tiger, "She is a beautiful woman."

Joseph felt a pain, raising his hand to gently tap her hip, "Whether she's beautiful or not has nothing to do with me."

She couldn't help laughing.

Joseph pinched her waist and turned serious again when he looked her in the eye. "Isabel, I told you, I don't have time to play games, so once I fall in love, I'll take it seriously."

"I know," Having heard that, her heart beamed, and Irish could not help hugging his waist. "I won't bother being jealous about anyone else either."

"I like it when you look jealous, as long as you don't act up," Joseph bowed his head and kissed her cheek gently.

She chuckled and escaped his lips, "I have no reason to cause trouble." She planted a hot kiss on his collarbone, then slowed down.

Joseph took a breath and stroked her head with his big hand. Her extraordinary enthusiasm made his breath quicken. Irish teased him on purpose, and her whole body rested on his chest, and her slender finger gently seduced him. He could not help hugging her, and a hoarse voice fell in her ear, "Go to bed."

"Why?" Asked Irish deliberately, leaning against him further and even rubbing against him intentionally...

Joseph's eyes were filled with desire, and he kept her earlobe in his mouth. His hot breath swept down her neck, and he said, "Bad girl, don't you know what I want?"

"I don't know," She smiled, but her hand had already felt it.

Joseph pulled her skirt up and whispered, "I want you."

"Do you? Well, I need to see how much you want me." She liked the way he was infatuated with her, not nearly as serious as he was in public. She knew how passionate he was in bed. As if such a man liked her, she was happy to think about it.

Her fingers grew more uncontrollable, and they gradually moved down until they covered his crotch.

"Isabel." Her boldness surprised him. Irish clung to him, glancing boldly at his deep eyes, and her fingers on the towel could feel the man's strength, so hard and powerful.

"Reach in," Joseph pressed his lower lip on her ear, commanding her.

Their hot breath mixed together, and they could feel their mounting waves of desire. She boldly followed his order, and her fingers slithered like a snake into his bathrobe and touched him directly, almost burning her from the heat.

"Hold it," His chest rose and fell, and his lustful voice became even more magnetic and sexy.

Irish looked up at him and did what he had commanded, but the next moment she gasped, "It's too big." Her hands could not encircle his maleness, but her palms could feel the pulsing of his bulging blood vessels.

The softness of a woman's palms made Joseph's strong stomach flip again. He bowed his head and smiled, "Don't worry, you can hold it."

Irish wore an evil smile, and her hand began to touch it, and she raised her head to gently kiss his throat knot like a spirit, "Baby, do you know how good I feel when it's inside me?"

Joseph enjoyed the softness and clumsy but infatuation of her palms, and he tucked his big hands into her bra to feel the pleasure of her warm chest. His voice became a murmur when kissing her neck, "How do you feel?"

She raised her head, and her sweet breath fell on his hair, and her kisses on his neck became moist and hotter, "Every time it fills me up, I feel like you're pushing my body to the limit. Joseph, I am completely conquered by it, and it occupies me with desire."

These honeyed words naturally stimulated Joseph. His breath was getting hotter and heavier, and he simply reached out his hand and prepared to pick her up.

Irish suddenly left him, and the air was filled with her evil laughter. Joseph had much passion burning inside him, and he strode forward to catch her. She slipped into the bathroom as quickly as a cat. He just caught up to her when the door clapped shut and locked.

"Isabel." Joseph called her name, laughing and crying, "Come out."

"You are so restrained," Irish teased him through the door. "Because I suddenly thought you were taking me to the mine to learn about diamonds. If you take advantage of me, I will be too tired."

Joseph simply began knocking on the door. "Hurry up and come out."

"What's the hurry, Joseph? Let's wait until the evening," Irish lit a fire in him and went to bathe happily.

Joseph was so angry that he gnawed his teeth, "You know what, you're dead tonight."

A pleasant whistle came from the bathroom.