

Enchanted 721

She couldn't wait to leave him and wished she had never met him.

He longed to see her and could not help hurting her.

That's why he threw her on the island for more than a month, and also he gave her only the choice of two places to live when she returned to New York.

Because he was selfish, he thought that no matter if she was on the island or in Midtown Manhattan, at least he could find her, so she never left him.

When he returned to New York, he couldn't wait to see her.

But when he thought of her eyes, he was irritable and impatient without reason.

He knew that in this state, even if he saw her, the result was hurting her.

He could not bear it and ordered Daisy to arrange his work to the fullest. He was as busy as a gyro and devoted himself to the business day and night as if he had returned to the days when he did not know her.

In the evening, he would rather paralyze

himself with alcohol and force himself not to go back to Midtown Manhattan to find her.

But two days later, her shadow was getting deeper and deeper in his mind. He was distracted at the meeting, and when he looked at the words in the document, he saw them like her.

It seemed like she smiled like flowers in front of him, and she acted coquettishly before him and said, "Joseph, I miss you so much."

Yes, she often told him that before. Or she even knew he was in a meeting, and she sent a message or voice message to him. He preferred receiving voice messages rather than text because he could listen to her delicate chocolate-sticky voice repeatedly in boring business meetings.

As soon as he heard the sound, his heart would fly away, and he could no longer stay in the office.

At last, he could not help but send her a text message telling her that he would return to New York at ten o'clock.

But when he got back to Midtown Manhattan, she wasn't home.

He thought he would be furious or call her and order her to come back. He knew it was just a phone call that would make her return to him.

However, he did not call her. Not even a trace of anger showed; on the contrary, he was unexpectedly relieved.

Because he was sure that if she were there and what he saw were her resistance and impatience, then, without exception, he would continue to hurt her, just as it had been on the island.

He stayed all night quietly in the room to think about his relationship with her.

It's not that he didn't think about letting her go.

At this age, everyone will still live their lives without anyone leaving.

If he really let her go, was she really happy?

But....

He thought of her deceit again suddenly. Has she ever thought of him? Why should he be so cheap that he had to consider her feelings after she had teased him?

Joseph tightened the woman in her arms, and the power of kissing suddenly turned heavy, causing her to hum.

His heart also felt the pain, but his punishment increased. His big hand loosened her button, covering her soft body.

If only harm could make them feel each other's existence, then he was willing to hurt.

How noble that love was in front of him, then how humble he was before love.

He could work hard to get what he wanted, such as power, money, and status, but only in the face of love did he bow his proud head.

He thought he was doing a good job, and in love, he would be as impeccable as his career, but reality hit him. The woman he was thinking about was missing another man. She told him calmly and firmly that she loved Adam.

Although Fredrick was an asshole, what he said was right. He was not as good as the man who had disappeared in Irish's heart.

Therefore, he began to hesitate though he had always done well in business.

Because he was not god, he was just an ordinary person. He would be afraid and also shrink back.

He could not justifiably give her the only condition and did everything he could to force her to submit. The only condition was asking her to marry him.

He was capable of doing so, but he did not want to.

Although he did not want to force her and wanted to take out the ring and put it directly in front of her, he gave each other a year.

He gave the time to her.

And himself.

He did not want to force her but did not want to let go.

He wanted to love her, but he couldn't help but hate her.

So, what would happen to them in the coming year?

It was said that time is the best medicine, so at this time, he was willing to compromise on time, willing to let go of the power of control, just wanting to let time quietly change everything.

Irish felt the man's breath getting heavier and hotter, and his hands touched her body.

His finger was a little cold, but his palm was hot. That was how he stimulated her skin.

When his face was buried in her chest, she could not help wriggling, and his stubble stung her.

Her actions, on the other hand, led to his misunderstanding.

He looked up, and his pupils shrunk slightly. Finally, he said in a low voice, "You forgot who you are now?"

Irish's body was stiff, and she would no longer resist.

She knew that he was calm and self-reliant when he was awake, but when he was drunk, he must be uncertain.

Her clenched fingers slowly loosened.

Soon, his hands on her hand released and touched her body.

Irish's arms were powerless, and she fell. She heard him unstrapping, and then he opened her hand to his trousers.

Under the palm of his hand, through the thin material, her hand was burned by his big thing.

Across the underwear, it showed a huge outline.

Her heart tightened, and her body began to tremble gently as if the blood was bowling.

Their clothes were soon taken off. He didn't take her back to his room. They were in the living room.

She looked at the goose-yellow light overhead, reflecting the crystal splendor, which reflected her and his shadow. Their shadows intertwined together on the wall. The white was light, and the black was the shadow.

She was like a prostitute, being vented when he was drunk.

When the man pressed down, his thick power completely defeated her meditation.