

Enchanted 521

It reminded her that he used to get up early, but whenever he slept here, he didn't wake her up once from getting up, washing, and dressing out of the house. She was slightly conscious that he kissed her forehead, and at this time, she knew that he was going to leave for work.

"Let me do it." Irish was touched by his loving care and wanted to help him, but Joseph stopped her, and perhaps he was afraid that she would be scalded. Soon, they were ready to enjoy the meal.

Irish had a good appetite, especially on such a sunny day, and she was happy to spend the weekend with her beloved man. She didn't ask about his schedule in these two days because he was not in a hurry to go out, so she thought he must be free from engagement. Thinking of this, Irish was even more cheerful.

But soon, the doorbell rang and interrupted the peace.

Irish hesitated and blinked, trying to figure out who was knocking on the door.

But she yelled in her heart since she didn't hope a visitor would come to interrupt their lovers' world.

So she thought for a while and then whispered, "Don't open the door. Let's be deaf for a while."

Joseph was amused by her and replied, "Well, I agree, or I am afraid people will say that you hide such a handsome man in your house."

Irish glared at him, but the doorbell was still ringing.

Joseph finally stood up and was going to open the door, but Irish stopped him and said, "You keep enjoying the meal, and I will go to open the door." She kissed his cheeks and then walked out of the dining hall.

Joseph stared at her back, a smile hanging on his face.

Irish walked to the door and took a look at the anti-theft display screen, but soon she was shocked violently.

She stood there motionlessly, and cold sweat on her back slid down as a crawling centipede which made her unable to move but only to stare at the screen.

"Irish, what are you thinking about? Open the door. I am so cold." Aunt Mary's voice sounded outside. She was a little impatient since Irish turned on the display screen but didn't open the door for her immediately.

Irish widened her eyes, staring at the screen and at a loss of what to do.

Mary's chubby face was almost attached to the screen, and she could even see her double chin like a Michelin tire which alarmed her.

Uncle Steven was standing behind her, and he was dressed in a thick coat because of the cold weather today.

"Who is it?" Joseph walked out of the dining room since he had waited for her for a long time and was curious when he saw her standing there still in a panic.

Irish replied in a weak voice helplessly, "Aunt Mary and Uncle Steven."

But Joseph was confused since she still didn't open the door for them, so he reached out and was going to open it.

As soon as his finger touched the lock, Irish hastily grabbed his hand, shaking at him violently, and said, "No, no, no. You can't open it."

Hearing this, he was even more confused while Irish's brain began to run fast, "Find a place to hide. Hurry up." Irish said while pushing him to go.

"What?" Joseph was shocked and frowned out of puzzlement.

But Irish was so anxious to notice his expression. She looked around, pulled him to the living room, glanced at the second floor, and pointed at her bedroom, "Go and hide in the bedroom. They won't go upstairs."

"Why?" He asked while his voice sounded a little cold.

"It is because they always respected my privacy, so they won't get into my bedroom," Irish explained anxiously.

"I am asking you why I should hide." He stopped and pulled her with a frown while his voice turned unpleasant.

However, Joseph was so willful when Mary knocked on the door, putting Irish in a great bustle. Then she said without consideration, "Don't ask me why and you have to hide now. Anyway, you can't let them find you."

Her voice echoed in the air, which sounded so harsh to Joseph.

The sunlight in the living room was somewhat offset, and Joseph was overwhelmed by it, his handsome face was also exposed to the light. There was dim light flickering in his eyes that illuminated his dreary eyes. He was speechless; his lips pursed into a thin line, and he stared at Irish blankly.

In the following second, he squinted while the dim light in his eyes suddenly turned cold and stern.

Obviously, Irish perceived that his eyes had turned cold, which led her into a dilemma. But she had no choice but tried to explain to him with a soft voice.

Mary began to shout outside, and she stamped her foot out of anxiety, staring at him while rubbing her hands ceaselessly, and then said, "Joseph, please. Please do me a favor. Hurry up and find a place to hide."

But soon, she lowered her head under the pressure of his gaze.

Joseph was silent for a moment but finally went upstairs.

Irish was then relieved like a deflated balloon, and she looked back at Joseph, who was stepping upstairs. The light fell on his broad and strong back, which looked lonely.

He walked step by step, slow and ponderous.

Irish felt that he was stepping on her heart, leading to severe pain.

Was she wrong?

Taking a deep breath, she rushed to the door as soon as Joseph disappeared at the corner and opened the door.

Soon, the elevator door opened, followed by footsteps.

Mary was hurried while Steven was sedated, indicating two different characters.

Upon seeing Irish, Mary hastily said to her, "You scared me! How did the thief get into the house? Have you been injured? What has been lost?"

Her loud voice was almost floating in the entire corridor as if she was going to broadcast this news to everyone. Irish was helpless but invited them to get into the house immediately.

Steven got in and asked the same question as Mary when he took off his coat.