

Enchanted 405

"Aunt." The more Irish listened to it, the more worried she became, and she interrupted her Aunt quickly. "Will you wait till I get back to talk about it?"

"Okay, anyway, you are careful about this matter. I tell you, this young man is a serious and honest person. I know his clan and his background much better than Joseph. Though he had money, his moral character was not good. There are so many women around him, how can such a man be trustworthy to take care of you?"

"Well, Aunt, I see. I have something to do. Goodbye."

Just a few minutes later, Irish seemed to fight a battle, which made her physically and mentally exhausted. She put the phone aside, not daring to look back at Joseph's expression, and buried her face in the pillow against him. Her Aunt's words were full of attacks. And no one would like to listen to them. Depressed, only felt the man behind approach over, and a hot kiss fell on her neck. The strength was not light, and soon her delicate skin left a clear hickey.

She was panting with pain and was about to turn her head. Joseph extended his hand and flipped over her body directly, and the kiss fell overbearingly, on her clavicle, her towering chest, brutally.

"Joseph." She did not push him away, leaving him unbridled and her slender fingers tucked into his thick hair. She called his name in a tender and low voice, and her heart tinged with bitterness and a little powerlessness. It was like something was going on, and she wanted to stay where she was and be dragged.

Joseph did not speak, and his face buried deep in the mountains in front of her chest, and rubbed on one of the above, opening her mouth, and finally gnawed at the top end.

The sourness and shivers of pain in her chest caused her to take a breath, but she gnawed her teeth to bear it silently and put his head closer. She knew what had happened to him but was deeply helpless at the change in his state of mind. She would rather be silent; after she hung up, he lost his temper with her, and his appearance hurt her.

The only thing she could do was to let him behave, as long as he was in a better mood. The softness of the woman in her arms made Joseph feel pain. When he saw the kiss print on her body that he had been raging, he somehow became anxious. His arm was held beside her face, and the other hand stroked her brow, and the falling kiss was already tender. From her full forehead to her beautiful nose, until red lips, he gently closed her, sucking, carefully treating her like a treasure.

Irish took the initiative to wrap her arms around his neck, kissing his lips.

For a long time, Joseph just let go of her, made his thin lips close to her, and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry."

Her heart was like a budding seedling crushing through the seed shell, giving out a slight crumbling pain, and Irish shook her head gently and hugged him so that his head rested on her chest. His sorry contained a thousand words, what he could say and what he could not say. She knew from the day she had decided to go with him, and she knew that all sorts of things would happen to her along the way. He

said he would stand before her, but no matter how strong a man might be, he would be fragile one day, and she would stand up without regrets.

She had never complained to him and never regretted it, for it was Joseph, and she did not feel bitter at all.

The clock in the room was beating in a box methodically, and would not stop at all because of people or things in the world, just as at this moment, Irish wanted to keep time, and they needed not to think about how hard the road would be in the future like that. There were many thorns on this road, and she wanted to embrace him until forever quietly.

Time is always cruel with reason, so no one can escape.

After a long time, Irish sighed heavily, and when she stared into his eyes, she pretended to be relaxed. "Relax, my aunt just doesn't know you, and I will let her accept you."

Joseph turned over, leaned against the bed, and put his hand in her arms. She leaned down against him and clasped her fingers. He lifted her hand, gave her a kiss on the lip, and bowed his head. "I'll do the job."

Her hand clung to his corner of the chin, gently smiling, "We can win every battle if we know ourselves and our enemies. You don't seem to know the enemy, or you won't be kicked out."

Her words made Joseph frown slightly.

"Weren't you? You went to my Aunt's house, and you've been treated in a very unordinary way?" She didn't expect him to be so bold and directly go to her door, but when she thought of him, looking around for her, she was touched. Joseph was such a man, forever said less than done. If her Aunt did not mention it, she would never know he had gone to her home and looked for her.

Joseph opened his mouth, gently bit her fingers, and tickled her. She wanted to pull her hand off, but he clenched it even more tightly. "Your uncle and aunt were not happy, but they didn't say much."

"Didn't do anything too much?" Irish thought of the wine on his clothes and wondered if his uncle had spilled it on him.

However, Joseph shook his head. "No, they just said you weren't at home, so I simply said goodbye and left."

This was not the behavior of her uncle or Aunt, but she thought that they would not be barbarous to that extent, especially her uncle, although extremely dissatisfied with the Lake or Joseph, he still retained a very traditional concept that when they came to his door, they were all his guests. "Even if he was not satisfied with the other side, he would not fight.

What about the wine stains on him?

Irish raised her eyes. He did not take the initiative to say that she would not be convenient to ask, afraid of what should not be asked. Joseph looked at her, feeling that she might have something to say. After half a minute or more, with a little strength, he put her in his arms so that she laid on him.

"Joseph." The pose was so vague that two equally naked bodies under the quilt clung to one another, and the big thing, with some signs of raising his "head," moved between her legs.