

Enchanted 127

"You would not have noticed me unless I had hurt you," He reproached.

Irish smiled with her lips closed lightly.

"Okay, do not be angry. What did Ruby tell you?" He stared at her.

She was confused for some time. Joseph seemed to get some points that even she didn't realize. He thought that she was angry with his fixed lover mentioned before.

"It seems that only Ruby knows that you have had a fixed lover before," Otherwise, he would not have thought of Ruby immediately.

Joseph said in a low voice, "I mentioned it before."

Irish seemed to be thinking of something, but soon she hid her thoughts in her eyelashes. And then, as she raised her head, she appeared to be exceedingly fascinating and charming, "Your wife warned me that I should leave you."

Joseph raised his eyebrows upon hearing these words.

She also looked straight into his eyes.

"I suppose that she didn't win since you are so eloquent," He smiled lightly.

"You know what; you make me feel that you really want two women to have a quarrel over you." Irish got closer to him and smiled.

Joseph tightened his arms, letting her entwine herself with him like an octopus, "Nobody in the world hopes that."

"So you are so confident that you can get along well with two women at the same time?" There were just several centimeters between her lips and his. And her voice was as soft as a marshmallow.

Joseph was obsessed with her fragrant and sweet smell, so he just said with a smile, "I don't have much time, so I only want one woman."

She escaped his look, "So do you want me to leave?"

She gave the initiative to Joseph.

Joseph didn't answer quickly, so she looked up to him, waiting for his answer casually and seriously.

It was silent.

There was only the sound of the clock, click by click, which meant that time passed by second by second. The past silence seemed to battle against the softness of the present.

Joseph raised his hands with fingers touching her face, looking at her deeply. His eyebrows returned down, and he said, "No, I don't."

Then he lowered himself and kissed her lips.

As his thin lips attached to hers, she sniffed the smell of wood. Irish's rationality immediately went away with the clean smell.

She intended to grasp for control but only could grab his bosom. Joseph pulled her hands behind his neck and made them surround it. His kiss was lingering and emotional, just like in Pennsylvania. This was their second kiss.

She had never told him that it was the first time she was ever so close to a man on that night.

He was experienced, so he could lead her and drive away her reason time and time again. But he was also greedy, and that was why he had the impulse and power to swallow her into his drowning desire.

Irish only found herself deeply immersed in it, though she struggled to escape. Soon, Joseph's kiss fell on her chin and neck. She originally thought that he would continue to plunder, but he kissed her earlobe again, murmuring, "Isabel, don't think too much. Just let it be my turn."

These words were like the heaviest promise, which pressed her so much.

"I hate the name 'Isabel,'" She chose another topic.

Joseph burst out in laughter, and deep in his eyes, there was obvious favor. He kissed the tip of her nose and then said in a low voice, "Such a silly woman. I never call you by your name. 'Isabel' is my nickname for you."

She suddenly understood and was surprised.

She was filled with a mixed sense of warmth and sorrow. This time she was reluctant to get out of it.

Irish was still asleep when Jay called her. On the phone, Jay's voice was serious, Irish, is one of your clients named 'Bernert'?

Irish was still sleepy, and without much consideration, she just murmured, "Yeah."

"The dismemberment case you asked about before has really occurred, and your client was in a spot at that time." Jay's voice was as cold as the rain in winter.

Irish sat up immediately from the bed, long hair drooping down.

She drove her jeep westward madly to the address given to her by Jay, and finally, she arrived at the foot of the Gate Village after 3 hours and found several police cars there.

It was raining, and the mist was like an unbreakable gauze curtain. It was not until Irish drove to the foot of the mountain did she find that there was a well-conditioned villa that the police had blocked off. Outside the villa, there was a canopy over the spot.

Irish knew that the location where the canopy was set was the crime scene.

A police officer recognized Irish and then called Jay. Then they entered the villa together.

"Where is Bernert?" Having no time to look around, Irish posed her first question upon entering.

Jay appeared to be awake and passionate, though he had not slept for several days. "He has been beside the body, unwilling to go no matter how much we tried to pull him away. So we had to call you."

"Take me to where he is."

"Hey, Irish..." Jay stopped her immediately, "It will be better to take Bernert here. You'd better not go there."

Irish stared at him, "Are you kidding me? He is my patient. So just take me there."

Jay had to follow her words without other tricks.

It was terrible to see the scene of a fragmented bloody body. Bernert was kneeling down beside the body, motionless with a dull expression on his face.

It was just at the site where the canopy was set that she had just passed by.

The meadow beside the canopy was wet, and inside, the canopy was filled with a pungent smell of carrion mixed with that of the rain. It was disgusting. Bernert knelt down outside the warning line and watched the legal, medical experts, and investigators obtaining evidence. His cracked lips trembled heavily. Irish walked forward, seeing the clouds of carrion dug out from the soil. She tried her best to resist the temptation to vomit and said to Bernert calmly, "Is this scene the same as in your dream?"

Her voice was like the gospel from heaven, and Bernert turned around at once. Recognizing that it was Irish, he stood up and pulled her hands tightly with great terror, "Doctor Irish, I dreamt of this woman. It was her! It was her! She really died. This woman in reality died...and was dismembered...."