

Enchanted 411

Even now, even if she wanted to break her head, she could not figure out what Adam really looked like. When she thought of Adam, she only felt that he gave her the same feeling as Joseph. When he mentioned Adam last night, she wanted to tell him that sometimes lying in his arms was like lying in Adam's arms.

But a fool would say that.

She could not say it to him, that Joseph, I don't know why but sometimes I mistake you for Adam.

In this case, there was no doubt that she sought death.

It was a terrible thing to forget the way one looked. What was even more terrible was that she always had the illusion that Joseph was Adam, as if the two were gradually overlapping together, so that Irish realized the seriousness of the situation.

Perhaps only Fredrick was the only one who helped her because he knew her situation the most. He had always played the role of her, but because of Cassie, she did not want to see Fredrick. As soon as she saw him, she did not want to see him. She could think of the suicide in the bathtub.

Maybe she could muster the courage to talk to him if the matter between him and Cassie was over.

When Joseph served breakfast to the table, he saw Irish crouching her legs in a rosewood chair, staring at himself in dismay.

He pulled up a chair and sat down beside her, and reached for her to rub her head. "What are you thinking?"

Then Irish reacted and saw that he was looking at her with concern, and immediately smiled, "Nothing, I was wondering if you are a thief?"

Joseph did not expect that she would say so, for a time, he did not understand, raising his eyebrows, "Uh-huh?"

Irish pointed to his furniture, "Just like a restaurant, it is like the Imperial Palace. Joseph, you tell me the truth, diamond your second business, ah?"

Joseph then understood what she meant but laughed, "It seems that I have no such hobby. Many things in this house are old things. Some of them were collected by my father when he was alive, and some of them were auctioned off by me when I was on a business trip abroad. As you know from history, many good things have flowed there before from abroad."

Irish stared at the rosewood table, reaching for it. "It's a ruin here for breakfast."

Joseph did not like to hear this, picking up his eyebrow, "Little woman, don't live so realistically." He said, putting a piece of the sandwich before her. "Try it first."

Irish was suspicious and saw that she had to move her fork.

It was delicious.

Her eyes were as bright as fireworks, and she ate a few more mouthfuls, thumbed up at him, swallowed, and said, "Really delicious."

"Good." He smiled and poured her a cup of coffee.

Irish was buried in the delicious food.

She had a good breakfast.

This was the first time Irish was stuffed at breakfast. Joseph explained that he learned this while studying and working abroad, combining the essence so the meat was slippery, and it went through eight working procedures. Irish really did not think that it had a humble face, but it could be so delicious.

After breakfast, Irish volunteered to wash the dishes. Joseph smiled, and the job was for a nanny. Knowing that he had given the nanny vacation these two days, Irish rolled up her sleeves and went into the kitchen, saying that work should be fair.

Joseph also went into the kitchen and was rejected by Irish when he was ready to help. Instead of going out, he learned from Irish this morning and hugged her from behind, but he was a big man. Irish was so embraced by him that the whole body was included in his bosom.

"I don't think you'd be afraid to go bankrupt that day." She opened the cupboard dishwasher and put the dishes in one by one. "You don't do anything but open the house to the outside world, and you can feed yourself every day with a ticket fee."

Joseph really admired her imagination. After washing the dishes, his big hand reached out when she turned on the faucet. Under the water, he took her hand, thoughtfully washed her finger, and whispered in her ear, "You are so obsessed with money."

The man's breath fell on her neck, itching, breathing with his smell of wood and fresh shaving water, so warm and happy. She giggled away from him. "I'm talking about rationalized suggestions."

"Well, I'll think about it." Originally, the morning's erotic pictures caused his visual stimulation. Joseph hugged her like that, and his body naturally had a familiar reaction.

In the meantime, he freed a big hand and slowly fell down her bare thigh on her waist. His hand, which was already stained with water, touched her skin, which chilled her. She smiled and rebelled, but he pulled over her face. His cheek pressed down and kissed her lips, and his big hand was more uneasy and went into the shirt.

When his fingers touched the naked body in his shirt, his eyes grew brighter, and he said in a low voice beside her ears, "Not even wearing the underpants."

Irish took his wrist and laughed, "Your shirt is big anyway."

"Take the shirt off, too." He seduced her.

"No." She pushed him away a little, clasping his wrists with both hands. "Joseph, I haven't seen your house yet."

"What's the rush?" Joseph simply pressed her on the washbasin, and his big hands did not rush to break free. Instead, his thin lips moved slowly down her hair, and her breath burned. "Fill me up first."

Irish could feel the excitement between his legs, so she simply hugged him and said, "Let me have a look."

"And then?" Joseph did not force her either; the whole day was enough for him to enjoy her sweetness.

Irish pushed him away a little, and her fingers hooked on his chest. "You can eat whatever you want."

As soon as she spoke, Joseph picked her up and said, "Show you right away."