

Enchanted 757

When the car arrived in the district, they encountered a car. The people inside did not get out of the car, but in Adam's car's passing, Irish saw the car around through the windshield.

It was a Runestone car.

The driver of the Runestone was driving, and Daisy sat in the copilot. Irish's heart seemed to be gently knocked on by the hammer. The indescribable feeling was winding and clear, and her heart was a little flustered, and her breath began to rush.

Did he just get back from the airport?

Obviously, Daisy also saw Irish.

Through the windshield, Irish still saw Daisy's stunned expression.

But Adam did not know Daisy, the car just passed by. One went into the community, and another left the district.

When the car was parked, Adam suggested sending her upstairs. Usually, Irish would never agree to his proposal, but she inadvertently remembered the Runestone car shadow and Daisy's look. She meditated for a moment and then agreed.

When pressing the elevator, Irish's fingers trembled a little, and there seemed to be a faint wood fragrance in the elevator, which smelled good.

Opening the door, Irish stepped into the door, and the room had a masculine breath. His breath, with a faint smell of tobacco, mixed with familiar airflow.

She turned a blind eye on purpose, looked at Adam, and raised her voice. "Thank you for dinner tonight. I purchased tea a while ago. I gave you some as a gift."

Adam smiled and said, "It is enough that you ask me for a cup of tea."

Irish slightly raised her lips, but her ears quickly captured the closer footsteps in the gloom, calm and familiar. Before she could get back to him, the porch light was on.

He wasn't surprised, but Adam was scared to jump. He followed the light to see, but she found that there was a tall figure at the gate. The crystal light on the top of his head uniformly covered him so that every contour line of his face was bright, but only the eyes, the deep and dark eyes, were without every light.

And Irish also turned to look, and her heart inadvertently flipped and quickly returned to calmness.

It was him who came back.

Indeed, it was not long before he had come back, and he hadn't changed into his pajamas. He wore a white shirt and black suit trousers very succinctly, and the color was clear at a glance, but the calm look made people have to savor him carefully.

But soon, Joseph raised his lips slightly up. It was an iconic smile. He walked forward, glancing at Adam's face, and his eyes fell on Irish's face. His tone was also light and soft.

"We have a guest?"

Although Adam was regarded as a guest in his mouth, Joseph did not welcome the guests at all. His strong body directly blocked the door, his hands in his pockets, seemingly leisurely and elegant. He succeeded in forcing Adam not to enter the door.

Irish became an outsider and watched him coldly.

She admitted that she was despicable at that moment.

Adam quickly pressed back the surprise in his eyes. He looked at Joseph with a smile and reached out. "Hello."

"You are Irish's guest. As usual, you should be invited to come in and sit down, but I have just got off the plane and want to have an early rest at this time, so I am sorry. I will invite you back some other day." Joseph did not reach out to shake hands with him, still standing in the light, smiling. He gently said that, which sounded very polite with apologies, but something meaningful was hidden.

Adam was not stupid. He read out his words but also read the fact that he told himself that the two were now in a relationship.

Even if Joseph did not say that Adam could guess from the casual way he dressed. Although the man in front of him was dressed formally, the buttons at the neckline of the shirt were open, revealing a little chest, and the sleeves of the shirt were pulled up, revealing his arms, and there was still a faint trace of wearing a watch on his wrist, but there was no watch, indicating that he had taken it off.

Which man would be so casual when he went to a woman's house? What was more, it was Joseph. So this was where he lived.

Adam withdrew his hand, and his smile looked a little embarrassed. He looked at Irish, but he saw that Irish's eyes were bright and calm. He suddenly realized that no wonder she would agree to him going upstairs. Originally she was trying to let him give up completely.

"Irish, it's getting late, you... Take an early rest, too." Adam said this sentence when the voice was a little unnatural, although he was smiling, there was a sense of frustration in his eyes.

Irish gently closed her lips and opened, "I'm sorry."

Adam tried to squeeze out a smile but said nothing. He looked at Joseph, nodded to him, and Joseph also slightly nodded, then Adam left.

Closing the door, Irish bowed her head to change her slippers. She did not speak and went into the living room.

Joseph squinted slightly and followed.

After throwing the bag on the sofa, Irish turned a blind eye to the man sitting on the sofa and turned to go.

"Sit down," Joseph ordered without changing his face.

His voice was heavy as if he was suppressing the coming of a storm.

Irish looked at him coldly, did not retort, and sat down opposite him.

"Who allowed you to go out and have dinner with a man alone?" Joseph began to ask.

Irish raised her eyes and said in a very faint tone, "There seems to be no such rule you made, is there?"

Joseph's face changed. "I asked for your loyalty, too."

"Loyalty?" Irish smiled suddenly and did not go on.

The smile on her face hurt Joseph deeply, and the tone of displeasure and cynicism became more and more disagreeable. "Or are you suddenly in love with your duty now? I thought you said that he was just one of your clients."

"Joseph, I just had dinner with him. What's wrong with you?" Irish's tone was sharp, and she wanted to debate with him.

Joseph's fist clenched quietly, and the green tendons on the back of his hand protruded. Then, staring at her, he said word for word. "How dare you, you want to betray me. Do you have self-knowledge?"

Irish used to have at least some scruples about this man when she met him, but that day, her behavior of bringing the man home, in the eyes of Steven, was undoubtedly challenging his authority, and she had an affair in front of him!

Irish also said rudely, "Between you and me, is it necessary we must be loyal to each other?" She thought loyalty was mutual. He wanted her loyalty, so what about himself?