

Enchanted 446

Irish hurriedly stepped forward to help him lift his foot to close the door.

"Why did you drink so much?" Her heart ached, and she helped him down on the sofa.

"It's all right." He leaned against the sofa and sank into it all.

Irish took his coat, laid it aside, and saw that he was pale and worried. She untied his tie and said softly, "You sit here."

Joseph was obedient and nodded.

After a while, Irish brought the hot water with a towel in her hand. Joseph closed his eyes on the sofa, eyebrow still slightly frowning, and looked rather uncomfortable.

Sitting next to him, she could smell the rich smell of wine and tobacco that had replaced his original woody scent, and at such a late night, the drunken man who had suddenly visited was somewhat dangerous and unkind.

She was so upset and angry that she couldn't say anything more. She wiped his face and hands with a towel, then took the water and whispered softly, "Drink some water?"

Joseph opened his eyes lazily, said thank you, and then drank it. After drinking, she took it over, sighed, and was ready to get up to give him some more water, and he reached for her.

"Let me see you." He laughed drunkenly.

Her fingers and his gently clasped, she turned, slightly helpless, "Your stomach is not good, and you've drank so much."

He laughed, and it spread into his eyes.

Such Joseph had an indescribable charm, lazy, sexy, gentle, affectionate, and was like a dangerous lion.

"You know what? I'm worried about you," she said sincerely.

He raised his hand, his long fingers through her hair, and covered her cheek, rubbing it gently. Irish saw his condition, unwilling to add more reproaches, and her tone turned upset, "I help you to go back to the room. You'd better take a rest."

As soon as she was about to move, he used more strength and pulled her over.

"Joseph, you're drunk. Take a good rest."

Irish struggled to get up.

The next moment, Joseph took her into his arms and pressed her beneath with his towering body. She was pressed onto the sofa.

The weight of the man was all over her, and the drunken man was particularly heavy, and he was no exception. His drunken smell sprayed down, mixed with a man's hot, heavy breath, falling on her cheek and ironing her eyes.

Followed by the man's big hand. He began slipping restlessly on her body, pulling her pajamas away and got into it nimbly.

Irish's heart beat quickly against her chest, and it hurt.

Gently lifting his face away, she stared at his drunk eyes, "Come on, can't you go to sleep?"

Joseph, however, pressed her two wrists over her head, lowering his face and burying his face in her neck deeply. He said. "Honey, I miss you so much, every second of every day."

He nibbled at her neck, his voice vague and sexy, and her whole body seemed to be lit quickly, not knowing whether it was because of his actions or because of his words.

"I miss you too." Irish could not help but say in ecstasy.

Joseph's kiss crawled around her cheeks, lips, ears, fervent, and his shirt was wide open. His strong muscles seemed to be tainted with an alcohol smell and exuded male power.

With drunkenness, his big hands seemed to lose their control, rubbing his perfect body against Irish. And beneath the sofa were the clothes he ripped off, and the woman under him was almost naked.

She was a little nervous, and his hands hurt her. He was so rude, as if he was about to swallow her alive.

But suddenly, he caught her face, and his high nose came close to her, and his deep eyes were full of desire and affection, whose big hand began to touch her brows gently, and the thick deltoid of his arm clearly showed the arc under the thin material of the shirt. It was a powerful force.

"Isabel..." He, however, whispered her name softly and affectionately.

She looked up at him, at his drunken eyes.

"I've had enough." He sighed.

Irish froze and did not expect him to say so.

"So, I want you badly." Joseph loosened her wrists, holding her face with his big hands like a treasure, his thin lips falling on her eyelids from her forehead, and then staring at her for a moment. His eyes in the gloom seemed to wake up, "I want you to be my wife."

Irish suddenly widened her eyes as if there were tens of thousands of fireworks blossoming around her. She must be drunk, yes, she was drunk by the alcoholic smell of the man's body, otherwise, how could she hear such a clear commitment? Staring at him unbelievably, she wanted to ask him if it was true. She'd like to ask him if he was drunk and talking nonsense.

But the words stuck in her throat. The excitement of the eyes spread all over the body, even fingers nervously excitedly trembled.

He had never said such words to her.

He had never said he wanted to marry her.

Only in normal times would he say some ambiguous words, but many of the meanings were guessed by herself. She did not dare to read his mind, only afraid that some beautiful ambiguity could not afford to ponder.

But that night, he said it plainly. He wanted her to be his wife.

Be his wife!

She could not sleep, excited enough to think that.

But too excited, Irish would only look at the man before her. All the joy and cheer were in her inner world.

Her small face reflected to be blurred by the light, and in Joseph's eyes, the woman was extremely intoxicated and charming, so he could not wait to seal her little mouth. The desire that was carried by the alcohol became more arrogant, and his kiss became wilder.

She heard the sound of his belt untied and the sound of him pulling down the chain of his trousers, but her soft body could not move, and she had to say that Joseph's words seemed to strike home. It was not until the proud man conflicted with her that she was sober.