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"Tomorrow morning?" She looked at him hesitantly.

"Yes, tomorrow morning." He repeated himself and then began to feed her gently. "I'll stay here tonight. You can call me if you need, and I will stay in the living room."

Irish was astonished and said, "You can't stay here for the whole night."

"But you need me." Joseph put down the spoon and continued, "And I'm worried about you."

If life was a magnificent symphony, then Irish was experiencing a soft movement at this moment after a loud and chaotic one. Her indignation, combined with the pain caused by Joseph when he had rushed to Ruby, was tangling in her body. She didn't understand why she was still hurt since everything went as she had expected. Joseph's presence, as well as his care and the porridge he brought her, relaxed her. In short, her pain was alleviated significantly.

He was right that she needed him.

She lowered her head and kept silent, with her arms holding her legs. Her long hair was scattered over her ankle, which was tender and white. Joseph's eyes became warm, and he took another spoonful of porridge and said softly, "Eat this."

Irish looked up at him for a while and then opened her mouth.

She ate the porridge leisurely as he fed her.

They didn't mention what happened during the day. At this moment, he was taking care of her patiently, just like the last time when she had a severe cold. It was now just an ordinary night, but Irish knew that everything in the future wouldn't be as tranquil as tonight. Of course, Joseph also understood this, but they just chose to be silent, leaving only the sound of electric lights buzzing in the air.

After washing, Irish realized that women could not afford a torment at a certain age. The hot shower was the last straw, and all the pain from her head, hands, knees, and waist came back to her. She staggered out of the washroom and felt as if she was almost broken.

Fortunately, Joseph came and held her so that she could rely on him. Joseph brought her up to the second floor and walked directly to her bedroom while Irish pressed against his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat. At the moment, she was like a bird that had finally found her nest.

When he put her to bed, she whispered to him. "I still want to say something." She looked up at his chin, and at the same time, she saw where the sword had cut his shirt collar. She would usually make fun of it, but she was there tonight and witnessed how Joseph had held her motionlessly under her Uncle Steven's sword. He had risked his life. Seeing his determination, she knew that he would take her away.

Finally, he did so.

But Joseph didn't give her the chance to say anything. He leaned on the bed and embraced her in his arms. Irish could feel his warm breath over her head, and then the man's deep voice sounded, "Isabel, you are too tired. Have a good rest tonight, and don't say anything more."

Indeed she was extremely exhausted, and when she lay on the bed, she felt a little bit dizzy. The smell of the man's body was clean and fresh. She reached out her hand subconsciously while the man also stretched out his hands and entwined his fingers with hers, avoiding her wounds carefully.

"Stay here. Don't leave me alone." She could feel the pain from the wounds in her hands, but she was unwilling to let go of his hand.

Somehow, Joseph was moved by her words, so he lowered his head and held her even more tightly, saying with a soft voice, "Okay. I'll stay here."

It was a sleepless night for the Lake family. Henry, the head of the family, was smoking on the sofa with a dignified expression. Though his hair had turned gray at his temples, his back was straight, and he was sturdy.

Lilith was eating potato chips on the sofa and looking at Shirley, who was crying. Sometimes she would look at her mother, Kelly, who was skillfully brewing tea, as if she wasn't bothered by Shirley's sobbing. She was focused on the tea, and she made a cup for everyone without saying anything.

Roy was not at home, and after ensuring Ruby's safety, he went out with his friends to have fun, even though he had not gotten over the jet lag yet. William took a cup of tea for Henry and said with a smile, "Drink the tea and don't be irritated by her. Shirley just cares about her daughter."

"Cares about her daughter? I think she is silly." Henry refuted angrily and continued, "She is my wife, the chairman's wife, but she just took her daughter and made a scene at my company. She is a bad mother and has made a stupid mistake in public. Ruby is weak, and now she's in the hospital. Are you satisfied now? Is this what you want?"

Shirley burst out in a louder cry after hearing this. "Do you think I wanted to do something like that? Irish insulted Ruby beyond the limit. Did you know she even seduced my daughter's husband? Ruby is a kindhearted and loving woman who has suffered far too much. Irish is shrewd and pretends to be a psychologist. However, she should be an actress since she is so good at lying. You don't know what she did to us."

"Stop your nonsense reasoning. I know it was you who took the initiative to cause trouble in her office!". Henry shouted at her angrily, and then he continued, "I've told you many times that they are adults and can handle their own problems. So why do you have to stir up trouble? What's more, do you have any evidence to show that Isabel has had an affair with Joseph? You said that you've seen Joseph walk out from Isabel's room, but did you see what happened in the room? And you also said that you saw the cufflinks on Joseph's shirt that Isabel bought, can't it be that Joseph happens to have bought the same pair of cufflinks? Even if they have had an affair, you shouldn't create this kind of drama for them, let alone if they are innocent. You know that domestic shame should not be made public, but you continue to do so? Now, are you satisfied with the outcome of your misdeed?"