

## Enchanted 500

Bowen looked at her and raised his lips, "Don't put all your mistakes on yourself. It's your boss's negligence."

"No, it's me."

"Daisy," Bowen interrupted her and stared at her. "You are prettier than the last time I saw you."

Daisy's legs were soft, almost rolling down from the escalator, and her eyes looking to Bowen were full of vigilance. Bowen did not go on saying anything after he had said this but smiled softly.

She began to be nervous again.

When driving all the way downtown, Bowen basically asked, and then Daisy answered, and she would never say a word more. Bowen suddenly stopped the car when they were in the city through a flower shop.

Daisy did not understand but still ordered the driver to stop the car.

Bowen opened the door, got out of the car, and rushed into the flower shop.

When Daisy waited impatiently, Bowen came out, holding a large bundle of white calla lilies in his arms. The bouquet was very beautiful and elegant, and not knowing if it was the staff in the flower shop or the hostess who went out to see him off in person with a keen face.

Bowen's height and appearance were very tall and handsome, with long hands and long legs, strong bones, obvious facial features, and strong contours of cheeks manly affixed with the label of a successful businessman. However, his presence was strong enough, and it was normal to attract the attention of the opposite sex.

Daisy opened the door actively, and Bowen took the coldness in late autumn into the car and then gave the bouquet to Daisy.

She was surprised. "Mr. Bowen?"

"It's for you." Bowen looked at her and smiled.

"No, I can't receive that." What was it to give it to her?

Bowen insisted on giving it to her and approached her slightly, saying, "I apologize for my rudeness that night."

Daisy's eyes were wide, and she thought he hadn't remembered at all.

\*\*\*\*

When night came, everything was lost in silence. All the good and bad things were little by little stopped with the sunset and rest. Time also seemed to be covered with a thick lid, reducing the noise of the day and impetuosity, so it became slow, with no hurry, no impatience.

So Irish felt that the time of night was so slow that every minute was like dragging a tail and moving forward with heavy steps.

After Mia left, she would nest on the sofa in the living room. The programs on TV changed one by one, but her thoughts remained at a certain point, not moving like getting rusty.

She was looking forward to a new start. Despite the day's gossip, Irish would like to feel a new chapter in life. She waited quietly for Joseph, hoping he would come tonight and get along with him, who was truly single.

Instead of calling him, she waited patiently for him to return to the house. It was not difficult to imagine how tired he had been all day, and though she hadn't been to the company, she could imagine the whispering in the company.

But the time was as slow as a tortoise, starting at 8 pm, the channel had been changed several times. The picture in front of Irish had been so fixed in the past three hours that she went to sleep until her mind was in endless darkness.

Not knowing when, she just felt a big hand gently covering her forehead, warm, and the breathing was the good smell of wood fragrance.

Her eyelids moved, but Irish did not want to open her eyes, and her cherry-red lips slightly provoked the arc of happiness.

The big hand gently put aside her hair on her cheeks, and her face rubbed against the man's palm. Low laughter fell in her ear. Close to her was the man's familiar smell, wrapping her tightly, warm.

"Go back to bed." His voice was pleasant, and his falling breath tickled her earlobe.

Irish shrank her neck but still closed her eyes and shook her head gently. "I want you to hug me for a while."

The man laid down as she wished, freeing his arms to pull her into his arms.

She opened her eyes and looked at his tie.

His face rose slowly, and he stared down so that the tip of their nostrils were so close that he could see through her expectations in her eyes, and she could see her reflection through his pupil.

He still went back, no matter what time.

Irish watched him, saying nothing, but smiled foolishly.

Joseph saw her smile but also could not help but raise the corner of his lips, and his other big hand climbed up her face. His tone was quietly spoiling, "What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at your gossip today." Irish approached him, pressed her red lips to his, and bit him mischievously.

From now on, he was hers, no longer involved with other women, and no longer being said to be the husband of other women. She could hold him openly or ask him to hold her and, as of now, kiss him as she wanted and bite him as she wanted to.

It was something she had been waiting for too long.

Her heart was never so easy and released.

Joseph let her act, and when she loosened her lips, his lower lip was left a shallow mark.

"Is this a dark psychological answer?" He made fun of her on purpose.

Irish then crept into his bosom, pulling his tie and laughing, "I'm just a dark mind. Don't you like it?"

"I like it." Joseph put his arms around her and dropped a kiss on her head.

It was nice to hold her like that, especially that night when he felt satisfied, as if he had never been there before, thinking that Joseph could not help laughing.

Irish looked up from his arms and saw his brow stretching out. She could not help asking, "What are you laughing at?"

"I..." Joseph smiles, "am also a dark mind."

"I can see that." She laughed heavily.

Joseph smiled and pinched her face.

Irish felt that he was in a good mood that day. Compared with last night, he had a lot of smiles tonight. She guessed that Joseph might have been thinking about the situation the next day. Looking at him like that, she could imagine everything was under his control.