

Enchanted 188

When passing by the embroidery shop, she found it was more bustling than yesterday, and several embroidery workers in the yard sat before their embroidery frames. The silk threads turned into beautiful pictures through their skilled hands. The flowers on the trees in the courtyard began to fall, and the petals and workers formed a beautiful scene before her.

The shop owner was out, but Irish had just come to look around, so it made no difference to her. However, the falling flowers reminded her of Joseph talking with

the boss yesterday, and she thought that she could even feel his breath there.

She noticed that the expensive embroidery work, "White Magnolia," was gone.

The shop assistant told her someone had bought it.

Irish shook her head and sighed. There were so many rich people with the spare money and elegant taste these years.

Leaving the embroidery shop, she found that it was raining. Looking around, she found that she had visited almost every corner of the town. She took a look at the time and felt upset.

Joseph must have left the hotel to go to the airport.

Suddenly she felt like she was a kid abandoned by someone, and she felt frustrated and endless loneliness.

When she put her phone into her bag, her elbow touched something hard. She found that it was the room card that Joseph had given her. Clenching it, Irish recalled when she left the hotel as well as the view of his back, which had looked cold and unfamiliar to her.

Irish hated this feeling since she knew she was not a little girl anymore. How could she still be so easily affected by a man? It was better that he had left so that she could enjoy the big bed by herself and do anything she wanted. She opened the paper bag resentfully but was astonished by what was inside.

It was not a room card at all!

It was her passport!

The rain fell on her passport, and a large drop of water spread across her photo.

Unexpectedly it began to rain heavily, and the raindrops fell on her head. Everyone on the street rushed to find alcoves and shelter from the rain.

But Irish stood there motionlessly as if she was nailed down to the street. She stared at her passport with great astonishment, and a voice sounded in her mind continuously. It's not the room card, but your passport, your passport, passport...

Suddenly she understood what he was going to do. She trembled with the passport in her hands and was overwhelmed by surprise. She hastily took out her phone to call him, and her fingers couldn't stop trembling.

She misunderstood him.

How could she have misunderstood him?

She didn't know whether she was shocked or charmed. Either way, she wanted to cry at that moment. She dialed his number quickly, ignoring the heavy rain falling on her. She was so eager to meet him that she could even feel her heartbeat when she was dialing.

But it didn't connect, and she tried again, but the call failed once more.

She was anxious and stamped her foot in the rain, then dialed him once more.

However, she still couldn't get through.

Irish took another glimpse at the time and became anxious. She put away her phone and tried to find a car to take her back to the hotel, but it rained heavily, and there were no taxis to be found at all. She couldn't wait and rushed towards the entrance of the ancient town, but she only found private cars, no taxis.

She stood there helplessly, watching the heavy rain outside.

Time passed, and it was 4:00 pm. Finally, she was overwhelmed in desperation. Looking at the sky shrouded by the heavy rain, she couldn't stop wondering. Did he leave? Perhaps he had left...

She squatted as if she lost the power to support herself, and her legs were sore and weak. Her whole body curled up as small as a shrimp in the rain.

She called his name over and over again in her heart.

Joseph, where are you?

His name was like a magic formula, and her heart ached every time she called it.

She did not understand why she couldn't connect with him. She experienced excitement and loneliness in a short time, then from loneliness to anxiety. Now she was desperate.

She had not experienced such violent mood swings for many years.

When she knew she had been betrayed by her own father, and when her mother finally passed away, her heart felt empty. Looking at the falling water drops, like tears falling from the sky, she felt a pang of sadness.

Her eyelids were a little sore, and she closed her eyes and opened them after a while. Unexpectedly, she saw a figure reflected in the rainwater on the ground. He was getting closer to her, and finally, he stood in front of her. In front of her eyes was a pair of handmade leather shoes, smooth and wet with rain.

Looking up at the shoes, she saw a pair of smoky gray trousers.

Her heart leaped wildly, and she was unable to control her eyes, then looked up and stared at him directly.

His eyes were as black as the umbrella he held over her. He frowned slightly, and Irish thought he looked a little serious. In the depth of his eyes, she noticed his excitement, but she also found obvious concern.

She squatted there without moving like a little bird looking at him quietly. Joseph was still dressed in the same clothes as when she left the hotel, a navy blue shirt paired with his smoky gray trousers. He was so handsome and pleasing to see.

He broke the deadlock and pulled her up. When he saw that the rain almost soaked her, he drew back his worries, replacing them with an unpleasant expression.

Irish lowered her head since she knew how uncollected she looked compared to his neat clothes.

"I...I called you but couldn't get through it, so I went to find a taxi, but I failed since it was raining so heavily. I..." Before she could finish, Joseph embraced her into his arms.

Irish was afraid of soiling his clothes and tried to resist, but he was too strong, and she couldn't move at all. It seemed that he didn't care if she was wet and only cared about her safety.

"I think perhaps I'll have to change the flight." He said softly over her head.