

## Enchanted 147

Irish was really moved. She really had lost a lot, but there were still people for her to care about: her uncle, aunt, and Jay, as well as her lovely and stubborn friend Cassie.

The doorbell rang in the living room, sounding rather harsh in such a quiet atmosphere.

Mary popped her head out from the kitchen while Cassie stood up to open the door. Because of the carved hallway, Irish couldn't see the visitor but heard Cassie's voice sounding surprised.

Feeling strange, Mary walked to the door. Irish also heard her voice asking, "Who are you...."

"Hello, I came here for Irish."

It was the man's voice, familiarly low and mellow, making Irish feel astonished. The light in the living room was turned on, and she raised her hands to block the strong light. Then, through her fingers, she saw a man's tall figure.

As Joseph entered the living room, he saw Irish kneeling down on the floor. Her hair that hung to her shoulders made her face seem even paler. He was startled and immediately went forward, but Mary stopped him. She asked, "Who are you?" According to her sixth sense, she felt this newcomer was an unlucky omen.

"I'm Joseph. I'm here to take Irish away."

He introduced himself and stated his intentions. Irish looked at him at a loss.

"Joseph?" Mary frowned and murmured. "You're Joseph? No, I can't let you take Irish away. Leave quickly. You are not welcome here."

Cassie was anxious beside them. She looked at Joseph and then Irish. She didn't know whether to help Mary or just let Joseph do what he came to do. Caught tightly by Mary, Joseph could not come forward in time.

Naturally, he could not do anything irreverent to the elders but looked at Irish and said seriously and sincerely, "Follow me."

Irish felt touched.

Hearing some noise, Jay came out of the kitchen and was confused to see Joseph there. Then subconsciously, he stood in front of Irish.

"Leave quickly. Do not contact Irish." Mary hated Joseph because of Shirley.

"I need to have a talk with Irish," Joseph said truthfully and sincerely, looking at Mary.

Mary became a little surprised as she looked at Joseph, sighing after a great while, "You do not have any acceptable topics to discuss, so just get out quickly. If her uncle finds out that you came here, there will be a fight. Go away quickly." In the past, she had really hated this man, but when she met him, his seriousness and calmness made Mary feel that he was not simply a playboy, especially when he was talking just now. The expressions in his eyes seemed to be firm and powerful, as well as his voice.

Although she was now just a housewife, she had experienced a lot, and she began to feel that their relationship was not as simple as two people in a frivolous love affair.

Joseph was unwilling to go; however, seeing Mary and a weakened Irish, he felt worried and anxious, so he just came forward with a big step and hugged Irish without Jay's immediate response.

Irish never expected that he would be so bold, and she gasped in surprise. She could not move since she was tightly nestled into his bosom.

"Joseph, let her go!" Jay shouted threateningly.

Joseph looked at Jay and frowned seriously, "If she continues to kneel, she will faint."

Jay didn't say anything.

"Joseph." Irish murmured lightly in his bosom, "Let me go."

"No." He said firmly and lowered his head to look at her.

Irish tried her best to see his face but only caught sight of his chin. She was too tired and could hear his heartbeat, as well as a deep and resonant voice.

"Joseph, what can you do for her if you take my sister away here? You can't do anything for her. Don't forget that you are married. Even if you get a divorce, she would still get hurt." Jay said calmly, with his severe eyes looking at Joseph.

Joseph held Irish tightly and was unwilling to let her go. He looked at Jay with his complex eyes for a long time and then said, "What I can do for her currently is to hold her when she needs me. That's the only thing I can promise."

Jay shook his head and said, "You are all crazy."

Without saying anything, Joseph moved to leave.

"Stop! If you dare try to take Irish away today..."

Suddenly a sword was pressed gently against his neck, accompanied by a strong smell of alcohol.

Mary and Jay were shocked, but it was too late to prevent it. Cassie also widened her eyes in shock at the ridiculous scene unfolding before her.

Joseph held Irish and stood motionlessly with his back standing straight without looking back. The sword in Steven's hand was very sharp and well maintained. However, the cold light of the blade was almost ice-blue, and when Steven guided it over to his chin, the blade scratched Joseph's collar.

Irish was shocked when she saw the sword come upon Joseph Adam's apple, and she could even feel the coldness coming from it.

Steven drunkenly walked in front of Joseph while the sword was still laid against his neck and shouted, "Let her go. She can't go with you!"

Joseph was calm, but from what Irish could tell, it seemed that there was a complicated emotion swarming in his eyes.

"I'm really sorry for bothering you. But I have to take Isabel away tonight." He said slowly with a tranquil tone.

His last word was loud and forceful.

Irish was astonished.

Irritated by his attitude, Steven shouted and lifted the sword, brandishing it at Joseph. Irish and Mary screamed when they saw this, and even Jay widened his eyes in shock. Irish held Joseph's arm subconsciously. When she closed her eyes, she felt the air around her move swiftly.

Everything was still.

The smell of alcohol in the air froze as well.

She could hear Cassie draw in a deep breath, and when she opened her eyes, she was startled. The sword was just a few millimeters from Joseph's eyes, he would be blinded if it was just a little bit closer. She could hear the popping sounds from Uncle Steven's knuckles, and his eyes were cold. Joseph didn't move, and she didn't even feel his hands tremble. He still held her in his arms tightly.