

Enchanted 126

He did not want to blame her for wasting time, for when she took the initiative to stay in his arms, he found that his heart, which had been empty for a long time, was finally filled with tenderness.

He should have pushed her away or warned her not to play with fire until he knew his feelings. But men are always selfish, not to mention the desires of a gentleman like him, and once he had tasted it, the desire to possess her became stronger.

He was unable to do so.

Irish smiled and looked up from his arms and pressed his cheek very closely.

"What do you think of the photos? I think they look good."

"If I had the time, I'd rather shoot a set with you than be snapped sneakily," Joseph said meaningfully and closed his arms to hug her tightly, "If you really feel better, you should not be uncomfortable about it."

She was not a casual person or, in some cases, even extremely cautious, such as with her thoughts and emotions. He could see it because she deliberately let him know that.

Irish looked at him from the side, "Who do you think shot those?"

"Anyone who knows me could have done it." He smiled lightly.

Irish was wise to hear the other meaning in his words, "So, this is not the first time you've been shot sneakily?"

"Why are you struggling with this question?" Joseph couldn't help caressing her face.

"Because," Irish held his neck and smiled. "I was wondering, who was the last woman who had the honor to be together with you in a picture? Did you want her to meet your physical needs, or was she your regular lover?"

Joseph felt a little confused.

Irish sighed deliberately and said, "In fact, I was wrongly criticized by others. Those women who had been exposed in public had love affairs with you, and they were truly your lovers. However, I am just an outsider, snapped clearly in these photos."

"You should be a lawyer," Joseph didn't know how to refute her and felt helpless, "I am so busy with my work that I barely have time to sleep. So I don't really have time for many lovers."

"But you still had your fixed lover," She mumbled. Joseph didn't talk anymore and stared at her, smiling.

Irish realized that she was being too aggressive, so she just lowered her head and added, "I mean, I was just wrongly thought of as your lover."

And Joseph held her, touching her cheek, and said in a low voice, "Hey, woman, do you want to be my lover?"

At first, Irish didn't get the point, but then she understood when she sensed Joseph's smile. She suddenly blushed.

Joseph laughed at her look and then murmured beside her, "In the past, I had a fixed lover, but you can be assured that I have never had sex with her."

Irish felt itchy in her ears. Joseph's warmth and words made her feel shy and excited. She understood what he was saying. She had just casually mentioned the word "lover," but he enlarged its meaning jokingly, she thought. She stared at him when he suddenly looked serious.

But surprisingly, she also raised a question lack of consideration, stupidly asking, "Why didn't you have sex with her?" As this question blurted out, she was astonished by her own silliness and then felt extremely shameful.

However, Joseph turned to her face and said both fictitiously and sincerely, "It's because that I will only have sex with someone I love."

Irish felt stressed and moved by him, pushing him away in a conditioned response.

Joseph looked at her with a half-smile.

She got the point of his words but was made nervous by his joke. So she immediately looked somewhere else and dared not to look straight into his eyes.

It was all because she felt afraid.

As for what she was afraid of, she herself had been seeking the answer.

Especially at night, when she lay on her bed, she would think of the feeling of being nestled in his bosom. It was a sense of security and comfort that she had never felt before. This feeling was so strong that it was as if the bosom belonged to her originally.

She was perplexed by this kind of feeling, and gradually she understood that what she was afraid of most was a sense of attachment.

She was afraid that she would rely on him.

She was also afraid that she would long for his breath.

She was more afraid that she would pine for his thoughtful comfort and charming smile.

What she was afraid of most was that this kind of attachment would go bad and finally become something she could never abandon.

This thought was like an alarm bell that could be knocked at any time, making her nervous and restless. Did she underestimate Joseph? Actually, every single woman would be drawn in by his charm and capability. On the one hand, he promised sufficient time for her, and he treated her in a patient and soft way. He would never restrain his love for her, and he never forced her to make responses at once. Actually, he just stood there, silently but sometimes forcefully. All these behaviors made her feel restless and helpless.

She sadly found that it had been a long time since she had thought of Fredrick.

She didn't expect this kind of feeling since it would blur her thoughts and determination.

She didn't know what he was waiting for. Waiting for the time when she had a clear idea about her emotions? Or had he known about her intentions to retaliate against the Lake family? If his thought was the former, then what waited for her was a great storm. But if it was the latter, maybe she could still survive by giving up her plan as soon as possible.

Seeing that her eyes didn't focus on anything, Joseph knew that she was absent-minded again, so he frowned and reached out his hands, holding her into his bosom as if grabbing a kitten. Finally, she recovered from her thinking and said unhappily, "You hurt me."