

Enchanted 683

However, the man who committed violence against her would have a second time.

As long as he was enraged, he could make her miserable anytime, anywhere. Irish was not stupid enough to hurt herself.

She would not ask him for help, nor would she expect him to reach out to help her.

If he was a disaster she couldn't avoid, would she try to turn a blind eye to him? But the next second, Irish felt like she was a chicken pulled up by him. It hurt her badly that she frowned and bit her lower lip.

Joseph lowered his eyes, and they naturally fell on her neckline.

Because of their height difference, the full scenery on her chest was also seen by him.

There were traces of varying depths, black and purple, scratches, bite marks, and hickeys.

Joseph looked at Irish with emotion. She was as weak as a rabbit, and he could easily find her whole body was trembling.

Such small tremors should be out of her control. Her long black hair looked a little messy, and a wisp also went into her chest, whose porcelain white skin with marks made the black darker and the white turn pale.

Joseph's sexy throat slid up and down, and he squinted slightly. Such Irish, who was too weak and clung to him, gave him an impulse to ravage.

Such a woman was destined to be a dream of men.

When he was in love, he wanted to make love to her every night. Though he had tried his best to love her, he didn't think it was enough.

And when he hated her, he was still immersed in her body. He loathed his heart and hated himself, but every time he saw her, he was attracted to her and lost his control.

Joseph had never been in contact with real love and never paid his heart to love a woman before until she came. He never thought that one day he would meet Irish, a woman who made him dream of a perfect family.

They all said that true love was letting her go.

Perhaps, his love was not deep love because it was mixed with hate, and he could not let her go. Even if he went to hell, he would pull her to be buried with him.

He badly pulled Irish, and her arm seemed almost broken by him.

Looking up, she said with enduring pain, "Joseph, if you really want me to die. I want to die with a full stomach."

It was human nature to crave food, not to mention that she was really hungry now.

She had no willpower to break the valley and could not live calmly without eating and drinking.

Joseph did let her go.

Irish turned around and walked slowly to the restaurant.

There were still no traces of Jessica and the cook in the restaurant.

At the table, however, the food was already prepared.

She often ate some of the dishes, some of which were her favorite, and there were other dishes that she could not name.

Although the presentation was not as professional as the restaurant, the smell and vision of the dishes must be excellent.

In the ice bucket was a rare wine, and what was embellished with black table flags were blooming purple water lilies, and each blooming petals were the same. The mysterious purple with a steady and low-key black looked so beautiful.

Irish was stunned before the table.

Joseph followed her.

He was close to her, and behind her, he looped his arms around her.

Irish's body trembled with her heart and then quickly stiffened.

Joseph bowed his head, and his thin lips gently pressed on the corner of her forehead, deeply breathing her hair fragrance. His voice was low and stirring. "I'm always wondering how we would spend Valentine's Day. Irish, thanks to you, this year's Day is really unforgettable."

Valentine's Day?

Irish's mind was blank.

That day was Valentine's Day.

Just thinking, the big hand between her waist was pulled away, and the man's voice was as calm as water, "Let's eat."

He turned his face like a book, as cold as he had just been.

Irish shivered, and she found that his eyes had never been warm when he spoke and that his eyes were frosty. And when he sat down opposite her and looked at her again, his eyes were too majestic, making people not dare to make movements.

What was the Valentine's Day feast like?

In Irish's early memory, Valentine's day was a grand feast for lovers. But indeed, all of the people would be immersed in a lively atmosphere. Children were no exception, while adults held parties and set fireworks to celebrate it.

The most impressive time she had was Valentine's Day with her Uncle Steven and Aunt Mary when she was still a little girl. She was afraid of fireworks at that time, but her younger brother Jay acted like an adult, standing in front of her and promising that he would protect Irish.

As time passed by, Jay became an anti-drug cap. Perhaps Jay would never know that his sister, who he had wanted to protect since his childhood, was trapped on an isolated island, spending Valentine's Day dismally.

Normally, it was a grand event for Irish since Joseph also stayed with her. However, the atmosphere was quite depressing between them.

Irish clenched the fork and ate silently with her head lowered. Joseph also sat on the opposite side without saying anything.

Indeed, the dishes were very delicious, but Irish was not clear about who cooked these dishes. The chief was not there, and Jessica also took a few days off. 'Did Joseph cook these dishes?' Irish asked herself.

She was not sure, but she finally found the answer when she ate the fish that Joseph had cooked for her before. He liked steamed fish and hardly put condiments on it so as to keep the delicacy of the fish flesh.

Irish was shocked by its taste when she ate the fish for the first time. Gradually Irish figured out the reason why Joseph liked steamed fish. It was because he stayed abroad all year round, and most foreigners liked to eat steamed fish, so he was also accustomed to the taste.

However, Irish could not accept the mild flavor, and soon she suggested Joseph put some sugar in it since she liked sweets. Joseph also accepted her suggestion, and since then, the steamed fish cooked by Joseph was a little sweet.