

Enchanted 519

Joseph fixed up the cabinet that fell to the ground and then took a look at her after hearing her mumble.

"Joseph, I am so upset now. Stop cleaning and come to hug me, please." She pulled the bolster restlessly.

He stopped and then stepped to her while she reached out and grabbed his suit pants.

Joseph couldn't help smiling, sitting down beside her and embracing her into his arms while Irish leaned against him like a koala. He lifted her up a little, and then she directly sat on his thigh, wrapped around his neck, and stuck to him.

"It is not safe here. You have to go back to my house tomorrow." Joseph held her and fondled her back but said with a mighty tone.

Irish shook her head violently in his arms and said, "It is just an incident today. Mia has some emergency to deal with, so she left earlier today. I shouldn't go shopping after work."

"You should feel lucky that no one is in the room." Joseph was unpleasant after hearing her words and then held her face, talking sternly, "What if you meet the thief by chance and then get hurt by him?"

He was worried that she was hurt on the way to her house, and he was relieved when he saw that she sat on the couch without injuries. But soon, he feared after the event but at the same time felt lucky since she went back late today.

Irish rolled her eyes, loosened her arm around his neck, and shook his wrist, "I am good at Kung Fu, so I am not afraid of the thief."

"Nonsense." While frowning, Joseph looked so severely this time and said, "You are just a jack-of-all-trades."

After perceiving his displeasure, Irish shut up and lowered her head, avoiding his eyes.

After seeing this, Joseph sighed and fondled her hair, and his patience, as well as his fondness for her all, came back. "If you keep living here, I will be worried all day long."

Irish felt warm, looking up at him, and replied, "I am used to living here, and your brother is living in your house now, and I don't want to have conflicts with him every day. What's more, you can also come here occasionally if I live here. Do you know I really enjoy our lover's world?"

Joseph was helpless after hearing her absurd theory, "Isabel, you are so stubborn."

"So why not make a concession?" She smiled, held his face, kissed him abruptly, and added, "I have paid the rent for the first quarter, and the landlord will definitely not return the rent to me."

Joseph had seen through her mind already, so he replied directly, "Well, how much have you paid? I will compensate you."

"But why do I have to suffer a loss?" Irish rolled her eyes and stared at him, "Joseph, do you remember that I just winked when the police asked if you were the owner?"

Joseph nodded and waited for her to continue.

"So you should have known I am afraid of troubles." Irish sighed and then added, "I am worried that the police would ask me to contact Jasmine since she is abroad now. And I am afraid that she would pass out if she knew a thief got into her house. She urged me several times and asked me to take care of this house, and she certainly won't let me go, and I don't want to pay her the extra money for compensation."

After she finished her words, Joseph flicked her forehead.

"Ouch!" She screamed while Joseph just glanced at her and then said indifferently, "Why do you still care about money at this crucial moment?"

"I have lost twenty dollars today, so I can't suffer another loss again." Irish felt her heart was broken when thinking of the money she lost today, and then she took his hands to her chest, "Feel it. My heart had stopped beating."

Taking the chance, Joseph hastily took advantage, his hands slipping into her clothes and pinching her tender nipple as a punishment for her which led to pain. As soon as she reached out to beat him, he clenched her hands with her wrists and said in his deep voice, "Do you think I can't afford you?"

She was really a money grubber.

Irish took the initiative to coax him since she knew that he was not joking with her and whispered, "Joseph, I don't mean that, but I just like to live here."

Though he was a little angry, he could understand that she had been accustomed to living here, and he also knew that she was stubborn and nobody could change her mind. He had to give up persuading her after thinking for a while but patted her hip as a punishment for her. Irish pouted and said, "Joseph, it seems you have a tendency to domestic violence."

"In fact, I think I should use violence against you sometimes."

Irish smiled sweetly and replied, "Well, can you bear to hit me?"

He reached out and pinched her nose, "No, I can't, and that's why I never force you to do anything you dislike." He sighed after finishing his words and then looked around, "Now that you want to live here, then I have to take some measures to keep you safe. The door should be replaced by one with a fingerprint lock."

Irish was warmed by his words, holding her neck and kissing his cheeks, "It feels good to be with you, and you will manage everything for me."

Joseph smiled while his heart was filled with a fondness for her, "You are honey-mouthed." Irish smiled after hearing that.

Joseph began to clean up the room, but he stopped Irish from helping him. She had no choice but to follow him, wandering in the room as if she were his shadow.

Joseph also enjoyed this feeling; in fact, he liked her to be so close to him and depend on him.

But when she took over the white orchid screen, she was upset and said, "I have been suspicious that I am not the right owner of this screen, or how could it break several times?"

"It is because you have chosen a cheap skeleton for it." Joseph turned to her and jeered. "I will contact the shop owner for you, and the skeletons in his shop are all of good quality."