

Enchanted 399

Behind, the sound of a car suddenly woke him up, making his eyes back to the changing traffic lights. He started the car, but he sighed in his mind that the woman around him was a totally attractive goblin!

However, the goblin herself did not know that she had become the goblin in the eyes of others. She enjoyed playing on her mobile phone and couldn't help taking a picture of the moon and said excitedly to him, "It's really awesome. With this phone, I can become a professional photographer."

At the end of the speech, she took a lot of pictures of Joseph's side of the face. After a while, she said, "Joseph, you're so handsome."

"Thank you." He glanced at her with a slight curl of his lips.

"If a man is handsome, he doesn't need PS." Irish stared at the man in the photo, and her heart was beating quickly. She held up her cell phone to take a few more shots. Joseph took her hand with a smile and said with an indulging voice. "Come on."

"All right." Irish was seldom so obedient, looking ahead at the road condition, "This time, the road is still so congested. Joseph, let us drive the car to the place with few people, and let me take a few more night scenes."

Joseph smiled charmingly. "It's the next morning when you take the picture and go home."

Irish sighed in her heart, but she wanted to stay with him a little longer. After thinking about it, she didn't force him. She had a day off, but he had not. He had something to be done tomorrow.

Seeing her silence, Joseph asked what was wrong with her. She shook her head gently, looked at the time again, and stretched out, "You are right, today is too happy, so when you said that I feel a little tired, take me home, I want to rest."

As a matter of fact, Irish really wanted to ask him, Joseph, are you busy tomorrow? Are we gonna go to our home separately tonight? Would you like to go to my house? But it seemed strange to say any of these words as if she had invited him; she had not so many thoughts but simply wanted to stay with him for a little longer, even for a tea chat.

Although she and Joseph had a relationship, no one had this relationship become a night companion. In the Light Town and South Africa, they lived together because, at best, they were outside. When they returned to New York, it didn't mean she was moving in with him. She understood that a man like him needed more room for independence, so she did not want to bring it up, and she could not bring it up.

Joseph naturally did not know that she had so many confusing ideas in her head and smiled after hearing the words, "Tired?"

"Mm-hmm." Irish nodded gently, looking outside the window. The car turned to the next corner and headed in the direction of her home.

"You are tired all day," he said, "It's time to go home and have a good rest."

Joseph stopped talking and focused on driving.

Seeing that he was silent, Irish stopped saying anything, watching the road ahead get closer and closer until Joseph drove past it. Surprised, hurriedly turned to him, "You are driving the wrong way, you should go straight to the auxiliary road."

"Why go to the auxiliary road?" Joseph asked deliberately.

"That's the way to Madison Avenue." Irish was confused.

He laughed and slowed down while the traffic was in front of him, freeing a big hand and pinching her cheek. "Baby, I'm not going to take you to your home."

In the closed carriage, the man's deep, magnetic voice and the nickname "baby" added a lot of ambiguity. Irish listened to it, and she smiled. He had never called her so, and the heart fluttered inexplicably.

"Well. Let me guess where you want to go." Knowing that she could stay with him a little longer, she was so excited that she came close to him and said, "What good food must be waiting for me to eat?"

Joseph, holding the steering wheel in one hand and holding her hand in the other, gave her a kiss on her hand. "Not promising."

His chin tickled Irish's fingers, and she wanted to withdraw her hand. He clenched her hands and she giggled, "So where are you taking me?"

"My home." He glanced at her with a slight rise on his lips.

Irish froze, only to react after a while, looking at his side face. She felt that he was not joking. His home?

Her heart began to pound at the thought of the word. Of course, she would not have foolishly worried that Ruby would be at his house because he had told her earlier that he and Ruby were nothing, and as far as she knew, the home in her mouth should be his own property and not the Lake's. That was to say, and he lived alone in his home.

Psychological research found that women like to take men home, while men like to take women to the hotel, which was for entirely the psychology of the male and females were different. But compared to women, the latter is more analytical. Men need privacy more than women. A home is a place of absolute privacy instead of taking her to the hotel. Joseph wanted to take her home, which meant he wanted to be completely open to her and share his privacy with her.

Turning around and looking at his side face, happiness was quietly in her heart.

This was the first time that Irish really felt the gap between the rich and the poor. It was the same courtyard, but the environment was so different. She was brought back to his seaside villa in the golden area of Long Island, where rich men lived here. He slid his car into the underground garage, and she could not wait to run into the courtyard. Looking at it all around, the scenery exudes luxury.

Her uncle's house also had a courtyard, but by comparison, it was not difficult to distinguish between the common and the aristocrat. This villa was the most standard and complete architectural culture, with the traditional concept of living and the perfect combination of modern equipment. Irish looked

rustic. Everywhere she turned her eyes, she was amazed. It occupied a large place and was very regular. There were two gates between the front yard and the inner courtyard.

The huge courtyard was planted with roses and daisies. Between the vegetation, there was a large fountain. From the tidy straw, you could see his high standard of living environment.