

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 16 16: I Regret My Decision

After unfastening all her hair, he unexpectedly held them and said, "Aren't you going out for wool and coming home sheared?"

The fire in Irish rose again. Moving her head, the strand of long hair slipped from his fingers, "Actually, my psychological quality was weaker than yours on such a thing."

Without saying a word, Joseph looked down at her. Her heart was uneasy within his range. When she pushed him away and planned to go into the living room, he suddenly put his hand on the wall and blocked her way. Rolling her eyes, Irish prepared to go from the other side, but his hand followed and blocked her again.

His two legs totally obstructed her path.

"Are you crazy?" Irish lifted her head to stare at him, trying to make her voice calm.

"I suddenly thought that I hadn't answered your questions." Joseph lifted his lips slowly. "What did you ask again? Which one do I prefer, the active girl or the one needed to be fucked?"

A hint of vigilance suddenly rose to Irish's beautiful eyes.

Joseph bent over gradually, and then his handsome face approached her. They were so close that he could see his figure in her eyes and smell her clean breath. Irish hadn't expected that he would be able to do so, so she pressed her back against the wall. Although she tried to stay calm and remain expressionless, her heart was pounding furiously.

"Mr. Dover, you're married..." She intended to warn him as he came closer and closer to her, and she did without hesitation. "It's not moral to continue."

"What if I don't care?" Joseph squinted and said these words beside her cheek. His voice was deep.

"Your wife must be a good girl; otherwise, you wouldn't have married her. Don't let such a good girl down." Irish was frightened by his answer since she had thought a mature and serious man like him wouldn't joke around like this. She spoke without thinking as she looked into his eyes which appeared more emotional now. Her body was attached to the wall tightly, and she leaned her head to one side but couldn't avoid his warm breath, the light wine aroma becoming more strong.

Joseph's pupils dilated, and he said slowly, "She is indeed a good girl."

Irish couldn't sense the true meaning of his words, but Joseph lowered his head. Her mind was bland, and her eyes were open.

Joseph surprisingly didn't do anything immoral but instead leaned his head to the other side with his nose just grazing her hair. His thin lips were close to her delicate and small earlobe, and he said in a deep and reminding voice, "Men are dangerous, so please be careful."

Irish got goosebumps with his voice, and her shoulder became numb.

"I admire the courage you've shown before and now. But don't do it again." Joseph only had intended to tease her, so he drew himself up and added, with his arm back, "No matter what, women are always the ones who suffer in the face of something unfortunate."

"Before?" Irish didn't understand.

Joseph looked at her in a calm way, "That night, you were so enthusiastic." He didn't finish his words, and the unfinished part seemed so ambiguous.

"So did we..." She swallowed down the two words 'have sex' harshly.

"Is that what you guess?" Joseph asked as he folded his arms over his chest. Irish's swear slipped down slowly from her neck to backbone, just like a winding snake, and it made her stressed out all of a sudden. She stared at his face looking for an answer, then after a long pause, she replied, "We must not have."

She decided on this for three reasons: On one hand, she had no real memory of that night and only remembered roughly that she passed out in his arms; On the other hand, she didn't know much about Joseph, but she could judge tentatively that he was not a man who would take advantage of an unconscious girl. What's more, he was so out of her league that he wouldn't ever choose her to have sex with.

Joseph looked at her and smiled slightly.

"Thank goodness," Irish felt like giving him a big hug. She put her palms together and said, "Thanks for the self-control." Thank goodness she didn't have sex with him that night, she thought.

"You don't need to thank me, I now regret my decision," Joseph said at a normal pace, his smile seemed truthful sometimes, fake other times.

Irish's appreciation for him disappeared, and when she looked at him again, she suddenly felt unspeakably nervous...

Since Irish's return from Joseph's Very Club, she had been dealing with the case about Ken. Besides checking all his information, she also looked into other people and things about Ken and his wife alike, so she totally forgot that it was the holidays. Professor Tim was very happy with this, but he still called her often for fear she was only doing these things out of impulse. He told her that Linkus had been influenced by Susan's case negatively, and their

reputation was worsening. He hoped she could finish the Runestone case in a perfect way and stay in touch with Joseph if she needed to.

Every time she heard him say that she felt nervous again. She knew that Professor Tim only thought of Joseph as a helper, and the case about Ken drove her to ask Joseph for more information. Although this case involved the police, she needed to present a professional assessment of Ken.

However, any time she was on the phone with Joseph, she could still remember what he'd said that night, "I'm now regretful." That voice was whirling around her like a magic spell and made her feel strange at times.

What was left of spring had now been replaced by lots of greenery as spring in New York was short? The sunshine was so bright and caused the heat of early summer.

Irish was sitting in the waiting area at the airport with her legs crossed, she held a large coffee cup, and she was leaning back idly to see Cassie applying sunscreen as the rays of sunshine were beaming down on her even through the window. She couldn't stand it, so she took the bottle away and said, "You're so wasteful. I bought this sunscreen from abroad, and you put it on your body? And drink my coffee?"