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Joseph was speechless, but when she saw her pale, his heart turned soft immediately, and he began to say gently to her, "My silly woman, even if you wanted to annoy me, you can't let others take advantage of you. Women always suffer losses in such things."

He was not a man who would apologize to others, and Irish knew that well. She got mad at him because she was jealous because when she recalled her boyfriend had made love to others in bed, she was so irritated. But he apologized to her and was so patient with her, so she allowed him to embrace her and didn't resist him anymore, but continued to say, "There are women who enjoy that very much."

"Including you?" After perceiving that she had begun to cool down, his fondness for her was even deeper. If she were a woman who would be deliberately provocative, then perhaps he would not love her so much. However, she was rational and mature, and that was the reason he was attracted to her so deeply.

Irish gazed at him, and then her eyes turned tricky. "Of course, it is a way for women to conquer a man." After saying this, her finger pointed at his chest and fondled it with an enchanting smile, "Looking at the man becoming increasingly manic at her own lips and mouth, she becomes the real queen. Therefore, women are not just pleasing men, but conquering them at that time."

Hearing this, Joseph felt his underbelly tighten suddenly, and he began to breathe quickly. He fondled her lips and slipped in to enjoy the softness of her tongue. Then he said frivolously. "My queen, do you want to stain my cock with your lipstick?"

Irish bit his fingertips lightly, and soon he drew back his fingers. Her fingers began to slip down past his sturdy chest and finally covered his cock, the source of his power.

It had awakened already, directly expressing its desire. Irish tried to grab and fondle it, which tickled Joseph and stimulated his mind. She stared at it through the water, looked at Joseph with enchanting eyes, and said in a seductive voice, "Honey, I'm afraid that you won't have the luck to enjoy it."

"Try." Joseph could see her exceeding fascination, and he enjoyed her soft touch, which was so alluring to him that his voice turned husky, like the sound of stones scratching against sandpaper.

He was eager to feel her warm mouth.

Irish straightened herself slightly, rolled up her long hair under his fiery gaze, and then leaned over with her scattered hair hanging down, which looked charming. Her hair tickled his chest, and he couldn't help holding her head, signaling her where to move next.

She puckered her face with a smile and didn't push his hands away but lowered her head with her red lips sticking to his chest and sucking the water drops. She slowly moved down while Joseph felt his lower belly tighten up, and the muscles all over his body were hard as steel plates.

His eyes turned deep, and his breathing became fast.

Her lips were getting so close to his maleness that she could feel its temperature. Under her gaze, it got even harder. She looked up at Joseph and found that he also gazed at her. His eyes were full of deep

emotions, and he encouraged her to go on. Irish had to admit that she had a sense of surrender to his gaze, so she couldn't help bowing down and opening her mouth.

The next second, Joseph's abdomen shrank, and he couldn't help groaning with his hands holding her head, his fingers in her hair with great joy.

Irish's movements were clumsy, but it was charming to Joseph. He was totally obsessed with her.

The temperature was rising in the bathroom, and it was suffused with spray. They twined with each other in the bathtub, forming a beautiful scene like in a dream.

Her enthusiasm made up for her clumsy behavior. The man's cock was so big that her mouth couldn't fit it. Joseph's finger touched her head so she could feel the hotness in his fingertips.

Gradually, her abdomen also became so hot, and as if there was a warm current in the deep of her body which made her tremble as well.

The man's breath stained every corner of her mouth, and she could even feel the man's breath on the top of her head. The faint woody fragrance was stained with the scent, which made her cheeks become hot.

Joseph's eyes were filled with desire, and he couldn't help sticking out his waist and fondling her hair with his fingers. He pinned her hair behind her ears so that her mouth that contained his dick would be revealed in front of him. Looking at her clumsy and unfamiliar movements, Joseph was so satisfied with her.

When he was enjoying her enthusiasm, she suddenly got up and released her mouth with a smile.

Her hair was messed up, and her lips were a little red.

Joseph was stimulated by her appearance and gasped heavily. With his hand clenching her wrist tightly, he ordered, "Sit up!"

Irish did not avoid him and gazed at his erection directly, touching it slightly, and then said, "I didn't say that I would serve you further."

"A sensible woman would sit up at this time."

Unexpectedly, Irish reacted quickly and replied, "A sensible woman would protect her man if he were wounded."

Perceiving her evil smile, Joseph bit his teeth and said, "Witch woman!"

"Yes. Your witch woman will hold you to have a rest now." Irish smiled.

But Joseph clenched her wrist and threatened her, "Hurry up, or I will use some hard tactics."

"Don't linger on the present joy, or I'm afraid your wound will worsen, and I'll have to bring you back to the hospital, then the loss will outweigh the gains," Irish said cheerfully.

But Joseph's lust did not vanish because of her words, and he took her directly. Irish was like a small rabbit in his arms, but she did not resist since she was afraid that she would hurt him. While they were enamored, the phone rang.