

Enchanted 325

There was a weird atmosphere suffused in the big presidential suite.

Irish looked at the person in the video with astonishment because she had never seen a drunk person act as crazy as this.

And the person was herself.

At first, she stumbled into the study room, while the beautiful light from the crystal lamp under the camera beautified her drunken red face. She looked around for a while and then rushed to the brocade painting suddenly with her arms extended, with a smile spread across her blushing cheeks.

Irish looked at herself in the video and felt unfamiliar with the crazy woman.

It seemed that she had regarded the painting as a real scene because she was severely drunk. After a minute, she began to giggle, which made her flesh creep when she heard it. She had a premonition that she was going to cause trouble soon.

Sure enough, she pointed at the flying bird on the brocade and shouted, "Do you think you are special since you have wings? Do you know who I am? I am good at archery, and I will shoot you with arrows and then will roast you."

Hearing this, the sweat flowed down from her forehead, and she took a glimpse at Joseph, who was still calmly looking at the video, saying indifferently, "You are really amazing."

Irish licked her lips and felt awkward, and she wanted to hide forever.

Obviously, she started to compete with the bird and took out a small knife from somewhere. The next second, she staggered into a chair and screamed excitedly, stabbing the bird. She then ripped the bird from the brocade and slammed it on the ground.

Irish saw that only the bird's head was left on it.

She was so embarrassed since it was simply too shameful. In the following second, she turned to the two pots of metasequoia and acted excitedly. She cut off one of the branches in a few seconds.

After seeing this, Irish moaned in her heart. She hoped that she could've gone back to that moment so that she could stop herself from destroying such precious trees and the brocade, which was much more valuable than she was.

Of course, she was totally immersed in the great joy of nature and began to sing while splitting the metasequoia.

After seeing this, Joseph said behind her faintly, "Look, you even sang a song last night."

Obviously, she acted like an iron lady in the video, and she cut the two pots of metasequoia, which had a history longer than human beings. She stabbed the flying bird, lacking its head, and showed a weird smile. It reminded her of a vicious witch in a story.

"I am going to roast you now!" Irish couldn't bear to watch it anymore, and she huddled up on the couch with her hands crossed, her face buried in her legs, and only revealed her eyes to look at the video reluctantly.

What she was worried about was that she was about to start a fire and burn the hotel down in the next second.

Luckily, Joseph came in at that moment, and Irish could easily tell from the video that Joseph was also shocked by the scene when he entered the room. He stood at the door motionlessly, but she couldn't see his expression clearly since he wasn't facing the camera, but she could still perceive he was stunned by his movements.

Seeing this, Irish covered her eyes, leaving only a slit.

He was typically so calm since he had experienced many hardships, he could even be composed in a gunfight, but he was startled by the scene in front of him.

Irish had to "admire" her collapsing force. From the slit, she saw that in the video, she staggered to Joseph, smiling cheerfully in his arms, and said to him straightforwardly, "I invite you to barbecue with me."

Joseph didn't move but looked very somber, but she still shouted that she wanted to have a barbecue, so Joseph guided her out of the room immediately.

The video was still for a while. Time passed, and several minutes later, Joseph walked in again and began to put the room in order. Finally, after picking up the body of the flying bird, he turned to the brocade and looked at it motionlessly.

Irish couldn't help wailing since she knew he wanted to kill her at that moment.

She stared at the video without moving when he finally stopped it. Drawing back his hands, he said indifferently behind her, "I never suspected you of showing a propensity for violence. Have you seen a doctor before?"

She knew that he was laughing at her and her cheeks blushed, and she buried her face in her knees.

Now, she understood why she had felt her muscles aching when she got up this morning.

It was no wonder why he was so astonished since it was the first time for him to see such a ridiculous scene.

After a long time, she turned to Joseph, and he showed a faint smile to her.

She leaned against him and cried out, "Joseph, you'd better kill me. Please! The brocade and the two pots of metasequoia are more precious than my life."

She remembered that she had a dream last night in which she was in Pennsylvania with him, and they were drinking and eating roast meat with the local people there. In the distance, there was a beautiful mountain, while in front of her eyes, they were enjoying the fire dancing show.

It turned out to be a dream.

Irish felt despair since she would have to pay a lot for the damages. Looking at the broken brocade and the branches of metasequoia, she felt her money flying away.

Joseph leaned against the couch and embraced her. He smiled after hearing this, rubbed her hair, and joked with her, "You said that your life has no worth then, so there is no point in killing you."

"Joseph, do you realize that I want to jump off the roof of this building?" She held him with her face buried in his arms.

Her breath tickled Joseph's neck, and he gently caressed her hair which was like silk cloth in his slender fingers. He liked to look at her draped hair, and he felt leisurely at this moment since she was curled up in his arms like a koala. Touching her silky hair, he enjoyed a rare peace at this moment.

"Well, then I want you to know what you feel most sorrowful for, the brocade, the metasequoia, or the money?" He mocked her.