

Enchanted 530

Irish was buried in his arms upon walking out from the trance and shook her head slightly, "Nothing."

She didn't tell him the details of her dream since she also couldn't figure it out.

Joseph smiled softly over her head and tightened his arms, "My silly woman."

Hearing his steady heartbeat, the scenes in her dream gradually disappeared, except one still lingered in her mind. She lingered with Adam in her dream.

His fondling, the obscurity, and even his body temperature were so real. She said that she loved him sincerely again and again. Yet, though she was awake now, she could still feel grieved when she recalled the scene.

But it was Adam in her dream, and why did she see Joseph's face suddenly?

"I hate to see the darkness when I am awake." She said depressively.

Joseph replied softly after hearing this, "Are you still afraid even if I am here with you?"

Irish looked up at the room's soft light and felt his fondness in the deep of his eyes, shaking slightly.

Joseph smiled with satisfaction, rubbing her hair gently and kissing her forehead.

She fell asleep again, and when she woke up again, it was dawn.

Joseph had to fly abroad at ten since he had to attend a jewelry exhibition. Irish got up to pack luggage for him while he was preparing breakfast.

When she was collecting clothes for him, she rushed to the kitchen and asked, "Which suit do you want to bring?"

Joseph replied, even without looking back, "You can decide it for me."

"I got it." She rushed away while Joseph couldn't help smiling.

But a few minutes later, she came to him again and asked, "What about the ties?"

Joseph turned to her and replied patiently, "It's up to you."

"Okay," She ran away again, but he knew she would return.

As expected, she came back just a minute later. She couldn't help laughing when she saw that Joseph was waiting for her there and then asked, "Don't you have any requirement about the cufflinks?"

"No. It also depends on you." He replied with a smile.

Irish grinned and rushed away quickly.

When they were eating breakfast, Irish told him, "I have prepared one more casual suit for you."

"Okay," Joseph was patient and added, "But I don't know if I have the chance to wear them all."

"Of course you have." She giggled shyly and then added, "You can't be in a suit to go out when you have to buy some gifts for me."

"Buy gifts?" Joseph repressed a smile and raised his eyebrows deliberately. "But I never promised you that I would buy a gift for you."

"Joseph," She called his name with a sweet voice, swaying his arms, and said, "Boyfriends will always bring gifts to their girlfriends when they go abroad."

Joseph was cheered by her since he liked her to act like a spoiled kid in front of him, but he intended to tease her, so he pushed her away gently and said, "Well, then you can find a new boyfriend."

"No," Irish held his arms tightly, looking up at him fondly, "You are the best man in the world. You are handsome and always treat your girlfriend well."

"Really?" Joseph couldn't help smiling but continued, "But as far as concerned, Mr. Dover's girlfriend is sometimes dissatisfied."

It was a pleasant scene in the morning.

Joseph was dressed neatly, and the dark coffee-colored shirt made him look more handsome and tall. His fingers were slender, and he acted so elegantly. But Irish was still dressed in her pajamas with her hair in disorder, holding him tightly.

"Well, though I will complain about you occasionally....." She stopped and grinned slyly but soon continued, "If Mr. Dover takes some time to buy some gifts for his girlfriend in Venice, he will be Mr. Perfect."

Joseph couldn't resist her coquetry, so he just put down his tableware and rubbed his mouth with tissues, "Alright. I will bring gifts for you."

Irish was happy to hear that, "I will designate a gift."

Joseph looked at her, feeling ridiculous, "You requested too much."

"So just say it directly. What do you want?" Joseph looked at her, smiling gently.

Irish was just waiting for his question, so as he asked it, she took out a name card from her pocket to him and said smilingly, "Please come to this store and buy the newest tringel for me."

Joseph looked at it with a confused expression. It was delicate, with one side in Italian and the other in English. Every letter was as beautiful as an angel flying with her wings. He took a glance at it. It was a craft store in Venice, above which there was its name and address.

"What?" He didn't understand it.

Irish ran out of the restaurant and then came back with seven or eight dolls in her bosom. She put them in front of him. "It's just this kind of doll. It's named lucky goddess or lucky angel. You don't need to know much about it, and what you need to do is just order the newest one."

Joseph had seen these dolls. These strange dolls played a significant role in her magic style of decoration. Actually, many things in her living room were bought by her from abroad, each of which was so strange. He was accustomed to them, but he never knew that they were not average ones.

He picked one up casually, which seemed to be small, contrasted with his big hand. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Aren't they clowns? Is ordering needed?"

"What clown? Please take it seriously." Irish grabbed the doll from him and put it away, "As I said, it is tringel."

"By the way, I need to remind you." Irish took it over stressfully and pointed, "Please be careful. It would help if you bought it from a grannie, not from a grandpa. Although the grandpa's dolls are also authentic, I tend to buy them from that granny."

Joseph was confused about it, "What, granny and grandpa?"

"Do not ask so much. Anyway, you should buy it according to what I have said." Irish was afraid that he would be perplexed if she explained too much to him, so she just refused to answer his question directly. It could be understood that a man would not know something about a girl's hobby.

Joseph didn't ask further since he didn't know it. He just took the name card over and massaged her head, "You dare to order me."