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Joseph looked forward, crossing the sword in front of him, and then he asked, "Can I take her away now?"

Before Steven could even reply, Joseph held Irish and left.

"Joseph!"

"Uncle, let me go with him. I have to talk with him." Irish finally said to Steven.

Clenching his teeth, Steven threw the sword to the ground.

When they were about to walk out of the door, Cassie chased after them. After taking a glimpse at Irish, she said to Joseph, "She is exhausted tonight." Though it was the first time Cassie had talked to him, she knew he was astute and that he would understand what she meant. She had always opposed the concept of Irish being in a close relationship with him. She had heard the gossip about them, but she thought other women just envied it, but now it seemed that he had fallen in love with Irish.

She hoped they wouldn't maintain such an ambiguous relationship, but she also didn't object to Irish going with him because she knew he wouldn't hurt her.

"Don't worry," Joseph said briefly. He wasn't used to making useless promises.

His brief words had indicated his resolution.

Taking a deep breath, Cassie opened the door for them but saw Fredrick standing outside the door. It seemed that he was ready to come in. Cassie was surprised, and Fredrick had not expected that Joseph would be there. He frowned when he saw Irish in Joseph's arms and asked, "What happened?"

Looking at Fredrick's anxious face, she couldn't say anything to him since she was so tired. But Joseph said softly, "Would you mind moving aside?"

Hearing this, Fredrick blocked the way and said in an unpleasant tone, "Why should I move away? Put her down."

Joseph suddenly showed a faint smile and said, "I'm sorry. She has to leave with me."

"Why are you doing this?"

Stepping forward, Cassie pulled him and shook her head, "Irish is exhausted. Stop arguing."

"Cassie, are you crazy? We can't let Irish go with him." Fredrick frowned and hastily opposed.

"It's my decision," Irish said softly. She took a quick glimpse at Fredrick but soon turned to Cassie and continued, "Go back home now. I'm okay."

Fredrick clenched his fist, and he was extremely irritated, but Joseph just kept silent and held Irish as they walked to his car parked beside the road.

Fredrick was still trying to stop him, but Cassie prevented him and said, "Let her go. It's her decision."

Before he could say anything, Cassie added, "I'm really tired. Could you take me back?"

Fredrick knew that he couldn't do anything at the moment, and in addition, he had to nod when he saw Cassie's pale face." Okay, let's go." He still hadn't broken up with her. He had been trying to find a proper chance to say it to her, but he knew it wasn't tonight.

Before they got into the car, Cassie sighed and said, "I never thought that Irish was a daughter of the Lake family. Fredrick, did you know this?"

Fredrick was shocked by her words, but he just opened the door for her and replied gently, "I'm only hearing this now from you." He decided to hide the fact that he knew all of this a long time ago so that she wouldn't misunderstand Irish after they broke up.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Irish looked at the scenery outside the car window. The shadows of the buildings made her feel depressed, and the cold air in the car also seemed to strike her. She shrank her shoulders and held her cold arms.

Joseph turned off the air conditioner without saying anything and then held her hand, which attracted Irish's attention. She looked at him and was about to take back her hands when the man's deep voice sounded out, "Open your hand."

Instead of being obedient, Irish tried to resist.

Joseph frowned and stopped the car on the side of the road. He pried her hands open, and when he saw her hands, he had a grave expression. Absolutely Irish knew that her hands were covered with wounds, but she had clenched them together in her Uncle Steven's house, so nobody would notice the blood stains on them.

Joseph looked at her, and Irish could feel the harshness of his gaze even though she didn't look back at him. But when Joseph was about to start the car, she said softly, "I hate hospitals."

The man sighed deeply but finally compromised and rubbed her head, then drove forward.

He stopped the car twice more on their way home.

They stopped at a 24-hour coffee shop the first time, and then he parked at a pharmacy and bought some medicine for her.

It was midnight when they arrived home.

Instead of leaving, Joseph washed her face for her and then began to handle the wounds on her hands.

A floor lamp stood quietly beside the couch, and the yellow light reflected on the man's face. He was sterilizing her wounds with care, and his forehead began to sweat because of his cautious movement.

She wanted to tell him that she didn't feel pain at all.

He stared at her hands while she looked at his handsome face. And for a moment, she wanted to cheer him up and tell him that it was unnecessary to frown at her.

But every time when she was going to move her hands, he would hold her gently and say, "Fortunately, the wounds are not deep. I'll give you some anti-inflammatory drugs, and they may hurt, but you'll have to endure it."

She nodded.

He kept handling the wound, and just as he said, it hurt when he was dressing the wounds, but she could endure the pain.

After that, Joseph began to check her swollen knees and applied cream to the injury. Irish looked at him and realized he was a very considerate man.

After a long while, she said with a hoarse voice, "Do you have anything to say?"

After he was finished, Joseph walked to the kitchen and didn't reply to her immediately. When he came back, he brought a bowl of hot porridge for her. He sat down beside her and stirred it gently. "Have a good rest after eating this porridge. We can talk tomorrow morning."