

Enchanted 176

Joseph felt a little stunned and didn't expect that she would suddenly say anything like that. After a few seconds, he suddenly smiled. Irish felt even more awkward when she saw him laughing as if she had done something stupid.

"The reason I want to take a bath right away is that I just got soaked in the rain," He said patiently.

Irish turned red.

"But..." Joseph continued, "When did I tell you that I would never touch you?" He patted her on the head and turned around to take a bath.

Irish was stunned for a long time.

In the bathroom, the hot air made Irish's eyes hazy, and the air flowed with the soothing fragrance of essential oils. She soaked herself in the water, her hands shaking a little when putting the oil back, and the other oil bottles tumbled down. Her panic kept making her hands shake.

She wanted to get used to it. As serious as Joseph was, it was impossible for him not to make a joke about it at all. Irish took a deep breath, watching the bubbles gradually pop, feeling lost. What was he going to say to her when she was done?

After nearly an hour in the bath, Irish came out. She saw that Joseph had already finished his bath. He was almost naked. Strictly speaking, he only had a bath towel around his waist and was taking her pajamas out of her suitcase. Just when he put them on the bed, she came out, and he smiled. "You can sleep in the bed tonight."

"Mm-hmm." Irish glanced at him and felt thirsty, feeling the heat from his body as he passed by. She took her pajamas and went back to the bathroom to change, only to see Joseph step into the bathroom in front of her.

"Well," she said as the bathroom door closed.

Irish stamped her feet, eager to pull Joseph out of the bathroom.

After a while, he came out with dry hair. Seeing her hurry and rush into the bathroom, he leaned over and looked at her, asking, "What's the matter?"

Irish stood in front of the laundry rack, quietly looking at the underwear on it, where a drop of water was dripping off the edge. She stumbled and opened her mouth, and her voice seemed to be caught in her throat, "You."

"I've washed it for you." Joseph originally thought that something bad had happened, but when he saw her, he clarified the situation without any embarrassment, then turned and left.

Irish was embarrassed. Rushing out of the bathroom, she couldn't find him. She then ran to the living room and found that he was taking a bottle of milk from the refrigerator and walking toward the microwave. Irish hurried forward, hesitantly saying, "You... Why did you wash it for me?" She originally wanted to come out to change her underwear, so she put what she wore that day in the bathroom. She

had thought of washing it after changing into a clean pair but didn't expect him to go into the bathroom, not to mention that he had...

"Don't you need to change?" He asked in a strange tone.

"Oh yes, but."

Joseph ignored her, poured the milk into a glass, and said softly, "Come and drink. It will help you sleep."

Irish felt funny and walked to take the cup, and the heated milk warmed up her fingertips. Joseph did not leave immediately, as if he was not going to be satisfied until after she had finished the milk. She sipped the milk, and after a long time, she said, "Your hands are for business, not for washing underwear for women, others will laugh at you."

Joseph laughed but didn't say anything.

When she had finished drinking her milk, he stared at her for a moment. Irish felt uneasy and was reluctant to smile. "Well, I'm going to sleep for the night. Good night." She moved to leave, but Joseph reached for her and pulled her into his chest.

Her heart beat wildly with his movements.

"Joseph..."

"How did you know I went to the hospital?" He clasped her from behind, tilted his head, and laid his lips on her cheek gently.

His voice sounded soothing on this rainy night, stirring her heart even more. "I heard about it from Daisy."

He laughed above her head, "I didn't know Daisy was one to spill the beans."

"Don't blame her..." But a kiss swallowed the rest of her sentence.

The moment his lips touched her, Irish wanted to cry. She didn't resist, shutting her eyes to block out the pained feeling in the bottom of her heart, and she could taste his hot breath in her. Joseph's kisses were still strong and powerful, just like the day that she had ordered him to leave, and gradually she accepted them more and more. Her back and head were held gently by a large hand, and his arms held her body, so she melted into them.

Joseph's kiss slowly pulled away from her lips, and his big hands, buttoned behind her head, climbed up to her face, and his long fingers carefully caressed the corners of her eyebrow. His eyes looked deep and affectionate, and his tone of voice was indulgent. "It was a coincidence that we met again, so I decided it when you broke into the box, worried that I'd go to the hospital again."

"Decided what?" She looked up at him, and her eyes felt watery, but she couldn't bear to move them from him.

Joseph's lips were close to her nose, "Never to let you go."

She was stunned.

He lifted his hand and gently pushed her hair behind her ear. "When I saw you today, I took it for granted that you belong to me."

He had been waiting since her resignation, hoping that one day he would appear before her with a new identity to give her a safe and secure embrace. But he certainly hadn't expected to see her in Light Town.

Earlier that day, when he saw her face from the half window in the tea house, no one could see it at that moment, but he felt an unbelievable amount of happiness and was eager to get up and go over to her room.