

## Enchanted 68

At the opposite side of the bar was a modular sofa beside which laid a cashmere blanket. At the armrests of the couch, there was a pair of trousers and a shirt, and that was the reason why Irish couldn't help laughing.

Stepping forward, she took his shirt with a snort. She was right that Joseph didn't go home last night; instead, he slept on the couch for the whole night. Irish looked around and walked to the wardrobe and was shocked when she opened it since the neat suit, various shirts, and casual trousers, as well as polo shirts, were hung there, but most of them were dark business suits. It seemed that he really regarded this place as his home.

In the drawer, different types of ties, some exquisite stick pins, and some cufflinks lay there quietly and in the cabinet below was a row of business shoes, without any casual shoes.

He really was a workaholic.

Shaking her head helplessly, Irish suddenly found the note on the teapot, where a message was written to her. 'Isabel, there is breakfast for you at the bar.'

It was a short message, in accordance with his style, but she was displeased by the initial address.

She was not in a hurry to eat, and then her eyes fell on the wardrobe.

Joseph was busy with his work in the morning. He had a brief conference with the headquarters and then dealt with several documents in his office. It was almost noon when he finished his work.

But there was still no movement in the lounge.

Closing his files, Joseph began to play with the pen in his hands as if he was absorbed in thoughts. When he finished his work, some pictures of last night began to flow into his mind.

A gorgeous young woman in a red skirt danced before the public, ostentatiously and recklessly, and attracted men's attention, including his. There were also many voluntary and enchanted women around him, even more enthusiastic than her, but he could easily tell from their eyes what they wanted from him. They were so eager for money, so they were willing to exchange it for their beauty.

But she was so different because he could find innocence in her eyes, pure but tenacious. She seemed to draw his attention deliberately, but at the moment when he pressed her down, he saw the tension and fear in her eyes clearly.

Maybe it was just her drunken talk and a little trick.

However...

He sneered, and he was impulsive to her. When he pressed her down last night, he was actually dominated by his strong physiological needs, the natural instincts of man. If he hadn't been so sensitive to capture the fear in her eyes, perhaps he would really do that to her.

He turned to the lounge with his heart beating quickly. She was still there, sleeping in the room.

Joseph took a deep breath, and the pent-up sullenness finally disappeared. When he was ready to deal with the next paper, the door of the lounge opened.

It was Irish.

Joseph knew she had just woken up since her long hair was still wet. Compared with her exquisite makeup last night, she wasn't done up at this moment. When the sun shone on her cheeks, her skin was almost transparent like egg whites.

Irish went out, stretching herself leisurely, and greeted him, "Hi, good morning."

The sunshine poured onto the ground while a beauty stood in the lounge. It should have been a beautiful morning, but Joseph frowned when he saw her.

"What are you wearing?"

Irish smiled gently and walked to his desk, then turned around liberally, "Obviously, it is a shirt." But after she added, "Oh, your shirt."

Joseph certainly knew that it was his shirt, plain and white. But it was weird when he saw Irish was dressed in it since it was too big for her. Moreover, though the length of the underside of the shirt covered her hip, her lower body was beaming in front of him. She wasn't wearing a skirt or long trousers at all. She stood there with her slender legs happily exposed to the air.

She had just showered, and her shirt was damp. From a distance, her silhouette was even clearer. She stood on the dark gray carpet barefoot, setting off her petite ankles.

Irish smiled when she saw his face collapse and stepped forward, leaning on the couch leisurely, and said, "I have no other choice since I can't wear the dress from last night. Do you mind if I wear your shirt? I promise I'll clean it and give it back to you."

"Find a pair of trousers in the lounge," Joseph frowned even more tightly.

Irish glanced at him and pouted like a child, "Your shirt is way too big for me, let alone your trousers."

Joseph held his breath as the strong morning desire rushed on his lower body by looking at her, "But where are your clothes?"

"Mr. Dover, you really have a great wit but bad memory. I changed my clothes at home." She walked to him with innocent eyes and added, "Do you think I want to wear your shirt?"

When she got close to him, a fresh fragrance suffused, and the smell of bath dew suffused in the air, which added a weird atmosphere to the room. It seemed that she was stained with his breath.

"Did you eat breakfast?" He didn't continue the topic; instead, he grabbed an envelope and opened it.

"No."

Joseph looked up at her.

Irish grinned and shrugged, "Anyway, it is lunchtime now; perhaps you could invite me for lunch."

"You want to go out in this shirt?" He motioned, and his eyes swept her body up and down.

"It is long enough for me."

"No way," Joseph frowned seriously.

Irish thought for a while and said, "It's weird to go out with a fishtail skirt. Then you'll have to come with me to buy clothes."

Joseph stared at her face, and finally, he closed the file in his hand and hastily said, "Then we'll go to the Manhattan Mall. It's not far away from here."

"Manhattan Mall? The clothes there are expensive."