

Enchanted 496

"That's enough!" Henry was angry and yelled. "Shirley, if you dare say a word more, pack up your things and leave my house!"

Shirley stopped, but her eyes glared at Joseph.

"What else do you want to say, Joseph?" Henry's eyes glanced at Irish and finally fell back to Joseph.

Irish's heart could not help tightening.

Joseph slightly pondered, then quietly said, "Thank you for years of cultivation."

Somehow, a little bit of hope in Irish's heart was extinguished, and soon she responded. What was she expecting? She should not have expected anything until the matter subsided.

Henry looked at Joseph's eyes with a trace of complexity, but things had been like that, so he could not say anything. He leaned on the sofa with tiredness on his face. After a long time, he sighed heavily.

Seeing the situation, Shirley could not help but open her mouth. The next second, Henry reprimands, "It's really a fake marriage, don't make a fuss!"

Shirley clenched her fist, and her lips trembled with anger.

It was midnight when they left the Lake's house. The sky seemed to be blackened with ink, and a thick haze covered the stars. The light was invisible, only moonlight trying to tear open the wisps of haze and sprinkle the cold light on the earth.

Inside the car, it was also infected with haze.

It was too quiet.

Joseph drove in silence, holding the steering wheel in one hand and her hand in the other. Looking ahead, a streetlight retreated at full speed, and the light splashed on his side face.

Irish did not speak, for she did not know what he was thinking.

After he had explained the matter between him and Ruby, he picked her up and walked out of the house before everyone. When she passed Shirley, she clearly heard her low curse, bitch!

At that time, she was so angry that she almost scolded her, but when she received the warning from Joseph's eyes, Irish put up with it.

After getting into the car, he thoughtfully helped her dress her shoes, silently fastened her seat belt, then drove away.

For Irish, her ears were quiet, but she didn't expect the car to be so silent.

Joseph looked like he was thinking, and it seemed that he thought nothing. She took a glance at his eyes, looking ahead at his pointy nose and closed lips quietly.

But why did she still feel his mind heavy?

Was it not a happy thing to disown the relationship with Ruby?

Just as she was thinking about whether to open her mouth to break the deadlock, Joseph finally opened his mouth, his voice still sounding charming like the night out of the window, "These two days you are not allowed to go to work and take care of injuries at home."

"I'm fine." She couldn't stay at home every day.

The steering wheel in Joseph's hand turned gently, and the car got on the auxiliary road.

"Listen to me." He said.

Irish turned her head and looked at his side face, licking her lips, "Can you come back from work early to accompany me?" Her deliberate mention of "early" and "come back" was nothing more than a test of his mind.

Joseph closed his lips and gave her no definite answer.

She kept looking at him.

The car stopped in an area with few people.

Joseph stalled the car and looked at her.

On a hazy night, Irish's cheeks were shrouded in light, more ambiguous and tender, and her fine white skin was as white as sand, and her eyes clear and clever.

Joseph lifted his hand and touched her hair with his big hand.

On his long fingers was familiar wooden incense, drilled with her hair smell into her breathing. When the man's finger covered her red lip, Joseph opened his mouth and said a word gently, "Yes."

Irish smiled gently, took his hand, clasped his fingers, and then asked, "Are you unhappy?"

Joseph looked at her, eyes became soft, "No, I am very happy."

The next second, the tall body pressed over, Joseph kissed her lips, then his big hand also climbed up her back head with force.

His kiss was sudden and passionate. She had only to enjoy it. When she reacted, she gently responded. A whisper came out of her nose, which made Joseph's kiss wilder and almost crushed her lips and teeth.

"Joseph." She felt the pain and vaguely called his name.

Joseph's lips continued down to her lower lip, her chin, her neck, her collarbone, and finally, her breast.

The next second she only felt a pain in her chest and said, "Hurt."

Joseph then let go of her nipple. She bowed her head and saw that he had left a mark on it.

Lightly covering Joseph's face, Irish murmured softly, "But I can't see that you are very happy. Why?"

Joseph looked at her; after a while, his thin lips slightly raised, saying, "Silly girl, you think too much."

Seeing him laugh, Irish felt much better in her heart and set her eyes on him. "Then we can be together in a fair and bright way, right?"

Joseph approached her, his nose close to her, and said a word, "Yes."

The great happiness and joy she had been suppressing were like fireworks in her heart. Irish suddenly hugged Joseph's neck tightly. At this moment, she could not describe her mood, as if her long-term expectations had finally become real. She was so excited that she did not know what to do.

Although Joseph had always been unmarried, and although she also knew that, she had not made their relationship public. Irish always felt that Joseph belonged to someone else.

But suddenly, this time, she felt good, she could embrace him openly and call him by his name. She could hold hands with him under the sun, call him unscrupulously and ask him what time to go home. Or when something in the house broke down, she could also call him, like other women to their boyfriends, and say to Joseph, honey, something was broken in our house, you had to fix it when you came back from work.

She looked forward to such a life.

Looking forward to this kind of Joseph, who only belonged to her.