

Enchanted 554

She dared not say more because Mary's attitude was not good.

Steven came forward to break the awkward situation, "Lilith, you don't have to worry, I think in a period of time, he will come back."

"But his cell phone has been out of power, and I'm worried about him." Lilith looked at Steven with anxiety in her eyes.

Steven quickly explained, "It seems that this time the task is heavy. There have been so many times before, like this, it should be that he was not convenient to open his phone."

"I'm afraid he was in danger," Lilith said, biting her lips tightly.

Mary listened and shouted at the top of his voice. "What do you mean? You don't want my son to be fine, do you?"

"No, aunt, you misunderstand me. I don't mean anything else. I'm just too worried about Jay." Lilith was frightened to explain.

Steven pulled Mary and stopped her in a low voice, "What are you doing? It's only your voice loud, isn't it?"

Mary shoved Steven's hand and sat on the sofa, silent.

"I'm sorry, uncle. I really didn't mean that." Lilith was about to cry.

"I know, it's alright. Don't worry about it," Steven comforted her, "Jay usually does this when he's on a big mission. Just wait for him."

Lilith gently nodded.

Mary, on the sofa, could not help but throw out a sentence, "You are a lady of a rich family, how have you experienced these? Without that psychological quality, as soon as possible, break up with Jay. You are not matched."

Lilith was extremely embarrassed, and her face was red and then went pale.

"Alright, just say a few words." Steven ground his teeth while looking at his wife.

After Lilith left, Mary angrily shouted at Steven, "Your head was squeezed by the door? You were against their relationship before. Now, what's going on? Being so nice. What, are you going to agree with them?"

Steven held his breath, calmly saying to Mary, "The girl came to us, worried about our son's safety. You can't play a poker face again, can you? You should be happy if someone cares about our son. You can't slap a man who's smiling, can you?"

Mary gave a cold hum, "I see, but let me remind you, there's no good thing about the Lake's house!" She got up and went into the kitchen in displeasure.

Steven could not help but shake his head.

Irish finally got a good night's sleep.

She had a dream all night, but the nightmare was like a dog running away because of Joseph's embrace.

The next day, Joseph got up early, as always.

Through the turquoise sky, he could see that it was a clear day.

Irish woke up after his bath and laid in bed, holding his pillow, gazing lazily at Joseph, who had just walked out of the bathroom, and greeted him with a good morning.

Joseph kissed her forehead and began telling her not to surf the Internet, not to read boring reports, not to think about those photos, and to watch Jordan read books at home.

Irish nodded lazily, then wrapped her arms around his neck with a slightly expectant tone, "Do you have to go to the company today?" She feared that he would be in a disadvantageous situation. Yesterday's event will ignite shareholders' anger acting like cannibalism, devouring Joseph alive. Another disturbing thought was that Joseph had taken her away yesterday in blatant defiance of Henry's orders. Henry might be the first not to let him go.

Seeing her worry, Joseph gently smiled, "We should always face them stronger. There's no good hiding at home the whole day!"

"Well. Call me if something happens."

Joseph's lips were lifted, "I told you, don't worry about that."

Irish remained silent for a while and sighed, "All right."

"Your task is simple, to watch that boy."

Irish nodded.

After Joseph left, she fell asleep again. When she opened her eyes again, the sky was already bright.

She took the clothes she had worn yesterday, put them on, and stepped on her pajamas to the window when the curtains opened automatically, the light sunburst in.

Irish comfortably stretched out, facing the bright winter sunshine, and her bright cheeks could be called porcelain, which was almost transparently bright in sunlight.

In the bathroom, it still remained the fragrance of the usual bath liquid breath, light, full of male flavor.

She also used his bath liquid, and she liked the haunting smell as if he was gently hugging her.

After washing, Irish went into the living room.

The living room was very quiet, the sunlight illuminating the huge space, and in the air, tiny floating dust floated, showing here to be more warm and tranquil.

Irish was hungry, leisurely into the kitchen and simply heated the breakfast.

When everything was ready, glancing at the wall clock, she recalled, how could she haven't seen Jordan? Irish thought about it and turned to his bedroom.

Jordan's habit of sleeping at night without locking the door was something Irish had known, but for the first time ever, she had swaggered into his bedroom.

The guitar leaned askew in the corner of the bedroom sofa.

The thick curtains obscured the sun from the window, except for the dim light of the ground lamp.

The laptop was still on, the screen was dark, and only the indicator flashed.

Irish came forward, curiously clicking the touch board, and the screen lit up where web pages were opened. She looked closely and was amazed to find that it was all about the car.

It seemed that the boy really didn't forget about racing life.

Not far away was a custom-made four-meter bed. This was the bed that Joseph had changed. Once Irish also asked him why he wanted such a big bed for Jordan. He said that he slept uneasily at night and loved falling under the bed when he was young, so he had to order a big bed. And for so many years, Jordan was used to sleeping in a big bed.

Irish went to bed and looked at Jordan, who was two meters away from her. Thinking about it, she took something that could beat out the sound and shouted, "Jordan, get up!"