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Joseph smiled gently, saying, "So you slept in the living room in anger? And didn't I warn you not to take out your milk from the refrigerator and drink it immediately?"

When he came in and changed his shoes, he saw her sleeping on the sofa like a koala, with one slipper on one side and another on the other side. Half a bottle of milk was on the coffee table, and when he reached for it, it was already cold.

Irish's face turned gloomy at once. "I was angry at Britney White."

Joseph was puzzled, so she told him what she had seen on TV. The more she said, the more indignant she was until she concluded that she was a freak.

Hearing this, Joseph slightly raised his eyebrow, reached for her nose, and pinched it. "How can a dignified woman talk like this?"

"You were hurt when I called her name?" She stared at him.

Joseph immediately surrendered, putting his body on hers, "I think I spoiled you so much, honey."

"You're changing the topic."

He pinned her down, and she could feel his excitement.

"I didn't." He answered truthfully.

Irish smiled. "Do you like that type of woman?"

Joseph looked at her helplessly, "So what I chose you for?"

She smiled and stopped questioning him.

Joseph began to become restless again, his fingers slowly moving down her forehead, sliding into a thin blanket, getting into her sleeping skirt, gently kneading her soft body, showing a depressive desire, and gently murmuring into her ear, "Are you tired now?"

The most obvious hint.

When his long fingers succeeded in arousing her body's natural reaction, she hummed and put her hand over his big hand. "Tired, of course."

Joseph raised his lips, which were strangely sexy under the dim light. He bent over his head, buried in her chest, and his voice was vaguely hoarse when his kiss fell, "You don't have to move, just enjoy it."

She felt her chest hot.

She immediately stopped his moving head, almost pleading, "Joseph, can we talk for a while?"

"Talk to a man with a strong desire?" He laughed, but his movements did not stop, freeing his hand around her wrists, and his hot kisses went all the way down.

Her whole body began to burn, overflowing with heat. She turned aside, avoiding his frontal attack. His lips fell sideways, grasped her chin, and kissed her again into her hips.

She panicked.

"Don't you miss me?" His lips went down even further.

She could feel his chest getting hotter and wriggling under him. "Joseph, I really have something to say to you. Would you stop first?"

Joseph did pause but looked up at her with a look of anger and laughter. "Do you want to talk to me about something in bed?"

"Honey." She took advantage of the opportunity to break free from his hands and slide out of his body like a mermaid, pulling his big hand and acting cute. "It's really too important for me. Why don't you listen to it first?"

Joseph had begun to arouse, how could she say stop, and he did follow her? His long arm stretched out like an eagle that grabbed a chicken and pressed her down, "Let's finish it first."

"No." Her blushing and rapid heartbeat were true. He was a wonderful lover in bed, and their rich experience in bed had made her panting, but she still suppressed the beat of her heart and said no to him, for it was so important. "You must listen to me first."

She was not stupid, and from Joseph's dark pupil, she could see his repressed fire of desire. If she let him do it, she would have had no energy to think of anything else, so she must have said first her purpose.

Seeing that she did not want to escape from his desire deliberately, Joseph had to endure a fire burning in his lower abdomen. His strong body leaned toward the bed, and his long arm pulled her into his arms. "Let me guess what happened first."

She looked up from his arms and stared at his chin. He smiled. "Pregnant?"

Well...

Irish was shocked, and when looking at the joy at the bottom of his eyes, she immediately denied it and shook her head. "No, I'm not pregnant."

Joseph was not annoyed, calmly saying, "Then I really can not think of anything important." That was more important than love, especially at this time when God knew that all he had to do was look at her, and all he had in mind was her panting under him.

Irish's eyebrow was serious, lying on his chest, his strong heartbeat hurt her eardrum. "It's about what you want. And I want to share with you about Cassie's condition."

She thought she was definitely not a person who adored her man and wouldn't forget her friends. But thinking about Joseph's beauty and superb skills on the bed, she had to limit herself in taking care of her friends.

The matter about Cassie must be mentioned to him immediately because last time the incident related to Bernert, she underestimated Joseph's fairness and harsh conditions on his subordinates. She seldom met him, and she did not know when she would be able to see him again.

Couldn't she talk to him over the phone about this matter?

Joseph almost even wanted to strangle her after hearing her words. He tilted slightly and said, "First is Britney and then Cassie. Isabel, can we not take other women's affairs to bed?"

"Listen to me," She immediately began to smooth him, this time, the best way was to act coquettish.

Sure enough, Joseph's mood eased a lot, and after a while, he sighed, "Hasn't she awakened?"

"She woke up, but," Irish clung to his arms like a helpless kitten, her fingers gently drawing a ring on his chest muscles, and her expression of pleasing him was obvious. "I just want to help her apply for more holidays."

"So you're worried about that. Don't worry, our company has good sick leave benefits. And Cassie is an important employee under the appraising department, so the company would take special care of her."