

Enchanted 111

Her hand still pushed against his chest and was still weak, but she could feel the strong beating of his heart; thus, her palm trembled with the note.

Their breath mixed with each other, just like their lips and teeth.

The moon blurred their shadows. Irish nearly melted into the man's arms.

After a while, Joseph released her, and his forehead was kept close to hers, palm covering her face. His voice became lingering and soft, "Has that man ever kissed you like this?"

Irish's brain still kept blank, and she didn't realize whom he referred to.

While he was also afraid of her sudden answer, he kissed her again and continued to be mighty.

"Ah..." Irish finally had reactions. As she opened her mouth, he grasped the opportunity and entwined his tongue with hers again.

"You hurt me...."

Her little complaints made Joseph retract his kiss. He saw that her chin was red, so he touched his own chin and found that there was fresh stubble. Seeing that she was a little angry, he had to smile without any aid.

"You are a robber," She was regretful about her absent-mindedness.

Joseph looked at her lips that he had just kissed, and it was added to his smell. At the thought of this, he became especially happy and couldn't help touching her lips tenderly, saying in a soft voice, "You were a robber in the past."

Upon hearing it, Irish's face blushed.

"So you want to retaliate against me?"

"No." Joseph became serious suddenly, holding her face and threatening her to look at him, "The reason I kissed you is so that I am clear about my own thoughts and thus my actions. So what about you?"

Irish was confused.

"Isabel, you are so clever enough that you should be clear about my intentions." Joseph still touched her cheek, "I do not want to make any promises. So the key is you. Do you trust me?"

Irish raised to stare at him, asking with a trembling and questioning voice, "Seriously?"

"I have no time to play such a game, and it is also unnecessary." He stared at her seriously, "As said, love is luxurious, and you shouldn't touch it if you have no capability to possess it. Once I possess it, I will take it sincerely and seriously."

Irish felt very lost and absent-minded.

"Give me an answer after your consideration." Joseph embraced her with his chin touching her head and sighed lightly.

"Is it very important?" She asked in a low voice, "Since you are already married to Ruby, what else do you want? It is silly for me to have a relationship with a married man."

Joseph held her tightly again. He didn't answer her question directly but said, "I am after your thoughts. It is very important to me whether I am reliable in your eyes. As for something else, you just need to take it over to me." Then he pulled her away slightly and lowered his face to look at her, saying word for word, "That is to say, if we really possess love, what I want is your willingness."

She was immersed in his seriousness and was absent-minded again. Joseph didn't say much but held her tightly once again.

Their two shadows lengthened under the moonlight.

While far away, Leo was standing there and looking at them, feeling hurt and lost.

Love always plays tricks on people. Sometimes the true meaning of a touch or a kiss can only be understood with much experience.

Lilith sat on the flower bed outside Nordstrom. She wore a pair of exaggerated sunglasses. The white dress made her skin softer, just like cotton wool. She felt bored since she had been there for a long time, and she raised her wrist to look at the time continuously.

After nearly half an hour, she stood up suddenly as she saw the patrol wagon stop at the roadside, waving hands excitedly to the man who was pushing the door open.

Jay saw Lilith as he got out. Such a tiny slim girl regarded him as her savior. He felt sorry for her.

"Finally, you came," Lilith rushed forward to hold Jay's hand, just like a helpless kid.

Jay came from the police station directly after receiving her call asking for help, so he didn't change his uniform, which made him look tall and mighty even if he just stood there. He didn't release her hands but asked, "Did you see any suspicious guys?"

Lilith shook her head immediately.

"Since young girls like you tend to pay no attention to others, thieves like to choose you as targets."

Lilith found that her purse had been stolen by someone while shopping. It might have been stolen when she tried on new clothes and left them outside casually. She had to call Jay at the management office.

"So, what should I do?" She asked anxiously.

"How much cash was there in your wallet?"

"Not much. I planned to pay by card. But there were some credentials and cards, and it will be very difficult to get them back." Lilith told him the truth.

Jay looked at the sun and the sweat on her forehead. He thought for a while and said, "Wait for me in the patrol wagon."

"Hey, where are you going?" She pulled his arm at once.

"I'm going to find the manager to ask for the monitor video. There is air conditioning in the wagon, and you can wait for me in it." Then Jay walked into the mall straightforwardly.

Lilith sat in the wagon obediently.

The driver was called John and always followed Jay. He smiled at Lilith and said, "Hey, girl. It is a waste of talent to let Jay help you to find your wallet."

Lilith felt sort of embarrassed.

While John still smiled, "It doesn't matter. As it is often said, a hero will do everything for a beauty. Jay is a single man, so it is not difficult to imagine."

Lilith felt even more embarrassed and blushed.

About forty minutes later, Jay came out of the mall. Lilith immediately helped to open the door, and then he entered the backseat directly, along with the hot air outside. He smelt a light citrus fragrance that didn't belong to the wagon but to the girl beside him.

He was absent-minded for a while.

"How's it going?" Lilith asked lightly.

Jay took out his phone, "Don't worry." Then he dialed a number and then said to John, "Drive to the Lower East Side."