

Enchanted 392

"Have a try. It is not so sweet but tastes good." Irish hastily took out the scoop and cut a small piece for him with expectation.

Joseph looked at her, opening his mouth while the sorrowfulness in his heart had turned to warmth. Irish smiled and asked, "Does it taste good?"

"Yes." He replied softly.

She was so cheerful as if she had heard the best compliment in the world and then said, "You will feel better when you finish it, won't you? And you will not be angry with me."

Joseph opened his mouth and took a bite.

"Joseph, I know I was deliberately provocative. I didn't mean that. I cried for a long time after you left. I..."

She was suddenly interrupted by his kiss, and she loosened her hand while the cake soon fell down to the ground. His kiss suddenly came, but she had waited for a long time. She felt his strong arms hold her tightly as if trying to merge with her. His kiss was mighty, as if he was going to release his anxiety, anger, care, and some other complicated emotion. He unclenched her mouth, his tongue soon slipping in and intertwined with hers. Their breath was intertwined like cirrus.

She felt sweet in her mouth and was overwhelmed by his woody fragrance. Her eyes were tearful, and soon the tears shed down from her cheeks. And then she felt him turn soft and gentle with his tongue swiping from her lips. And then his kiss fell on her chin, kissing her tears pitifully, which woke up her feelings for him.

He finally said to her softly, "Why do you act like a simpleton? What if I don't come here tonight?"

"Then I will be waiting for you until you come here." She sobbed, closing her eyes and enjoying his kiss.

"Idiot." Joseph could not restrain his worries anymore and embraced her into his strong arms. Her cheeks pressed against his chest so that she could hear his heartbeat, which had the same frequency as her, slamming her ears. It was as beautiful as a dream at this moment, but she was so afraid it was just a dream, but she knew it wasn't since Joseph was in front of her, kissing her and embracing her, just as what happened in Hong Kong.

After a long time, Joseph loosened his hand and smiled helplessly, "Isabel, I am really curious how you slipped in here since you don't even have an entrance guard card?"

The building has always been strictly managed, and there was no other access to the entrance of the building. But she successfully got in without the card and waited for him. Hearing this, Irish was embarrassed, and then she replied hesitantly, "I climbed to the second floor while avoiding the cameras."

Joseph was shocked greatly and stared at her in astonishment.

"Do you forget that I am good at rock climbing? I climbed Mount Qomolangma once." Speaking of this, she was proud while Joseph did not expect she would reply like this, and he even didn't expect a

beautiful woman like her could climb to the second floor and successfully avoid the cameras, so he couldn't help laughing.

Irish looked at him surprisingly and asked him hesitantly, "You are laughing. You're not angry anymore?"

"Who said I am not angry?" He held back his smile and then turned serious.

She was getting less unbridled after hearing his response, taking a quick glance at him and then looking at the ground, pouting her lips, "The cake had fallen down on the ground."

She almost amused Joseph, but soon he held back his smile forcibly, taking out a phone from his pocket, putting it in her pocket, and said seriously, "If your phone is powered off again, then I will really get mad with you." He had never tried to talk to her with such an overbearing tone and treated her like a kid. Often, he always lectured her as if she was his daughter. But now, he seemed unreasonable and acted like a spoiled lover.

Irish stared at him surprisingly for a long time and then took out the phone from her pocket. It was a new one, but it was extremely expensive, and she knew it was a luxury brand. "I have a cell phone."

"Give it to me." Joseph ordered her, reaching out his hands, and repeated again, "Give me your phone."

"Oh." She took out the old cell phone and handed it quickly.

Joseph took out the phone card, walked to the window, and threw it out, which stunned Irish, but soon she reacted and rushed to him, but her phone card had already disappeared.

"You!" She was speechless.

"Why not wait for me at home? You left without hesitation. Do you forget to take your brain with you?" Joseph interrupted her and put the phone card into the new cell phone, and said angrily, "The network of this phone is way better than the old one. You must use this one, remember my words."

Irish was shocked and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Using this one, I needn't have to find you everywhere aimlessly like an idiot. And with a strong internet connection, we can often connect without an interruption." He gritted his teeth while explaining to her.

His words moved her, and in fact, she expected that he would come to find her, but it was so pleasing when he admitted it personally before her. He would also be anxious and worried about her though he was a sober and composed man.

Irish felt warm while listening to his nagging, but her nose twitched. Taking a deep breath, she leaned in his chest like a clingy cat.

"You are not an idiot. You are the most considerate and handsome man in the world. Look, you can find me even though I didn't tell you I am here."

Joseph looked at the woman who was acting like a spoiled kid, and he felt his heart almost melt. He missed this feeling and enjoyed the warmth she brought as she curled in his arms. However, he was confused about why she complimented him with great passion. But he had to admit he needed her being like this, and he also needed her to rely on him.

