

Enchanted 515

Irish stared at him hesitantly and said after a long while, "Nonsense, I didn't meet Roy at all."

"He has gone out to have fun," Joseph replied frankly.

Irish thought for seconds and then understood what he meant. Though she felt helpless, she was still stubborn and asked, "Well, what about you? Did you have fun there?"

"Me?" He raised his eyebrows and then realized what she was talking about. "I remember that you came to bring me back. Right?"

Irish sneered and then replied, "Yes, it's me who came to bring you back in person, Mr. Dover."

He stared at her but found weirdness about her smile, so he continued to ask, "And then?"

"You are smart, and you know I still haven't finished my words." Irish got close to him, her lips almost attached to him, and added, "There was a sexy woman beside you."

Joseph was shocked by her words. "If she didn't call me with your personal phone, I would never know what you looked like when you leaned in another woman's arms." She didn't want to become such a woman who would always focus on the behavior of her boyfriend, and she also didn't want to make a punitive expedition against him every day. There were many cases to show that men always hated to be suspected by women, even if they did overstep the bounds, they would also dislike interrogation.

But now it really happened to her, and she couldn't be as sober as a bystander anymore. In fact, she had thought for a long time, and she also smelt on him for a long while when she changed the nightgown for him but found no woman fragrance or lover's bite on him, except for the shirt stained by lipstick.

She tried to persuade herself that he did not have sex with that woman, but when she opened her eyes in the morning, she was so eager to know what had happened to them last night. Did they go hand in hand or kiss each other?

The endless doubts suffused her mind that led to a headache.

Joseph stared at Irish, who smiled faintly while her question sounded serious and casual. He was about to explain to her that he didn't ask the woman to wait for him and told her that he missed her so much, even if he was drunk.

But he bit back his words when he perceived her casualness and her faint smile that displeased him.

He also remembered what happened last night and knew that she had come to him in the PUB and even argued with somebody there. Now he realized that it was the woman who called her, but soon displeasure surged up to him.

He thought she would quarrel with him and get angry because of that woman, and she would even make some unreasonable demands, but her calm attitude upset him.

"Really?" He held back his anger and smiled faintly.

He didn't explain to her, but Irish was completely shocked by his brief answer, and the smile turned rigidly. She drew back her eyes and continued to ask after a long while, "Do you think she is beautiful?"

Joseph adjusted his posture and replied, "No."

Her eyes were stained by slight gladness, but soon he added, "You should say she is young and beautiful."

She felt that her heart was broken after hearing this, and the pain spread all over her. Irish stared at him for a long time until she clearly felt the pain, and then her lips trembled, but she said nothing.

She wanted to ask him if he had a crush on her and also wanted to know if he thought she was better than her. But finally, she held back the words.

She kept silent but leaned closer to him subconsciously, trying to feel his warmth. She wanted to ask him to hold her tightly, not tell her the truth.

She was a coward even if she looked mighty before others, but in fact, she was outwardly strong but inwardly weak. She could ask him some unreasonable questions, but now she was timid and overcautious since she was afraid of the feeling of heartache.

She was never suspicious about his fondness for her, but she couldn't tolerate the bit of sand in her eyes, so she had to choose to shield the truth.

But obviously, Joseph misunderstood her silence. He reached out, pinching her chin with his slender fingers, and said, "If I tell you that I had sex with her last night, then what will you do?" He stared at her and asked word by word.

Her heart trembled while her breath turned rapid. He looked at her motionlessly and looked serious.

After a long while, she smiled softly and replied helplessly, "Joseph, stop joking." After finishing the words, she got out of bed.

Joseph stares at her back, and his eyes look dreary. There was a crystal lamp in front of the mirror, illuminating her face but also dazzling her eyes. She hastily washed her face at the moment her eyes turned tearful. The cold water soon beat back her desire to cry.

Why didn't she have the courage to ask him?

She could disguise her fear with a faint smile like just now, but she had to know the truth and to know if he lied to her, but she chose to escape the truth somehow.

The man's familiar voice sounded behind her, "If I really go to bed with other women, you won't care, right?"

His words gave her a shudder, and she bent over, looking at the swirling water flows and felt stuffy, but she was yelling in her heart.

Irish looked up abruptly, and from the mirror, she could find that her face was wet from the water. The pajama's color and the fabric in front of her chest were soaked with water, making her uncomfortable. She tried her best to calm down and then replied with a single word, "Yes."

But he did not reply to her anymore. Irish looked back at the washroom door but didn't find him there.

Joseph opened the sprinkler in the bathroom and stood under the shower while the water splashed on his broad, solid shoulders. The water ran down his throat and rushed down to his clavicle, chest, and tight belly. The bronze skin was shiny in the water.

But he looked severe there.

He leaned his head, letting the water drops slam on his cheeks.

His stern face looked even more well-defined while frowning, and his thin lips also pressed into a thin line, and his chin tightened.

Suddenly she held him from behind.