

Enchanted 89

"When did I move around?" For no reason, Irish was perturbed and resorted to acting. She also wanted to move away from his hands that overlaid her waist.

"What do you say?" Instead of moving his arms, he tightened around her, embracing her into his arms, and smiled softly.

His magnetic voice warmed into her heart while his thin lips rubbed her earlobe unintentionally. He murmured something to her that sounded sentimental.

The man's hot breath lingered in her ears.

Her rational consciousness, which she was proud of, began to collapse.

"Move over. Don't stick close to me. I feel hot." It was really hot, and Irish felt she was on fire. It seemed that Joseph's chest that pressed against was like boiling hot water igniting some strange feelings inside her.

However, Joseph pressed by her side, his lips remaining at her forehead, and his hands moved from her waist onto her underbelly, with his slender fingers rubbing slightly. "Isabel, I've told you I'm not drunk, and I'm conscious."

It was easy to tell from his voice that he was restraining himself.

The lingering kisses of the man were tender, whose hot breath was mixed up with the liquor fragrance, stirring the originally quiet floating air. When his breath fell on her ears, she could even hear its heaviness.

The first thought that occurred to her was to give him a strong punch!

Though from this angle, it was hard. But she really did it.

As soon as she reached out her hand, Joseph reached for her wrists as if he had expected her intention, and she suddenly put forth her strength, and so did he. So he still clasped her firmly to his bosom. She heard his low laughter, which replaced the usual silence, but it was contaminated with the tease in drunkenness she had never seen.

"Don't you know that a man who is drunk is stronger than ever?"

Irish hated his playful tone, so she reached another hand to push him away, but then fell into his trap and was again caught by the man.

She turned her head and glared at the man above her head. "Even if you're not sleepy, I want to sleep."

Her protest did not receive a response from Joseph.

He did not move and stared down at her face for a moment. There was a faint light on his cheek, reflecting his sharp angles. His eyes became deeper like the sea under the night, boundless and black, which had an undercurrent if you looked carefully.

Her heart suddenly fluttered, not because of surprise, but more like a leak of her heart. And then an infinite fluster followed, like wild weeds growing rapidly. And she had no way to stop it. In previous times, he'd stare at her, but most of them were so calm that she could not see his intentions and thoughts. But this time, she was uneasy.

She was trapped in his arms, and her wrists were imprisoned by one of his big hands. She could only make a strong protest, "Joseph, if you want to go crazy, please go away. I am really sleepy, and I really want..."

Without saying that, Joseph's body was pressed against her. This time he pressed her firmly under his body. Her hands were put forcefully over her head. His other big hand gently went up along her neck, and his slender fingers fell on the top of her brows, softly touching them.

Like a feather caressing her cheek, Irish suddenly felt absent-minded, only feeling that the man was so gentle and treated her like treasure. Her long eyelashes slightly trembled, forming a beautiful scene with her surprised eyes.

Joseph spoke in a low voice, "Do you love me?"

The man's breath fell on her forehead, cool and comfortable, but his words startled her. Her heart nearly popped out. His eyes were burning like in drunken bewilderment. It was more like a very sensible sobriety. For a moment, she did not know how to answer him, subconsciously trying to avoid his gaze.

But Joseph obviously did not intend to give her the possibility of escape. Reaching over her face, he ordered her to look into his eyes, asking again, "Tell me, do you love me?"

His breath smelled drunk, but his tone was so serious that he seemed to be waiting for an answer, but Irish thought that Joseph was no longer as steady and introverted as he used to be. He used to dismiss her tease with a laugh or, at best, frowned and warned her not to make any mischief. But he seemed to change tonight, and his perseverance, like a sharp knife, tried to cut through her heart and take a look at it.

She had never lied to him.

But Joseph still insisted, pressing his head down until his forehead was close to her. His thin lips, intentionally or not, touched the corners of her lips, softly whispering, "Tell me the truth, Irish."

Irish's heart was thoroughly disturbed by his breath, not knowing whether it was too quiet or the man was too close to her, she felt her eardrums buzzing, and her heart lifted up into her throat.

"I...I really love you," She feared that it was only a temptation, then her lies would be ruthlessly exposed.

She never admitted how perfect she was. On the contrary, she knew how selfish and petty she was, and she had always been used to describing her life as laissez-faire so that she could be happier.

So she hated the feeling of being exposed on the spot!

It was like forcing her to take off her clothes and stand in the limelight. She could not allow herself to be so embarrassed.

When she answered the question and read the smile in the man's eyes, she realized that she would reap what she had sown.

"Okay," Joseph's face approached suddenly.

She thought he would kiss the corner of her lips.

He slightly slanted her head, and his thin lips landed on her forehead. The hot breath almost melted her skin. At this moment, Irish heard the crazy beating of her heart, which hit her chest like a cannon.

She wanted to reach out to touch him and to prove whether it was her own heartbeat or whether it was his.