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Irish glared at her and then sat down beside Joseph, fondling his cheeks, and called him softly, "Joseph....."

He did not respond to her, but his eyelid moved slightly. He looked very afflictive and frowned with his lips pressed into a thin line. The young model standing beside said tentatively, "Mr. Dover has drunk a lot of wine, and he can't even walk straight."

Irish turned to her abruptly and replied angrily, "I am not blind."

The young model was frightened by her but stared at her secretly after Irish turned back to her again.

She was beautiful, and she couldn't help extolling though she was also a woman, and then the young woman turned to the man on the couch. Now she could understand why he would call her baby. They were well-matched.

But Irish ignored her since she knew this model was just a peripheral girl, but she could do nothing since Joseph was drunk now, so she turned to the model and reached out her hands, "Give me the phone."

The woman was shocked by her and couldn't react for a short time, "Do you want to take his phone for commemoration? There is only my number in it."

The young woman blushed and hastily handed the phone to her. Irish took it over and then saw the banknotes on the table inadvertently.

All women were jealous, including the young model. After perceiving her gaze, she hastily stepped forward, taking the cash into her bag, and said with a faint smile, "Mr. Dover gave me this cash and asked me to wait upon him."

Irish's heart trembled when she heard that; actually, she was annoyed, especially when she saw their slightly messy clothes.

"Wait upon him?" Irish smiled and sneered, saying to her, word by word, "Do you think you are qualified?"

Obviously, the model didn't expect that she would say this, and she was shocked at first but soon became angry from embarrassment, "Mr. Dover..."

Before she could finish her words, a few more banknotes fell in front of her, which startled the young model again.

It was Irish who took out those banknotes to her.

She took out all of the cash in his wallet and then said with a smile, "Take it. Remember, it is me that gives the money to you."

The young model was completely confused by her, and she couldn't figure out why she did this to her.

"If you have waited upon him, then I have to thank you since he is a man of strong lust. I am afraid it is not enough to buy some nutrients to replenish your strength with money on the table." Irish raised the

money in her hand and then continued, "Take it. But if you still want to covet him, then you will be dead."

The woman was frightened by her threatening tone.

The woman took the money carefully and subconsciously took a glimpse at Joseph.

"What are you looking for? Do you believe I will dig out your eyes?" Irish blocked in front of her with her face getting so close to the woman, which startled her to step back.

"There is a small tip for you. Take the money and forget everything tonight upon getting out of the room." Irish said slowly, but soon she added, "You can only take his phone when he is drunk, but I can touch any of his private things no matter if he is awake or drunk, and that's the difference between us. Do you understand?"

The woman bit her lips tightly, nodded, and immediately left the room.

When everything was quiet, Irish then turned to Joseph and sighed slightly.

Irish exhausted her strength to get him back home. When they fell down on the bed, she ran out of strength to raise her arms.

The man beside her moved slightly and grunted.

She leaned on his chest, staring at his closed eyes, and called his name again, thinking about cooking a hangover tea for him.

Joseph opened his eyes slightly, "Isabel...." He mumbled her name.

Irish felt wronged and crawled out from his chest and got off the bed.

But he grabbed her hands, looking at her with his drunken eyes, begging in a weak voice, "Isabel, don't leave me alone."

Her heart trembled, crossed his fingers, and leaned on him again, whispering beside her ear, "Am I crazy? Joseph, I know I am mad." His deep affection was enough to offset her grievances and doubts. She was very angry on the way back. She was angry with why he asked another woman to accompany him. But his fonder words made her feel that she loved him so deeply and she also couldn't leave him.

She knew she was mad, and sometimes she couldn't help wondering, even if she had seen he was intimate with another woman, she wouldn't leave him if he told her that he needed her.

Was it true love?

Has she begun to become the same as Cassie?

When Joseph woke up the next morning, it was already seven o'clock, and he had slept two hours more than usual.

The morning light was suffused in the bedroom. Irish was sleeping well in his arms.

He lowered down and found they were dressed in their lover's pajamas, clean and with the smell of sunshine.

He was dizzy from the drunkenness last night, but as he was awake, the memories of last night also returned to him.

Joseph didn't want to wake her, glaring at her quietly. He couldn't help but smile, bowed towards her forehead, and gently kissed her while she mumbled like a little animal that let people have pity on her.

Joseph had strong lust in the morning after the whole-night drunkenness. Coupled with the woman's sleeping state in her arms, a soft sigh was enough to provoke his lust, and then his kiss moved down, with his handsome face buried in her neck.

Perhaps Irish was pricked by his newly-grown beard, she was awake soon, but when she saw him glare at her, she pushed him away immediately.

With a smile, Joseph held her from behind, asking, "What's wrong?"

"You should answer this question." Irish turned to him while frowning and asked, "Why did you drink so much alcohol last night?"

Joseph thought for a while and then leaned on the bedside, reaching out to embrace her, and then said with a soft smile, "I was just drinking with Roy, I did get drunk last night."