

Enchanted 175

Joseph raised his eyes as naturally as if there had been no change in his expression at all. "I lived here for a while."

"Oh." Irish still felt a little weird, "Before you came to New York?" It was not that she wanted to know the answer, but when he heard the question, his finger touched his cigarette case. It happened at the same time as his brow tightened, but he retracted his hand and returned to his usual calm.

No matter how entangled and warm she felt with him, she couldn't ignore her professional habits. By touching the cigarette box and stopping that subtle behavior, it was not difficult to see that Joseph didn't want to answer this question subconsciously, and even he subconsciously tried to escape the question with other actions.

Joseph thought slightly, "No, it was a long time ago." At the end of his response, he added some more food to her bowl. "Eat quickly."

She saw Joseph's desire to avoid the subject and didn't want to be embarrassed.

After a long time of thinking, she said, "I don't know why, I also feel like this town is quite familiar. Maybe I've been here before but forgot about it."

Joseph was curious about this statement and smiled, "How could you forget if you had come?"

"I don't know. Maybe I was here in a dream." She joked briefly.

Joseph did not take her seriously.

"By the way, since you are so familiar with this place, have you ever heard anything like Kunqu Opera?" She still felt bewildered by her dream from the previous night.

Joseph slightly raised his eyebrows and answered, "Sorry, I don't know."

"Okay," Irish thought for a while, and at the bottom of her heart, she sighed. Perhaps it was just an absurd dream, which would not explain anything.

"What's wrong?"

She looked up. "Nothing, I'm just curious." She smiled, and her eyes inadvertently met the stone bridge as she sighed, "It's raining again, but in the rain, the town looks beautiful enough to suffocate us like we're in an oil painting."

Joseph looked out at the rain, took out his cell phone, and dialed a string of numbers.

The rain increased, and the whole town was shrouded in layers of rain and fog illuminated by the lights in the windows. They could see a long string of red lanterns lit up in the ancient town, but the local people still insisted on lighting the river lights, but most of the flames were soaked by the rain. The lights under the bridge were flickering faintly.

Joseph paid the bill and pulled Irish out of the crowd in front of the restaurant, who were waiting for the rain to stop. A black luxury business van parked by the roadside, and the driver came out to hold an

umbrella for both of them. Although the scene was not ostentatious, it was also enough to attract the attention of the people around.

The car drove through the rain and fog. Irish looked out the window and saw that the car seemed to be leaving the ancient town, and she asked, "Where are we going?"

"Back to my hotel," Joseph said as he leaned back on the back seat. The shoulders of his black shirt were wet since he had just held her in his arms and protected her from the rainwater.

Irish suddenly turned to look at him, and her heart was beating very quickly.

Joseph said nothing and didn't look at her, but he pulled her hand over his thigh and smiled slightly.

Neither of them spoke much along the way as Irish was driven back by Joseph away from the Light Town.

Irish stood at the door hesitating, looking at lights through the windows of the hotel, which were flickering in the rain. Outside was a downpour with lightning and thunder, but in the room, there were yellow lights, soft and luxurious.

Joseph, who had entered the front door, saw her standing there, then paused and reached out to her, saying, "Come in."

Irish looked at his hand and, after a long time, took it. He smiled and pulled her a little harder.

The hotel door closed quietly behind her.

As the door closed, there was a "Beep-" and somehow, her heart leaped with it.

When she entered the living room, she saw her suitcase lying there quietly. She felt something strange in her heart and bit her lips, and she said, "You are such a scrupulous businessman. Renting an extra room won't cost you too much money." She just wanted to calm her restless heart and try not to make the atmosphere too ambiguous.

Joseph stood in front of her and smiled after hearing this. "You said that I was a merchant, so try to save as much money as possible."

Irish glared at him, looked around, and entered the huge bedroom that had only a single large double bed. Somehow she began to lose her composure. She had been in the same room as him and even slept beside him, but she had never been as nervous as she was that night. She began to feel a little premonition, and she didn't dare think deeply about what it was.

Joseph stood behind her, and his hot breath fell on her ears. "I'll take a shower." His big hand fell down along her hair, and he held her shoulder with a slight squeeze.

The man's words and the intimate action gave Irish a sudden thrill, and her heart almost jumped to her throat. She turned to look at him, but her head felt faint and dizzy, and she could barely utter a word.

"What's wrong?" Joseph gently smiled, and his fingers climbed to her cheek, "Feeling uncomfortable?"

Irish only shook her head.

"Well, you can use the bathtub in the bedroom," Joseph seemed to comfort her with his soft eyes.

Seeing him turn around, Irish immediately called him off. Joseph stopped, smiled, and waited for her to go on. Irish came forward, and the panic in her mind made her nervous, "Joseph, it was you, you who told me that you would never touch me. We cannot have a relationship."

When he entered the hotel, he couldn't wait to bathe, and she thought it better to say something clearly.