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It was not until 12 o'clock that they finished their meal and all of them were beastly drunk, including Bowen, who was completely drunk but still chattered without stopping. "Isabel, take care of Joseph tonight. I have booked a room for you."

Before she could answer, Jean walked to them and said with a low voice, "Did you ask for his opinion?" Jean had also drunk a lot, but he tried to stay awake.

Bowen laughed and hastily said, "It is unnecessary to ask for his opinion. I know clearly because we are all men."

Jean didn't say much but turned to Irish, "Well, then, thanks for taking care of him tonight."

Irish was confused about his words, but she didn't say anything and got into the car with them directly.

The night in Pittsburgh was sad and warm.

The car drove the group of drunkards until they arrived at the hotel.

The suite was extremely large, while the bedroom was concealed.

Entering the room, Joseph lay on the bed directly with his eyes closed, and his face was a little bit red. Standing on the edge of the bed to observe him for a while, Irish couldn't tell if he was asleep or awake, but he breathed out wine fumes.

On the way to the hotel, he squinted. After drinking, he was even more silent than usual, and he said nothing after saying goodbye to those friends.

After thinking for a while, Irish went out of the bedroom and dialed to the reception desk to ask where her room was.

"Sorry, Mr. Bowen only booked one suite."

"Ah?" Irish was surprised and said hastily, "Please check it again. I'm Isabel. I-S-A-B-E-L."

"I'm really sorry. Mr. Bowen only booked one suite in the name of Mr. Dover."

Irish held her forehead, which was aching, and said, "Well, please book another room at any price for me now. A room with a reasonable price, please."

"Sorry, there is no room available now."

Irish felt that she was pushed over the edge and repeated, "No room available? How could it be possible?"

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Isabel. The "Three Rivers Arts Festival" is coming soon, so there are many visitors here currently."

After hanging up the phone, Irish finally understood the meaning of Bowen's words as well as Jean's hesitation.

It seemed that their relationship was abnormal in his friends' eyes.

Going back to the bedroom, Irish found that Joseph was still lying on the bed motionlessly. The dizzy yellow light spread over his cheeks, which made him look more handsome than usual. Irish knew that he had declined many toasts and drank much for her. Irish now understood that perhaps his friends all had an ulterior motive, but she was a kindhearted girl, so she wouldn't leave him alone.

Taking out a wet towel from the washroom, Irish walked to the bed to sit down and was about to wash his face for him. Perhaps Joseph was awakened by her movements and murmured, "Where are we?"

"We are in the hotel," Irish answered briefly.

Joseph didn't say anything.

Finishing that, Irish put aside the towel and looked at the man lying there quietly, even without changing into a nightgown yet. She sighed slightly and got closer to him. "Hey, I'm going to open your luggage carrier."

"Em." He said with a faint voice. Dragging out the trunk and opening it, Irish rummaged through the trunk and finally took out a pair of pants which made her feel awkward.

It was made with a smooth cloth and was soft.

She put it back soon, turning at him, and asked, "Where is your nightgown? I can't find it."

But Joseph didn't answer.

She had no choice but to take off his clothes.

Under the light, his naked upper body was clearly visible, which she had seen on that night, which was a soundless dream to her. It made him look more enchanted with a strong chest and clear skin texture. But the most attractive part was his mermaid line at the edge of the trousers, giving her the impulse to touch it.

What she was most proud of was her delicate and tender back which made her even sexier when she wore a backless skirt.

However, the mermaid line of the man was even more seductive, and at this moment, she knew that a man's perfect figure was better than that of a woman.

However, she was not a nymphomaniac.

Though facing such an alluring body, she did not lose her mind; instead, she walked to him and tossed his trousers to him.

There was an overpowering smell of alcohol in the air that sunk into her nose together with the cool air from the air conditioner. She was also exhausted and drowsy since she had also drunk the liquor. She had previously boasted her capacity for liquor, but now she was regretting what she had done.

After folding his clothes, Irish sighed and was at a loss as to where to sleep since she didn't want to lay down on the floor.

In the washroom, Irish was bathing in the mist.

The woman's enchanting appearance in the mirror was covered in the mist, but her graceful outline was faintly visible. She was so tired after the long journey, and she had also drank some liquor, so she just wanted to take a quick shower.

Under the shower head, she threw her head back while the water dripped down her face. Her thick and black hair looked like seaweed, hanging to her shoulders. Her skin was as white as the snow, smooth and tender. The droplets fell along her collar bone and gathered on her nipples. Her plump breasts vibrated slightly with her movements, and then the droplets slid down into her abdomen.

Perhaps this beautiful scene should be shared with others.

God let it happen.

Suddenly the door of the washroom opened.

A man staggered in.

And Irish turned around at him.

Then their eyes collided with each other.

Then a woman's outcry smashed the tranquility.

Joseph was still a little bit unresponsive and stood there still while his eyes stared at the woman before him. When she reacted and turned back at him, her slender and sexy back and buttocks unfolded before him.

"Get out!" Irish shouted to him when she found he still stood there without moving, and then she felt remorseful that she did put the towel aside, so she just stood there with her hands crossed on her bosom.

"I'm sorry," Joseph said hastily and turned out.