

Enchanted 561

It was a simple pajama.

But in fact, it couldn't be a pajama at all because it was made up of several small pieces of grenadine.

Her sexy and delicate clavicle was exposed to the air, and the black lace naturally rounded her chest, with a petal-shaped low-thoracic curvature reaching the lower abdomen.

Her slender waist was hidden under the black lace, and it had a short hem that barely covered the hips.

That was why she refused to go out.

She stood in front of the mirror awkwardly, and her face blushed immediately after he opened the door and stared at her motionlessly. She hastily tried to cover her breast, and her hips were also exposed in the air.

She looked at him in great embarrassment and said, "It is definitely different from what you imagined."

The lace on her bosoms was deformed because her breast was so crummy, and it couldn't be covered at all, and it only covered her mammary areola constrainedly.

And the hem was even more exaggerated, which clung to her hips tightly and could barely cover her thigh.

Anyway, it was exaggerated sexy lingerie for her.

Joseph stared at her, who looked shy and was obsessed with her beauty and oomph.

He stepped to her, reaching out and fondling her face with his slender fingers while his voice turned deep and magnetic. "No, you look so sexy and remarkable."

She was such a nubile woman in his eyes.

The long and silky hair served as a foil to her blushing face and snowy skin, while the sexy lingerie of black lace made her look sexier.

Her slender and soft necks, as well as her delicate clavicle, were so beautiful, while the plum breasts seemed to come out from the back lace.

What provoked his lust were her hip as well as her naked slender legs.

Any man who looked at her would get the blood pumping and would be eager to enjoy her graceful and soft body.

"But..... this bretelle is too tight," Irish complained in a low voice.

She pulled down the bretelle and found a distinctive red mark on her shoulders.

There was a light flicker in his eyes suddenly, and then he stared at her shoulder, squinting and feeling the dryness-heat surging up from his chest while the red mark on her shoulder gave him a sense of satisfaction of conquering.

He was eager for passionate sex with her, and he wanted to conquer her so as to release his strong lust.

Irish was confused since Joseph was silent, and then she couldn't help asking, "You bought this in person?"

He still kept silent but still stared at her and then nodded quietly.

Hearing that, Irish was so embarrassed for him, "How can you buy it in person? You are the president of the Runestone Group."

"It looks sexy, so I bought it without hesitation." He replied while his voice sounded so husky.

Irish smiled, and it was hard for her to imagine the expression of the clerk when he took this lingerie to settle accounts, so she asked out of curiosity, "Have you been treated as a madman with a disorder?"

Joseph got close to her and held her from behind, looking at her from the mirror and rubbing beside her ears, "I would only be crazy to you."

"You are crazy enough now." Irish blushed and avoided his kiss with a smile since she knew he was tantalizing her.

But Joseph reached out and held her head so tightly that she couldn't move.

His kiss slipped from her ears to her lips and then moved to her neck and clavicle.

Irish was embraced in his arms and couldn't move at all while she could also clearly feel his erect cock.

She looked at the man in the mirror who held her waist with one of his hands while the other hand was slipping into her naked body. His bronze-colored skin formed a sharp contrast with her complexion.

His fingers were so hot and burnt her whole body. His eyes were dyed with strong lust, and his breath was getting fast.

"Joseph..."

Irish wanted to make him calm down since she felt awkward seeing such a scene in the mirror, so she tried to stop his next movement. "Let's move to the bed, okay?" She persuaded him quietly.

But Joseph ignored her words directly and bit her earlobes gently with his hand slipping into the hem of the sexy lingerie.

She tried to escape, but he pressed her against the mirror directly.

She couldn't help shrieking and felt him become wilder and wilder.

Her cheeks were against the mirror.

Her long hair was rousey, and her crummy bosom was deformed because of extrusion. And soon, he reached one of his hands from behind, covering her bosom rudely.

She felt the pain in her breast, so she called his name with a crying voice which even provoked his ferity.

He pulled down his briefs, and soon Irish felt the hotness of his pee-pee.

"Joseph, don't be so rude....ah." She screamed because he had finally entered her body.

At the moment when they integrated with each other, he also made a sound out of the great coziness.

Irish looked up, and her whole body was taut.

But in the following second, her whole body swayed back and forth with the man's wild movements, such as the boat bumping in the waves.

Her plump breasts were pressed against the mirror again and again and were caught in his broad palm.

Her whitened skin turned red in his hand.

It looked so seductive in the mirror.

Irish was struggling to endure his great passion but finally adapted to it.

When he turned her over, he entered her vagina, rubbed her hips, and raised her legs, whispering beside her ears, "I can imagine how much men are making a psycho analogy with your photo. Do you know that I am eager to kill them now?"

He hit Irish, and the whole person almost flew up, but she had no choice but to hold him tightly and endure his "torture."

She also became sensitive, and soon she had an orgasm.

When she groaned out of great joy and held him tightly while trembling, Joseph smiled with satisfaction and his eyes looked even greedier.

He didn't give her a chance to buffer but turned around when her body was tight.

Holding her tightly, Joseph asked her with his magnetic voice, "Tell me who your body belongs to?"

Irish replied with her tremulous voice while her legs were trembling, "It belongs... belongs to you, Joseph..."

"Sweet woman." He was satisfied by her answer.

It was passionate sex, from the bathroom to the living room, and finally ended on the bed.

Irish leaned on his chest like a dried fish.

The pieces of black lace were torn up by him, and her snowy skin was bruised while there were many love bites on her plump breast.

After resting for a while, Joseph took a towel and began to clean her body. He went to take a shower and then went back to bed.

He held from behind, and he resumed his gentle and considerate behavior as usual. Joseph kissed her smooth forehead, whispering, "I'll take you to take a shower."