

## Enchanted 737

She hated that he would just treat her in this way!

"Okay. I will ask the doctor to come here." Irish turned around to call someone.

At the next moment, her hands were pulled by Joseph.

She stopped and returned.

Joseph held the glass with one hand and her wrist with another hand, and then he released his fingers to hold her fingers tightly. He pulled her to his side with strength.

"I am okay. I just need to take some medicine since I am clear about myself." His voice was soft and just fell on gently.

Irish looked at him with a hesitant expression, but she had to give up. She released her hands and went out of the bedroom.

Soon she came in with some medicine.

Joseph just looked at her, leaning his head against the bed.

The warm light fell on her clothes and made her look charming.

For the time being, he felt it was so good to just look at her quietly.

Irish felt shy by his gaze.

She came forward and passed on the medicine to him.

"Help me." His voice was idle.

Irish's fingers trembled due to excitement. She cleared her throat, "Do not ask for more."

Joseph raised his hands and covered her waist, "I think I am entitled to do so."

He could figure out her concern. Wasn't she really concerned about him?

As he thought about this, he felt not so much pain, and he even felt happy.

Irish felt his palm so hot. Her heart began to beat quickly.

However, his words could have been more pleasant.

"Don't worry. I will not let you die so quickly. Otherwise, who will give me money?" She sat down and fed him spoon by spoon.

Joseph smiled and didn't talk. He followed her order now.

And soon after she finished her task, Irish prepared to stand up.

Joseph circled her from behind.

She was so surprised that she was still there.

"Although I know that it is medicine, I still want to have one more glass." He smiled.

The warm breath fell on her ears and made her earlobe hot.

Irish pushed him away and said, "I think you are drunk." She came out.

Am I drunk? Joseph thought.

Joseph smiled lightly. He was awake, so he really cherished this kind of short-time tranquility.

There was fragrance on his fingers.

It was from her hair.

After a while, Irish impolitely threw his pajamas on him.

Joseph didn't move.

Irish stood there for a while. Then, seeing him motionless, she came forward and untied his necktie and changed the pajama for him.

"If one day I can't deal with my life well, will you look after me just as today you do?" He asked idly.

Irish just murmured, "You are famous and strong. Will you allow yourself to be in such a difficult position?"

"I am older than you. Therefore, it will not be strange that I will be in such a difficult position one day."

Irish laughed, "Okay. If you pay enough money, I will look after you just like a nanny."

Joseph smiled and touched her cheek.

"It aches!" She shouted and pounded on him.

He frowned.

She stopped and felt embarrassed, "Sorry."

She forgot that his stomach ached.

She complained and shouted, "Why do you drink so often? Are you not clear about yourself? You are weak, actually. You will finally eat the fruit!"

She changed the pajamas for him and tried not to notice his figure. She stood up, but he pulled her.

"What are you doing?"

"What did you say just now?" He smiled lightly, "Am I weak?"

She didn't know what to say and just seemed to be unnatural. She pulled his hands away and said, "You can take a shower now. If you still feel uncomfortable, just tell me, and I will seek a doctor for you."

And then she ran out of the bedroom.

Joseph was shocked. Did she regard him as a monster?

Irish was nestled on the sofa. Her cheek was still hot now, and her heart was beating quickly. What's wrong with her? Why did she feel sorry for him?

It was none of her business.

So what if he was drunk? She did not need to care for him even if he drank so much.

However, she did a lot for him.

Irish buried her face into her knees and sighed, "Irish, you deserve it!"

There was a light sound in the darkness.

She raised her eyes and tried her best to find the source. Finally, she found his phone in his bag.

After clicking, the screen was on. It was a short message reminder.

Irish hesitated. Her mind was blank, but her fingers had the action. The message read, "Hello, Joseph. This is Becky. I have thought a lot since our last meeting. Although you helped me not solely for me, I really appreciate your kind help, and I want to treat you. Is it convenient for me to treat you to tomorrow's dinner?"

Becky?

Irish stared at the name on the screen for a long time. She knew it was a girl's name, and she was a little familiar with this name.

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Her name was Becky, a beautiful name, and she must be a pretty yet graceful woman who was glowing beneath the dirt.

Irish would be upset and even feel a sense of crisis if she was such a woman. This fear occurred to her last time when she thought Joseph had left her alone in Los Angeles. Irish felt that she almost went crazy, so she rushed downstairs, trying to find him back. And now the feeling occurred to her again.

Irish believed that if Becky was a woman as she expected, she must have her own pride and would never express her real emotion to the one she loved. And instead, she would stand far until she attracted others' attention. Therefore, if her number was saved in Joseph's phone, it meant that this woman attracted Joseph's attention successfully. At least Joseph didn't detest her, and he may fall in love with her soon.

Irish felt uneasy. Irish was more afraid of the false affection becoming true than the man's false display of affection.

The fear was rooted in her heart, while the reason was simple. Becky was not as simple and innocent as they expected, and it was easy to tell from her sentences to Joseph that she was a rose with thorns.

This woman didn't have strong inner strength, but she pretended to be a powerful woman just as a rosebush pretended to be a real rose. Or perhaps she admired Joseph and loved him, but she was reluctant to have sex with him while, at the same time, Joseph hadn't been attracted to her completely.

After considering it for a long time, this woman finally decided to take the initiative to contact Joseph since she had no other choice.