

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 14 14: I Want To Finish It

"Do you mean that Ken has a serious anxiety disorder and kills people?" Joseph frowned slightly.

"Of course not. He originally had anxiety, and that's just a small part of what I was able to read from the dream. I need to know more to recognize all the information about his dream." Irish reached over to the paper in the red box and smiled bitterly. "At least I get to read all the information you have on him..."

Joseph was deep in thought.

"Eh? What's this?" She took a serious look at the blank disc with no file name on it.

Joseph glanced at it, "It should be some kind of security footage." He stood up and put the disc into a computer. Soon, the huge screen on the wall flashed, and a high-definition picture appeared.

Irish was a little surprised and said to herself, "Maybe it's empty?"

Before she was able to finish the thought, the screen flashed, and a high-definition picture appeared. It was a girl, beautiful and pure, who looked like a schoolgirl with a school bag.

Irish immediately stretched her hands out for the interpersonal material on Ken, and her eyebrows raised; turning around toward Joseph, she asked, "Who is she? She's not in the material..."

She didn't look at the screen and waited for Joseph's answer. He looked slightly startled but quickly started teasing. He put his long, slender fingers

against the forehead. Irish became more puzzled, but he hinted for her to look at the screen.

Irish followed to take a look, and her eyes almost popped out of her head.

On the screen, the girl was pinned against the ground by several large men whose clothes were pulled off. Parts of their bodies were exposed before Irish's eyes, making her gasp.

She sat stiffly on the sofa. The girl was not Ken's acquaintance, she was a Japanese actress...

Joseph was trying not to laugh and smiled. He was more interested in Irish's facial expression than what was on the screen.

"Well... why did these kinds of scenes appear?"

"I don't know why this happens." Joseph resisted a smile and proved his innocence, getting the remote control and intending to turn it off.

"Wait." Surprisingly, Irish stopped him.

Joseph saw her beside him, and his eyes fell on her tiny hands, cold and shivering, and his heart was unexpectedly warmed.

"I want to finish it." Irish cleared her throat and spoke reluctantly. When she spoke, her face blushed.

This time, Joseph was stunned, and she saw the surprise in his eyes.

The most embarrassing thing must have been that a beautiful girl like her had seen an exciting porn video in a closed room with a man who she'd only seen twice.

Of course, what was worth mentioning was that this man of few words kept his mind sharp. Though she tried her best to deduce what was happening, she

only saw surprise in his eyes. Furthermore, when the video with surround sound played, she could really experience the lavish lifestyle of rich people. It was impressive enough to listen to a magnificent concert from a sound system like that, let alone the sounds of sex and passion.

Joseph's surprise was immediately restrained, replaced with a slight smile. He looked down at her and asked, "Are you sure?"

Irish was capable of understanding this expression. She returned a faint smile, "life details can also disclose the psychological activity. This is a work requirement. Mr. Dover, are you overthinking this?"

Joseph could hear the defiance in her words. His lips began to rise. "So keep on watching." He said and turned around.

Irish lay on the sofa staring at his majestic figure and saw him sit back at the bar, pouring a glass of wine. The ice looked like a cold jade stone that shone in the glare of the liquid. Joseph shook the glass gently and took a sip. Irish knew the wine in the cup, L'Ordre.Jean.Martell., which was the world's most prestigious wine. It is heard that it was launched at a grand dinner at the Palace of Versailles. The bottle was made of hand-blown crystal, and the garland was like a rare treasure against a dripping curve. It was the soul of Martell, which is the "holiest of wine."

Irish had not intended to see this with him. After all, it was an embarrassment she could not imagine, but a teasing interest rose up in her heart. She reached for the remote control. Immediately, the sound of the man and woman's bodies impacting filled every corner of the room.

She saw Joseph looking at her side, and her desire to laugh became more intense. She reached for a cushion and held it in her arms. The girl on the screen looked and sounded lazy. "Are you saying that men prefer those who throw themselves on them or those who are more active?"

Joseph's body turned around, his arms slouching over the bar, his eyes still on Irish's cheeks, and he was not interested at all in what was on the screen.

"I'm really asking." Irish smiled at him, looking innocent and smiling across the smell of wine in the air.

After looking at her for a long time, Joseph, without saying a word, continued to Joseph, without saying a word, continued to taste the wine in the cup. Irish wanted to rush forward and tear his skin to look at his heart. Being steady and looking back on the screen, she was thinking about how to break Joseph's calm demeanor.

Two minutes later....

"OMG! Can this be done?" Irish intended to shout in surprise and faked to look at Joseph curiously, "can you really bend like that?"

Joseph still said nothing, drinking the wine slowly. What changed was that the look he directed towards Irish became darker. Because of the long distance and dim light in the room, Irish didn't realize this change. Seeing that he was calm, Irish thought that this man was tricky to understand.

Scenes on the screen became more and more intimate, and men were exploring every part of the girl, who did not resist but began to enjoy.