

Enchanted 393

Irish could feel that Joseph's behavior had changed, and his pursed lips were released, as well as his clenched chin loosened. The moonlight was cast on his pointed nose, which was combined with the outline between his eyebrows, showing his charm. As she was nestled in his bosom actively, he also tightened his arms around her waist. Moved by his action, she was more closely attached to him and breathing in his warm breath again. She also missed the sense of security he gave to her.

Besides, there was a light wine aroma.

She was confused for a moment. He drank wine at noon, but why was the aroma so strong at night? After careful observation, she could observe that he was sober and not intoxicated at all.

Her long hair intertwined his strong arm and swept his fingers lightly. Her breath fell on his chest lightly and made him soft. In the dim light, her clear and soft voice was so sweet, unlike the arrogant and sharp one.

"Joseph, just smile..." She raised her face. Her eyes were shiny like stars with a sense of expectation. She also poked his lips and said, "It is horrible not to see your smiling face."

Her fragrant fingers waved beside his lips. He stared at her without turning his eyeballs and raised the corner of his lips.

Irish smiled and held his neck, "You said you were looking for me?"

"I don't want to waste my time on you." Joseph's words were still a little cruel, but his big hand on her wrist wasn't released. His light-frowned eyebrows disclosed that he was not angry anymore.

Irish pursed her lips lightly and pulled back her hand. Her fingers moved along his necktie slowly. She pulled the corner of his tie lightly and waved it a little. Her voice also became wagging, "Joseph..."

"Do not think that your sweet voice will make me happy." Joseph was still strict, seemingly, but there was deep emotion in his eyes.

"You are always open-minded." Irish was more closely attached to him like an octopus. Her red lips swept his lips lightly, teasing him vigorously. It was already a lure for him, "I have already recognized my mistakes. Could you just forgive me?"

It made Joseph happy successfully. He just pinched her nose and showed a faint smile on his face, "Let me forgive you? It's so hard."

Irish laughed shyly.

The neon light was brighter outside the window. It was the best time at night.

Joseph looked at her carefully under the light. As he saw her stepping on the marble floor, he was more serious, "Where are your shoes?"

Irish lowered her head by following his look, and then she raised her face, saying embarrassedly, "Eh...One fell down as I was climbing, while the other...is there." She pointed at the corner, not afar.

Joseph took a deep glance at her and couldn't help laughing. He held her into his bosom again and sighed, "You...."

She could only laugh stupidly.

"Are you hungry?"

Irish nodded. Meanwhile, her stomach made a sudden sound. She heard him laughing and soon got blushed. Joseph released her and took off his coat. He put it on the floor and ordered her to step on it.

His action really shocked Irish. She got numb but also felt warm in her deep heart. But soon she ached deeply and looked at the cashmere coat for a long time. She then rose to look at Joseph and picked up the coat immediately into his bosom, "Are you mad? Why did you throw your coat on the floor?"

Joseph was really helpless. He grabbed the coat immediately and threw it on the floor again. At last, he held her up directly and made her step on the coat. Seeing her impulsion to struggle and run away, he shouted, "Dare to run away?"

She dared not to move in a minute and could only step on the thick coat directly. But she felt so sorry for the coat. Oh, dear. There were layers of bank notes on the floor, and she was just stepping on them.

"I may destroy your coat!" She thought she needed to remind him.

"You can buy one for me," Joseph said carelessly. He looked around. Irish was confused about what he was looking for.

Actually, his response made Irish astonished. She just stared at him and made a harsh voice, "It might be more expensive than my house rent for one year. I need to pay my house rent soon. And I have no money to buy a new one for you. I may become poor by that time."

"Shut up!" Joseph walked towards the direction of the restroom and threatened her, "Just stay here. Otherwise, buy two for me."

His menace made Irish shut up successfully.

The long corridor recovered its quietness. There was more moonlight cast along with the French sash at the end of the corridor. The full moon was on her head, and she could grasp it easily. However, she had no interest in enjoying the moon but lowered herself to look at the coat under her feet. And then she squatted slowly and picked up the sleeve lightly. She sighed, "What a pity!"

Her feet felt warm since the texture of the pure cashmere, and soft fabric really made her feel relieved. At last, she felt pleasant. It made sense that quality depended on cost.

As she thought about it, she smiled again. All that melancholy and anxiety went away since she felt Joseph's love.

As Joseph walked out of the restroom, he just saw the scene. On the corridor filled with moonlight, Irish squatted there quietly and played with his coat's sleeve. Her sweet and soft figure was lengthened by the moonlight and became more charming. There was a pleasant smile on her face. She lowered her face along her long hair drooping down. Her beautiful small face was just like a dream for him.

This scene was happiness for Joseph, unlike the feeling as he went out of the lift just now.

A moment ago, as he got out of the lift and saw her curled figure at the corner of the wall, his feeling was complex. Irish was as quiet as a shadow and appeared in front of him silently. He had thought that he could not find her, but just at this time, her figure showed up. He was not only excited and afraid but felt angry as well.