

Enchanted 357

But after just a short moment, she suddenly awoke, looking at the alarm clock at the head of the bed. It was almost one o'clock in the morning. She breathed the wood fragrance in the air like a narcissist dog, and her heart fluttered, was it Joseph?

Where was he?

Without wood incense, she would have thought she was just dreaming.

Without saying anything, she got out of bed, heard something in the bathroom vaguely, ran over with bare feet, and pushed open the bathroom door!

Under the yellow light, the man's copper-colored body was majestic and strong, with his back facing her in a shower. His broad shoulders, thick back lines, obsessive golden proportions of inverted triangles for women, and strong texture outlined by water drops fell along his long, powerful thighs. He might have heard the movement. He slightly turned his eyes and saw Irish.

Irish quietly got out of the bathroom, then quietly closed the door, walked back to the bedroom, and sat for a while. Then she got up again, went back to the bathroom calmly, and pushed the door open.

Joseph had just finished taking a shower. He saw her come back and smiled at her after wiping his body. Irish, like sleepwalkers, blinked a few times, then asked foolishly, "Am I dreaming?"

"No," he was tickled by her.

"Oh." Irish nodded quietly again, then turned and left.

Joseph laughed, secretly counting. And when he counted to five, listening to the happy scream of Irish from the bedroom. In the mirror, at the bottom of his eyes, was helpless and spoiled love. With a towel around his waist, he got out of the bathroom.

The bedroom was dark, with a ground lamp opened. And man's shadow was drawn long. When Joseph came in, Irish lay on her back, and the faint light was like a patient sculptor carefully sketching the silhouette of her body under a thin blanket. Her long hair was as thick as silk, gently spread on the pillow, and the afterglow of the lantern fell on her side, as bright as the moon.

His eyes were quietly infected with the darkness of desire, and he stepped forward and gently lifted the blanket on the bed.

Irish's excitement was not over, and she got into the quilt after screaming because she felt a little humiliated, and her hysterical cry was easy for him to hear. When she heard his footsteps into the bedroom, her heart began to beat irregularly, and his breath got closer and closer, with a faint smell of body soap.

She felt him approach the bedside and unfold the blanket slightly. One side of the bed was sunk a little, and with a slight shake, a broad man's chest came up, and the next moment a strong arm wrapped her in from behind, slightly tightening. Her back was glued to his warm bosom.

There was a big tough thing that came close to her, deep into her soft legs. And their sensitive position could easily describe the huge outline of the thing.

She blushed, deliberately trying to avoid it, but the arms on her waist suddenly tightened, restraining her from moving.

The man behind her got up slightly, and the smell of the man was almost tied to her increasingly rapid breathing. Joseph's stubble chin gently rubbed her neck, and her earlobe was blown with a wood air mixed with a masculine smell, and quickly her skin burned in varying depths.

Irish felt itching and shrunk her neck gently. Still, Joseph's kiss fell methodically, gently sweeping from her beautiful collarbone to her reddish neck as if deliberately arousing her body's instinctive impulses.

Because she was close to his chest, Irish could clearly feel his strong heartbeat, as if it was through his chest to her, sharply urging her heart to beat wildly and making her nervous.

"Still don't want to open your eyes?" Seeing her eyelashes tightly closed, Joseph smiled as he rained tiny kisses on her ear, and in such a quiet room, his voice was so deep that it was as magnetic as a cello on her far side.

Irish's heart kept beating with the rhythm of his voice, her lips closed, and she shook her head.

"Why?" The man behind her seemed to laugh at her appearance, and his big hands began to stroll restlessly on her belly, feeling her skin under his hot palm, it felt silky and soft.

A flurry of unspeakable shivers quickly spread all over her from the tip of his fingers. He was familiar with her body, far beyond her knowledge of herself, and she could feel the hot temperature under the man's hand, ironing her skin. Her heart began to rise and fall with his movements.

She opened her mouth lightly, and her voice sounded soft like a cat feeling an enormous trill. "I'm afraid you will disappear if I open my eyes."

Above her came a string of low laughter, "My silly woman."

"How could you come in silently?" asked Irish in a soft voice.

Joseph hastily gently pressed his chin on her hair. "It's not difficult to have a key." His soft tone came in. She made him feel so sweet right at this moment.

Suddenly she opened her eyes with her back against him, and she turned her face slowly in the gloom. He instantly looked at her, and he saw two small clusters of light exploding rapidly deep in her pupils, as dazzling as the fireworks in the night sky. Then, the next moment, she fully turned around and hugged him.

The night was so strange that she began to lose the distinction between dreams and reality.

"What are you doing here?" She held him for a minute or two before lifting her face from his arms.

Joseph pulled his arms and put them around her, bowed his head, and teased her, "I'm afraid you'll break my legs."

Irish put her hand on his chest with a flushed face and gently pinched it. "Who told you not to reply to my message? Is there another woman who caught your attention?"