

## Enchanted 406

Joseph raised his hand, gently put her hair behind the ear, rubbing her cheek gently, thinking, "Isabel, how much do you love me?"

His question made Irish blank.

Joseph had never asked her with such dignity, as he had never ordered her to say that she loved him in bed. She smiled, and her chin tucked against his chest, his fingers painted his sturdy texture, and answered without hesitation, "Very much."

She didn't know how to describe it. He was the first man she wanted to love and spend her whole life with. Even though the road was too hard, she was willing to wait for his love. As long as the result was good, it would be worth the pain.

There was a light smile floating on Joseph's lips, slowly rippling into the deep eyes. His eyes became gentle, and his long fingers were between her hair, which wrapped it around. Irish felt very comfortable under his touch and laid down on his body more, closing her eyes gently.

After a long time, his voice fell again from the top of her head, deep and resolute.

"What about Adam and me?" The voice came out, and he obviously felt the woman stiff, and his heart also fell to the bottom of the valley, and the overflowing happiness at the bottom of his eyes gradually dispersed.

Irish looked up at him, whose eyes were dim and dark, like being shrouded in a dark fog.

"Who do you love more," he asked, looking at her eyes more clearly.

He knew there were questions he didn't need to ask, and at first, as a man, he didn't think it was necessary to ask about them, but the more he became obsessed with her, the more he would find that he cared. Damn it, and he could not allow his woman to have a trace of other men in her heart, absolutely not.

Irish blinked and smiled. "Joseph, Adam has been missing." She felt it necessary to remind him that the question was ridiculous.

"If one day he stands in front of you, would you stay with me or go with him?"

Joseph was almost stubborn.

She was even more amused. "Does this hypothetical question make any sense?"

"You also said he was missing." Joseph was serious.

The corner of Irish's lips became stiff and quickly raised her body, and her beautiful face leaned toward him, "I like him," she whispered, "but I love you."

Joseph frowned.

Seeing him misunderstand, Irish hastened to explain, "Like and love are different. Adam is the sunshine in my life. I have a common hobby with him, he is more like a man who walks along the same road, and you are the man I love deeply. It's not like, and it's true love, you know?"

Joseph looked at her eagerness, and his heart which had fallen to the bottom of the valley, began to float slowly again. Seeing that he did not speak, Irish thought that he did not understand her explanation and made an example, "Well, it's not that I'm going to go through the history. I'm just making an analogy. Although it's a little inappropriate, I can only think of this metaphor."

She licked her lips and took a deep breath. "You used to be a lover."

Joseph's expression was suddenly embarrassed, "Isabel."

"I'm absolutely not angry. It's just a metaphor to repeat it." Irish immediately said, "Those who can be your lover must be very beautiful or very sexy, in short, there must be one thing you like to maintain a long-term relationship with, am I right?"

Joseph was awkward.

Irish also expected that he would not respond, so she went on, "So the question you just asked me is like I'm asking you now, do you love your lover or do you love me?"

"You, of course." Joseph did not hesitate,

"How can I love her?"

"So, you just like your lover to a certain extent. It means a lot, basically, it means you don't hate her." Irish was bent on explanation and ignored Joseph's just firm expression of love, with her fingers on his thin lips. "Of course, Adam is different from your lover, but the truth is the same. Joseph, you are the first man who truly loved me. I love you so much, and I mean it."

Joseph was delighted by her being "the first man to love her truly," a gratification greater than any achievement in his career.

"I see." He hugged her tightly, lowering his head to peck her lips, and said, "Sorry, I won't ask that again."

Joseph really felt that he was a bit disturbing and also ridiculous that he had been self-sustaining, but he was led by the nose to go by Fredrick at that time. What he didn't tell Irish was that he went to her uncle's house and saw Fredrick. This man, who had been fighting with him from the very beginning, when he just knew Irish, had on the phone shown off. It had been still during his meeting with Irish to talk about her joining the Runestone Group. The tone of Fredrick was full of possessiveness, and Joseph was also a man who naturally could hear it out. But he never put Fredrick in his eyes. First of all, he would never let Irish know Fredrick's thoughts. Second, Irish would definitely not accept a good friend's boyfriend, so even though he had met Fredrick that day, he did not feel anything.

Fredrick also passed by her uncle's house and sent two bottles of wine. Joseph also left without finding out the whereabouts of Irish, and Fredrick saw him following.

The two of them did not have any language to intersect until he opened the car door, Fredrick threw over the sentence, "Adam is the first man to bring her happiness, he died, and you are at best his double."

At that time, he did not think of anything except feeling funny.

But Fredrick added such a sentence, "Adam's position in Irish's heart is what you can never replace. Because he died and disappeared, he will always live in Irish's heart. You are such a macho man, will you allow it?"

After saying this, Fredrick drove away with a sneer.

He stood in the wind for a long time.

So he was really angry when he couldn't reach her over and over again, couldn't find her at her place, and asked almost all the people who knew her, yet he couldn't find her.

But at that time, Irish was so quietly in his arms that he realized what he had done.

Irish did not know what he was thinking or what he had gone through but felt that what he had said filled her with happiness. She opened her red lips and bit his thin lips gently. "Then I'll add the last word," she said.

"What?" Joseph made his passiveness the initiative and said in vagueness.

She turned her head slightly away from his attack, and her beautiful eyes were full of earnestness, "Even if Adam really stands in front of me, I will not leave you."

Joseph smiled softly, took the initiative to attack her, bit her neck as if threatening but spoiling, "If you dare to leave me, try it, I'll make you live worse than death."

Irish smiled and went straight into his arms like a koala bear. "A fool just wants to leave you. You have so much money, and I love it so much. It's called a match. I'll stick to you even as a lover."