

Enchanted 320

Irish was wise enough to shut up, fearing that someone would see her embarrassed when the elevator stopped on the way, so she buried her whole face in his arms like an ostrich.

Fortunately, the elevator went directly to the top floor of the presidential suite and never stopped.

The door of the room was wide open, and the private housekeeper stood respectfully at the door as Joseph brought Irish all the way back to the room. The housekeeper was not surprised to see Joseph coming in with Irish. Leo was sitting on the sofa in the living room as if he was at home.

Joseph turned a blind eye to him and brought Irish directly into the bedroom.

Leo rose and followed him in, leaning lazily against the door frame with his arms clasped around his chest, watching Joseph put Irish on the bed without saying a word.

Irish felt extremely embarrassed. Her meticulously molded elegant self-image had been destroyed before these two men!

Compared to Leo's silence, Joseph was even quieter. After putting her down, Irish put her hand on his sleeve and looked up at him, obviously worried about losing him.

"Let go." Joseph's tone of voice was exactly the same as in the elevator. She sensed the harshness behind his calm tone, so she loosened her fingers, and Joseph turned into the bathroom.

At this moment, Irish, feeling greatly aggrieved, sat in bed with her head drooping in frustration, her long hair falling over most of her face. After a long time, she only said, "Leo, I... Isn't that terrible?"

Closely followed by the man's tall shadow, she raised her eyes to Leo's helpless and concerned face. He sat down in front of her as if gazing at a dog thrown by the side of the road. She sighed, put her hand over her face, and her voice came out through her fingers. "Don't look at me like that. I know how crazy I am."

"It's not easy for Joseph to hold back his anger," Leo said unexpectedly.

Irish raised her face from her hands. She didn't expect him to speak for Joseph.

"If it had been me, I'd have scolded you harshly!" Leo's expression was serious, even accentuating his tone.

Irish immediately felt that she was wrong. She was very clear about Leo. Usually, he was really forgiving, even in the business sector where she did not agree with him. She thought his personality was very easy to get along with. If even he expressed disappointment in what she had done, he could imagine how outrageous her behavior was.

Subconsciously looking in the direction of the bathroom, her expression was sad. When would Joseph's anger dissipate?

But soon, a man's hand held her face.

When their eyes were opposite each other, Leo frowned and sighed, "Is it worth it?"

Irish understood his meaning in four short words, and without hesitation, she answered, "Worth it."

As her voice fell, she caught a glimpse of Joseph coming out of the bathroom with a wet towel. He stood beside the door, quietly looking in Irish's direction.

Leo saw him come out too but ignored him. His eyes turned to Irish, and he said in a more subdued tone. "Lily is not far from here. If he bullies you, you can come to me."

A short and powerful sentence left Irish's heart warm. Somehow, her nose felt sour, and her eyes were red, and she finally admitted that women were made of water, otherwise, how could she have cried so much today? Had she been lonely for too long, so eager for warmth?

If Leo hadn't mentioned it, she would have forgotten that Runestone's Vera Club and Lily both had sites in Hong Kong.

Leo saw her red eyes, sighed, and said in a loud voice, "I just want you to know that one day if you are very tired, you can stop in place, and I'll come to you."

Irish's eyes vibrated.

He stooped down and kissed her forehead in front of Joseph.

Irish was powerless, so she could not avoid it but felt a burning point on her forehead. Her whole body froze. Soon, a cold voice rose in the air. "Leo, the luxurious bed in the Lily is more suitable for you to get over your jet lag."

Leo laughed and got up to face him, then returned to his usual idleness. "How dare I complain if you've been hurrying back from South Africa to Hong Kong without a single complaint?"

Irish was shocked that the two men had come from South Africa and had not returned directly to New York.

Joseph came forward and seemed to smile. "I sleep at most five hours a day, and you need at least ten hours a day, so I suggest you go back to sleep, or how are you going to explain your absurd behavior in South Africa to your father."

Leo shrugged his shoulders. "I'll just have to tell my father. What about you? I'm afraid when you have to go back to New York you have a lot more explaining to do than just business issues. Good luck, then!" After speaking, he left with a strange smile.

Irish felt a strange pressure in the room as the two tall men stared at each other for a moment.

However, when Leo left, the pressure inside seemed to subside slightly.

Only then did Irish realize that what really baffled her was the man in front of her.

Joseph did not seem to be very calm.

The room became quiet again.

Irish could only hear the clock ticking.

Joseph finally sat down beside her, lifting his hand without saying a word. A warm towel was placed directly on her face, and he wiped it.

"Joseph."

As soon as she was about to speak, the towel in his hand moved to her mouth again, with slight aggravation, which blocked her words.

After wiping her face, he got up and went back to the bathroom to clean the towel. Irish stared at his back as if she had done something wrong. When he came out of the bathroom and sat next to her, her face became a little red. She tried to say something several times, only to find that Joseph had a gloomy face and did not dare to say more.