

Enchanted 460

Roy stared at her. The pain under his eyes gradually spread.

Reaching out, he pulled over her face, but trying to lift his lips to smile, "Cassie, I am your boyfriend, if you are not happy, you can tell me, you know?"

Cassie stared at his eyes and nodded gently after a while.

She was so sorry that he was drunk.

He couldn't help but lower his head and keep his lips close to her.

The tension swept her, her hands clenched, and she turned away when his lips were nearing her.

Roy did not lift his face, always holding his original posture. His eyes were flickering, and Cassie closed her lips, facing to the other side, gasping, but he turned her face again, this time, like a spring shower, kisses fell, catching her off guard.

"Roy." She was about to shout his name when his tongue came in.

For a moment, interwoven with his tongue, she seemed nailed to the seat of the car, motionless, with her eyes closed and her eyelashes trembling.

Roy, aware of the tightness of her whole body and holding her little hand, softened his strength, kissed, and changed from force to softness.

Cassie breathed quickly, her hands subconsciously against his unceasing chest.

He was intoxicated on her lips and whispered, "Try to feel me once, will you?"

His words hit her heart like a rock.

Her arms were loosening gradually. The clenched fingers were also loosened.

Opening her eyes gently, there was some wetness in her eyes.

Roy looked at her painfully, lowered his head, his lips fell on her eyebrow, then gently moved down, and finally recovered her lips, gently and shallowly tied to her lips. She did not resist.

The softness of the woman in his bosom pleased Roy, his love for her was more profound, and the kiss became eager to explore, rushing into her mouth, almost devouring her.

Cassie felt his breath getting heavier and murky.

Soon a large hand moved up along her waist, skillfully, slowly, but with great firmness, unlocking a button on her chest, and when she was stiff, she felt the man's finger on her waist.

"No..." she pushed him away, clutching at her cluttered clothes and turning to open the door.

Roy from behind hugged her, with chagrin on his face, "I'm sorry."

"I...I want to go home." Cassie wanted to cry and choked.

How would Roy let her go at this time? He did not want to see the feelings he had just built up would have been ruined, and he constantly coaxed her behind her ears and apologized so that Cassie calmed down a bit.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Cassie. I...I just want you to feel how much I love you." He was sincere.

Cassie leaned against the door and shook her head. "It's my fault." She swore that she had tried to cooperate but could not adapt to other men touching her.

Her heart tries to forget Fredrick every day, but her body still remembers Fredrick's temperature.

"No, I'm in such a hurry. I promised you earlier to give you time to get used to it." Roy hugged her with a weak voice, but there was deep pain in his eyes. He suppressed his own pain and tried his best to be a better person before her eyes.

Saturday, the sun was not very bright, hiding in the haze and if not to see the clock from the sky, someone could not estimate the time.

When Joseph got up, she had a little consciousness.

By the time he returned to his bedroom after the shower, Irish had fully woken up.

She moved her tired body and looked at him with her big eyes.

Joseph went to the bedside with one hand on the edge of the bed and the other on the quilt with slender fingers enjoying the softness and fragrance of the woman's skin in the morning.

She gave a groan, took his big hand, and let him no longer wantonly touch. Turning her head to his eyes, bleary-eyed, she asked, "Today, you don't rest?"

Joseph sat back in bed with his lazy morning look, her fingers clasped, and his deep voice reflected the magnetic laziness he had just got up. "You can come with me to the company."

Irish wrinkled her nose. "I'm not working overtime."

"I want to see your report today," Joseph said with a teasing remark.

Her face was twisted into a walnut, and she stared at him.

Joseph lifted his eyebrow.

"Who made you greedy last night? I spend all my time with you. How can I have time to finish the report? So you deserved the consequence." Irish smiled, and her whole body stuck to him like a koala.

He also smiled, took her slender waist, with his handsome face buried her hair, whispering. "Only you dare to bargain with me like this."

The breath of the man tickled her, and she smiled.

"You can stay with me at the company. It shouldn't be too long." Joseph proposed.

Irish put her arms around his neck and thought, "What's the advantage of working overtime with you at the company?"

"What do you want?"

"Well," she thought for a long time. At the bottom of her eyes, a bad intention leaped over her face, and she smiled, "Doubling my overtime pay."

"Why double it?" As soon as Joseph guessed, she wouldn't make any good offer.

Irish smiled more obsequiously. "Accompanying you to work is slower than I do when I work alone. Psychological suffering is double. Do you think I deserve a little more overtime work?"

Joseph pretended to be pondering, "You're right, too."

"That's the deal. The money for overtime work will be settled that day. I'll take a shower right away." Irish, thinking of the money, became cheerful, kissed him on the cheek, and ran to the bathroom.

Joseph was helpless.

Ten minutes later, Joseph was dressed neatly and sat on the sofa in the cloakroom, reading magazines and waiting for Irish.

Because he often came to spend the night here these days, he also prepared some of his daily necessities and clothes in the cloakroom. For this reason, Irish severely accused him of his aggressive behavior in space. In private, she put a lot of pink doll pendants on his clothes, at first glance, it was really creepy pink.

Soon Irish entered the cloakroom, his long hair still wet, scattering on her shoulders in her white robe. Seeing that he sat on the sofa, she was hesitating.