

Enchanted 701

As she confirmed it was Irish, Mary began to chatter endlessly. "Irish, it is my fault. I always thought that you were happy since you often wore a smile, but I never cared about how you felt. How's it going? Joseph said that he would take you to a beautiful place to relax. Do you feel better right now? Irish, you have to be happy and safe. I promised your mother to take good care of you."

Irish's heart dropped as she heard the words from Mary, turning to Joseph, who still stared at her calmly. Irish knew that he had reached his goal, and now even her aunt believed in what he said.

"Aunt..." Irish said hesitantly. She turned back, trying to avoid his eyes, and then bit her lips. "I am fine. Don't worry about me. But don't trust Joseph."

However, as she finished her sentence, her leg was pinched, and the pain struck her suddenly.

It was Joseph. He reached out to pinch her.

"Ouch!"

"What's wrong with you, Irish? Are you okay?" Mary quickly asked on the other end of the phone anxiously.

"I am fine, aunt," Irish replied to assure Mary.

"Irish, be careful and take care of yourself. You have to trust me that everything will go with the wind. I know you are so bad that you did like that, but I also know that you didn't mean to, but we won't blame you for that. There is nothing more important than your happiness."

Irish was confused by Mary's words since she didn't know what had happened. "Aunt, what are you talking about? I don't understand.

Heaving a sigh, Mary continued, "Irish, you have to keep in mind that your uncle and I will always love you, so there is no need for you to undertake everything. Just talk with me if you feel sad. We will support you no matter what you want to do."

"Aunt, I am fine. Really, I am serious. But why don't you trust me? I..." explained Irish.

"Okay, okay. It is not a proper time to talk about this. I mean, I just want you to be happy. Well, let it go. It is a big day. We should be happy. Do you know we all miss you so much, Irish?" Mary uttered in a soft tone.

Irish's heart began to sink and turned cold. After a while, Irish then said again, "I miss you too, so I called you today."

"Be a good girl, Irish. Your uncle is not at home right now, and I will tell him when he is back. Now I am relieved as I know you are safe." Mary explained in a soft tone. Hesitating for a while, Mary then added, "Do you stay with Joseph right now?"

It was the third time Mary mentioned Joseph on the phone.

When did my aunt regard him as a part of my family?' Irish tried to figure out the answer in her mind.

"I..." Irish hesitated, looking into Joseph's eyes, and then replied with a frown, "Yes, I stay with him now."

"Well, give him the phone to Irish," Mary urged her.

"What?!" Irish was so astonished.

"I have something to talk about with him," Mary responded softly.

Although Irish was reluctant, she still handed the phone to him.

Joseph took over the phone while Irish was trying to get up. However, Joseph tightened his arms immediately, so she failed again and fell down into his arms again. Irish was so mad that she couldn't help beating his chest. Instead of stopping her, Joseph encircled her and did not lose his grip.

Irish also heard the words of her aunt Mary since she was so close to Joseph. "Joseph, please tell me the truth. How's she doing recently? She told me she is fine."

Hearing that, Joseph somehow looked so peaceful and handsome with deep eyes and a prominent nose.

Annoyed, Irish thought that this man was actually a devil. Irish had no idea what Joseph said to her aunt Mary, and she also tried to figure out why her aunt would utter strange words to her.

Irish stared at Joseph and waited for his reply. "Don't worry. I will take care of her. I promise you that she will be fine," Joseph responded politely yet calmly.

Joseph also kept gazing at Irish when he was talking, and when he finished his sentence, his hands slipped into her nightgown and soon covered her bosom, rubbing her sensitive nipple.

Shocked, Irish struggled to avoid his flirtation. However, she failed again and again. After all, he was much stronger than Irish.

"Well, when will Irish go back to New York? We are worried about her. She is alone outside, and we miss her so much. Today should be a big day for a family reunion, but she didn't come back, and even Jay didn't come back home," Mary said with a sigh.

"Don't worry, I said I will take care of her," assured Joseph in a sincere tone. Instead, however, his hand was fumbling her delicate bosom, rubbing her sensitive nipple continuously as if she was a doll for his leisure.

Irish kept struggling but soon became still as she heard the last sentence from Joseph. "Don't worry. I will take her back tomorrow, provided circumstances permit."

'Tomorrow?' Irish wondered.

"Tomorrow? That will be great! But I am still worried about her health," Mary sounded sad.

"That is why I said if circumstances permit," Joseph instantly responded while staring at Irish with a smile. His smile widened as he perceived Irish's astonishment. Joseph lowered his head, reaching out to unbutton her skirt while Irish's white skin was soon exposed in front of his eyes.

Getting closer to her, Joseph kissed her nipple abruptly, which stimulated Irish. She couldn't help trembling and almost groaned, her body tightening.

But Mary didn't know what happened, and she was so appreciative that Joseph could take care of Irish.

Although Irish was irritated, she could do nothing to resist him.

As they finished the call, Irish pushed Joseph away, removed his arms, and covered her naked body.

"Joseph, are you really a gentleman? Why do you bully a woman every day?"

Leaning on the couch, Joseph wiped his mouth with his thumb as if he tasted something sweet.

"Irish, remember that you are not a simple woman. Ordinary people can't cope with you. You are a psychologist, and I must prepare enough since I need to play a long-term battle with you," Joseph answered indifferently.