

## Enchanted 296

"I know now that you didn't intend to hide it from me since you asked me to get that rough diamond from Tuell. But don't you think it would be better to explain it to me in person?" Irish frowned and looked unpleasant.

Joseph sighed slightly and sat back on the couch. "Come over here." He waved at her and patted the space beside him.

She hesitated for a second but still walked to him, reaching out to him. She sat down beside him and curled up in his arms. Joseph said with a low voice, "Why should I explain for the second time? Isabel, you know I am injured, and I don't want to talk much."

"You are making excuses." Irish looked at him and got so close to him that she could even smell his woody fragrance.

Therefore, she finally saw his smiling eyes, which looked like the light rising from a calm coastline and expanding gradually. "I am serious," Joseph said.

"But you shouldn't hide it from me." Irish took a deep breath and looked frustrated. "If you hide all these things from me, I will feel that I am an idiot in front of you."

"My witch woman, you are so important to me." Joseph kissed her hands and added, "How else could I choose you to be my girlfriend?"

"Your comforting words didn't work." She mumbled.

Joseph smiled softly and said, "I have to admit that I am not very humorous." He fondled her fingers.

Looking at their intertwined fingers, she was in a complicated mood. She loved him deeply, so she couldn't get angry with him. Irish sighed heavily and looked frustrated while Joseph held her tightly without saying anything.

After a long while, she looked up at him and said, "Joseph, I admit that it feels terrible that I am still rational in love, and I hate to be like this. But there is still a question lingering in my mind which forced me to treat it rationally."

"Is there anything Tuell didn't tell you?" Joseph looked at her eyes seriously.

"I think only you can answer my question."

Joseph raised his eyebrows and hinted at her to go on. Irish licked her lips and got out of his arms so that she could also look at his eyes. "You have predicted everything, so it's impossible that you didn't expect Alston would play tricks before the auction. I think it was easy for you to avoid kidnapping, but why did Alston kidnap you?"

After hearing this, Joseph laughed, "Are you suspecting I was both directing and acting?"

"No, I believe that it was Alston, and he even used me to threaten you, or perhaps you would not have been shot." Though she was a little angry, it didn't mean she would be deliberately provocative, so she tried her best to calm down and asked him her doubts.

"You knew it was dangerous, but you still ignored it, so what is your real purpose?" Irish added since she couldn't figure out the answer.

Joseph was a man who always focused on efficiency, so he would never waste his time on useless things.

Joseph looked at her for a long time and said, "Isabel, I am not God, so I can't predict anything."

Irish was speechless after hearing this.

"Trust me. I didn't tell you because I was afraid you would worry about me, and that's it." Joseph said softly and embraced her again. "You are my girlfriend, and I can't allow you to take any risks."

Curling up his arms, Irish was moved by his words, but there was still an unnamed emotion lingering in her heart. Perhaps, just as Tuell said, she still didn't know him well.

She tried to comfort herself, but she was so anxious because she saw many unknowns in Joseph and also because there were many things she couldn't control.

Most importantly, it was because she was afraid that she would lose Joseph someday.

It was getting dark, and Cape Town became tranquil as the bustle vanished and neon lamps turned on. The seaside apartment was also lightly illuminated by the lights.

Irish was cleaning Joseph's wound and was about to change the dressing for it. When she took off the gauze, the scar unfolded before her. Though it was painful and recovering well, she still felt sore, and her anger soon vanished. He tried to protect her, risking his life, and she was touched, what else did she expect?

She carefully handled the wound for him. and dressed it in fresh gauze. After finishing this, she hugged him from behind, avoiding his wound carefully, with her cheeks pressing against her back.

Joseph felt her soft body leaning on his back, and his heart also turned soft with a smile hanging on his face. He took her hands and asked, "What's wrong?"

His voice spread through his chest, which sounded even more magnetic. She listened carefully and felt her fondness for him. After a long time, she took a deep breath and said, "Joseph, I can't tell the difference between true and false now."

"Don't think too much, there are many complicated things in the world." Joseph said gently and then added, "You just have to remember that I love you."

Irish nodded slightly and felt warmed by his words.

After a long time, she asked again, "I have something to tell you."

"What?"

Irish hesitated for a while and then said, "Something about a baby."

"Isabel, are you pregnant?" After hearing this, Joseph turned to her hastily, but perhaps she touched his wound, so he frowned. But his eyes were glinting, shining like the star in the sky.

Irish felt so much regret at this moment because she could see the excitement in his eyes.

"I..." She still hesitated and lowered her head.

But Joseph misunderstood her and thought she was being shy, so he smiled and kissed her forehead and said softly. "It is natural for you to get pregnant since we didn't use any birth control."

"You want a child?" Irish asked while Joseph got closer to her and replied, "Of course, I would like to have children with only you."

After hearing this, Irish was even more panicked, and she didn't dare to tell him the truth suddenly. But Joseph didn't get the point. Instead, he took her hands and stood up, which frightened her. "What are you doing?"

"Let's go to the hospital." Joseph grabbed his phone and was about to call their driver.