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"You force me!" Lilith's face was in grievance, "Why did you ignore me? I am a woman, my youth is limited, and I can't wait for you my whole life! You don't want to be with me. Should I wait forever for you and not get married?"

"You're only 23. So why are you in a hurry to get married?" Jay was furious, "At this young age, you should continue to study or work for a career. Do you want to be just someone's wife with no personality?"

"Screw you. What do you know? Do you think it's normal for women to get married in their 30s and 40s like men?" Lilith was angry, almost jumping as they quarreled, "Getting married and giving birth to children in your 20s is normal for women!"

Jay stared at her, silent for a long time, then turned back to his table and sat down, turning his back, disregarding her. Lilith stood there for a long time, seeing the staff around them whispering, she was so angry, and she prepared to leave.

"Stop!" Jay yelled coldly again.

Lilith heard him, becoming even angrier. Why did she need to obey him? So she just walked faster.

When her hand just clasped the doorknob, her arm was suddenly pulled by him, then she frowned and shouted.

"Listen to me!" He pulled her back to the table.

"What are you doing?" She was pressed down to sit next to him, grumbling.

Jay took his tableware directly in front of her and ordered, "Eat!"

"I'm not hungry."

"You're not hungry. I'm still hungry." Jay frowned. "Eat. Listen to me!"

Lilith was so angry that she wanted to poke him in the head with her chopsticks, and she said impatiently, "Can you please be nice to me?"

Jay stopped talking and stuck a chopstick with meat into her mouth.

The morning in Cape Town was pristine and sweet.

They were in a row of detached villas near the shoreline. The pure white buildings were like pearls in the sea, where most of the people living there were businessmen and wealthy vacationers, so the environment was very pleasant. The bedroom was huge, and the load-bearing walls were made of transparent, toughened glass, top-down, almost four-sided. One felt like they were in the middle of the sea.

One of the windows was open, and the gentle sea breeze came in, gently blowing the pink curtains. The broken sun spread across the floor, on which there were gently flickering chimes, which faint sound was very pleasant.

On the side was the outdoor balcony, connected with the innermost end of the bedroom, which was also covered in fancy white designs. The balcony was the same as the bedroom. There was a scenic spot where people could face the sea to read newspapers and drink coffee. Anybody could even lie and look up at the blue sky and white clouds leisurely. Half of the balcony was allocated to the outdoor swimming pool, and the water was as blue as the color of the sea.

Irish liked the design of the pool because she could sit on the comfortable sofa on the balcony and watch Joseph swim. Of course, his favorite was to swim at night.

He changed his clothes from the dressing room and returned to the bedroom. The light was mild and bright, which was reflected on the big bed. Under the white mantle, Irish was still asleep, covered by the thin blanket. He came forward, seeing her bare shoulders. On her delicate neck was a kiss print that he had left when he had been passionate the night before. The sea breeze stroked her hair and carried a string of clear fragrance.

He smiled, hung his tie around his neck, and kissed her forehead.

To get up, the woman stretched out her arms around his neck lazily but still kept her eyes closed and smiled happily.

Joseph was not anxious to leave, and his hands were on the bedside, smiling, "Are you awake?"

She opened his eyes and saw that he was wearing a white shirt and a black suit coat, and then she said, "You're dressed so formally."

"All the executives will be there today for a video conference." Joseph reached for the hair on her cheek and talked softly.

She rose from the bed, hugging his neck, without caring that she was naked and close to him in a shirt and shoes. She smiled sweetly, looking up to him, "You look really handsome in a suit."

Joseph's big hand stroked her smooth back, clasping her hips and chuckling, "You're going to seduce me so early in the morning?"

"I just want to do something." She tugged at his necktie, her little finger twirling around the end of it.

Joseph put his arms around her and frowned.

"Honey, you see, you're going to have a video conference, and I'm not going to take part in this kind of internal company activity," she said, as her voice grew sweeter and her cheek was on his chest.

Her little fingers tickled Joseph, and his hands could not help but tighten up, bringing her body closer to him to ease the rising tension in his lower belly. "You won't wait for me at the apartment."

Irish could feel his body tighten, and her slender body clung to him closer, "I can play ball with the seals or go shopping. I can't miss the many fun places in Cape Town."

Joseph also knew that she had been bored for two days, and when he saw her offering to be good, he couldn't help laughing. "It's okay, if you don't go to those boring meetings, I'll put the bank card at the door, and when you go out, don't forget to take it and your mobile phone with you, and remember to turn it on so that I can find you."

"Well, I'm not a child." When Irish heard his nagging, her heart was warmed, and she reached for him and put on his tie. "I used to travel alone to strange places."

"That was before, and now you have me." Joseph did not like her always mentioning her life before and pinched her face as punishment.