

Enchanted 208

Then he pressed upon her with his tall figure while his thin lips got closer to her cheeks, and his big hands fumbled over her.

"Joseph, I was just joking with you," Irish swallowed nervously with her hands resisting his chest. "Let's leave. I'm serious."

She knew robberies and shootings often occurred in this place.

"But I'm not joking with you," Joseph smiled, and then he turned on the switch. The seat began to lower, and he pressed upon her while his hand pulled up her skirt.

In the dim light, his usual rationality was replaced by a strong lust. He was like a beast that was going to swallow her.

Irish knew what he was going to do and was stunned by his behavior. She took a look outside the window and covered his lips. "Are you crazy? Do you want to make love here? I want to go back to the hotel."

"Are you scared? I thought you loved adventure," Joseph tore her clothes open and squinted at the enchanting woman in his arms. Her beautiful collarbone and plump breasts attracted him. She was like a beautiful mermaid whose tail had become slender legs which tempted Joseph.

He held her hands and then lowered his face to kiss her lips, whispering beside her. "Don't worry. You can moan as you want in this place."

"I am afraid someone will pass by," Irish was scared. Though she was usually courageous, she was really scared this time. She just wanted to joke with him and never thought he would take it seriously and certainly did not expect he would want to have sex with her in the car.

"We are safe in this car," Joseph smiled and took off her underwear. His slender fingers slipped along her waist and then fell on her breast. He began to knead her plump bosom, which led her to moan, but he covered her mouth and rubbed harder.

"Joseph...." She called to him in a low voice.

"Honey, undo my buttons," Joseph ordered her beside her ears, with his thin lips moving slowly down to her breasts.

Under his spell, she felt that she couldn't control her hands anymore. Irish could easily see his broad shoulders and sturdy chest, which looked seductive under the dim light. She gazed at his handsome face, thick eyebrows, and well-defined chin while his strong chest muscles undulated with his deep breath. She had to admit that she was obsessed with his perfect figure.

His mermaid lines unfolded clearly before her eyes when he moved over and took off his pants.

Irish felt dizzy, but she burst into flames and tried to beg him, "Joseph, I am wrong, and I apologize. Let's leave here. I'm afraid someone will shoot us."

His lips were lingering in front of her bosom and their breath intertwined with each other, forming a dense net that wrapped them tightly.

"Joseph!"

He laughed with his hands, embracing her waist.

Her voice turned soft again, and she was burnt by the lust in her heart.

The old town was a dangerous place, and most people were unwilling to come here, but Joseph took her there as if trying to punish her. However, she was turned on so much by Joseph's big, warm hand and began to moan. Her rationality was buried by a great joy that intertwined with her fear.

She was nervous and a little scared, but she was also looking forward to this great and unprecedented joy.

His body pressed down finally.

At the moment he entered her body, she couldn't help trembling and raised her head to bear his huge manhood. He deliberately slowed down his speed so her wet core would expand properly.

Joseph kissed her heavily and warned her, "If you dare to take off another man's pants again, I promise I will punish you heavily."

After finishing his words, he slammed into her and nailed her to the rear seat.

His sudden rush stimulated Irish, and she could only wrap her body around him for fear that she would fall into the abyss the next second.

She knew the reason why he was angry with her.

So she tried her best to explain it to him in such a passionate moment, "I knew he lied to me, but he wasn't wearing a shirt, so I knew that the diamond could only have been hidden on his lower body."

"Really?" Joseph was eager to enjoy her body and did not pay much attention to her explanation. He kept coming in and out inside her body, drowning himself in an addictive sensation caused by the friction between their connected bodies.

He was breathing quickly, and he could feel that she was trembling. He slowed down so she could adapt his movement, and then he became more greedy as the sounds of her moaning and clapping of their lower bodies were like captivating music bearing pleasure and excitement.

Irish felt her wet core burning with flame, and every time he rushed into her body, she was filled with his fire.

She looked at her swollen body and felt his big hands had almost broken her. Just like he said, she couldn't help moaning loudly, and finally, her moans turned into sobs.

The hazy moonlight poured into the car, plating a thin layer of silver onto everything within.

It was like a banquet.

The man was a diver, while Irish was a sexy mermaid that had just been captured on the dining table.

There was a smell of hormones in the car, and she held his back tightly and found a sense of security in his strong body.

Joseph was soaked by his sweat while thrusting deeply, igniting the burning fire brought by their desires, and Irish instinctively scratched his back. Joseph was like a farmer, while Irish was like the fertile soil that he plowed.

She couldn't remember when he finally took her back to the hotel, but she felt safe in his arms.

There were no shootings, and no one disturbed them, there was only great joy that night.

She was on the bed of the hotel when she recovered her consciousness. Her smooth, naked body stuck to the soft bed, and she felt like she was sleeping on the clouds.

She was still sleepy when dawn broke. She was woken by the man who went to the washroom. He returned shortly after and then held her in his arms. She could feel his steady breath, which made her feel comfortable.