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She was happy she still understood him, and she knew how to placate him like a stubborn lion. But he still didn't look up, so Irish couldn't see through his mind. He stopped for a second, putting the ointment on his hands for a few seconds, then applied it to her wound. It moved her that he was warming it before putting it on her skin.

She felt spoiled, and a warm current spread deeply through her heart. She looked at him carefully, and somehow she suddenly choked with a sob and bit her lip.

Her silence attracted his attention, and when he looked up at her, he found that she was biting her lips, so he asked softly, "Does it hurt?"

Actually, it didn't hurt at all because after experiencing such tension, she felt aches all over her body and the pain in the knee was not so obvious.

Of course, Irish wouldn't pretend to be a tough girl at this time, so she loosened her lips and held her breath.

As a result, her eyes turned red and tearful, which made her look so delicate and touching.

Irish looked at him like a sorrowful rabbit and said in a pathetic voice, "Joseph, it really hurts." She didn't believe that her tearful eyes wouldn't touch him.

Joseph frowned at her bitten lips, as well as her tearful eyes, and he said angrily, "It serves you right."

Though he said with a bad tone, she perceived his pity, and his movements became softer as well.

Irish chose to be silent and lowered her head.

After seeing this, he finally compromised after a few seconds. Though his tone was a little bit harsh, it was softer than a moment ago. "Why didn't you call me? Don't you know how to use a cell phone? What if an accident happened to you because you ran out barefoot? Why do you always act so rashly?"

"My phone was in the bedroom, and I was afraid that you would leave, so I rushed out without thinking about it." She said with feelings and pretended to be pitiful outwardly, "I was really afraid..."

Hearing this, Joseph stopped for a while and looked up at her, sighing after a while, "You..."

He was speechless.

Of course, Irish knew he had made a compromise, so she felt pleased and moved her legs to him so that she could get close to him. Her plump breasts were revealed from the quilt, and when she reached out to hold his neck, her cleavage was exposed to the air.

"How did you find me last night?" Her legs were placed on his lap, so it was convenient for him to apply the ointment to her. Of course, it was even more convenient for him to look at her plump bosom, and Joseph didn't avoid looking at it directly, and his eyes turned deep. He pulled her arm and began to apply the cream to it.

Finding him keeping silent, Irish gave an explanation to herself, "Oh, I know it must have been Daisy since she is so talented."

Joseph took a glance at her but didn't reply.

"You changed my pajamas for me?"

"Um..." He replied briefly.

"You switched my cell phone to vibrate?"

"What do you think?" He asked in reply with his husky voice.

"Well, what about the food that you asked the steward to prepare for me?"

Joseph finally couldn't bear her endless chatter and pulled the quilt up to wrap her again, only leaving her head exposed in the air. "Why do you have so many questions?"

"A day apart from you seems like three years." She smiled at him.

Joseph was finally warmed by her, even if he had an iron heart. After applying the ointment for her, he rubbed her hair and said, "You always have such a sweet mouth."

Hearing this, Irish knew that he was not angry anymore, so she couldn't help smiling.

"Where is it still hurting?" Her sweet smile almost completely melted his heart, and he couldn't be angry with her anymore. Even though he was irritated because she left even without informing him and also because she rushed out to find him even without wearing shoes, he was still tolerant of her. Even though she left so resolutely, when he saw her pale face in his arms, his anger vanished quickly after.

She was the only woman who made him mess up his rules.

Irish perceived the softness in the deep of his eyes and thought for a while, moving her toes, saying, "I'm fine, but my feet are so cold."

"If you run out barefoot next time, I will throw you out directly." Though he said this, he still put her feet on his stomach to warm them.

Perhaps it was because her feet were so small or because his hands were so big, but when he warmed her, she felt the warmth spread all the way to her heart. Looking up at him, she felt her fondness for him was even deeper.

Joseph looked at her feet, which were so small that he could wrap them with his hand. The feet in front of him were cold and pale, and they looked whiter than ever. He couldn't remove his eyes from her small ankle bones and beautiful foot curvature.

He tightened his hands while Irish laughed and said, "You are tickling me." Joseph finally smiled, and when he saw the quilt slip from her shoulder, a flame flickered in his eyes. Irish saw that the ointment on her arms and legs was almost absorbed, and she straddled him directly because she had just seen his gorgeous smile.

When she sat down, she felt his erect maleness and her cheeks quickly turned rosy.

She leaned on his shoulders and smiled secretly.

"We have not made love for a few days. Do you still want to add some more injuries to your body?" His hoarse voice sounded beside her ear, and his big hands slipped into the quilt, rubbing her gently.