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When Joseph wiped her hand, she frowned as soon as he touched her arm. He looked up at her, and she smiled at him.

Instead of being lured by the woman, he asked, "What's wrong with your arm?"

"Nothing." Irish heard him talking to her, feeling no pain, only joy.

At the same time, he took her arm and pulled up her pajama sleeves, and his eyebrows frowned. Irish saw that his expression was scared. She looked at her elbow, red and swollen. How did that happen?

"Nothing?" Joseph slightly raised his voice.

"Ah."

"Where else does it hurt?"

Irish thought for a long time and shook her head at him.

He stopped believing what she said and said, "Take off your clothes."

"Huh?"

"Take them off at once!" He said, like an adult scolding a child.

Irish looked at him carefully. The man was obviously angry, which was a bad sign, but it was better than a poker face. Thinking of Leo, she also understood that Joseph's displeasure was reasonable. So she gently grabbed his arm, thinking of easing the awkward atmosphere, "Why we just meet, and I need to take off my clothes? Why are you so bad?"

Her little joke could not restore Joseph's usual happiness with her. On the contrary, he repeated himself in a more serious tone, "Hurry up, or I'll do it myself."

Irish, at best, was a paper tiger and seeing that he was really angry, she took off her pajamas silently. She was a little embarrassed, but it was better than looking at his cold face. "Done." She looked at him pitifully.

However, Joseph frowned again, "Take off all of them."

"But..." She was only wearing a bra and underwear.

"Take them off." He said, but his eyes were on her knee, too, and his face turned even worse.

Irish looked down, bit her tongue, and found that her knees were blue. "It's alright, isn't it? It's not like they're broken." She would do anything to ease his displeasure, but the man's anger was hard to subdue.

Thinking, directly kneeling on the bed, she put her hand around his waist, "You really want me naked? I'm really not hurt anywhere else. Why don't you check?"

She took his big hand to cover her hip, opened the edge of her underpants, and let his fingers in.

Joseph didn't listen to her. He pulled them off and pulled her body close to check it. He saw that she had not been bruised except in her arms and knees, and his frown alleviated. His big hand pulled the quilt over her almost naked body, and when he saw that she was about to push it back, he frowned and yelled, "Cover it."

At the end of the speech, he got up. Irish left her head outside and could not help but murmur, "I'm naked, and you have no response, are you impotent, or did a woman last night use up all your energy?"

The remark made Joseph pause. He turned and stared at her. Irish withdrew her head, pulling the quilt to block his sight, knowing that she had been bold.

Joseph was not angry, but after a long time, he said, "I really didn't have time to sleep last night, I just took care of a drunk woman who made me exhausted."

Irish was happy, turning her eyes, "Well...can't we be enthusiastic when we meet again after a long time?"

Joseph slightly squinted and said, "Enthusiastic? I want to strangle you!"

Irish was so frightened that she quickly tucked herself into the quilt.

He said nothing more and turned out of the bedroom. Soon after, Irish heard him talking on the phone, and his voice seemed warm, "Yes, just take some liquid medicine, please."

Irish sneered, he was only warm towards other people.

Soon the steward took some medicine to them and asked carefully if he should call a doctor, but Joseph declined tactfully, dispatching him and taking medicine back to the bedroom.

Irish was wrapped in the quilt like a rice dumpling, with only her eyes exposed. When she saw him entering the room, she looked carefully at him and reached out to wave at him like a Fortune Cat, saying, "You are thirty-five years old, if you always keep such a straight face, your age much sooner."

Joseph deliberately ignored her, and after sitting down beside her, he took out her bruised leg, which tickled her. As soon as his fingers touched her leg, she couldn't help laughing and said, "Don't do that. You tickled me."

However, Joseph did not care if she was being tickled and began applying the ointment. She had been in the quilt for some time, so her cold feet had been warmed, but when touched by the cold ointment, her feet curled slightly. But soon, Joseph warned her, "Don't move."

"Joseph, it's cold."

After experiencing several complicated mood swings, the consternation when she woke up in the morning, the panic while she was looking for Joseph, and the worries of being undressed, Irish still kept calm. If she had been any other girl, she would have lost her mind already. But Irish was invulnerable since her uncle was a master, and her aunt was an iron lady who raised her.

What's more, she was a professional psychologist. Though after meeting Joseph, she felt that she had learned psychology in vain. But as time passed by, she felt her wisdom was returning.

She was not a fool, and she knew that Joseph wouldn't get angry for no reason. It must have been because he cared about her and regarded her as family. A person like Joseph had a great capability to control his emotions, but he lost his temper before her, which indicated she was not an outsider to him.

Therefore, Irish began to act like a spoiled kid in front of him, after all, she was a psychologist, and she understood that some successful businessmen had weird tempers. Most of the time, when she argued with him, he would think she was unique and distinctive. He was even strict with himself, so he wouldn't tolerate a woman causing trouble for anything.

Sure enough, after hearing this, Irish found that his severe look had been somewhat relieved.