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Irish heard it clearly, with her eyes slightly raised, but it only fell on Joseph's hand. His fingers were still as slender as usual, and his palms were still so broad, but she did not know when the elegant coat had faded, leaving only cruelty as he was last night and at present.

Who was that woman?

Was she the next woman he would use, or was she his old lover?

She thought the latter was most likely, for the woman was so familiar to him, and she called her "Joseph" casually.

So Joseph couldn't wait?

He took her to this place and brought her the tea himself. What kind of a noblewoman would make Joseph do it himself?

Irish thought of it, and her heart seemed to be cut by a sharp saw every time she breathed.

It was good to say that the woman upstairs would succeed in diverting his hatred against her, and he might let her go, and after that, they will become strangers.

Irish wanted to raise her lips and calm herself gently. She kept telling herself that it was good, really.

But her throat was choked to death.

After a while, Jessica came in with a cup of rose tea.

A delicate cup, white porcelain, blooming a few petals, was gently placed on the table.

Irish had only realized that Joseph had been waiting in the restaurant to deliver the rose tea to the woman personally.

What an affectionate scene, what a considerate man.

Irish quickly finished the last meal, got up, and left the table.

As she neared the door of the restaurant, Joseph spoke, his deep voice drilling into her heart like an electric drill.

He said, "Would you mind if she took a suit of yours?"

Irish stopped, turning to look at Joseph.

Joseph still sat there, waiting for her to answer.

It was as if a stone had been grinding her hard, and Irish had suddenly reacted to the humiliation she had never had, and her eyes grew angry, and her fists clenched.

Joseph, you were going too far!

Joseph turned a blind eye to the obvious anger in her eyes, and his eyes remained indifferent.

After a long time, Irish spat out one word after another, "Clothes are all bought by you, whatever."

Joseph looked at her for a few seconds, then his eyes fell on Jessica again, "Go and give it to the lady upstairs."

Jessica really could not understand what Joseph wanted to do, but as an employee, she also had no right to ask and nodded.

Irish really could not stay in the restaurant, turning around and leaving.

Jessica looked at the back of Irish and sighed gently.

"Does she have regular meals during the day?" Joseph leaned against his chair and asked without a thought.

Jessica was startled at first and quickly reacted, hurriedly replying, "Miss Irish got up already in the afternoon and ate lunch immediately."

Joseph nodded slightly and asked, "And go out for a walk as before?"

"Yes, Miss Irish went out for three hours today, the same as before."

Joseph mused, becoming silent, with the tea, he left the restaurant.

Jessica was confused. What was that?

Irish didn't go upstairs, though she wanted to lie in the bedroom, close her eyes, and think nothing.

She was so weak at present that she moved as if she had a small knife cutting her flesh.

She ascribed the pain to Joseph, whose body was rarely overdrawn.

But she couldn't get up to the second floor, and she didn't know which room Joseph and the woman would be in on the second floor, maybe they were in the bedroom she had slept in last night.

It turned out that the night was so long that Irish felt it.

She never felt that way when she first came to the house.

She sat on the sofa in the living room on the first floor, and there was a movie opposite her. She had not seen it, and she did not know what it was, just feeling that the scenes inside were very strongly dazzling.

A line popped out of the screen, and the woman said, "Love is never a right thing, never a wrong thing, it is a very selfish thing because it comes and goes selfishly."

The woman in the picture was fresh and pure, and the pink bonnet looked so charming that Irish thought it would look better if it were on the lady upstairs.

She didn't know what kind of dress Joseph would eventually choose for the girl, but she had to say that Joseph had a great ability to match clothes, and she believed that her dress would be more suitable if the lady was wearing it.

Irish's eyes were just staring at the screen and looked so seriously because, in addition to the screen, she didn't know where she could see.

She emptied her head and wanted nothing.

Thinking nothing, and we wouldn't take it seriously, right?

That was it. Not knowing how long it took.

Maybe two hours, maybe three hours, maybe longer, until the sound of footsteps came down.

Familiar and calm, accompanied by a pleasant deep voice, "Jessica."

Irish's ears seemed to have been pierced, with huge black glasses near the curtain, and translucent decorations, showing the man standing on the staircase because of the reflection of the crystal lamp.

Her eyes looked at him unwittingly.

She did not know from which room he came from but could only vaguely see in the dark mirror that he was supposed to have changed a pair of household trousers, that his upper body was naked, and that she could see the smooth texture of his upper body, even from a distance.

He had a shirt in his hand, the one he had worn when he came back, and he asked Jessica to go to the cloakroom to pick up some upper clothes for him, and Jessica did it.

And at this time, it was the woman's voice from the second-floor corridor, "Joseph, you do not have a woman's bath? I used yours."

Irish no longer heard clearly what Joseph's answer was.

The second after the woman dropped this sentence, she suddenly changed her face, threw the pillow in her arms on the sofa, and rushed to the bathroom on the first floor.