

Enchanted 63

Irish looked into Cassie's eyes and almost blurted out that Ruby and the whole Lake family didn't deserve happiness. She held back. Cassie didn't know the whole story.

"Do you really think of me that way? You're far too sensitive."

"I was just startled by what you said. What's the point of paying so much attention to his marriage?" Cassie was a warm-hearted girl, and she would never understand her best friend making a mistake in life. "Just remember, he's your boss, so your relationship is simple. Keep that in mind. It looks like I have to watch out for you."

Irish felt helpless and wanted to laugh. Why was she someone who always seemed to be wrong?

"Well, will you die if you don't talk about it? Let's have a good drinking night."

"Oh my god, again?" Cassie was pulled into the wine area by Irish.

After handling the official affairs, Joseph went back to the hall again. What he saw surprised him, and he quickly retreated. He looked up to see the name of the hall, and Daisy, who he was unaware suddenly had opened her eyes.

"Mr. Dover..."

Making sure he didn't go into the wrong hall, he entered again.

"I've dealt with the affairs for a long time?" He saw what was happening before his eyes.

She swallowed hard. "Only an hour."

In just one hour, the original graceful hall became a place where people were dancing like mad. What surprised him was the music, it gave him a headache. The live band that played piano and violin had to step aside. The music was fueled with erotic charm, and people danced like they were possessed.

Joseph felt like he had heard this music before, but he couldn't remember where. His sharp eyes swept among the crowd and quickly landed on the right person. Standing at the highest place, Irish's soft body twisted in time with the music like a snake. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were blurred. He could easily see she had too much to drink, and she was with Cassie, who was also clearly drunk. The people around them all danced wildly around Irish and Cassie.

The music was alluring, and the women who danced to it were charming too. As he looked, he understood the saying 'a dinner party without leaders was a carnival.' Everything here changed in just one hour.

"They dance well," Daisy was young and felt boisterous about the scene, "They have soft bodies like two snakes."

It was true. Joseph knew it was true. Especially Irish, who danced like a sexy fairy. As he thought this, she came toward him. He stood motionless as she stretched her arms out and clasped her hands around his neck.

The wine flowed freely at the party. All of them were drunk, and from their eyes, the world was splendid. Alcohol intoxicated people and stimulated their courage. So it was with Irish. The strength of the alcohol was like a spark of fire, which gently dropped in her heart and soon ignited a wild blaze. She was enchanted and started behaving recklessly.

Her graceful figure was like a red lotus swaying in the wind.

It seemed that the music was intended to conciliate the moment and sounded perfect for the time.

When the last lyric sounded, Irish was holding Joseph's neck with one of her hands while she raised the other hand to caress his face. Her slender fingers also seemed to be tainted with the fragrance of the lotus. She looked carefully at the man, his wide forehead, his thick eyebrows, sharp nose, thin lips, and his well-defined jaw.

Under the strength of the alcohol, her body was even softer, and she seemed like an invertebrate when she was dancing. Her graceful figure leaned on the man's arms and rubbed against his body recklessly.

Irish was bewitching, and she danced insolently and with great passion, while Joseph just stood there without movement, allowing her to run wild in front of him.

All the people around were in a wild dance, and so was Irish. Only Joseph was like a solid rock sitting among them. He just stood there motionlessly, and even Daisy went to drink with other colleagues.

"Who are you?" Irish looked up at his eyes, smiling like a flower while her eyes were like fireworks in the night sky, dazzling and glamorous. But she was still wasted and staggered after finishing her word.

"You're drunk." Joseph reached out his hands and held her soundlessly while Irish smiled and pressed even closer to him. Her soft body was like an eager fire in his arms. And it was impossible for Joseph to push her away since she held him tightly with her hands.

"I know who you are." Irish giggled with her plump breasts pressing close to Joseph's chest and forming a deep cleavage. It was really hard for him not to notice that.

Joseph felt that he was at the end of his wits. What was she talking about?

However, Irish was still dancing to the wild music, and she regarded Joseph's tall figure as a strong oak tree. When her slender legs lifted slightly, she looked very charming. Her crimson skirt flattered her. Her slender fingers began to fondle his face, his chin, and finally fell on his sexy Adam's apple.

"Once read from a book that you can tell a lot from a man's nose." She looked up at him with her long, soft curly hair spreading on his arms where he was holding her waist. Then she continued to say with great enthusiasm, "You must be very sexual because you have a sharp nose."

As a result of the alcohol, she was even sexier. Her fingers again touched down along his throat, and he could feel her desire. And just as her hands were about to reach his lower abdomen, Joseph stopped her.

Irish showed an evil smile at him and stood on her tiptoes with her sexy lips almost touching his. And then she said with a low voice, "Why stop me? Why is your body so stiff? Am I not tempting enough?"

Joseph swallowed the lump in his throat and simply held her wrist with one of his hands, saying, "It's time to go home."

"Would you be willing to take me home?" Her beautiful face was so glamorous and enchanting. Her sexy shoulders, cleavage, and her slim waist unfolded before him.

Joseph gently whispered, "God give me enough courage to control this temptation!"