

Enchanted 336

Compared to her depression in the morning, Irish was now more prepared to face the departure. She was complacent since Joseph had been with her for the whole day, and she knew he was a person who always gave priority to his work before anything else.

Though she was reluctant to part with him, she knew something was unavoidable.

These memories were enough for her. She would have to face many hardships in the future, but with those sweet memories, she was not afraid anymore.

After going back to the hotel, Joseph gave her another round of beautiful sinful enjoyment. They nestled up to each other and made love passionately.

After that, Irish hung on him and kissed her wet forehead with a smile. Their hearts beat so quickly after they were finished.

Irish got up after a long while, but he pulled her back immediately with his naked chest pressing her back, whispering beside her, "Where are you going?"

Looking back with a smile, she kissed him without reply and then pushed him away, but she soon returned with a camera. "Look at these photos."

She had taken many photos with him today, and every photo was her favorite because he was in it. He used to take pictures of her, and she never took a picture of him because she worried that he wouldn't like it, but she finally asked for a photo with him today, and Joseph agreed immediately.

Therefore, the camera was full of their photos. The whole afternoon they had been taking them with each other whenever he kissed her forehead or hugged her.

She couldn't help giggling when looking at the photos, and Joseph couldn't help embracing her fondly.

She took a glimpse at him and raised the camera. "Do you think that I should take a photo of us in the bed now?" He raised his eyebrows after hearing this.

"Are you afraid? You're naked. You're the president of the Runestone Group, and I promise this photo will become a nude picture scandal." She showed an evil smile.

Without saying anything, Joseph took the camera from her before she could react, and he pressed the shutter several times. She was shocked and hastily tried to grab the camera back, but Joseph soon grabbed her and kissed her lips. The following second, she heard him press the shutter again. "You..."

"It's a good way to record our life." He smiled and then buried his face in her bosom while his lips slipped down.

Irish melted under his kiss again, holding him tightly and calling his name with joy. He was her beloved man, and he cared about her so much.

The airport was bustling, and it was filled with people heading everywhere at once. The wheels of the luggage car squeaked on the smooth ground from the heavy luggage. Flight information was constantly rolling on the LED screens in the terminal building, adding to the tense atmosphere.

Too many films and television dramas, and novels have described airports with a romantic flavor, but in reality, it was stressful and aggravating. Irish was so disappointed; she was eager to see a kind of ridiculous scene that was often seen in movies. But as time passed, nothing happened at all, no emergencies, no incidents, no heartbreaks. Joseph stood beside her, gave her a cup of hot tea, and asked softly, "What are you thinking?"

Literature could only be literature.

Literature is an art that derives from life but also from beyond life. She could imagine that writers were sitting in airports in the afternoon of a late autumn day, ordering a cup of coffee, looking at people coming and going to create some eye-catching or moving scenes.

The exaggerated literature wasn't real, but the hot tea in front of her was. It was a cup of flowery fruit tea, combining the sweet flavors of chamomile and snow pear. Irish took the exquisite cup and held it in her hands. The warmth of the tea soon spread to the very corners of her body, except for her heart, which was still icy.

Tiny petals of chamomile floated in the tea like tiny aimless boats. Looking at them, she felt she was the wayward petals. She shook her head and turned to him, then replied with a big smile, "Nothing."

Joseph stared at her as if he was trying to see through her mind, but she was afraid of his gaze, so she hastily added, "I'm just finding that most of the men in this room have a beer belly, except for you, who looks handsome. It reminded me of some girls who will puff themselves up at their own cost to buy a first-class ticket in order to find a rich boyfriend. Joseph, you're a primary target for those girls."

After finishing her words, she took a sip of tea and soon felt warm, as if she had tasted the flavor of happiness. But she still thought the happiest thing in the world was kissing Joseph.

He didn't expect she would think such far-fetched things and felt speechless while she puckered her face in a smile. Then he replied, "You're right. There are many young girls who try to woo me." Hearing this, Irish stopped smiling.

However, Joseph soon added, "But you don't have to worry about it." He said with a faint smile while Irish was confused and raised her eyebrows.

"Because you're the only woman I love." He said to her frankly with a big smile.

Irish blushed, holding her tea tightly, and said, "I am already 28 years old."

"That's a suitable age for me." He looked at her with a smile and then continued, "You are unlike those young girls who only know how to act in a pettishly charming manner."

"Thanks." Her mouth twitched.

When he was about to pinch her face, his phone rang. He answered it, and she heard Daisy's voice. She ignored it and began to drink her tea. But when she took a glimpse at him occasionally, she found that

he was frowning, which stunned her. Daisy talked continuously to him on the phone for a while, but they eventually finished. The last thing she heard him say was, "Let them come if they want."

His indifferent voice sounded so cold at that moment that she couldn't help shivering.

"What's wrong?" She hastily asked.