

Enchanted 328

"Do you want to repudiate this debt?"

"Joseph..." She suddenly moved into his arms and began to act like a spoiled kid, "You are my boyfriend, so you don't have to do this, I will not repudiate the debt. I really don't want to write you an IOU."

"But you always say that I am a profiteer," Joseph smiled secretly.

"I was just joking with you. Don't take it seriously."

She decided to use some soft tactics since she didn't believe that he was an iron-hearted man, so she buried her face into his neck and said, "I know I was wrong and made a big mistake and that you lost a great sum of money. But did you forget that it was me who helped you to acquire that blue-green diamond? It's much more precious than the brocade or the metasequoia. So why are you still forcing me to give you an IOU?"

She spoke in a sweet voice which made Joseph feel pleasant. Her hair tickled his neck, and soon an unusual impulse rose from his heart as if there was a feather that was gently tickling him, but at the same time, he also couldn't restrain his smile anymore.

"Okay, you don't have to write it." He held her, and Irish looked cheerfully after hearing this.

However, Joseph soon added, "But you have to do something for me, after all, I paid a lot of money for you, and now I am your creditor." He gazed at her.

Irish puckered her mouth and mumbled, "A profiteer..."

"What did you just say? I didn't hear clearly." He asked deliberately.

"I said you are a kind man." She smiled and asked, "What do you need me to do for you?"

Joseph stared at her, and there was light flickering in his eyes. "I can give you two options: mental compensation or physical compensation?"

She frowned and hesitated while Joseph waited for her answer patiently. Finally, one minute later, she said tentatively, "Mental compensation. I choose mental compensation."

"You can't change your decision later."

"Wait." She felt that his smile was weird and changed her mind, "I choose physical compensation."

"Are you sure?"

Irish hesitated again and frowned at him.

Joseph flicked her forehead lightly and said, "Is it that difficult for you to make a decision?"

"Who said that?" Irish argued with him and then said firmly, "Okay, I choose mental compensation."

"Okay." Joseph embraced her into his arms again and began to introduce the model of mental compensation to her briefly. "Now that you have made your decision, I can tell you what it is. You just

need to go back to the Runestone Group and work for me. Don't be late or leave early. Don't eat snacks when you are working. You must keep this job until you pay back all the debt to me."

"You mean I have to work for you without a salary?"

Joseph smiled at her and answered, "Yes because you owe me so much money."

"Are you serious? I am still young, why should I work so hard for you without a salary? I won't agree to this with you." The real reason was that she didn't want to go back to the Runestone Group at all.

After hearing this, Joseph couldn't help laughing.

"Well, do you have any objections? The best age for women is in her thirties when she has reached the essential stage in life. Then you will have a solid material foundation. I am now 28 years old, and I will enter my golden age soon. Don't you think I'm correct?"

Joseph was amused by her and said, "Well, then do you want to choose physical compensation instead?"

"Okay. But I have an advance agreement for you first. You can't order me around as a housemaid."

"Don't worry. Your work will be much more simple since you chose the physical compensation." Joseph smiled faintly while Irish blinked her eyes.

Joseph leaned into her and whispered into her ears with his magnetic and husky voice and showed an evil smile. "You only have to lie in bed."

Irish was a little confused, but soon she blushed, "You really are a lady-killer."

He held her wrist and got closer to her with his sturdy chest pressing against her. "Of course, it would be better if you were active, in this way, you could repay the money to me faster. I think you may have forgotten that a man in his thirties has greater enthusiasm than ever. That kind of passion could bring a man much more enjoyment in bed. You must know that since you are so smart."

Irish blushed because of his words or his hot breath, which echoed in her heart, swaying in the ocean like a boat. The next second, she covered his mouth and said, "Stop!"

He laughed and didn't move her hands but embraced her, intoxicated by her rosy cheeks and her long flowing hair. It reminded him of the nights when he was lying in bed with her, and her cheeks looked the same as they did now. Then, she would moan under his body while her arms held his neck tightly as his dick penetrated her. She would beg him to slow down and pouted at him because of his thick dick.

Thinking of this, a flame flickered in his eyes, and his lust made him eager for action. Irish looked at him and showed a faint smile. He looked at her motionlessly with his deep eyes, and she hastily loosened her hands since she was too familiar with him and knew what he was thinking.

But Joseph restrained his strong lust and looked like a cool-headed lion, staring at his prey in front of him. He took her hands, crossed her fingers, and said in a deep but magnetic voice, "Now you have no other choice except for physical compensation."

Hearing this, Irish went pink again, and her heart beat so fast. She felt shameful and reached out to lightly beat his chest.

"What an unscrupulous businessman!" Irish complained while Joseph pinched her chin and replied, "Honey, it's your honor to serve me."

"You are a male peacock, arrogant and complacent!" Irish argued.