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He was rigid, and when he was about to turn back, her crying voice sounded, "Joseph, do you want to abandon me? Why did you say she was young and beautiful? Why do you have to simulate me? Why did you tell me that you had sex with her? Is she better or more beautiful than me? Does she love you as deeply as me?"

Her arms were shivering while her continuous questions struck him violently, and then he suddenly realized that he had treated her so cruelly.

He hastily turned to her and called her name but was shocked when he saw that she was holding him in pajamas.

Her hair was wet, as well as her nightgown, and her cheeks and her eyes were drowning in tears.

But he saw clearly that her eyes were red and looked pitiful.

Irish looked up and stared at him. Instead of being wrong as just now, there was obvious anger in her eyes and anxiety.

She even didn't give him a chance to explain to her.

"How can you let another woman get close to you? No one could touch you! Joseph, you can't fall in love with others, even if it was just a favorable impression. And you are not allowed to take a look at other women!" She shook her head violently.

After Joseph finished his words and turned to the bathroom, Irish stood in front of the mirror for a long time as if she was frozen. She couldn't think then but replied to him with a single word. However, this single word opened the latch of her real emotion. His anger, irritation, and envy all mixed together that struck her. She remembered what the young woman had told her, that it was Joseph who had given her the money and asked her to wait for him.

Her anger was soon ignited, enough to start a prairie fire, and she rushed to the bathroom even without turning off the faucet. She couldn't escape and keep silent anymore, and she had to tell him that she was the only woman he could have in his life.

Perceiving her anger, Joseph felt even guiltier, but at the same time, he felt warm. He had to admit his psychology was screwy since he wanted to feel her true emotion in such a way.

But when he saw her tearful eyes, he was so regretful and even admitted that he was a jerk.

When he was going to turn off the sprinkler and explain to her, Irish suddenly lost her mind, and perhaps she was irritated by his words. The mighty Irish came back again.

In the following second, he was pushed against the wall by her, and the water drops under the shower formed a mist of spray, blurring the washroom.

But he could see clearly in her eyes.

He could feel that she had exhausted her strength, but he was curious about what she would do next.

Irish pressed on his naked chest, though her wet pajamas could not cover her sexy body.

"Why do you keep silent? Why do you overstep the bounds? Why did you betray me? Why are you so harsh to me?" She gnashed her teeth as if she would snap his throat at any time.

Joseph opened his mouth, but when he was going to say something to her, Irish rushed to him like an irritated lion and bit his sexy throat, which startled him.

He wanted to push her away, but she just buckled his hand on the wall directly.

Joseph could neither cry nor laugh, and when he wanted to explain to her, she blocked his mouth with her kiss and didn't give him a chance.

He removed her hands and held her waist, allowing her to kiss him.

But soon, Irish pushed him and took a brush under his astonishment, rushing to him again.

Joseph was restless and thought he would suffer if he didn't avoid her "attack," so he moved aside promptly when she rushed to him. Irish stood under the sprinkler with her eyes full of tears and stamped her foot angrily. "If you avoid me again, then it proves that you don't love me, and I will leave you, never come back."

Joseph was shocked by her words, so he hastily surrendered and coaxed her, "Well, I promise I won't escape again. Don't cry, honey."

Joseph was afraid of her tearful eyes, which looked so pitiful and made him feel guilty. Her tear was a powerful weapon, and he lost the capability to resist when she cried in front of him. He would put aside his so-called principles immediately and only hoped to hold her and comfort her softly.

He had never been afraid of women's tears except for her. Obviously, she was an unbeatable rival to him in this life.

Irish puckered her mouth, stepping to him with the small brush.

Joseph kept his promise, standing there motionlessly, but he still couldn't help asking her when she stood before him, "I can stay here still, but can you tell me first what you are going to do?"

He was so worried because of her abnormal behavior.

Irish held her tears, walked to him, and put the brush on his chest, "Your shirt is stained with lipstick, and I can't leave another woman's smell on you." She choked with sobs.

In the next second, she began to brush his chest, leading to severe pain. Therefore, he hastily grabbed her hands and coaxed her softly, "Isabel, calm down."

"I am not joking with you." She said seriously, and soon her eyes turned tearful again, "Are you afraid that you will forget her smell?"

"Isabel."

"Joseph, you can't walk over me like this. I have to brush away the smell of another woman for you." Speaking of that, she raised the brush again and added, "If you stop me, then it turns out that you have fallen in love with her."

Joseph stopped resisting after hearing that and tolerated her acting absurdly.

Though she didn't brush hard, she brushed with a fast frequency while sobbing. Joseph gnashed his teeth, staring at her, and was worried that she would disinfect him with the aqua sterilizata.

She brushed down from his chest to the mermaid line, but the pain suddenly turned to a great stimulation when it was close to his lower abdomen. His strong lust in the morning was held back by him forcibly, but now it is waking up and his big penis erected soon.