

## Enchanted 174

There were only 150,000 people who lived in Light Town, but she had run into him here anyway. Her heart was filled with his warm breath and clean wood fragrance when she was held in his arms, when his strong chest touched her back, and when his big hands wrapped around her waist and clasped her hands. At the end of the summer and the beginning of the autumn, the slight wood fragrance made her more unwilling to leave.

Subconsciously, Irish turned her head to the man behind her. The sun was sinking in the sky, and the old town would soon be quiet again. The afterglow of the day seemed to reflect in his eyes, as deep and colorful as his hair which had been coated in a thin golden light. The line between reality and dreams seemed to become blurry to her.

She was afraid that the beautiful things in front of her were only dreams.

Seeing her turn, Joseph lowered his head and the woman in his arms looked like a small kitten, and her eyes seemed to be startled, so he smiled. His smile spread across his face and reached her eyes, making him look warm and kind.

He bowed his head, and her forehead felt the same heat from his thin lips as it had in Pennsylvania.

Suddenly her heart twitched, Irish hurriedly turned her head back to the fireworks display, and her lips opened. "We can't do this anymore." As she said this, she tried to loosen his fingers.

But Joseph had no intention of letting go. He tightened his fingers and fastened them around her waist. The words that fell on her ears were low and full of power, "But want it."

Irish's back suddenly stiffened, and somehow she began to worry that their encounter here was their destiny. They had determined to let go of each other, but they were doomed to meet again. This time, Joseph, who was used to waiting, was initiating everything.

Joseph gently pulled her around so they could face each other. She could see the firmness in his eyes. She was afraid of those two lights, which seemed to melt the universe.

"Isabel, I don't want to part away from you."

His solemn tone shook her deeply, and her eyes widened in surprise. She shook her head gently, "I don't believe in the afterlife, but I'm afraid karma's a force in the world."

She hated the Lake family, and when she decided to upset them, she did not care about any theoretical damnation. But in the end, she really realized that she had failed, and she didn't hate it so much anymore. Whether it was Henry or Ruby's words that made her heart ache, she dared not face their secret love, nor could she promise anything to this man.

Until now, Irish was afraid that her heart was gradually sinking and was also afraid of karma because of what she had said and done in the past.

Joseph seemed to understand her and didn't say anything, but he hugged her again.

When the fireworks were over, Joseph took her to eat the local food in a small but crowded restaurant full of happy diners. They came early, so they were seated in a good spot, and they could see the ancient

stone bridge on the river. Under it was a night boat, and smoke rose from the gray walls of the river bank, and there was a faint smell of firewood floating to the restaurant from across the bank.

Irish gobbled her food like a wolf, but Joseph was as slow as ever, handing her a tissue from time to time. He never ate much, and after putting down his tableware, he looked at Irish with a laugh, and then he couldn't help asking, "After spending so much time here in the ancient town, you haven't been to this restaurant yet?"

Irish answered directly without thinking, "I haven't been here for a long time." At the end of his question, she noticed the gaffe, paused, and buried herself again in the delicious food.

Joseph could not help shaking his head.

"In fact, I was really going to leave. I wasn't lying to you," She was desperately looking to avoid this conversation.

"Well, I would," He had a strange sense of humor.

She did not feel ashamed at all, and the table of delicacies was enough to subdue her restless heart, so she casually said, "You're a very hypocritical person. You always like to eat in a quiet place where you can pin drop, so why were you at that rowdy tea house today?"

"The quieter the dining environment, the easier it is to think, which is one way to save time." Joseph picked up his chopsticks again, put some fish in her bowl, and went on, "Besides, you look beautiful when you are eating."

Irish choked, "You don't mean that."

"Of course, beautiful things deserve praise," Joseph looked calm.

"You're implying that I'm vulgar in your eyes now."

"I mean, today, you made me feel good enough to eat in a noisy environment," Joseph said with a smile. "It was also beautiful to watch you gobble your food." When he saw her frown, he offered her a soothing explanation. "Gobbling is the most natural manifestation of human nature when presented with good food. This nature has spread from primitive people to the present, and it's normal for everyone to have it."

Irish raised her hand and smacked him, "Oh, so I'm primitive now, am I?"

Joseph grabbed her fist and smiled unexpectedly. She pushed him, but he still indulged. The two of them flirting attracted a lot of attention in the restaurant. They looked like two people who had been in love for a long time, and people in the restaurant smiled at them.

Irish took the initiative and avoided the eyes of the other people, cleared her throat, and asked, "You seem to know this restaurant well. Have you ever been here before?"

It was just a simple question, and she did not care about the answer, but she didn't know why her question made Joseph's eyebrows unexpectedly heavy. Seeing his face, she felt curious.

"Hello!" Her hand waved before his eyes.

