

## Enchanted 82

Joseph saw the pillow on the carpet as he entered. He reproached her in a low voice, "Are you a child? Why did you do such a silly thing?"

Generally speaking, at this time, the heroine in movies or a TV series would be very soft and lovely, pulling the corner of the hero's clothes and saying in a sweet voice, "Why didn't you care about me?" At least on a TV series, Irish had watched first-class stars would always act like that. But pitifully, she was just lucky to be the heroine, and her acting skills were not nearly as good as theirs. In addition, the important catalyst of Ruby was not here. As a result, it was extremely difficult for her to pretend to be soft and lovely.

So Irish's initial reaction was to press Joseph onto the wall and raise to look at him, snickering, "Willing to come back?"

Joseph didn't push her far, as if he was wondering what tricks she would play.

"How can you be in my room now? Ruby is not an idiot at all." Her body lifted up gradually, and the bridge of her nose was nearly attached to his lips.

"It seems that my concern is important." He frowned.

"Are you concerned about me?" Irish got the key point and immediately felt excited.

Joseph put his hands on her shoulder and pushed her away lightly, "Now that you are okay, please have a rest."

"Don't go." Irish suddenly felt courageous and embraced him from behind and murmured with a face attached to his back, "You don't love Ruby, do you?"

Joseph didn't move.

She walked around him and looked at his face to face. He could clearly sense that she limped.

"You left me and then came back. So can I just think that..." Her voice sounded hesitant but also courageous, "You like me, right?"

Joseph stared at her face tightly and seemed to find fault with her from her facial expressions. He knew that she was always bold, but this time her behavior in such a complex relationship did not appear to be her style.

"Keep silent? Then I suppose that you admit it." She giggled.

He turned to be helpless and stretched his hands to touch her head but then stopped, lowering his hand down, and said in a low but strong voice, "Stop playing tricks."

"I'm not playing a trick," Irish turned to be serious and embraced his neck by reaching her hand out, "I will not let you be reluctant. I only need to ask you, if I really like you, what will you do?"

"Isabel, I'm your brother-in-law." His eyes' expression seemed deep and serious.

"But could you just vow that you have no feelings for me?" Irish certainly asked, "If so, why did you take care of me while I was drunk? Why did you make sure of my safety at the airport? Why did you come here as you saw me wounded and felt nervous? Why not let me get together with someone and get married?"

Joseph felt speechless for the first time.

"You can't answer since you have no excuse," Irish stared at his eyes tightly.

Joseph kept silent for a great while and then pinched her chin, looking at her keenly, "What do you want me to say? Isabel, do not play such a game with me. You can't make it."

Irish felt nervous. Grasping her fingers, she found that there was sweat in her palms. She took a deep breath and looked at him boldly, "Joseph, I like you."

These words were so clear that they were like drops of ice water.

This sound might have been inaudible to others, but for Joseph, it was clear. At this moment, he felt the warmth that could even melt the icy layers and to the deepest place in his heart.

His eyes were placid and deep, as if they were going to penetrate through her heart and check the authenticity of her words.

Irish didn't avoid his eyes but accepted his checking stare, motionless. Her certainty would make it difficult for him to find out any fault.

"Of course, I don't like to argue with myself and would never get into hot water. Love is about two people, and I hate unrequited love. It's my own freedom to love you, and you could also make your own choice."

Perceiving his silence, Irish showed a faint smile and added, "I won't put all my eggs in one basket, and Leo is also a good man for me."

"Stay away from him," Joseph ordered with a cold voice.

A weird smile showed up on her face, and then she said, "I should do anything for my beloved selflessly, isn't it? Now that you have started a feud with Leo, perhaps I should be the peacemaker between you, and if I get married to him, you could bury the hatchet with him."

"Nonsense!" Joseph took her into his arms and frowned tightly.

"Ah..." Irish screamed with her face distorted.

Joseph was astonished by her screaming and realized that he had hurt her wounded legs. A distressed feeling flashed across his heart while Irish pretended to complain to him with a soft voice. "It really hurts. Would you mind being careful?"

He was amused by her words and laughed. But Irish was shocked and said, "It turns out that you know how to smile."

"You are a really silly girl!" Joseph embraced her tightly.

Looking up at him for a while, Irish suddenly kissed his lips quickly before he could make a response to her. Then she giggled, "You are really charming when you smile."

Her sweet kiss disturbed his silence, moving his lips slightly, which could still feel her soft kiss. Before Irish could look through him, Joseph picked her up and walked into the bedroom directly.

"What are you doing?" Irish shouted in surprise, and her whole body stiffened violently.

Putting her on the bed, Joseph sat down on the bed and then looked at her with a weird expression that made her feel flurried.

"Once again, don't play with fire," He said with a low voice as if trying to warn her.