

Enchanted 284

In the private ward in the Cape Town hospital in South Africa, the bed was big enough for Irish to sleep beside Joseph. She was so tired these days, except for going back to the apartment to pick up some clothes or handling something Joseph urged her to do, she spent all of the rest of her time in the hospital. As long as she had free time, she would talk beside Joseph as if he was a plant.

At this moment, Irish was sleeping soundly, but her eyelids were slightly shaking, indicating that the content of her dreams was not enough to cause tension in her brain. She had a lot of dreams that night, and the last scene was that she was on a stone-paved street beside which some joss papers were spread on the ground. The shaking lanterns made her unable to open her eyes. Someone took her hands, warming her palms, and gave her a sense of security.

It was a small kid who took her hands, and she could only see the back side of his head. He was dressed in a blue hoodie and a light gray cap. He was a small boy, holding her hands, passing through the long stone-paved lane. When they arrived at the entrance of the lane, she heard the noises behind her. It seemed to be an adult's footsteps, but somehow she was not nervous at all.

But soon, the boy shouted at her: "Run away! Hurry up!"

Irish was awakened by the sound again, and she opened her eyes abruptly. She had this dream again, which had stopped for a long time. But she felt something was different than usual, and soon she found the reason. The sunshine was pouring in on her, making her warm. She took a look at the time; it was six o'clock in the morning.

It was rare that she didn't wake up at half past one in the morning, but it also happened once when she had met Joseph for the first time and also had the same dream. But it was weird that after she met Joseph, she rarely had this dream again, and even if she had it, it had broken the rule, and she did not wake up before dawn.

She realized she had never had such a dream since she had sex with Joseph.

Irish was lying there leisurely, recalling the warmth from that boy in the dream, and even felt her palm was still warm. When she looked down, she couldn't help laughing since she found that she had been holding Joseph's hand when she was asleep. His hands not only warmed her hands but also smoothed her uneasy emotions in the dream.

She did not get up immediately but gazed at his fingers. After a long while, she released his hands and depicted his palm print, which was just as clear as the first impression he had brought to someone. The soft smile sounded beside her ear when she was pondering, "You came here to take care of a patient, but you slept in my arm for the whole night, and now my arm is numb."

The man's voice disturbed the morning's tranquility and disturbed Irish's rationality, which had not fully woken up yet. His face was pale, but he was looking at her with a smile. She easily found the fondness deep in his eyes.

Seeing her staring at him for a long time, Joseph didn't move but was amused by her and showed a bright smile. His smile was like a magic amulet, finally opening Irish's pressure points, and at the next

moment, she screamed out and got closer to him with her eyes wide, gasping, "Joseph, are you really awake?"

He was finally awake! She couldn't believe her eyes. It was like a dream for her in which she came to South Africa with Joseph for the diamond mine, and they experienced all kinds of funny and adventurous things, finally culminating in Joseph protecting her from a gunshot. Just when she was helpless and desperate, she suddenly woke up from her dreams, and when she woke up, she found that Joseph was lying beside her and smiling softly at her.

Even though it felt like a dream, she knew clearly that they were in the hospital, and Joseph had actually woken up.

Her face was so close to him that her long hair hung down in front of his cheeks and tickled him.

When he said to her again, his voice sounded weak. "Come closer to me."

Irish followed his words and got closer to his cheeks.

Joseph reached out slowly and held her head, and pressed her face down. In this way, he kissed her lips easily.

It was real, and she could feel his dry lips, while he also could feel the coldness of her lips, so he stuck out his tongue and warmed her lips with his mouth.

Throughout the whole process, Irish was so passive, and it was not until Joseph loosened her hands that she stood up, and soon she was overwhelmed by great pleasure. She covered his face and said excitedly. "Jesus! You're awake! It's not a dream!"

Her happiness moved Joseph, and he laughed, but it affected his wounds, so he frowned. Irish then realized he was wounded and said to him, "Wait for me for a moment, and I'll call the doctors to check on you."

After finishing her words, she hastily got up and was about to rush out, but Joseph called her suddenly. She stopped and turned back to ask him, "What's wrong? Is your wound hurting?"

"My dear idiot." Joseph reached out, patted her hands, and said in a loving voice, "Put on your shoes and don't get cold."

Irish then realized she was not wearing shoes. There was usually carpet indoors, so she always forgot to wear shoes these days when she got out of bed. Staring at Joseph, she felt warmed by his consideration, and she couldn't help kissing him slightly but still didn't know how to express her pleasure. Finally, she said to him softly, "I'll call the doctor."

Joseph nodded, and she put on her shoes and rushed out of the ward.