

Enchanted 736

Joseph just held her up without any effort.

Feeling surprised at it, she just held his neck subconsciously and attached her face to his chest.

His smell and warmth got clear to her, making her feel warm and safe.

At this moment, Irish felt touched and couldn't say anything, as if she got choked.

"Why did you wear so little?" Joseph's voice was not happy.

She just wore a blouse and a skirt. Her stockings were the only to resist the coldness.

As he held her, he could feel her coldness.

Irish finally recovered herself and put down her arms, saying lightly. "I can make it by myself."

Joseph stopped and put her down immediately.

The corridor was warmer, driving the coldness.

She felt that her fingers got warm gradually. She didn't know whether it was because of the temperature in the corridor or his.

"Shouldn't I pay attention to my look and dress? I dare not dress casually; otherwise, I will be fined." Irish murmured.

Joseph just looked at her silently.

Irish raised her head to see his reaction.

She didn't realize that he was looking at her with an unclear expression.

She cleared her throat and felt embarrassed anyhow.

"You are such an idiot!" He just stared at her for half a minute and criticized her impolitely. Each word was spurted out by making great efforts.

And then he just turned around and left.

Irish was confused, "Am I an idiot?"

Who was the real idiot?

Soon she followed Joseph, "Please stop criticizing me."

Joseph didn't pay attention to her words and just walked to the door directly. Noticing his silence, Irish felt angrier, "If you don't threaten me with the excuse of putting fines on me, I will not just dress in that way."

Joseph stopped at the door and snarled, "You'd better be naked tomorrow. Okay?"

Irish stared at him angrily.

Joseph didn't want to say anything to her. He just put in the password, which turned out to be incorrect. She was correct that the door was locked by itself.

"What's the password?" She asked while looking at his face without any facial expressions.

However, Joseph just took a glance at her without any answer.

Irish knew she had no right to ask about it, so she didn't talk anymore.

It was completely silent in the corridor.

It was so silent that she could hear their breath clearly.

They mixed and twined each other. She just waited for it and saw Joseph putting in his fingerprint. Finally, it opened, and the sound was so good on this lonely night.

Irish could even smell the fragrance and warmth in the room.

Joseph didn't open the door; instead, he signed and ordered, "Your hand."

Irish winked and asked stupidly, "My left hand or the right one?"

"Either."

"Okay..." Irish showed her left hand.

Joseph held her hand and put her thumb on the scanning area, but then he stopped and thought about it for a while. He released her hands.

Irish felt strange about it. She wondered why but just saw him setting a new password quickly. Putting in the password twice, she heard the warning system close, and the door opened.

Entering the home, Irish couldn't help asking, "Why not just put in my fingerprint?"

Joseph said as he changed his shoes, "You may forget whether the fingerprint is on your left hand or right hand, and if so, we cannot enter anymore."

"Joseph. Do not try to criticize me in this way." Irish also changed her shoes and followed him into the living room. She put her coat aside, "I am just not sensitive to numbers. Okay?"

"In case one day you forget it." Joseph drank some wine since he was thirsty. He entered the kitchen island, poured some water into the glass, and drank it off.

Actually, there was another private reason.

He knew it would be childish, but he just did it that way.

He had thought of changing the fingerprint into hers so that she didn't need to wait outside if she forgot the password again next time, but soon he gave up this thought. He thought that if his fingerprint was still valid, then he was still needed if she forgot the password next time.

He would rather that he hurried back to open the door for her than she just relies on herself.

Maybe what mattered to Joseph most was his sense of existence to her.

Putting the glass down, his stomach aches just like the knife was cutting over it. He knew he just drank the wine anxiously to leave more quickly.

Irish followed him. The light in the kitchen island was off, so his shadow was vague.

"What if I forget the password again?" She asked anxiously.

"You won't forget it." Joseph's voice was weak.

Irish couldn't get it.

Joseph sighed, "There are six numbers all in all. The first three are numbers related to your birthday, while the next three are related to mine. So you just need to remember my birthday."

Irish was surprised.

After a while, she just answered simply and turned around to leave. She noticed his action suddenly.

He seemed to press his stomach.

Turning around, she looked at Joseph at the table against the moonlight outside the window. She hesitated and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Joseph didn't reply and just stood there blankly.

Irish felt it strange, and then she thought he just didn't want to answer her. She didn't want to flatter him, but then she thought she smelt the wine when she draped his coat. As she thought of this, she felt sorry for him.

She walked forward and found that Joseph was putting his hands on his stomach.

"Your stomach aches?" She couldn't help asking.

Joseph frowned and pushed her aside.

"It doesn't matter." He seemed to be impatient and just walked out of the kitchen.

Irish stood there for a while and followed him.

Joseph was not in the living room.

Irish went directly to the second floor.

Pushing the bedroom door, she found him lying on the bed. He closed his eyes and frowned.

The dim yellow light divided Joseph's face into two parts: bright and dark. As he found her in, he opened his eyes and put his hands on his stomach. Irish walked forward, "It's true that your stomach aches. Why not just tell me?"

Joseph sat up and leaned against the bed. He replied, "In case you will show off in front of me."

"Seriously?" Irish stared at him and passed on a glass of warm water to him, "Drink it first, and then I will send you to the hospital."

Joseph accepted it and didn't drink it soon but said lightly, "Just prepare some medicine for me. I don't have to go to see the doctor."

"Your stomach begins to ache already. Medicine is not enough." Seeing him frowning, Irish also felt hurt.

She hated him!