

Enchanted 454

That day, she was dressed skillfully and beautifully in her lavender waistcoat, the beige knee-length skirt, and the fleshy silk stockings under the skirt, which felt soft and smooth, and a little cool. It was the temperature of her skin which made him adore her; gradually, he moved up, "As a boss, I can't be lustful, but as a man, why can't I?"

Irish was taut and grabbed his big hand. "Don't."

"Or do you only like to show it to Leo?" At the thought of how she looked in front of Leo in a wedding dress this afternoon, his chest was suffocated.

He had to admit how beautiful the scene was.

Wearing a wedding dress, she was elegant. The fishtail pendulum showed her perfect figure. She was smiling, standing there, still holding a bouquet of flowers, but the man standing beside her was Leo.

At that moment, he did not know why and a wave of inexplicable panic swept through his body.

She looked like she was going to a wedding.

The bride was her, but the groom was another man!

God knew he wanted to go forward and pull her to his side, and he wanted to hold her in his arms and admire her beauty. But he couldn't do anything. He could only stand in peace, be quiet, and watch Leo's jokes and admiration for her.

Irish did not expect that he would say that and then saw him frown. She came forward and reached out to smooth his brow. "Come on, you know I love you."

"Prove it to me, then." Joseph's coolness was driven away, slightly raising a smile.

"You can't report personal feuds," murmured Irish, closing her lips.

"It depends on whether you can make me happy." His big hand went brazenly into her skirt.

"Gently." Irish's voice was soft without a trace of strength.

But it was enough to enthrall Joseph, which made his blood boil, and the soft tone was like the sound of nature. He could not resist moving forward.

"Take it off, come on." Joseph clearly ordered, his big hand moved along the soft curve, across the thin silk stockings, and rubbed her hips vigorously. He discovered the beauty of the silk stockings of the upper texture and felt her body soft, smooth, and delicate.

Irish guessed his confusion, saw his eyes burning, and finally realized his real purpose of calling her to the office. She bit her lips--such a bad man.

Gently lifting her hand, the shirt buttons were loosened by her fingertips one by one, which first revealed delicate clavicles, then the full white tender breast. The deep cleavage darkened the eyes of the man staring at her eyes darkened.

She could see a marked change in Joseph's eyes.

Her breath was short.

As the shirt moved to the ground, the airflow in the central air conditioning stimulated her skin. There was a lot of neon light out of the window, reflecting her eyebrows, like the stars caressing her, her long hair dripping down like a waterfall, her cheeks a little red, like the beautiful faded sunset.

Joseph just stared at her like a hungry lion.

But his eyes, full of need, possessive desire, unconcealed, bold, and direct.

His eyes burned Irish, and her heart beat faster. She had never had such an experience of love when she was burned by his eyes and her heart beat faster. He sat there firmly, and she looked at him and undressed, in his place, in his office.

Her finger trembled slightly, unlocking the skirt.

The skirt, like the last petal to protect the heart of the flower, fell on the carpet.

At this time, Ran finally had an action.

He got up, and his tall figure covered her.

His slender finger slid into Irish's deep cleavage. She panted, but he pressed his head down, and his lips were rubbing in her ears. "You shouldn't be so beautiful. I've been thinking about you all afternoon, and Daisy can see that I'm out of my mind."

Her little body leaned against him weakly, and she did not know what to say.

Joseph's fingers crawled around her back, and he skillfully unbuttoned her bra. The lights had been dimmed, and the hills in front of her chest were like being shrouded in haze. He was in love with it.

She leaned against him and could easily feel the change in his body against him.

Joseph smiled and grabbed her with one hand, pulling her down.

In her palm was his long arousing thing.

"Joseph." The danger of someone coming in at any time tormented her all the time.

Joseph, however, ordered in her ear, "Lay on the table."

Frightened, she shook her head desperately, but he pulled her to the table and pressed her down.

Her chest was firmly on the table, and his papers were lying neatly.

He hugged her from behind and covered her breast with his big hand.

Then, her back felt a soft, wet touch.

It was his lips, moving gently and greedily down her back neck.

Irish only felt that her whole spine was numb and had no strength anymore.

At the back of her body, there was something hard against her, and it hurt.

But her sensitive body that he had aroused reacted quickly.

His tight, plump red lip blocked her faint groans, but they floated out of the tiny nostrils, provoking the burning air between them and finally drifting straight into Joseph's ears.

Joseph had always known that Irish's body was susceptible, which was also an important reason for him to indulge in it. Sensitive women are men's gifts, and beautiful and sensitive women are special things they are infatuated with.

He gripped the soft woman in his arms, his lips burning.

From the gentleness at the beginning to strong domineering control.

Hearing the shredding of her stockings by his big hand, Irish screamed and let Joseph take her shoes off, and her legs were exposed to the air.

She could not see Joseph's expression but could imagine the glow on his face from his burning lips.

Joseph was like playing with a piece of art, playing with her ankles and moving his lips down.

Her forehead was covered with thin beads of sweat, her cheeks rosy, and her head disorderly, and she tried to stop him, but the body was out of her mind, and a hot undercurrent kept rolling through her.

She heard the rustling sound of taking off clothes, the man behind her took off his shirt, and then the belt unfastened.

And she was completely lying on the spacious and slightly fragrant table. The desk office supplies were neatly arranged, and one could see his meticulousness in work, which was contrary to the rampant greedy man behind her.