

Enchanted 738

From her message to Joseph, Irish could tell that Becky was such a woman. But Irish had to admit that she envied Becky so much and even wanted to call her to tell Becky she was not qualified to send such an intimate message to Joseph.

Or she could rush to Joseph, throw the phone at him, and tell him that a woman had invited him for dinner. After that, Irish would not leave, and instead, she would wait there for his reply, observing Joseph's expression so as to figure out his inner mind.

It was natural for a woman to lose her mind on such an occasion.

However, Irish just stood there motionlessly, clenching the phone, and looked at the message for nearly two minutes. A moment later, she could almost recite every single word of the message. She seemed to see an enchanting woman lying in Joseph's arms with a soft smile.

There was a sound of water from the bathroom upstairs. It was Joseph who was taking a shower.

After careful consideration, Irish left the message behind and then searched the information about Becky on the Internet, and soon she got some information about her.

Becky did not come from a notable family or have a prominent background; instead, she was an actress and model.

After thinking for a while, Irish then reminded herself that she was the woman who accompanied Joseph when he was drunk that night.

At the thought of this, Irish's heart dropped. It was her!

Irish thought that Becky was just an entertainment woman, so she didn't take it to heart, but now Irish found that she was also an actor, a popular star which shocked Irish since it was out of her expectation. What's more, Irish also found that Becky would participate in a movie invested heavily while her best friend was Britney.

There were related links below. Hesitant, Irish still clicked the links when another name appeared in front of her eyes. It was May!

Irish felt sick when she saw this name because this woman always appeared in some TV shows frequently, and she impressed Irish because of her coquettish look. But indeed, May was not a real enchanting woman. The actresses who cooperated with her were coquettish yet fascinating, such as Britney and Becky.

According to some rumors, May treasured Becky at the right moment.

Irish hated May just as she disliked Becky. Irish could tell from Becky's message that Joseph met her again after that night. It seemed that Joseph helped her solve some problems, but he said nothing to Irish. At least she couldn't find anything wrong with his expression as well as his behavior.

Irish closed the website indignantly and then cleared all the browsing history.

Staring at the message, Irish was getting more and more annoyed. She was going to delete it directly but then declined her idea since she suddenly realized that Becky might be waiting for Joseph's reply with great expectations.

Irish cursed Becky in her mind. Although she looked innocent, Irish wanted to slam her violently. 'Bitch!' thought Irish in her mind. Irish set her jaw, squinting at the message, and then texted her back. "I am busy!" But soon, she changed the exclamation mark into a full stop since it was Joseph's style. He used to send messages in a rather cold yet indifferent tone, and exclamation marks always revealed people's indignation. Becky may be suspicious in that case.

After she replied to the message, Irish stared at her nail for a while until she found that her nail was short and it was time for her to keep it longer.

Irish was determined that if Becky kept contacting Joseph, she would scratch her face with her nail.

Lying on the couch, she waited for several minutes.

It was not until Joseph finished showering that Becky did not text back, which reassured Irish somehow.

And then she deleted the message that Becky sent a moment ago. After that, Irish still felt uneasy, so she added Becky's number to the blacklist so that Joseph would not receive her message again.

Everything seemed to be perfect since Irish destroyed all of the evidence.

After a while, she then put the phone back on the table as if nothing had happened.

Irish was not an imprudent woman, and she knew she had control herself since she was not clear about the whole story, so she had to figure it out at first, or Irish knew that she would be in the wrong.

In fact, she was also worried about her relationship with Joseph, which made her embarrassed.

Taking a deep breath, Irish choked back her grievances.

The light was soft in the bedroom when she finished washing.

Joseph was lying on the bed with his eyes closed while his wooden fragrance flowed in the air.

Staring at him for a while quietly, Irish found that he had soothed his eyebrows, and it seemed that nothing was wrong with his stomach finally.

She turned off the light, lying down beside him quietly, but Becky's face occupied her mind. 'What a troublesome woman!' thought Irish.

But soon Joseph moved slightly, and in the next second, she was held by his arms, which shocked Irish.

"Turn to me," Joseph ordered in a deep yet low voice.

Irish could feel his breath over her head, warm and soft. She felt so weird lying down closely with him.

Irish did not move but straightened her back.

Joseph tightened his arms and turned her around, forcing her to look into his eyes.

"What are you going to do? Didn't you have a stomachache? Have a good rest then," Irish snapped while trying to get rid of him.

"Don't move," Joseph uttered in a deep voice.

Irish stopped struggling, lying there motionlessly as he expected.

Seeing this, Joseph also loosened his grip and then encircled her into his arms again.

Under the moonlight, Joseph could clearly see her smooth forehead and thick eyelashes.

Joseph was reluctant to sleep with her back on him since he had been accustomed to holding her in his arms while sleeping. However, it gave him a sense of warmth with her head against his chest.

Joseph lived an empty life before, but the feeling vanished when he met Irish. Therefore, he liked to sleep with her together because it was reassuring. And it gradually became a habit of his which could not be changed ever again.

His breath was mixed with his wooden fragrance, which was refreshing.

Irish did not look up into his eyes, but she could also read his mind at the right moment.