

Enchanted 473

Joseph's finger caressed her body and then slipped to her plump breast, rubbing while Irish couldn't help groaning. His lips moved along her ears to her sexy lips and said, "Isn't it more exciting in a sneaky way? I thought you would like it."

Irish trembled and then shook her head.

"Do you want to feel more excited?" His fingers slipped from her abdomen to her legs, showing a faint smile, "We can also make love on the balcony."

Irish panted and groaned. Perhaps she was stimulated by his words or because of his fingers that entered her most sensitive part suddenly, but Joseph lowered his head and kissed her, blocking her voice to avoid the words he was eager to hear or was afraid to hear.

His kiss was so mighty and overbearing, which led to pain in her lips. He bit her lips which hurt her, but she could only snort to resist him. His newly-grown beard on his chin pricked her cheeks, leaving the burning pain to her, and her tears almost shed down.

As the time spent with Joseph grew longer, Irish found that the more she resisted, the more she would be hurt. He was like a male lion in the jungle, and he could treat you gently, but he could also bite your throat. If you chose to run away, it would stimulate him to the utmost extent, and you would die even worse.

He did treat her like this before, and as a result, she was tortured only with the strength of gasping. Therefore, when his kiss turned mighty and overbearing, Irish gave up resisting and tried her best to cater to him. Though she still felt pain, it was much better, and at least he would not be irritated.

As expected, her soft tongue and her obedient attitude led him to be more considerate. His kiss turned damp and hot, and after intertwining with her tongue for a while, he began to kiss her delicate chin.

Her cheek was pressing on the soft bed, and when he kissed her, she called his name and said softly, "I love you."

Hearing that, he suddenly stopped, and Irish could easily feel his slightly rigid body.

At the following second, her body was turned over by his hands. She looked up and could see his indeterminate expression under the moonlight while he also stared at her with his deep and soft eyes.

Though Irish was afraid of him like this, he was her beloved man. Therefore, she reached out and embraced his neck, biting her lips, "I know you are in a bad mood today. I have seen that you scolded many senior leaders of your company. Were you very stressed when we came back to New York? There are so many things you have to deal with, your business, the affairs of the Lake family, your private affairs, and the problem between us."

She tightened her arms, reached out, poked her fingers into his hair, and said softly, "I don't know what to do to cheer you up and make you relaxed, but if you like to relieve yourself in this way, then...." She stopped for a second and then continued with a feeble voice, "Can you be gentle? It really hurts me."

Joseph was a man with strong lust, with great passion. Irish had already known this when she made love with him for the first time. His skillful love skills drove her crazy.

She enjoyed his passion because he would lead her to the madness step by step, and he explored all of her enthusiasm and carted him to the delirious sexual experience.

But at the same time, she was also afraid of his passion since he could please her in bed, and naturally, he could make her suffer, especially when he was angry. When he entered her body crassly, she would feel severe pain while her body would reject his big maleness, but it would excite him to the utmost extent.

So Irish was afraid he would treat her like that tonight.

Joseph stared at her in the darkness while his eyes were too profound to figure out what he was thinking. Finally, she looked up quietly but found he was still staring at her, so she mumbled, "Joseph."

The man over her body frowned slightly and then moved away from her unexpectedly, lying down on the edge of the bed. His sturdy chest heaved and kept silent, which made her flustered.

Irish took the initiative to lean on him, her head laid on his strong arm, and then looked up at him, fondling his well-defined chin, and whispered softly, "Honey, let me attend to you, okay?" She thought he had misunderstood what she was reluctant to do. Joseph turned to her but said nothing, just glaring at her quietly.

Irish smiled softly, leaning forward and kissing him, licking his lips gently, and then mumbled, "I will love you no matter how you treat me."

She said sincerely, and she knew that it was her predestined fate to love him, and she had never expected she would meet a man like him who made her experience the great joy of love, though she had to face some hardships at the beginning. However, she had never lost her confidence in being with him.

Her lips moved along his chin and fell on Adam's apple.

However, in the following second, she was pulled up by Joseph, and then she heard him sigh heavily, embracing her into his arms and stopping her next movement.

Irish leaned on him quietly, hearing his steady heartbeat, looking at his chin and fondling his newly-grow beard while Joseph took the chance to hold her finger, kissing gently.

It seemed that he had calmed down, and then Irish asked tentatively, "Are you annoyed by the disagreeableness in the Lake family?"

Joseph stared at her, his eyes shadowed by a layer of haze, and lowered his head, kissing her head as if absorbed in thought, "No, it's the matter of my work that made me very upset."

He lied to her.

Irish blinked her eyes and asked with a sweet voice, "Can I turn on the light?"

Joseph raised his eyes, reaching out, and then turned on the night lamp.

The light soon dispelled the cold moonlight, which was soft and not dazzling. Irish pressed over him, glancing at him, and said with feeling, "I miss you so much."

