

Enchanted 402

In fact, Joseph was angry. During the cold war days, his mood had been as if he were riding a roller coaster for a few days. She was a money-grubber who would rather hold a broken screen than take the initiative to hug him! He was waiting for her phone call all the time, even if it only rang for a while or didn't say anything, but there was no phone call!

What angered him more was that she ran to eat with Leo.

God knew that when he had walked into the restaurant, the first thing he had seen was not Leo but her. He had recognized the small, familiar figure. She had been chatting so happily with Leo and even smiled at him! He had to step forward to see if she was excited to see him. As a result, the woman's reaction was enough to give him the impulse to strangle her.

Her eyes were not even raised. He said to the air that he had come to the restaurant for work and that he could not spare time to sit down because he was too busy on business. He thought that someone so clever as her should be able to hear the meaning of it. These words were said to her. But in fact, she still ignored him.

She didn't say a word to him, from entering the restaurant to turning away!

That night, Joseph had thought that Irish would make a phone call. All night long, his cell phone was pinched in his hand, and he was about to break it. He had thought clearly that as long as she called, even if she did not say anything, he would look for her. But he had waited all night, the whole night!

It had been not until the meeting that he received a call from her, and when her name flashed on the screen, he had an unutterable thrill. He had forgotten that he was in a meeting, and he should go out of the meeting room to answer the phone. He couldn't wait to answer it. He had been afraid that the call would be canceled.

But this damn woman, on the phone, just thanked him? Didn't she miss him? Not at all?

It turned out that he was not only important less than that damned screen in her heart, not even Cassie. If he hadn't compromised on the matter, wouldn't she have even called?

There was a moment when Joseph began to hesitate, wondering whether the woman needed him or not. How much weight did he hold in her heart?

He seldom gave himself a holiday on Labor Day. Although the matter was not clear, he wanted to bring her back to his house to spend the day with her. The day before, he informed them to prepare the food and decorate the house well. He thought she would at least give him a blessing message or something, but the whole day of waiting almost broke him.

That day, Irish was also so beautiful, but the sorrow in her eyes made his heart ache. He would like to hold her in his arms and gently comfort her or simply get up and pull her away, but reality did not allow it.

He is not a boy, some things could not be wanton, otherwise, the heaviest injury would be suffered by Irish.

Until Irish turned and left again, Joseph even wanted to lose his temper at that moment!

He thought she had come for him, so she would go with him even if she had to go away.

At that time, Joseph thought he himself was ridiculous, for so many days, he had thought too much, too much!

Fredrick's words stuck in his heart like a needle, although his face was quiet, and although he knew that Fredrick had a suspicion of being gratified by revenge, Irish's behavior in recent days had really worried him, and he had been thinking about it on the way to find her. Did he always think he was over important in this relationship?

Love was precious to him. If he had it, he didn't want to let it go. Would she leave midway here?

All the information showed that Adam was only missing, and even Irish was not sure whether he was really dead. If he was not dead, and if one day he suddenly appeared in front of Irish, would she put aside this relationship with him and leave him alone? Into Adam's arms?

Because he heard so clearly that she was calling Adam's name, in his arms, on his bed!

It was clear that Adam had taken root in her heart, and at least Adam was in her heart.

He had always been used to control.

Feelings were the same, but he was afraid of scaring Irish, so he has always been gentle with her, just patiently waiting for her to die, patiently accompanying her to die. Everyone had a past. But what he had to admit was that he was really caring about Irish, her everything, and wanted to share all his "first-time" things with her.

Her first kiss, her first sex, and even her first moment of exuberance and bliss, he wished he had given it to her himself.

Irish's name was more abhorrent than Fredrick's.

But he could not compete with the dead.

Irish really was the woman he wanted to love with all his heart.

From the sofa in the room to the deluxe bed in the bedroom, under the silent moon, in a long time, Joseph brought Irish a love that was as different as ever before. He had never treated her this way. She realized that he could bring her the deadly feeling of ice and fire with the cruelest tenderness.

Irish's body was as soft as a cotton ball, every inch of her skin was excited and trembling, the blood in every blood vessel was excited as if it was boiling, and a feeling of lumps occupied every cell in her brain, and the intense impact made her ecstatic and ardent. She was like an enchanting mandala.

"Joseph, you're...so deep." She groaned with tears.

Deep stimulation pushed her to the top again, to the brink of collapse.

Her whole body trembled, screamed, and let loose the pleasant sensation that she hadn't before. Her strength was drawn away. Her body flopped on the man's chest, fluttering like a cloud of feathers.

"You're biting too hard, honey."

