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Standing in embarrassment, Irish prepared to escape, but Joseph walked forward calmly, taking the initiative to invite her. She was startled, forgetting the following normal actions, standing there with baffled eyes. Cassie nudged her softly, and Irish reacted, raising her eyes to see Joseph.

Joseph lowered his eyes to look directly at her, stretching his hand patiently the entire time, with calm and powerful eyes, which she associated with a wide and peaceful sea. The night wind blew softly with a light wood fragrance. She couldn't control herself and gave him her hand. The corners of his eyes raised, and his hands tightened. That was his first opening dance with her.

The piano played the main melody of the opening dance, and the sound made by the black and white keys was light and soft, like raindrops on a lotus leaf, gently swaying the fragrance, and as the wonderful sound from an ancient night, intoxicating people in the room. The lights of the hall were dimmed, except for the bright stars of the night sky and the sparkling splendor of crystal in the room, which seemed to illuminate at the bottom of Joseph's eyes. His dance steps followed and guided, and his big hands attached themselves to her softback. The temperature of his palm burned through Irish's thin clothing into the depths of her heart.

Daylight strengthens people's reason, which ensures they can overcome the obstacles of social pressure, interpersonal communication, and workplace competition, but nighttime makes people sensitive and tender. A piano melody could let them fall into their memories or become lenient toward people who they originally hated.

For Irish, this beautiful night, obscure lights, and pleasant music should be blamed for her good feelings about matching Joseph's dancing steps and closeness. But for Joseph, it could be blamed on the beautiful woman in his arms, not the gorgeous night outside the window and the elegant surroundings. He never meant to acknowledge her beauty. The more beautiful things are always more delightful but riskier. During the last song, the staff slowly joined in on the dance floor. Without feeling nervous from the attention, Irish began to dance more lightly.

Perhaps they were so close that she could smell his masculinity, but she began to memorize the history between them. The distance between them made her think of the morning they first met. That morning, even the air in the hotel was charming. She usually tried very hard not to think of that day, but tonight the atmosphere allowed her to sink deep into the thought of it.

"What are you thinking?" Joseph asked, looking above her head while smiling faintly.

She swore this man was born with a radio voice. In the haze of the evening, she couldn't help but surrender her heart to him. She should be feeling differently, at least acting as though she didn't care, but when she looked at him directly, her heart flipped.

"I was thinking about how charming the lights are and how nice the wine is. Do I also look charming?" It wasn't hard for her to look directly at him, so she became wary of how calm he made her feel.

Joseph raised his hand gracefully, and she turned gently in his arms, and his smile seemed to touch her.

"You look beautiful." His praise seemed to be more powerful than the praise of others.

"Should I say thank you?" In time with the music, she leaned back into his arms and was able to get a good look at his jaw and sexy throat.

Joseph seemed to be unmoved with such a beauty in his arms. He was able to distance his mind from it and dance flawlessly. His answer was very standard. Irish gently bit her lip and thought about asking.

"So between Ruby and I, who is more beautiful?"

This time he didn't push her away, maybe because they were dancing, but his hands were wrapped around her waist cautiously, he did not dare do anything out of the ordinary.

"You both have your own strengths."

This answer dissatisfied her, and her eyebrows raised as she replied, "You should know I don't like that answer."

"I know." Joseph's tone was light, but he seemed to indulge in her childish boldness. Irish no longer looked him in the eyes. A few seconds later, she looked up suddenly and asked, "Do you love Ruby?"

That question was more direct, not because she was tempted to ask but because she was too curious. She didn't know what Joseph would be like if he deeply loved another. Was he still so calm and restrained in the face of love? Or would he become as gentle as water and give her eternal love and care? Could the woman who he was able to tolerate and even marry someone he actually loved? She wanted to be sure.

"What about love?" He gave this answer without any expectation.

Irish raised her lips in a smile and replied, "You're avoiding my question."

Joseph looked at her as he said, "Love is a luxury to me. If I find someone I love, it will be lucky, if not, well, then that's my fate..."

His answer was ambiguous, he answered accurately but was still able to avoid the question. Irish looked at his face, she was lost in the moment. Joseph was a man who planned his career and even his life accurately, people like him knew what they wanted. His personality was steady and reserved, though he did everything carefully and ruthlessly. He didn't make rash decisions. If he loved Ruby deeply, why weren't they together? If not, why would they have gotten married in the first place?

Her confusion gradually became too much to deal with, so she asked another question even more direct than the last.

"Do you think your marriage is just a career move to keep you successful?" These words were irrevocable, and she waited to see how they would affect him. Just then, the music suddenly finished, and while everyone applauded, he said quickly, "Have fun."

Irish frowned, why did the music have to end now? She held her cell phone in one hand and stepped away from the dance floor. She could only see his shadow move further and further away. Cassie held her glass of wine and handed Irish one with a slightly raised brow, "What were you two talking about? I sensed that you were not happy."

"I asked him if he loved his wife." Irish took the glass from her, had a mouthful of wine, and raised her hand to call for another glass. Her words, paired with the action of gulping down the glass at once, startled Cassie, who reached out for her arm.

"Why on earth would you ask that?"

"Don't worry, I'm not obsessed with him." Irish smiled slightly, "I just happened to be suddenly curious about his marital status."

"Although his marriage to Ruby Lake is no big deal, nobody in the company is unaware of it." Cassie's expression was startled as she hurriedly poured her another, she said seriously, "Irish, do not play with fire, you can't deal with him."