

Enchanted 401

Irish finally realized that she would rather offend a grumpy person than a seemingly calm person, for the more they seemed to be calm, the more unkind their hearts would be. Just as though that night Joseph was with a gentle smile, she didn't expect him to give her a hard slap.

Biting her lips hard, she spoke with tremulous flutter, "Joseph, know I'm wrong, so do you still want to hurt me?" She did not think that she should have said that night, but he had always taken care of her feelings in bed, giving her the greatest joy and happiness. If what he had just acted as he had simply vented and enjoyed without stopping, and he went on, she would almost die.

"You've been disturbing me these days. How can I forgive you so easily?" Joseph's smile spread to the bottom of his eyes, intertwining with fire, and his words were so hot, "I'm going to have to punish you slowly and let you know what kind of man you can't offend."

"Joseph." Her shoulders trembled slightly, and she wondered what he would do next.

Joseph had always maintained the movement, and his big hand pulled off each other's clothing one by one.

Sofas and carpets were cluttered with clothes.

The interior lights, soft as goose feathers and foggy gloss, hung over the man and woman on the sofa, with faint shadows stretching out and swaying on the walls.

The light was glowing, the shadows were black, and the man was strong, and the woman was soft.

They had a whole night to cuddle, so he was not in a hurry. He liked to see her as a thirsty fish hugging him and strangling him.

His eyes looked over her with fascination.

The beautiful light spread over her soft body, and the shuddering Irish under him at this moment was strangely charming. Her white and delicate skin was like jade, bone and meat were symmetrical, without a little extra fat or too skinny, and her curve was beautiful. Round shoulders, smooth arms like lotus roots, and her long neck were more white than snow. Anyone looking at her could not help looking down to smell her incense.

The closeness of her body made her sweet and charming fragrance get into Joseph's heart, titillating his masculine heart. Her chest was like two mountain peaks, and her soft flat belly and soft, smooth legs between which he could feel her tremor.

He was attracted, and his chest had a desire to exhale.

Bowing down and kissing greedily upon her.

Instead of being rude just now, he was softer, as if deliberately tormenting her will and firmness. In his arms, the woman's young beautiful body was naturally sexy, making Joseph could not help but carefully, greedily appreciate and play with it.

Irish began to gasp, and the man's kiss continued down, melting her a little brutally.

Her skin began to turn peach-pink and gorgeous, reminding Joseph of Helen, the great beauty who caused the Trojan War, and her charming body was destined to be enjoyed by him.

Joseph's lips and hands gave her an extreme tremble, and Irish could not help groaning, shaking her whole body, even more, making her more sensitive somewhere.

She only felt that the cock buried deep inside her body was even more startlingly hot.

Irish called his name in a hurry but wondered whether to ask him to stop or to continue. He used torturous speed and strength to exhaust her mind, and she knew he had done it on purpose.

As he said, he was going to torture her slowly.

Her toes, too, were shrinking but were tucked into his palm, and his rough thumb rubbed her feet, which made her cry even more.

Her feet were pure white and beautiful, and the delicate skin on the back of her feet had some grains. White jade-like toes were closely and neatly interdependent, and her fingernails slightly erected. The soft white and pinkish feet were like soft silk, beautiful and shining, making people want to hold them in their hands and kiss them.

Joseph did, from her graceful curved arch to her glossy ankles, slowly extending to her calves.

Irish's backbone stood stiffly, and her body was stretched tight to the extreme.

Her eyes even began to ooze, and her fingers eagerly clutched the man's strong arm, and in the gloom, his kisses gnawed at her soul like a venomous venom that made her suffer hundreds of times.

"Joseph." Irish could only cry out his name over and over again, lifting herself up, eager to get his comfort.

Joseph turned a cruel deaf ear to her, breathing gently and strongly beside her cheeks, "Dare to have a temper?"

Irish desperately shook her head, whose hair was messy above her chest, and her beauty was suffocating.

"Say it out." He ordered.

She hugged him eagerly. The emptiness of her body and the pain of gnawing like a worm made her unable to bear, she said. "I dare not, Joseph. Please give it to me. I feel terrible."

Joseph looked at her beautiful little face, but in his head, it always echoed the words of Fredrick: Adam was the first man to bring her happiness. He is dead, and you are, at best, a double.

His chest was on fire, which spread into his eyes and intertwined with the groans of the woman in his arms.

He ignored Irish's request to enter but cruelly and slowly withdrew himself.

At this moment, Irish panting even more fiercely, only feeling that the sword in the deepest part of the body was slowly pulling away, and each inch of concession was so clear. Finally, the full sense of satisfaction disappeared but derived a fatal emptiness and loss.

"No. Don't pull out." Almost pleading, she clenched her lips, her body limped down on Joseph's chest, stretched to the end, and bred a familiar craving.

Joseph buried his head in her body and finally slid down the most sensitive part of her body.

Her voice was almost shrill.

His hands clasped around her head.

At this moment, Irish felt that all the cells in her body were active, unable to breathe shyly, and his skillful movements made her abdomen tighter and tighter with the familiar feeling that she was about to fall off a cliff.

It was getting closer and closer.

Joseph seemed to feel the change in her body, straightened it up, and once again entered her without warning.

This power ran straight through her.

She was caught off guard and was sent to the top of the cloud.

"Joseph..." she screamed in delight.

He leaned over her ear and ordered, "Say I love you." She could not wait to speak and said, I love you, trembling all over her body.

Without waiting for her to fall from the clouds, Joseph began a great attack, each time overbearing and deep, and the impact was like the waves of the sea easily subjugating her.

His eyes were full of lust, like hawks staring at her small, affectionate face.