

Enchanted 88

It sounded like he was still slightly drunk from his low voice.

The light reflected off the water drops on her startled face. When she ensured that Joseph had left, she rushed to the door, closing it, relieved.

Irish was shocked by him since she thought he was already drunk and couldn't move. However, now she was out of the mood to keep bathing, and after rushing for the shower handle, she put on the home clothes and then walked out of the washroom.

Joseph was still lying on the bed with a thin blanket covering him. He seemed to hear the movement from Irish and asked with his eyes closed, "What time is it?"

Irish, who was considering laying down on the couch tonight, rushed to him and said wrathfully, "It's half-past one o'clock in the morning."

"Give me some water." His profound voice sounded magnetic.

Clenching her teeth, Irish thought he really called her an assistant, but she had to refrain from her irritation since he had drunk too much for her. Then she handed over a glass of water to him.

Opening his eyes, Joseph sat up slightly and began to drink water. It was not until he gulped the whole glass of water that he said to her with an astonished tone, "Isabel, why are you there?"

Perceiving that he started to wake up, Irish sat down on the bed directly. "Bowen only booked a suite for you." She said impatiently as if she was trying to condemn him.

Joseph was shocked by her words, but soon he comprehended what she meant. Looking at her with his bleary eyes, he smiled gently and said, "Perhaps he misunderstood."

"Well, then don't make him feel disappointed." Irish sneered and added, "Before leaving, he exhorted me repeatedly to take care of you." She said with her teeth gnashed.

It didn't matter that he was drunk, but why did he just barge into the washroom when she was taking a shower?

Would he forget what he had seen just now tomorrow?

"I'm sorry. I'll book you another room now." Joseph was about to stand up, but he was still slightly drunk and was a little unsteady. She could tell from his expression that he was trying to stay awake.

Irish was afraid that he would fall and hastened to hold him and sighed slightly. "Well, there is no room available now, so stop messing about. I'll sleep on this bed."

Joseph raised his eyebrows.

"Are you scared? As a woman, I don't even worry about it, and what are you afraid of?" She was about to make fun of him suddenly and poked his chest with one of her fingers. "The bed is comfortable, and how could you make me sleep on the couch? Of course, you can choose to sleep there if you are shy. But I think it doesn't matter since it is not the first time we slept in a bed together."

Joseph felt itching on his chest and couldn't help but catch her hand and smile, "It is you who should worry. I got drunk, but I'm a conscious man now."

His breath was burning hot, itching her fingers and disturbing her mind. She withdrew her hands hastily and took a pillow on the other side of the bed, and said, "I don't think you will do that. Good night." Then she turned off the lamp on her side.

The room was getting even darker and was fused with the smell of alcohol and woody notes.

Lying there back to him, Irish closed her eyes but was swift to hear, just like a blind man with excellent acuity. Lying there motionlessly, she was trying to catch every tiny movement from the man beside her.

Suddenly, she felt the other side of the bed sag, and the smell of alcohol and the man's hot body was closer to her. Her heartbeat quickened.

However, he didn't do anything to her. Instead of going to the living room, he lay down beside her again. The dark shadows were reflected on the walls, which were indistinguishable.

It was dreary in the room.

It was a peaceful city without hullabaloo and clamor.

The faint light blurred their faces, but their breath and heartbeats were still clear.

Hearing her fast heartbeat, Irish felt a little anxious, as if her heart was going to jump out.

There was no slight movement behind her, but the masculine atmosphere stained with alcohol was clear, which surrounded her, which made her feel he was sleeping against her.

It was true that this was not the first time they had slept in a bed, but they were in a situation where they were dead drunk. And now it was the first time when he was drunk while she was awake. She had to admit that she was a little bit nervous and repellent.

After a long time, Irish finally heard his steady breath.

Was he asleep?

Turning back her head cautiously, Irish could see the side of his face under the faint starlight. He was squinting and lying on the other side of the bed motionlessly that was not far from her, and she could even touch him when stretching her hands.

It seemed that he had fallen asleep, and then Irish turned around securely with a comfortable posture. Now that he had fallen asleep, she could relieve herself without any misgivings.

But when she just turned around, the man's deep voice sounded, "Don't move."

Irish was startled by his sudden words with her body frozen and stared at him with vigilance. He still looked peaceful with his eyes closed, making her think he didn't speak to her just now.

Irish wouldn't ask him what he said, but it was not comfortable to be frozen there.

Unexpectedly, at the moment when she was turning back, she felt the man's strong chest suddenly pressed against her back which frightened her as solid as a wooden chicken.

"I told you, don't move. Why do you move around when you are sleeping?" Joseph said with his magnetic and deep voice beside her ears, which sounded even more enchanting since he was still slightly drunk.