

## Enchanted 319

But now, she knew that love was a tormenting goblin, which would crush your elegance, destroy your pride, and make you lose your mind and dignity in the face of trouble and loss.

She lost herself because she was so eager to have him.

It was a long time before he opened his mouth, and his voice rose above her in a supportive, deep tone, "Isabel."

He called her name and warmed her heart, and her tears came down like a burst of water. The manager of the hotel beside him couldn't bear to see it anymore. Not far away, the onlookers had begun to whisper, and some even pointed their fingers, and he said hesitantly. "Mr. Dover, we are in public....

The manager did not finish, but it was like a warning, suddenly waking Irish up, and she realized how crazy she was. She stopped crying, looking up at Joseph, and her eyes were timid for a moment.

Joseph ignored the manager's remarks. Instead, he looked softly at the wet face in front of him. But he frowned immediately after looking at the clothes all over her body.

At once, she noticed that in his eyes, there was obvious displeasure. Unconsciously, Irish loosened her arms and flopped them to her side, embarrassed. She did not dare to look at his serious expression. She bowed her head and closed her eyes tightly.

How could she be so careless? As the hotel manager said, this was a public place; even if she threw her dignity aside, what about him? What would other people think of him when she cried and hugged him when she was disheveled with tears on her face?

If she could, she would rather have stood in the stairwell and looked at him from afar instead of defiling him by her unspeakable embarrassment as she was doing.

Was he angry?

Otherwise, why was he so quiet?

Yes, he should be angry. She was so wild and willful in full view of the public.

The sun shone quietly on Joseph's cheeks, painting a clear picture of his majesty. He called her name and said nothing more. He frowned at Irish with lips closed.

She was astonishingly pale, especially against the backdrop of her scattered black hair. She stood awkwardly before him. Her pajamas were as white as her cheeks and complexion, her slender fingers clenched in front of her, and his brow frowned even further when he looked down.

She was not even wearing shoes.

She ran to him, barefoot, as white as her pajamas, on the cold black marble floor. Needless to say, her toes were numb.

His displeasure had climbed up to his brow.

When she could not help raising her head, she saw his displeasure, and her heart suddenly cooled. The corners of her eyes were still stained with tears, and her lips trembled, and she shyly said, "Joseph."

He felt a pain in his heart worse than the one he had experienced when being shot. He pulled off his coat without saying anything and tightly wrapped her up in it. Not caring about her slightest disparate eyes, he held her in his arms.

"Mr. Manager, we'll talk about the compensation later." He felt a little sorry, trying to suppress his emotions. After saying this, he took Irish to the elevator.

The sunlight fell behind Joseph, lengthening his shadow, illustrating his dizzying height and strength. Soon, he walked Irish into the elevator, and the metal door closed slowly and only then did the people who had been around him react. One after another, they scattered away.

The manager took a long breath, wiped his forehead, and said to himself, "I'm glad they know each other, or else we would be responsible for her offending our clients." He didn't know Joseph, but judging by the degree of attention that the hotel's chief executive had paid to him yesterday, he knew his background should not be underestimated.

The panda manager sighed. "This gentleman is very patient and polite, and the woman is his wife. What a strange woman. You just saw it, too."

"Ah? That woman was his wife?"

The panda manager nodded. "Yeah. That woman is weird."

"If you don't want to be fired in the future, don't say that, especially in front of important customers." The manager started sweating again, inadvertently remembering the conversation just now. The presumptuous man standing next to him, in the course of the conversation with Joseph, had suddenly said the sentence, "Mr. Dover, your wife has a rather strange temper."

This "strange" wife had always been the responsibility of his manager. Today, though it seemed strange to see for the first time, he couldn't say that in front of her husband, let alone a guest valued by the CEO. But after hearing this, Joseph smiled unexpectedly and said to them in a light tone, "I'm sorry my wife has given you some trouble." He was a little strange too.

It seemed that she was a very spoiled woman. According to his men, the wife of Joseph was not only spoiled but also an argumentative, unpleasant woman. It was perfectly understandable to them that a wife with undeserved money was a little unbearable.

In the elevator, the numbers changed one by one, quietly and silently.

Joseph held her without a word. As he entered the elevator, he remained silent, and his face was calm as water.

The elevator had not stopped in the course of its ascent, which made Irish uneasy. She had finally returned to reason after crying. She lifted her eyes quietly while touching his chin. The silence gave her an indescribable panic again.

After a period of living with him, she knew him.

Such calm and indifference could only mean two things.

Either way, he was extremely unconcerned and dissatisfied. Or he was extremely angry but suppressing his displeasure.

Why did she think...

Was the latter more likely?

At last, with nervousness, her voice fluttered. "Let me go." Didn't he still have a gun wound?

Unexpectedly, Joseph remained silent, not even looking down at her.

Irish was not happy, and she bit her lips hard, "Joseph."

"Shut up." He finally said in a faint tone.