

Enchanted 455

Between the bodies was the boiling temperature.

She could feel the man's burning chest, and he could feel her sweet breath.

Joseph's kiss was down, and Irish's head was aside, whose eyes were half-open. Her beautiful little face bloomed with red flowers in the dim lights, which made people pity her.

The man's big hands were more restless, the smoothness he felt had made him emotional, and the woman's soft body made him more restless.

A wet thing moistened Joseph's fingers. With a bad smile, he said in her ears, "Naughty woman."

The hot breath swept her cheeks, and the man's drilling fingers made her body taut. The temperature of the tough, slender fingers stimulated her softest position, and he kept drilling into her heart.

At this moment, her body was like a fire.

The man's heavy breath became more intense and mingled with her rapid breathing.

He pulled over her face and stared obsessively at her reddish little face, her fingers enjoying her tension and warmth.

She felt like a net was pulling at her, making her body shrink faster and faster, her lips shaking, and she whispered Joseph's name, but only touching his strong arm, and the texture was clear.

The telephone on the desk suddenly rang, near her ear, which startled Irish. She was about to get up, but she was pressed again by his big hand.

"Joseph." Irish uneasily wiggled her body, her voice was delicate and pitiful.

Joseph suppressed his emotion, in her ear gently "hushed," and a big hand stretched, and even actually pressed the hands-free button.

She was astonished but unable to speak and could only give him a look that not to do that, but Joseph stared at her with more malice, and his long fingers buried deep in her body remained unmoved.

The voice of the Director of Marketing was on the phone, which meant he would come to the office to submit the marketing data file.

Irish felt nervous, and her whole body was tighter.

She shook her head desperately at Joseph.

Joseph, however, lowered his face and kissed her lips, nibbling on her lips. Irish felt suffocated. Only a few centimeters away was the phone, the moment she panted, it could be heard.

But the man's fingers still brutally tormented her, and he kissed her lips deeply. For a moment, her whole chest was as if it had been squeezed, and her ears were full of heart-throbbing sounds. Her eardrums were tingling with pain.

Under such multiple stimuli, Irish felt only tauter under such multiple stimuli, and the familiar feeling became more intense.

She began to ponder.

Trying to get this feeling of intoxication and death.

"Mr. Dover?" Over the phone was the voice of the marketing director.

Joseph said calmly, "Send me five minutes later."

His fingers clearly felt the changes in her body and knew she was about to reach the climax.

The moment the call ended, he quickened his action.

Immediately followed by the soft voice of Irish, sweat sticky to her long hair, and her face was like a spring flower.

Joseph felt his fingers as if they were strapped, loosened, and then tightened.

Stopping for a while, then slowly withdrawing, his palm had been wet and praised in her ears, "Little woman, you are so sexy."

Irish stretched out on the table like a mass of cotton, with her feet hanging feebly, leaving only the strength of rapid breathing.

Her eyes were closed, and her heart thumped with joy.

Joseph had put on his shirt, his long finger pushing her hair aside, revealing her face, and said in a low voice, "Go to the lounge and wait for me."

Then she opened her eyes and saw his face with overflowing desire in a trance. Yes, he would not let her go.

About to get up, her feet were soft, and her whole body fell on the messy clothes. She was about to stoop to pick them up, but she heard a knock at the door. She was shocked and somehow got under Joseph's broad desk the next second.

Joseph did not expect her to be so frightened that he laughed and motioned her into the lounge.

She shook her head desperately and felt much safer under the table.

Someone was waiting outside the door, and she refused to give in. Joseph had to bend over to pick up her clothes and hand them to her. After pressing the remote control button, the office door opened with a thump.

Irish shrank under the table nervously.

Joseph also feared that she would be found out. He returned to his swivel chair and moved forward so that people standing outside his desk could not find anything unusual under the desk.

The director of the marketing department came in but felt strange, and he could not express what was strange.

He just felt the fragrance of a woman floating in the air.

Also, Joseph's hair looked a little messy, his tie was thrown on the table as well, and his shirt button, the two in front of his chest, was untied, if someone looked closely, it was not difficult to see a little bit red trace on the collarbone, as if having been rubbed.

It was not his observation that he was careful but that everyone at the company knew that he would never dress so casually. But he also did not think much, handed in the document, and began to report to Joseph related work.

Irish under the table looked like a cat, inconvenient to dress for fear of causing any other noise. The office was quiet, and only the sound of the marketing director reporting the work floated.

She did not dare to make a sound, only hoping she would not be found out. Then, thinking that Joseph would not let her expose, she felt a little safer. And she was so selfish to think that the director reported the work quickly so that she did not have to sneak around.

But she didn't want him to finish it so quickly. She knew that she would be thrown into the resting room next to them if he had finished.

Shrinking beneath the large desk, she had discovered Joseph's desire.

Though he had fastened his belt, she could still see a distinct protruding outline under his suit pants.

Irish felt funny but daring not to laugh out loud and could only desperately cover her mouth.

Time passed by.