

Enchanted 220

She was so anxious, but she couldn't move. When she beat him, he held her hands. He looked at her pitiful eyes that were filled with tears. Her cheeks were pink and looked so beautiful.

Jay felt a trace of restlessness in his chest, and a flame rose as the woman in his arms resisted violently. He felt that he was almost burning. He loosened his hands, and she fell directly into his arms, making her frown at him.

His eyes turned slightly dismal, and then he reached out to hold her face, "Well, then I am going to find the evidence, and I will figure out if you have taken an analeptic."

Lilith did not understand his words but gazed at him angrily.

Then he suddenly lowered his head to kiss her.

"Em..." She did not expect that he would do so, and she widened her eyes in astonishment.

She was stunned and opened her mouth slightly, and his tongue slipped into her mouth. And it was not until this moment that Lilith then realized what was happening.

She pushed him with all of her strength.

Jay finally let her go while feeling regret for his behavior and was also confused by his runaway mood. He looked at her irritated eyes and finally said indifferently, "Inform your family to take you back."

"Jay, you are a dick." She was so angry she wanted to pull out all of his hair.

It was nine o'clock in South Africa.

Irish sat on the couch like a broken machine, and she was still dressed in her racing clothes with her hat down on the ground.

Joseph got some medicine for her injuries from the fall and sat down beside her, looking at her helplessly. "Take off your clothes and let me check your injuries."

"There is no trauma but internal injuries," Irish replied sickly.

"Then go to take a shower first, and I will give you some medicine after that." He patted her head lightly and said softly. He had never seen such a covetous woman who would rather get hurt than lose a prize.

Irish shook her head and buried it in the pillow.

"What's wrong?"

After a long time, her dull voice sounded, "It's a bloody shame."

Joseph knew she was a proud woman and smiled to comfort her, "I think it's your opponents who will feel ashamed." However, it was not until the game was finished that he discovered she had used many tricks.

Hearing this, Irish turned to face him, "But you said before that birds die for food while people die for money."

"So why do you feel ashamed? You won." Joseph tucked her hair aside and asked.

She still bent over and sighed, "I was wrong."

He raised his eyebrows and said, "It is really rare that you admit your mistakes."

She waved dismissively at him while he pulled her up. Then, she added, "I mean, the ostrich egg was also expensive, so I shouldn't have thrown it away." Irish leaned on his chest gloomily.

Joseph looked at her in surprise, "I really can't figure out your mind."

"You mean my brain cells or my thoughts?" Irish joked with him.

Joseph smiled and couldn't help kissing her forehead, "You make my life so colorful, honey" Before her, he had never seen such an adorable woman, and his life was so peaceful. But from the day when he met her, his life changed. She had many defects: she was arrogant, and she was also a money-grubber. Perhaps people wouldn't like this, but somehow, those defects combined as a rare characteristic that attracted him.

He had never been so charmed by her, and at this moment, he just wanted to hold her tightly.

Irish kissed his lips secretly and asked, "Will you help me appease my opponents?" When she saw that he was surrounded by those women, she slipped away and felt a little bit guilty.

"Luckily, they are all reasonable, and they accepted my apologies," Joseph pinched her cheeks lightly.

"You are so good." Irish held him with her lips pressing against his chin. "But I'm still worried since you are so noticeable." Then she kissed him again and sighed after a long time, "Can you wear a mask every time you go out?"

He laughed after hearing this. "Is that really necessary?"

"But the girls are so passionate. They looked at you meaningfully." She frowned and pouted her lips.

"Men's eyes also follow you. You bewitched them with your enchanting beauty." Thinking of this, Joseph felt a little unpleasant and embraced her, biting her neck slightly. "I really want to gouge their eyes out."

"Then you'd better gouge my eyes out first."

"I can't bear to do that." Joseph was tickled by her and added, "Though you can move forward while I resolve everything for you. I won't allow you to run wild next time."

"You never allow me to run wild." Irish frowned and added, "A boyfriend should pet his woman."

Joseph sighed and replied, "Well, that is my fault, and I will do better in the future. But can you just go take a shower now?"

"I am too tired and just want to sleep after washing my hair."

"No." He shook his head and declined her proposal. "You almost became an ostrich."

"But I'm really exhausted."

Joseph did not reply but began to unbutton her dress.

"Joseph, you are unreasonable. I am tired."

"Stop talking," He brought her to the bathroom directly.

It was hot in the bathroom, and the large bathtub was filled with blushing rose petals when Irish sat in it. She looked so petite in such a big bathtub.

She leaned her head on the massage mat while her long hair was in Joseph's hands, who was washing gently for her. The chandelier emitted a faint glow, falling on the man's hair and the woman's cheek.

"Joseph, have you washed other women's hair before?" Under the red rose petals, her body looked enchanting. She opened her eyes and asked him.

Joseph shook his head and smiled, "Never. You are the first one."

"Well, can I ask for more service?" He gazed at her and asked, "What service?"

"What about massaging my head? It aches." She smirked.

Joseph freed one of his hands and slipped down from her shoulder. "I can massage your whole body."

He was amused by her tenderness and began to massage her.

"Ouch." She suddenly cried out since he kneaded her head so harshly. "Are you trying to kill me?" She gazed at him and complained.

He smiled helplessly.

"Women are more fragile than men." He could see the outline of her plump bosom. He smiled softly and tried again to knead her head more gently, making Irish feel comfortable this time. Finally, she closed her eyes and sighed.