

Enchanted 125

She wore Victoria's Secret pajamas with her hair hanging down.

"Come in," She kept her head down and settled herself on the sofa in the living room without much emotion.

Joseph entered the door, closed it, and put the car key on the shelf of the door. He came to her, sat down, and reached for her forehead.

She did not move and stared at him with her big eyes open.

"You don't have a fever," He took back his hand and seemed relieved.

Irish nodded lazily.

"What's wrong with you?"

"My head, heart, body, hands, and feet, everywhere. I'm uncomfortable everywhere," She muttered a word.

Joseph can not help laughing in a low voice, "Who made you angry?"

She winked without answering.

"Where were you when you called me?" He knew that she had not been home.

Irish thought about it and got up from the sofa again. "Wait here." Then she went up the stairs.

Joseph was confused, but he also felt at ease. He was in a meeting when she called, and her voice was weak, like a cat whose tail had been cut off, and then she whispered to him that she was uncomfortable.

At the end of the meeting, he hurried over to her. There was so much traffic that he had run several red lights and only hoped that she would not be ill or have a high fever.

It seemed that she was not in a good mood.

He sat on the sofa, and he looked around, not surprised. The room was decorated with a fantastic style, so black and gray would not exist. There was a green sofa, blue lake carpet, a red wooden chair, and a modern lamp, but also a '40s bucket cabinet and an old telephone. In a word, it looked like a vivid color collision.

There was also a huge picture on the wall, black and white, but oddly integrated with the environment elegantly. Joseph looked at the woman in the picture, and pain flashed in his eyes.

There were several books on the coffee table, he picked up one about psychology. As he was preparing to put it down, he inadvertently scanned a corner of the picture underneath and took the book away, only to find that there were a lot of pictures.

He picked up the photos, seeing them one by one, and his originally gentle lips gradually stiffened, quietly infected with cold. His thick eyebrows slightly frowned, forming sharp lines.

When Irish came downstairs, she saw this scene. She hummed in her heart but did not say anything about it. Irish went forward and sat lazily beside Joseph, passing a delicate box to him, temporarily obscuring his sight.

"What?" Joseph did not understand.

"Open it and see it," Irish leaned against him and looked up, smiling close to him.

Joseph temporarily put down the photos, took the box, and opened it. It was Givenchy's pair of delicate cufflinks, a simple and gorgeous design. He raised his eyebrows, and she reached for his arm, "I saw it this afternoon. I feel it is quite suitable for you?"

"These cost a fortune."

"What are you talking about?" Irish's voice was so sweet that she pounded his chest with her fists, so the distance between them was closed.

But Irish's intention to approach was not rejected by Joseph, who smiled and let her pound and caress his arms. Instead, she struggled symbolically for a little while, then acted like a soft cat in his arms.

"Do you like it?" She held up a cufflink and whispered softly at him.

Joseph looked down at her, and his low voice softened. "I like it." This likeness included too much, as she was the only one in his eyes at the moment.

She was clever and aware of his true meaning and did not pretend to ask him how much he liked it. Then she took the cuff and was ready to put it on him, but he stopped her.

She was puzzled and looked up at him.

"Fool, I am afraid to hurt you," He gave an explanation with a smile.

Irish was startled because of his smile but also because of his thoughtfulness. Her heart had a trace of hesitation and inadvertently eroded her determination.

"I promise to wear it at work."

"You promised, and you must keep your word," Irish smiled again.

She was in his arms again, with her face attached to his chest, listening to the sound of the man's heartbeat and breathing his enchanting wood fragrance. But the eyes of her smile gradually converged with a glimmer of cold, staring at the cuff on her fingertip.

She may, at some point, just want to be an ostrich and bury her head in the sand, but it doesn't mean being bullied and blind. She bought the pair of men's cufflinks when Shirley Lake talked about how good her son-in-law and daughter were. She stepped out of the fitting room and walked past her and went to the men's section, pointed at a pair of cufflinks casually, and said to the clerk, "Show me this."

It was not difficult to skim Shirley Lake's embarrassed look, she was surprised and hesitated at the cufflinks in her hand.

She was sneering, and Shirley's sharp look was like a color palette. What would happen if she saw the cufflinks in Joseph's cuffs?

Irish felt happy when she thought of the possible scene in the future. Before she smiled, he asked. "Are you feeling any better?"

She raised her eyes, and he bowed his head, their eyes intertwined. Her eyes were clear, and his eyes filled with concern.

Irish nodded slightly, gently pulled his big hand, and played with his slender fingers. At the next moment, his big hands were tucked away and clasped with her slender fingers.

"Can you tell me now who has looked for you?" He sighed.

It was the first time for him to be led by her. Irish was like a child who amused him, making him anxious to think she was sick, but she was not. She just wanted him to wear the cufflinks she bought. He had never received a woman's gift because it was weird to take it. But he was more than happy with the gift and her active snuggling.