

Enchanted 458

Cassie sighed as the topic circled around her again.

Roy came in and asked with a smile what he could do.

Her mother would forever make a chance for them to be together alone. She hurriedly put the dishes in front of Cassie. She smiled and said to Roy, "You're just here, and I've got the last dish left. You can help Cassie to do it." She washed her hands and walked out of the kitchen.

Cassie had no choice but to shake her head.

Roy came forward, and from behind, he gently encircled her, with chin against her head, "You teach me, I'll do it."

"No, you are a great young master, and you aren't familiar with this." Then, she inadvertently remembered Fredrick, who was good at this dish. Although, while abroad, he had often cooked for her, she learned it also because of Fredrick. Hastened to drive away the image in her brain, she chuckled and pushed Roy away.

Roy touched his nose. He really couldn't cook. They had an exceptional cook at home, and he had a dining hall at the airport. So he needed not to cook. A little awkward, he was close to her, "Then I'll watch you how you cook."

"You can go out because the smell is strong."

Roy refused.

Cassie had to let him stay.

"Well. You can pass me the dressing."

Roy nodded.

The small kitchen was more crowded with Roy's tall stature, but he was quite active, and there were many seasonings he did not know, even salt and flavor could not be separated clearly. He could only taste them first and then hand them to Cassie.

Cassie could not help but laugh, "You are really a great young master."

A young master who grew up with a golden spoon.

Roy's face turned red, and he smiled sheepishly.

After they had finished the last dish, Roy took the initiative to put it on the table. Cassie followed him. As soon as she stepped out of the kitchen, she saw Roy stop his steps, his spine slightly stiff.

She was puzzled and froze at sight, poking out her head.

At the door stood Fredrick, not knowing when he came. In short, her parents also looked embarrassed.

And Fredrick also froze after seeing Roy.

It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening when the gasp in the lounge stopped.

Irish was sticky to the bed like a dead fish, and the sheets were messy, which marked their love trace. Under the bed, the tissue was scattered all over the floor.

The sound of the bathroom stopped abruptly.

After a while, Joseph came out with a bath towel around his waist, drops of water on his sturdy chest, his short hair before his forehead, and his spirit was high in contentment.

Into the bedroom, seeing that she was also gently lying on the bed, sexy lips slightly raised, he stepped forward and sat down at the bedside.

The indoor light yellow light spread on her back, carefully reflecting her fine bone line. Like being shrouded in a laver of gauze, with thin sweats shining in the light, he looked at her slender waist and raised buttocks. And long, smooth legs, her shell-like toes slightly curled up.

Joseph exclaimed that she was a work of God.

He couldn't help but reach out and gently pull her seaweed hair to one side, exposing her fine white back neck. Her small face was on the black sheet, and it seemed to be more and more pale and pitiful. Black eyebrows gently stretched, and she closed her eyes, whose thick curled eyelashes cast shadows on both sides of the nostrils.

He stretched out his hand and gently stroked her back. It was white, as smooth as jade, which made him adore, and she hummed softly, protesting lowly from her tiny red lips.

Joseph gently smiled and bent over. His lips fell on her back neck.

The man's breath made her feel itchy. She shrunk her neck, opened her eyes, the good-looking brow gently frowning, she slightly showed the coquettish, "I am tired, it's all your fault."

He chuckled.

"Still going to your uncle's home?" The big hand was put around her chest, playing with the red plum on the mountain blooming in his wide, warm palm.

Irish let his restless hands do, having no strength to push him back, and had to hum, "What if I go or not?"

Joseph directly laid down next to her, turned sideways, raised his head with one hand, and gently kneaded her hips with the other hand. "If you go, I'll take you there, and you'll go downstairs in about ten minutes; if you don't," he said. "Let's just eat something and go straight home."

There was a trace of confusion in Irish's eyes.

Go home?

He should be talking about her home, but when did he become so natural?

"Are you staying with me tonight?" Wouldn't he go home to see Jordan?

Joseph stared at her, "Not allowed?"

She chuckled and lifted her hand to touch his throat. "I'm afraid you'll turn yourself in as the host."

"This is a good idea." Joseph seemed to be thinking.

Irish giggled, "I will go to my uncle's house the day after tomorrow. I was tired today."

"Well, go home." Joseph smiled and kissed her on the cheek, and got up.

She stared at his back as he was taking his clean shirt.

"I don't want to eat anymore." She elongated her voice.

"Eat something." Joseph returned to the bed and whispered, rubbing her long hair with a big hand. "I'll book a restaurant."

Irish thought, it was so late then to eat something casually, what was the need to book a restaurant?

Joseph put on his shirt and went out, then pushed the door in again, her cell phone ringing incessantly.

After handing it to her, he went out again.

It's her aunt.

Irish looked at the time, feeling bad. It was so late, and aunt also called, that must not be a good thing.

Not surprisingly, her aunt immediately asked, "Tomorrow is the weekend. Do you have time?"

Irish felt something was rising in her chest, but she pressed it down and sighed. "Don't push me all the time, aunt. You push me so that I don't even dare to see you."

"It's not that I'm pushing you to commit a crime," she said. "If you get married to a good person, your aunt's heart will be relieved. I will be able to see Rachel without any guilt until the day I close my eyes. Do you know?"

"Well, aunt, don't talk like that," Irish remembered Joseph's warning, and she was afraid to go.

Her aunt was upset over there. "You don't go, though. Should I say it a thousand times?"

"Well, no."