

Enchanted 447

Looking up again at Joseph, his face was already overflowing with desire.

She whispered his name, hoping he would slow down a bit.

But Irish's appearance at this moment was undoubtedly urging man's desire to conquer, especially the drunken man, and his eyes almost flamed, the body was also boiling hot.

The broad palm of his hand lifted her buttock easily, and his palm burned up, stimulating her cool skin.

Joseph gasped for breath and pounded at her.

As soon as he entered her body, Irish's body twitched and wrapped around him as if afraid to relax, afraid to fall into the abyss.

Joseph sighed contentedly in her body, enjoying the pleasure of the woman holding him tight.

She gasped and struggled to accommodate his bulge.

Somewhere in her body seemed to puff a blazing flame every time the man's fierce movement inside her ignited burning fireworks.

Joseph's breath burned her.

His big hands were like pliers, and her chest was swollen and almost exploded by his kneading.

Sweat soaked their hair and bodies, giving off mixed hormonal smells.

The body of Irish was like a sluice gate discharging flood, waters of her body rushed out.

Every collision of the man is like a boa constrictor burrowing into her body, devouring her soft body, her soul. They lay on the sofa, and the love sound echoed across the room.

With her hands shivering and clasping Joseph's strong back, her sharp nails nearly dug into his muscles. The man in front of her made her gasp for breath at the height of his desire, with his most exuberant secretion of hormones in drunkenness.

She did understand that he had had enough.

Even she was waiting for hope in despair again and again, not to mention a man so accustomed to control? His wildness also intertwined with the complexity in his heart.

Joseph was deep in her, like a wild horse, sometimes sticking in, drawing round, poking, and rubbing. The woman's groans and the man's low roar intertwined into a beautiful sound.

He showed no signs of slackening. Irish's delicate body was like a rabbit to be slaughtered, manipulated by a male animal riding on her, occupied by him in various postures, and trampled wildly by a black horse, like a land waiting to be reclaimed.

The joy extended every pore of Joseph's body. Hearing the woman under him scream because of his movements, his handsome face had an indescribable look of happiness, which gave him unprecedented satisfaction in his original desire to conquer.

Irish's hands clasped against his back, and the heat and feel of the man's strong muscles gave her a sense of safety in the tide of the pleasant sensation.

The muscles on Joseph's back were stiff and hard, with sweats on them, and on the back, as broad as the gate of the city, was a woman's tender hands, scratching unconsciously, caressing helplessly. This really highlighted what men and women were.

When outside the window was still dim, Irish was awakened by the sound of pattering. She opened her eyes in confusion.

In the dark light, Joseph wrapped only a bath towel around his waist. He should have taken a shower because his hair was still wet, and before, his forehead was short, falling hair. Some of the drops were still glued to his sturdy texture, and his strong chest glowed with copper-colored water.

Seeing her eyes half open and half closed in bed, he smiled, holding his arms beside the bed, leaned down, and kissed her cheek, gently saying, "It's still early. Sleep a little longer."

The man's kiss was clear and gentle so that Irish awoke. She looked at him in amazement and looked at the time again. It was just five o'clock in the morning. She sat up, frowned, and screamed the next second.

Her body ached like being crushed by a car, and last night's drunken desire came wilder than ever, and every time he all reached the depths of her body, she trembled in pleasure. She got up and felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen.

He raised his lips on purpose and asked what had happened to her.

"You know it." Irish stared at him and moved slightly. When her toes touched the ground, a warm current slowly flowed out of her body, emitting a familiar smell of a man.

She looked down, and the thick and muddy between her legs made her face suddenly red to the root of her ears. Joseph laughed more and more, reaching over the tissue.

"No. I'll do it myself." Irish felt embarrassed.

Joseph, however, took away her hand and did it himself.

When the soft tissue gently wiped her soft position, she was even more ashamed to look at him. His wiping was gentle, as careful as treating a treasure, and his eyes ached at the obvious redness and swelling on her body.

"Does it hurt?" His thumb stroked the soft petals.

Her body constricted with his movements. "It's all your fault," Irish said softly, avoiding his hand.

"I'm sorry." Joseph bowed his head and kissed her hair.

She raised her head up and held his neck, blushing. "I blame that..."

"What?" He frowned.

Irish's face was redder, and she said, "Who let you in directly?"

"I want it." Joseph smiled and stared at her.

She pouted, "You promised."

He showed a smile and ambiguously asked, "Was last night in the dangerous period?"

"Fortunately, it is in a safe period." She faced his bad smile.

Joseph's eyes tightened a little, a little disappointed, making a well sound.

She put on her clothes and hugged him a little bit tighter. "Will you leave so early this morning after being so drunk last night? Would you like to take more rest?"

"The driver was waiting downstairs." Joseph was reluctant to leave. He hugged her and took on his shirt, and pulled off his towel, putting the underpants on in front of her with the slightest carelessness.

The dangerous thing which had been torturing her for a long time looked aroused a little.

Irish sighed and leaned forward to tie his shirt button without saying anything.

"Don't be so stubborn anymore. If the police ask you anything, you'll answer the fact, or you'll be the only one who suffers."