

Enchanted 689

His big hand had made her sensitive.

"It's too early to say that, Irish. After tonight, you think about whether it is better to use these two words to describe you or me."

Irish turned her face to one side, and her white teeth pressed her thin lips.

Joseph smiled softly, but the smile did not reach his eyes.

His big hand moved slowly.

All she felt was that the palm of a man's hand was wide and hot, and it was as if it were burning when it covered her skin.

Seeing her frown, Joseph bowed his head, and his sexy thin lips on her ears slightly opened, he whispered, "It is still swollen."

She knew it.

She was the only one who knew how much she was hurt last night.

Despite this, it was clear that he did not intend to let her go. The strength of his palm kneading her was lighter and gentler, as if he was caring for delicate petals.

Irish did not expect him to do so, and her body shivered.

And there was a panic in her heart.

She feared that the next second he would be a wolf-like last night venting on her.

As if aware of Irish's tenderness, Joseph's lips always gently slid between her ears and her neck, and the heavy, hot muscular breath gently swept her earlobe.

He smiled and said, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you tonight."

Irish's ears shivered.

"Because I'm beginning to miss the sound of you beneath me." He was becoming crueler and crueler.

Irish bit tightly.

Joseph laughed, using his lips and hands on her body.

Irish had just begun to bear it, and gradually she felt a little hot. He kept stimulating her most sensitive position, and her thighs began to tremble slightly.

His hands were very sophisticated, and she felt a strange feeling rise with slight pain.

He was patient, stared at her little face, and played with her body calmly.

She frowned slightly as the man's slender fingers went in.

Joseph bowed his head and kissed her cold red lips.

His lips and his tongue were warm, like a warm current shuttling between her lips, covering her cold tongue.

Though there was no such thing as yesterday's domineering strength, Irish knew that Joseph was really hateful that night.

He did this to her because he tried to force out her enthusiasm, forcing her to know that it was a humiliating game, and she could not help but groan and enjoy it.

When the man's slender fingers began to deepen slowly and gently, she wanted to clench her teeth.

Her eyebrows frowned.

The feeling of pain and heat in her lower body made her feel terrible.

"Does it hurt?" Joseph asked in a low voice.

Irish hated him, and her nose was sour.

Seeing her red eyes, he looked at her cheek with a trace of haze. Quickly, he smiled. He was patient, and he put his big hand around her back neck with a little force so that her head had to lift slightly.

Joseph kissed her lips inch by inch.

His fingers were softer.

In this way, Irish's breathing increased a few times, and her heart also began to speed up. Again, a familiar feeling came out.

She knew what was going on, so she did her best to reject the feeling. However, she could not control the physical changes, just as she couldn't stop warm currents from quietly breeding somewhere.

The one who knew best about her physical changes was Joseph.

As his fingertips began to slide, the movements were getting smoother and smoother.

Irish's nose began to widen gently, and Joseph's kiss became fierce.

His head moved down gradually.

When his lips reached her delicate belly, Irish shivered all over, and her belly suddenly shrank.

She reached out to stop his head from moving down.

But Joseph reached for her wrists. She couldn't resist his power.

His lips slid down as his fingers gently pulled out. Then, when he was about to kiss her breast, the night sky in front of her suddenly brightened.

It was the fireworks.

It was blooming one after another above the sky.

In the deepest part of her body, she became more sensitive under Joseph's lips.

Irish tightened her body and looked at the fireworks in the sky.

She suddenly reacted.

It turned out that Joseph carried her into a huge letter O of "SOS" made by cold fireworks, and he was making love with her.

Irish became panicked, and she subconsciously struggled, staring at the layers of fireworks that bloomed around her.

However, Joseph read her thoughts, looked up slightly with wild eyes, and smiled, pressing her uneasy body. He said, "These are cold fireworks, it can't hurt you."

"Joseph, you are a son of bitch!" Irish never thought she would do it one day in the middle of fireworks.

If it were normal, she would think it was romantic.

But could she think it was romantic at that time?

After these three days in hell, she no longer believed the man would create any romance for her. Instead, all he wanted was to destroy her psychologically.

Let her submit to him.

And be willing to accept his humiliation.

Joseph, however, was always smiling. Under the fireworks, his smile looked so light, but his eyes were so quiet and dark that even the light of the fireworks did not brighten his pupils.

His head bowed down again.

Irish's body also shrank again.

In this way, he was patient in stimulating her body.

Irish remembered that the automatic discharge system of these cold fireworks starts every 15 minutes.

When she was finally sweating and sensitive enough, the fireworks on her head had bloomed twice.

Joseph extended his foreplay much longer than before.

Irish's body became increasingly sensitive, and although her teeth bit her lips hard, there was a slight humming in her nasal cavity.

On several occasions, she was about to climb to the peak.

But every time her body shrank to the point of orgasm, Joseph stopped moving. She began to become anxious and upset.

Her body began to become more empty.

She hated the man in front of her, but at the same time, she hoped that the man would save her.

As if countless ants were crawling on the top of her body and then nibbling at her. Their itching was intolerable.

Her legs wanted to cling to his waist to ease the tension, but Joseph reached out to stop her.

Her buttocks began to rub under her sleeping skirt, and her naked toes clung together.

She wanted to reach the feeling of release.

But Joseph was so cruel that he stopped at the near peak every time and then went on and stopped again.

Irish's mouth was dry.

This feeling was terrible.