

Enchanted 403

Joseph smiled and slowed down his pace, rearranging the ups and downs to the softness that, unlike before, he tried not to excite her post-peak sensitivities.

He lowered his head and kissed her on the lip. He had pushed her sensitive body up into the clouds for the fourth time. She was a delicate, maddening creature for men.

Joseph deserved to be an old hand in sex. In front of Irish's still trembling body and perfect curves, other men would only know how to possess it desperately and only want to feel it for a while. But he was so slow to appreciate the taste. For him, this was only the prelude tonight.

When Cassie stayed in the bathroom for more than ten minutes, her mother began knocking at the door, and she replied helplessly, "I was still in the shower." Her mother went back to the living room to watch TV after hearing her answer.

Out of the bathtub, Cassie stood in front of the mirror, looking down at the deep wound on her wrist. During this period of time, Fredrick was good to her, his tenderness, his patience was more than ever he had before. She should be satisfied, but why was her heart feeling emptiness and loneliness?

As a matter of fact, she understood that Fredrick had done this to her, for he was afraid that she would commit suicide again.

Sighing lightly, she reached out to sweep off the fog on the mirror. The big range of the red on the chest was still obvious, and it was the trace that Roy had left. Her heart leaped inadvertently, and she remembered Roy leaning on the steering wheel and looking depressed. He kept questioning her. What was the point that he could not compare with Fredrick?

Her scalp also followed with a dash of pain.

In fact, she could not say where Roy was worse than Fredrick. Whether from the appearance conditions or from the family. Roy would not lose the slightest bit to Fredrick. Perhaps she had seen Roy's flirting with other women, perhaps she had too much resentment with him, or perhaps because he was a member of the Lake. So many reasons would have caused her never to put him in place of her, Mr. Right.

Yes, Roy was not a good lover, he was a prodigal in the love-game world, so how could there be true feelings from him?

Cassie was uneasy for a moment, and in a hurry, she got out of the bathroom wearing clean pajamas.

Love sex had exhausted all the strength of Irish.

She looked like a doll, finely split into pieces, and her body seemed not to belong to her. The only senses were gasping, and there was sweat between her breaths, their smell of male hormones and hers.

Joseph was satisfied, not forgetting to appease her and put her in his arms from behind. He knew her tenderness after the event and did not rush away or, like any other man, could not wait to order a cigarette to enjoy it. Instead, he became more infatuated with the helplessness of her love so that he could feel her dependence most directly.

Irish allowed his strong arms to encircle her, and his slender fingers crawled greedily on her stomach. After this love, her ears were buzzing, and her voice was dumb. She did not know how many times she climbed the clouds in the process, only felt the fatal joy flooding her again and again, and finally, she felt the shock. His strength was as strong as a beast, prompting her to entreat him, not to pull it in.

His scorching heat fell on her stock and, at that moment, almost burned her.

In the big bed, there was wild chaos.

She leaned feebly against his chest and felt his strong heartbeat, his fingers moving gently through her hair, so tender and considerate that she was drowsy and her long eyelashes unable to bear it. Her mouth opened, but her throat dried up, so she couldn't speak a word. The man's muscular arm crossed her, handed her the cup, and smiled, "Drink some water."

Irish opened her mouth lazily and drank a few mouthfuls before she found her voice. It was low, like a frightened bird in pity. "Stop torturing me like that, Joseph, I will die."

Joseph drank the rest of the glass water, leaning to put an empty cup back on the head of the bed, taking over Irish's body with a clear and shallow bad smile, "I will see if you will be obedient." The warm fingers went to touch her belly again, pinching her soft skin. "Today's just a little admonition."

She no longer had the strength to lift her hand against him but protested softly, "You are so bad."

Joseph gently smiled, the bottom of his eyes was full of tenderness.

There was a ring in the air.

A strange bell.

Irish listened carefully and said, "Is it your call or mine?"

"Yours." Joseph kissed her forehead and got out of bed. "How could someone call my cell phone?" At the end of the speech, he went out of the bedroom to get it for her.

Irish remembered that she was the only one on his cell phone. After a while, Joseph came in with her mobile phone. What Irish saw was a living and strong male body. He came to her without a hush and saw her blushing. Even though she had sex more than once with him, she was still not used to facing his body. This was probably the charm of being extremely handsome, as she thought the man was so handsome that women would feel embarrassed to sleep with him.

She took the phone and turned it over, not even looking, she directly pulled through, and the man followed to go to bed. The soft mattress was sunken, and then he put her back into her arms. The softback against his strong chest was as safe and secure as a wall.

However, the voice on the phone in anger made Irish's hair up. It was her aunt.

"Don't you say that you have nothing to do with Joseph? Why is he still looking for you at home?"