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During that time, Belle was tired, and she did everything to fend off the reporters. Leo lay on a hospital bed temporarily added to the ward and saw that Irish was staring at Joseph. He felt bitter. He reached out and patted the bed vigorously, surprising Irish.

"You scared me." She said, fearing that he would disturb Joseph.

Leo said, "You promised me something after my donation! Where are my eggs? Where's the milk? I don't see even a cup of hot water!"

"What's the hurry? It's just a blood donation. You're acting like a woman who just gave birth?" But she got up and poured him the milk Belle had just bought and went up and handed it to him.

"I would never have given blood if I knew you were such a villain." Leo took the milk and frowned, "Why is it cold?"

"Oh, I forgot that women who just gave birth can't eat cold food." Irish's mood was improved because Joseph was out of danger, and she wanted to tease him. After taking it back, she stuffed it into the microwave. "What else do you need? Say so immediately. Do you want me to arrange your eggs in a flower pattern or a heart?"

Leo's face was envious, and he snorted, "When Joseph wakes up, you'd better not be too nice to him, or I'll feel jealous. I might even have to shoot him again."

The microwave oven beeped, and Irish took the milk out of it and handed it to him again. "Would you do it? Now that your blood is in his veins, if he dies, it's your blood that will be wasted." There are people in this world that are real friends and also real enemies. They will compete with each other and even force each other to go to the end, but they will not kill each other. They will swear at each other and curse each other with the most vicious words but reach out to help each other when they are really in trouble.

Perhaps Joseph and Leo were such people, both friends, and enemies.

Leo took the milk, tasted it, and frowned, "Irish, are you kidding me. The milk hasn't been properly heated in such a short time."

"You can choose not to drink it then," Irish sat back at Joseph's bedside, watching Leo complain and drink up the milk.

In the evening, Leo left, and Belle brought some daily necessities. When she looked at Joseph lying on the bed motionlessly, she looked at Irish and said in a displeased tone, "If you dare to do anything bad to Mr. Dover..."

Irish knew that Belle was angry at her and blamed his gunshot injury on her. Joseph was lying in the room undisturbed. "He's the man that all women yearn for. I love him, how could I give other women a chance to get close to him?"

Belle threw Joseph's mobile phone to her, "You handle his business. I am tired, I'm going back to sleep."

Irish took the phone and said, "Go ahead."

Belle sighed and walked away.

Turning on his phone, Irish was startled. Belle could not be blamed for saying that she was tired. Over the past few hours, she had handled hundreds of calls, and there were hundreds of other unanswered calls. She took a closer look, seeing these numbers were all media outlets. Sighing lightly, she put aside the phone.

She fetched clean water, soaked towels, and carefully wiped Joseph's face, softly saying, "Tomorrow can you wake up? Actually, it's nice to let you have a rest, just don't sleep for too long."

Speaking this, her voice became a little choked. Irish remembered that he had hugged her tightly at the auction. The more she thought of it, the more she was sorrowful. She never thought that a woman would be dependent on a relationship, and she preferred the feeling of being able to go hand in hand with the man she loved. When she was with Joseph, she became increasingly eager to maintain this feeling and their relationship.

Because he was so good, she had to be good to keep up with him, otherwise, she would one day be afraid that they would lose their commonalities, and she would not allow herself to stagnate. She would not allow herself to lose this beautiful love because of her laziness.

Joseph had never been able to make hypocritically good remarks to her. He had only promised to protect her as much as possible on the way ahead. How could she not feel guilty about a man like this? Watching him fall into the pool of his own blood, she was heartbroken, regretting that it was him who was shot.

Now she wished Joseph would wake up in peace. He had given her life, and he could not be so selfish as not to give her a chance to love him.

"Joseph, I'm afraid I can do anything for you, but please don't let me face those directors alone?" After cleaning his face and body, she leaned on him carefully. She was afraid to touch his wound. She did not dare to lay on his chest and clasped his fingers, "You should handle these things before they come to me. Please wake up soon."

Joseph lay on the bed with his eyes closed. His handsome face had become white due to the loss of blood. Her heart ached, and she reached out to touch his face, feeling many emotions. In Light Town, he wanted her to be with him, and until now, they had had very little time to really get along with each other. During the day, he had taken endless telephone calls, countless official duties, and dozens of meetings. In South Africa, he was even busier with the mine. He had the foresight to ask her to help him. But for a couple, that was not enough.

At that time, he had time to accompany her, but now he was lying in bed with his eyes closed.

Sighing, Irish reached out to dim the lamp. She was about to sit down, but the mobile phone at the head of the bed rang. The ringer was monotonous but rapid, which Irish had ridiculed many times, saying it was too cliché. At that time, Joseph replied to her with an indulging smile. Irish took the phone, glanced at the screen, and shook her head, afraid of what would come.