

Enchanted 472

She took over a bolster and checked the personal information, which was the introduction of the servants in the Lake family. She read again and again and felt something weird.

An hour passed, and she began to feel sleepy. She glanced at the time and found it was already midnight. It seemed that nothing would happen tonight.

Irish was a little disappointed, putting down the papers in her hand, and couldn't help wondering if Joseph had slept.

The warm air from the heater swiped from her cheeks and felt snug. She took the remote control again, and when she was about to turn down the temperature, she suddenly stopped.

Her mind seemed to have been knocked open for a moment, a little light shifting in, and her mind, which was in a mess, was suddenly enlightened.

There were many people in the Lake family of various ages, including old and young, so the central heater was not installed in the house to satisfy the needs for different temperatures.

Unlike the cool autumn, as usual, it was a warm autumn this year, and there was enough sunlight pouring into the room, so it would not be so cold at night.

It reminded her that after dinner, she heard the steward scold a servant because he entered William's room while the servants felt wronged and explained that he had just sent back the remote control to Mr. William's room. He was afraid William would be angry if he couldn't find the remote control when he came back because he was not used to the cold temperature.

Irish looked up at the heater in her room, where there was a fixed heater hole. The warm air was discharged from it. She got close to it and realized why there was a smell of lemon.

William was the one who was most afraid of the cold temperature, which meant he was the first to turn on the heater.

Thinking of that, the train of thought suddenly parted, and she couldn't link all the clues together. Irish frowned but still felt something weird, so she slammed the papers on the tea table and decided that she had to make another specific interrogation tomorrow.

Irish got no clues that night and was tired, so she walked to the washroom while yawning.

She took a shower, put on a disposable nightgown in the bathroom, and walked out. She then extinguished the lights in the living room and pushed the door into the bedroom.

But when she stepped onto her bed, she felt an unusual airflow from the heater. She was a little nervous and turned vigilant.

When she was about to rush to turn on the light beside the bed, she saw a figure walking toward her under the faint moonlight in the room. Soon the unusual airflow formed a rapid air collision and flocked to her.

When she was going to scream, her mouth was covered by a big hand.

She opened her mouth and intended to bite the hand subconsciously, but soon she was slammed down to the bed. Therefore, she reached out her hands and was going to fight back, but soon her wrists were also held tightly, and a low voice sounded beside her ears, "Don't be afraid. It's me."

It was a voice she was familiar with and missed every day.

Irish soon was like a deflated ball, and her tension vanished immediately. When the man's hands moved away, she softly fell on the bed, pinching his arms, and said, "Why did you scare me here?"

He also had taken a shower but with a new bath foam which covered his woody fragrance that she was familiar with. That was why she couldn't recognize him immediately.

But Joseph still pressed her without moving, embracing her slender waist with his arms, and smiled in the darkness.

There was only faint moonlight in the room. Irish turned back and stared at his cheeks, which looked more handsome under the light.

She felt wronged, so she supported her upper body and complained in a low voice, "Haven't you gone back with Ruby? I thought you would stay in her room tonight."

"Are you jealous?" Joseph showed a faint smile, and his eyes looked like the ocean at night, deep and siren.

Irish felt a little weird to see him from his perspective. Though he was smiling, it was shadowy. She bit her lips and replied, "I am not jealous at all."

In fact, she was a little angry, but he had explained it to her in the garden. What's more, she couldn't prevent him if he intended to covet another woman, let alone that there must be many young girls who wanted to be with him, so if she didn't trust him, she would be exhausted.

But he still loved her, or he wouldn't come to her tonight.

When she was about to turn over and hold him, acting like a spoiled kid in front of him, he drew back his arms and pressed on her back with his face buried in her long hair. Then, he whispered beside her, "You are not jealous? Are you serious?"

"Yes, why do I have to be jealous?" Irish was cheerful and joked with him deliberately. Unfortunately, his breath also ticked her neck, so she shrunk and turned to the other side.

Unexpectedly, Joseph held her face, his lips lowering, and whispered ambiguously, "You said you love me."

"Don't frolic here." Irish smiled softly, avoiding his lips, and felt relieved since he finally came to her and she had something to ask him about William's poisoning.

Joseph tightened his hands and pressed her body, kissing her earlobe gently, which gave her a violent shudder. And then his voice sounded again, "Then who are you jealous of?"

Irish was confused about his stubbornness. Though she wanted to turn over, she couldn't move at all, so she had to admit, "Well, I was jealous just now. Joseph, I can't breathe."

"It sounds perfunctory," Joseph said while his hands moved to her abdomen, pulling down the cross straps of her nightgown, and his hands slipped into it.

His hands were slightly cold, which gave her goosebumps, "I am cold."

"You will be warmed up soon." Joseph pushed aside her nightgown, and her slender legs were immediately exposed to the cool air that looked white and tender as jade.

Irish didn't expect that he would do this and was startled by him, reaching her hands and holding his wrist while shaking her head violently, "Are you crazy? We are in the Lake family now; what if they will find us doing something."

"Are you afraid?" Joseph smiled and whispered beside her ears, "Or you don't love me?"

"Joseph..."