

Enchanted 688

The sea at night was like the devil, dark and appalling. Not to mention being thrown into the sea.

Irish was full of fear and nervousness. She tried to reach for Joseph's arm or the corner of his clothes, but she couldn't reach it.

She felt that she was about to be washed away by the sea and then completely disappear into the world.

The seawater rushed into her eyes and mouth and choked into her nasal cavity, and she felt that the next second she would die.

The figure of the man in front of her became increasingly blurred, and she reached out to him with all her energy and cried in horror.

Joseph pulled her hands.

Irish tried her best to hold on to him as if she had caught the straw, but he kept her from moving forward.

"Help me." Out of desire and instinct for life, Irish finally could not help but send out a distress signal.

Joseph's eyes were shocked, and his eyebrows tightly wrinkled and said strictly. "Do you still want to leave?"

"No. I will not leave. Please." Irish clenched her fingers, and her knuckles became pale.

The next second, her body was picked up by the man, and then Joseph turned back to the coast.

The fear disappeared from her body little by little with the footsteps of a man.

When she was thrown back to the shore by the man, she coughed hard. Her throat was full of seawater. After fear disappeared, anger rose again, which was human instinct.

Joseph looked into her eyes, whose lip was slightly raised, "If you listened to me, you do not have to suffer like that."

Irish's lips trembled, the sea breeze came, and her body was cold.

"It's all wet." Joseph chuckled and reached to touch her pale face.

The woman on the shore was like a mermaid stranded on the seashore.

The distant fireworks intertwined with the twilight of the stars, which was like a layer of silver had been coated on her. She was wearing a white sleeping skirt, which was long and wet and clung to her.

Her silhouette was lined with wet clothes, and each line was clearly visible.

Irish was really frightened. Her arms could no longer support her body, and the whole body was almost lying on the beach. With long hair intertwined with his body, she was like Andersen's mermaid, who had just cut off her tail and got her feet.

He held up her face, and the little face in his palm was pitifully pale.

She breathed hurriedly, her pajamas clinging to her chest, a little messy, showing a great deal of shiny skin.

"Dear Isabel." Joseph simply sat down next to her, caressing her cheek with a rough thumb, with love, and then slowly slid down, "You are fascinating."

He could easily feel her trembling.

Every inch of her skin trembled. Then he leaned over and kissed her cold lips.

At this time, Irish had no strength to struggle.

The man had succeeded in removing her wings, and she could no longer fly but fell feebly on the ground, allowing him to mock her.

She could feel the position of her wings gurgling and bleeding. It was painful.

"Hmm." The man seemed to punish her distractions and bit her lips, and she hummed.

But Joseph took the opportunity to drive straight in, opening her lips, and twining her slightly cold tongue. Her eyes were closed, and her mouth was full of his breath.

The woman's obedience made Joseph's desire rise, constantly hitting on his chest, and he simply pinned her down and ripped the button off her sleeping skirt.

The muscular breath that fell on her ear was heavy and muddy with the smell of seawater.

She just felt like she was between cold and hot.

The cold was her body, but the hot one was his body.

"No." Irish finally murmured, whose small voice squeezed out of her dry and hoarse throat. Her tears fell down. She remembered what he had done to her last night, the pain, and they were on the beach this time.

Joseph bowed his head and kissed her tears, whose hot lips moved around her ears, gently sliding. His voice was low, magnetic, and gentle, "Honey, I just want you to know you can not leave me at all."

She spent two nights with Joseph.

The first night he had taught her a great lesson. His hatred was hidden in peace, and there was no ripple between his eyebrows. He tied her to the terrace and looked at her soaked in the rain for an hour.

The coldness went straight into her bones that night.

The next night he also let her know what kind of life was worse than death and what was tired of living. He was like a wolf whose calmness faded. He was violent and cruel, and intercourse could make her miserable.

That night, he pressed her tightly on the beach. Not far, the waves beat the rocks, and in further places were cold fireworks of different sizes, rendering the colors of the night sky.

She forgot that tonight was Valentine's Night.

It was supposed to be the day of the reunion, but she was imprisoned on an island by a man who once had doted on her. At that time, she was pressed under him and accepted his invasion in the open air.

Irish hated it.

His eyes were red again.

After two nights of toil, coupled with the fact that he had just thrown her into the sea and she was almost drowned, Irish had lost the strength to resist.

No matter how strong she was, there was only spiritual power left.

No parts of her body seemed to be hers.

She could only lie there, looking at the stars in the sky, and when the cool night wind came, the beach under her sleeping skirt was soft and cool, and the man on her body was hot.

When Joseph's slender fingers skillfully unbuttoned her, she could only murmur weakly. "No..."

What did he think of her?

Whore?

Or worse than a prostitute?

Maybe in his eyes, she was really inferior to a prostitute because even a prostitute had the right to demand a place for intercourse.

Joseph turned a deaf ear, and his thin lips fell on her cheek.

She deflected her head with rejection.

His kiss fell on her ear.

He laughed, "Since you couldn't avoid it, you might as well enjoy it."

"You are shameless," Irish said word by word.

She knew that this was the end of her fear of death and that she could only allow him to humiliate her when she was weak.

Unexpectedly, when Joseph heard this, he smiled. He stared at her little face and his slender fingers drilled between her legs.

Irish was horrified, but it didn't help if she wanted to close her legs together.