Her face blushed after hearing this, and she handed the nightgown to him, "Go, run the bath water, and I will cook something for you."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes." Irish glared at him and rushed out of the room while Joseph stared at her back and smiled softly.

It turned out that even a chef couldn't cook without ingredients for food, let alone that Irish wasn't good at cooking.

Therefore, when Joseph went out of the bathroom and walked to the kitchen, staring at her, who looked at the two bags of instant noodles motionlessly there, he couldn't help walking toward her and then asking while frowning, "You eat this for dinner?"

"No, I didn't eat." She blinked her eyes.

Joseph looked more amiable when he changed into home clothes. His hair was wet but looked sexier and more charming, but he frowned again.

"Have you not eaten instant noodles, nor did you have dinner?" While Irish licked her lips, Joseph asked to ensure and replied, "I didn't eat dinner."

Joseph stared at her helplessly, threw the instant noodles aside, walked to the refrigerator, and sighed, "I'll take you out for dinner."

However, Irish was unwilling to waste the chance to get along with him, so she stepped forward and said while shaking her head, "It's too late to eat outside, and I think it is good to eat instant noodles occasionally. I am good at cooking it."

Joseph perceived her thought and then smiled helplessly, "Okay. We'll eat instant noodles." He rolled up his sleeves, saying, "Take out the vegetables from the refrigerator."

"Let me cook for you." Irish hastily replied.

"You can be my assistant." Joseph declined her request.

Irish puckered her mouth and opened the refrigerator, turning to him, "Do you need all the vegetables?"

"Yes, take out all of them, please, and I will cook the most delicious food for you.

Irish followed his words while Joseph reached out and said, "Give me eggs, please." Irish acted as an assiduous assistant beside him, and soon the kitchen was steaming, blurring the night outside.

Gradually, the delicious smell of food was imbued in the room. Though there was just some simple food material, Joseph still made a feast for her. But when he was cooking, his eyes inadvertently looked at the trash can, and then he stopped. An empty bottle of ethyl alcohol was lying in the trash can quietly. Irish found that he suddenly stood there motionlessly, and when she realized what he was looking at, she felt a little embarrassed and cleared her throat, "It must taste good."

"Yes." He replied briefly and then asked calmly, "What did you do with the ethyl alcohol?"

Staring at his back, Irish replied with a single word in a weak voice, "Drink."

He turned to her and looked at her surprisingly," What?"

"I drank some before you came here," Irish repeated.

"Are you insane?" Joseph frowned tightly while his voice sounded a little angry, "Don't you know the ethyl alcohol could not be drunk? Did you drink water? Go and drink as much as possible."

Irish stood there motionlessly, staring at him quietly.

A few seconds later, Joseph suddenly realized, and his worries turned to sorrowfulness. Finally, he bit his lips and said after a long while, "You are crazy."

Irish couldn't help rushing into his arms and said softly, "I learned it from you."

"Idiot. I had no choice then, but you are running wild." He couldn't bear to blame her and said softly.

Irish held him tightly and said, "I just want to know how painful you were at that moment."

Joseph held her face, staring at her with his eyes filled with fondness, "Stupid woman." After the words, he kissed her while the tears came out soon in her eyes, and this time she was still crying out happiness.

After their passionate moment, Irish leaned on his chest softly while the thin blanket covered their naked bodies. His legs were exposed in the air, intertwining with her smooth legs. The room was suffused with the smell of his hormones as well as the sweet scent of her.

Her body was so soft, her cheeks pressed on his chest, wet with sweat. Her hair was also wet from the sweat, and she heard his steady heartbeat, enjoying this peaceful moment with him.

"Let's take a shower." Joseph whispered to her, but Irish held him even more tightly and acted like a spoiled kid, "Let me lean on your chest for a while." Hearing this, Joseph followed her words.

After a while, he handed something into her hands that was small. She spread her hands and found two electronic keys lying in her palm, so she was confused and stared at him.

Joseph held her and said with his magnetic voice, "It is the key to my house, and you get one of that."

"What do you mean?" After hearing this, her heartbeat went so fast, and she drew back her eyes. Of course, she understood what he meant, and it conveyed she could go to his house as she liked. It felt that they finally became one, and he completely removed the obstacle between them.

Joseph smiled at her and said, "You know what I meant."

"No, I don't." She played with the key in her hands and said deliberately.

He reached out and crossed her hands, "I have to hand it to you sooner or later. But I think it is better to give it to you earlier, and if you leave with anger next time, I will know where I can find you."

Irish's heartbeat even more quickly, and she blushed soon, handing the keys into her hands and saying, "I don't know what you mean."

He couldn't help laughing and held her waist, preventing her from moving, and then said softly, "You know what I am talking about, and you also know what I mean." He handed the keys into her hands again and added, "Trust me that I want to give you more."

Irish was staring at him and felt her heart was filled with happiness. She buried her face into his arms and then mumbled, "I don't care about anything as long as I can be with you."