

Enchanted 513

He stopped his next movement because of her tears since he didn't know what had happened to her. She kept crying there for a long time, and he even felt sore for her.

And then he did something he had never done in his life. He just slept beside such a beautiful woman motionlessly without touching her.

She finally fell asleep because of tiredness, leaning on his arms like a kid. He felt good to hold her like that.

The memory was interrupted immediately because he was disturbed by the young model who took the initiative to hold his neck.

Joseph frowned, and when he was about to say something, the young woman begged him in a low voice, "Let me wait upon you tonight." She reached out and touched his crumpled eyebrows. The woman's behavior was accidentally consistent towards Joseph, but it annoyed him, so he pushed her away and took a sip of the wine, saying unpleasantly, "Put on the cloth. Take the money and get out of here."

The model bit her lips and didn't continue to touch him after perceiving his anger. She put on the cloth silently, sitting back beside him but didn't touch him this time, though she was eager to lean against his sturdy and broad chest.

She hastily poured wine for him when she saw he reached out to take the wine and then said softly, "Don't worry, I won't badger you. I must accompany you to drink since I have taken your money."

She pours another glass of wine for him while talking. Joseph didn't reply but tossed off the cup.

He leaned on the couch while his mind was suffused with the pictures of Irish. He missed her smile, her anger, and the moment when she spoiled like a child in front of him and told him that she loved him with her sweet voice. What's more, he even missed her when she lied to him with a smile.

Joseph clenched the glass and realized that he missed her so much.

He took out the phone drunkenly but saw double images on the screen. He wanted to dial, but his fingers were out of his control because of drunkenness, so he took the coat and staggered out.

He had to go home to meet her.

He missed her so much.

The young model hastily held him and said anxiously to him, "Let me send you back." But Joseph pushed her away directly. She fell down, and when she was about to stand up, she saw a phone lying on the ground. It was the phone he just took in hand and must have been accidentally dropped.

She hastily took the phone without hesitation, and the screen was still on. She opened the address book but was astonished since there was only a number in it of which name my baby.

She looked at the man who was staggering out subconsciously. It must be his beloved woman since only her number was in his private phone.

She was very envious of this person named Baby, who such a brilliant man could love.

Upon getting the phone, Irish hastily rushed to PUB. She didn't drive but quickly called a taxi.

The street at night was impeded, and the driver also accosted her occasionally, but she was so anxious and felt the speed of the car was too slow.

Her cell phone was clenched in her hands, and she frowned while the woman's sound kept echoing in her mind.

It was a soft voice from a woman, and she told her that Joseph was drunk and she had to pick him up.

It was not Daisy's voice, but who was she? Who can take his private cell phone so easily?

Thinking of this, Irish breathed fast, and her hand clenched into a fist so as to remind her to keep sober.

She knew that many girls coveted him since he was such a brilliant man. She did imagine the scene where another girl would lean in his arms, but it was too hard for her to imagine this. There were many beautiful girls in the world, and Joseph had to face much more temptation than others. In fact, she was so afraid that he would not be able to withstand temptation and was obsessed with another woman one day.

But she still believed she was his only beloved woman, and even if he contacted other women, it was just a game in his eyes.

Thinking of this, she felt that she was mentally prepared.

But when she arrived at the PUB door, she almost knelt down. She walked to the box, and when she opened the door, a strong smell of alcohol struck her.

It was quiet in the room without music but the flashing light, which looked luxurious.

And soon, Irish found Joseph, who was lying on the couch drunkenly. He leaned there while their wine bottles were in a mess on the table.

What made her sore was that a woman was gently washing his face.

Irish squinted, staring at the woman beside him. She was young but plump, and her close-fitting dress was slightly messy and so short that it looked so sexy.

Her eyes were full of fondness when she looked at Joseph while he leaned on one of her arms, allowing her to wipe his face.

His coat was put aside, with his neckline slightly opened, revealing his sturdy chest. More shockingly, his shirt was stained with the woman's lipstick.

Irish stood there motionlessly.

She knew that she had to encounter such scenes now that she had fallen with a brilliant man, and she even thought she would accept if it were not Joseph who took the initiative. It was her fault because she fell in love with him, who was so attractive to a woman.

But when she saw such a scene in front of her, she felt her heart was broken, and a gust of anger rushed to her mind. Before she lost her mind, she stepped to Joseph, pulled up the woman beside him, and roared unpleasantly. "What are you doing?"

The young model didn't see her and was startled violently. She looked at the woman in front of her, eyes filled with anger that shocked her, and she loosened her hands, the towel falling to the ground.

"I... I....." She was too flurried to say a single word.