

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 9 9: Don't Think Too Much

"No, it was you who woke me first, and I was going to buy breakfast later. I didn't expect to see you linger with the man the moment I opened the window." Cassie held Irish's waist with a weird smile on her face. "What a handsome man he is! I will never forget him. But to be honest, you are well-matched."

"Nonsense. He is married." Irish tried to block her mouth.

Being speechless for a while, Cassie turned her eyes and suddenly raised her hands to tickle Irish's arm. As a result of Irish's slow response, several red scratches appeared on her arms, which made her grimace in pain. "Are you in estrus yet, Cassie? Or why do you scratch me?"

"I'm afraid that you are going crazy." Cassie was so serious that her saliva almost flooded Irish. "When did you know he was married? Did you know before or just now? Since you know he was married, then why do you still keep an ambiguous relationship with him? You are an ungrateful brat! Now tell me, honestly, did you have sex that night?"

Irish was nearly annoyed by her successive questions, and her head, totally in chaos at this moment, was hit in pain by Cassie's high decibel. Raising her hands to press on her temple, Irish stood up and said, "You are really a gossip." She swore that Cassie's voice was definitely a lethal biological weapon.

"Hey, my poor Irish, You can't go until you explain all this to me." Cassie grabbed her skirt tightly.

"Let me go. My dress is falling down!" Irish exclaimed, and her short skirt was about to be pulled in the wrong position by Cassie. Irish finally prised her

hands and took a nightgown beside her since she was still not used to being naked before Cassie.

As soon as Cassie loosened her hands, Irish got up quickly.

"I have to give you a warning that you can't tempt a man who has got married, and you must stay away from him," Cassie shouted behind her with her clenched fists, and she looked at her with a regretful expression.

"Don't disturb me, I'm going to catch up on my sleep now. Don't wake me up until noon." Regardless of Cassie's scream, Irish yawned to the bedroom, waving toward Cassie, and it almost drove Cassie crazy.

Explain clearly?

She couldn't even explain clearly to herself, let alone to others.

It was too hard for her to tell Cassie indifferently that she had slept with the man, but she just forgot the feeling of having sex with him.

Did Cassie trust her?

She did not even believe in herself.

Absolutely nobody would trust her.

The hardest part for her to catch up on sleep lies in lacking a quiet environment. At least Irish was badly in need of it. Luckily, Cassie offered her a room with soundproofing so that she would not be disturbed. However, when she was lying in bed, she couldn't sleep anymore, and Joseph reappeared in her mind over and over again. She knew clearly that it was not the so-called lovesickness; instead, it was the restlessness that she had never had before.

This kind of uneasiness was like being brought by a stone, suddenly causing embarrassment on a calm lake. It also seemed that the peaceful life was inexplicably involved in a dispute.

Now she had a bad premonition.

She felt that her life would never be tranquil again at the moment of Joseph's appearance.

She felt uneasy about this unforeseen event.

And such uneasiness had not emerged in her life for a long time.

She turned over with her face covered in a pillow, and the sense of suffocation caused her brain to develop a state of hypoxia gradually. She didn't know how long after that, her eyelids were getting heavier and heavier, and finally, the drowsiness brought her to sleep with her head tilting.

The light outside the window was brighter.

As soon as she closed her eyes, a hysterical sound burst out in the living room.

Shocked by the sound, Irish sat up from bed suddenly. Her long silky hair hung to her shoulders, with her pale and small face wrapped in it. Her pallid face was like the moon hanging in the sky.

It was Cassie's voice. Irish knew that she would give off such a penetrating voice in her extreme fear. It was just like that. The squeak, which sounded with penetrating power, passed through the soundproofing into her ears.

"Irish!" Cassie yelled at her, and this time it sounded jarring and harsh as if she was pinched by someone who grated on the ear.

Irish felt that something must have happened. The first thought that appeared in her mind was that Cassie was being robbed by burglary, so she didn't even wear her slippers and rushed out of the bedroom.

But she found Cassie was in the living room alone!

She was in a panic, and the cold sweat dropped into her cheeks, her face pale and frightened. She looked like a fish that was thrown into the coast and was about to dry under the sun. When she saw Irish run out of the bedroom, Cassie pointed to the computer screen tremblingly and said, "Iri... ..Irish..."

Irish rushed forward with her eyes focusing on the screen, and suddenly she became serious.

"I thought there would be movies on this USB, and I was going to watch a movie since I couldn't sleep anyway." She was so frightened that she couldn't even speak fluently.

Irish recovered her equanimity and watched the video again, with her eyebrows drawn in a frown. When she watched over, the video was played. She quickly removed the USB and looked for a long time.

"Irish, it was not a movie...." Covering back from astonishment, Cassie rushed to hold a red bolster on the couch, which made an obvious but weird contrast with her pallid face.

Irish held the USB tightly in her hand until the edge of the USB hurt her palm. "It's okay. Don't think too much." Then she turned into the bedroom.

Cassie sat on the couch, her hair unkempt and disheveled, and she saw clearly the solemn expression on Irish's face. Although Irish said calmly, Cassie knew that things might get worse. She couldn't help quivering when the scenes of the video occurred to her.