

Enchanted 40

Eh...

"The radiator seems to have been blown and needs to be checked if we had the tools. Most importantly, because you have been driving so recklessly, the engine block seems to be seriously damaged." Joseph took out several tissues and wiped his hands, "You have two choices, buy a new car, or replace your engine completely."

Irish knew both of these would cost a lot of money, and she cringed.

"Push your car off the road to stop blocking traffic."

"But I, I can't...."

Joseph stared at her and loosened his tie, "Did I say do it alone? Go on."

"Ah?" Irish got his point and saw him walk around the car, so she got in the car to steer, greatly embarrassed.

Looking through the rearview mirror, she saw him. His arms were strong, and she could see the top of his chest from his unbuttoned white shirt. She could only think of one word, "indomitable."

They moved the car to the curb, and the traffic resumed its normal pace. Irish felt guilty and grabbed a bottle of water for him to wash his hands with.

"Were you going home?" he asked, seeming both casual and serious.

Irish nodded. She felt very tired from teaching lessons all day and then racing Leo.

Without saying anything, Joseph reached for her face. Irish stepped back, feeling shocked, and looked up at him. He looked at her pleasantly.

"Are you really that afraid of me? There is something on your face."

She then realized that she had overthought the situation. She stood there, and Joseph walked forward. Seeing that she didn't try to retreat, he stretched out his wet hands to gently wipe the dirt from beside her mouth. He couldn't help but add, "Others might have thought you had been smelling gasoline."

Irish thought it seemed like the scene at the beginning of an idol drama. The heroine is left alone, and the hero perfectly rises to the requirements. At first, Joseph was tall and handsome. What mattered even more, was his expression and mood at the moment. She believed that Joseph's expression would be tender and soft in a viewer's eyes, like a dark lake below the night sky. Deep but gentle.

She felt embarrassed and shy, with warmth rising up from her heart into her throat and finally to her cheeks. She thought she looked like the helpless heroine of an idol drama.

She felt uncomfortable.

Her lips were tainted with the smell of Joseph's fingers. Maybe the heat also came from there. He withdrew his fingers casually and slowly. The light at night cast down upon his shoulders, as beautiful as a dream.

As he looked at Irish's petite figure and worried face, Joseph felt irrational. He moved his fingers once again slowly to her face and drew the outline of her lips with his thumb. Feeling the subtle tremble of her red lips, Joseph's expression changed, and she saw a warm and tender look in his eyes.

The two of them held still, and she raised her head, and he lowered his a little, staring into each other's eyes. They seemed like motionless rocks standing on the curbside while the waves of vehicles never stopped flowing past them.

Their breath mixed in the night air. He could feel her flowery breath, while she could feel the beat of his pulse in his warm palm, steady and powerful.

A weird atmosphere was extending between them, and they could both feel it.

Irish was enchanted by his charming mental aura, fresh and clear. She even thought that his eyes had a magic to them that sucked her soul away.

It was not until a car honked at them.

The noise shocked her back into reality.

She hastened to turn her face slightly and lower her hands. As for Joseph, though his eyes had regained their calm, a trace of disappointment could be found in his eyes.

After throwing the empty water bottle into the trash can, Joseph stepped forward to his car, opened the door, and said, "Jump in the car."

Impressed by this elegant movement in one breath, Irish blinked her eyes and stood there without moving. Seeing that, Joseph said, "Surely you don't want to walk home or wait for the repairman to get here?"

"But what if I get a ticket for it?" To his surprise, what she cared about was money.

"Trust me, if you stay here, you will regret it more," Joseph said patiently.

Irish looked at her car hesitantly, then turned to Joseph.

"Be quick."

She was so tired that she had to accept his advice and get in the car. He walked around the other side of the car and got in. The moment the car door closed, she felt that she was surrounded by a weird atmosphere again.

"Where is your new place?" Joseph didn't start the car immediately and asked her indifferently.

Surprised by his question, Irish stopped, then said, "Mr. Dover, do you have the capability to predict the future, or are you conducting research on me?"

"If I wanted to investigate you, I would already know your new address."

Irish stopped, feeling muddleheaded.

After all, a person like him who wanted to attract her into his folds must have kept continuous contact with Tim. Perhaps it was Tim who told him that she had moved.

After telling him her new address, he started his car immediately.

They drove in silence.

Compared with the chatterbox Leo, she realized silence was gold. She realized that Joseph hadn't talked very much but acted swiftly and decisively from the moment he got out of his car to help her.

Thinking of this, Irish couldn't help but laugh.

Joseph was driving the car silently beside her. Then, catching her sudden smile, he asked, "Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing."

"Would you mind playing some music?" She decided to change to another topic.

However, Joseph refused her directly. "I'm sorry. There isn't any."

"Huh?" Staring at him, Irish asked, "Do you really live that boring of a life?"

"I don't have time to think about music," Joseph said honestly.