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"I..." Ruby wanted to refute her, but she looked dumb. She just hummed and hawed but didn't show consent or disagreement.

Irish hadn't intended to wait for an answer but winked at Joseph and said, "Are you so cruel to leave me alone in the room?"

Joseph's face was dim, and against the light-yellow light, his eyes looked colorful too. He pulled out his arms accidentally and walked out of the bedroom. Irish became confused and didn't recover from it. Ruby came forward and said lightly, "Isabel, do not put Joseph in a dilemma. He is tired from a whole day's work. If you really have any needs, I can call the housekeeper..."

"Joseph," Irish called in a sweet voice towards someone behind Ruby.

Ruby got surprised and turned around.

It was Joseph again. He returned with a glass of water. He went past Ruby and put the glass onto the table at the head of the bed, and looked down upon Irish. After a while, he sighed lightly and bent over while Irish stared at him with her head tilted skyward until his face was expanded in her eyes.

"Isabel, here is the water, and you can just help yourself. Have a rest now."

She clearly felt the coldness on her nose. It was his smell, not mixed with hers any longer and just like a gust of cool breeze. Only a feeling of attachment was left to her.

"Joseph!" Her voice sounded sort of stubborn.

However, Joseph didn't stay any longer but left the bedroom without any turning.

Ruby comforted her, "Isabel, follow Joseph's words and have a rest now." Then she left, following Joseph at once.

Irish sat on the bed with fists held tightly. She was so annoyed that she threw a pillow at the door as it closed.

And Joseph was curled on the sofa after returning to his bedroom. Eyes closed, he massaged his temples, looking rather tired. Ruby came forward after closing the door and pulled his hand, making a heavy sigh, "You can just go to bed, and I can sleep on the sofa."

"I'm okay, you can rest on the bed," Joseph opened his eyes and patted her hand, saying in a light voice.

Ruby had an idea about his temper, and she had to do as he said. She turned down the light in the living room and then stood up while Joseph was still sitting on the sofa, motionless as if he was thinking of something. She couldn't help asking, "Joseph, what are you thinking about?"

Joseph took out the cigarette case and then a cigarette. He showed it to her, "Would you mind my smoking?"

Ruby shook her head. But in fact, she had never seen him smoke.

Carrying the cigarette in his mouth, Joseph took out the lighter and lit it, taking a deep breath. The action was so smooth and natural, while he seemed to meditate on something. Ruby tried her best to find a container that could carry the smoke ash and put it onto the tea table in front of him.

"Thank you," He looked more strange while he was smoking and meditating.

Ruby closed her lips lightly and finally asked, "Are you...worried about Isabel?"

He didn't say anything.

The white smoke was like a gauze that separated Ruby from him. His cheek seemed to be unreal, and the outline became dim.

"She is an adult now, and she can take care of herself." Ruby's voice was light.

Joseph flicked the ash and said in a low voice, "As her sister, you should pay more attention to her."

"She just got her knees hurt. You're taking it too seriously!" Ruby looked at him with a sort of astonishment, "Joseph, I'm afraid that you care about her too much."

Joseph looked up at her. The smoke seemed to be immersed in his eyes, making them kind of cold.

"If it is necessary, I will call the family doctor immediately." Ruby didn't want to quarrel with him because of someone else.

He then looked back and smoked again.

"I know what you are thinking about. Joseph, you are not a sage; however hard you try, you cannot make everything perfect. You hope that Isabel can make peace with my family and become united. It is great. It is my hope too. However, the present problem is that Isabel doesn't care at all no matter how hard we try." Ruby disclosed her true thoughts, "Maybe time can change everything."

As they talked, Joseph finished smoking the cigarette. He said lightly after putting it out, "Have a rest." And then he stood up.

Ruby was surprised by his action and pulled him, "Are you mad? You shouldn't go to her room." It would be a misunderstanding if this scene was seen by others. As was known to everybody, if a brother-in-law entered into his wife's sister's room, others would blame them and regard it as unacceptable, especially in Mr. Henry's house.

However, Joseph released her hand without any words, "I'll go back as soon as she falls asleep." He was also clear about her concern.

"Joseph." Ruby stomped as she saw his back.

Compared with the stressful situation in Ruby's room, Irish's room appeared to be another scene. She turned down all the lamps and only left a desk lamp on. She was sitting on the bed, trying her best to think of solutions with her legs crossed and feeling angrier and angrier. Suddenly she stood up from the bed and endured great pains to rush towards the room across from hers. Just at this time, the door opened.

The light in the corridor lengthened the man's shadow and cast it on the carpet of the living room.

Irish felt excited soon and prepared to go back to the bedroom to pretend to be a patient, but then her knees wrenched, and she had to scream. But soon, a big hand was put on her waist, and Joseph said unhappily, "Since you are old enough, could you please let me not worry about you?"

"I..." She raised her head and figured out his concern with herself. A sense of happiness flickered. She pointed at the door and said, "I intended to pick the pillow up."