

Enchanted 306

She just looked away. His fingertip skimmed over her lips, and thus the familiar scent of wood fluttered by. She walked backward away from him and asked, "It's time to go back to New York. When will we leave?"

At last, she asked her last question.

"Is this your last question?" Joseph felt a little confused, and soon he felt unsatisfied.

Irish didn't look at him, so she didn't know how serious he was being now. She just said lightly, "Maybe."

"The day after tomorrow."

She nodded without saying anything and turned to her bedroom.

Against the dim light, she looked extremely tiny, as if she was about to be swallowed by night. Joseph frowned and said as she was about to enter the room, "If I could have chosen again, I would still do it."

Irish stopped suddenly and didn't turn around.

His voice seemed to be cold in the air, "I don't long for success, but in these vital games, only the strongest can survive. So if it is necessary, I make the rules. I hope you can understand that you don't have to know everything."

What an aggressive tone!

Irish forced a smile. This corresponded to his personality.

"I see." She said lightly and then walked back to the bedroom.

The air became cold when the woman beside him was gone. Joseph stopped there for a long time, still looking at the door.

Irish knew that sometimes she was very paranoid, but it wasn't shown clearly. Last night Joseph was so direct since they weren't children anymore. Sometimes it would be more convenient to say something directly than to talk in a roundabout way, though telling the truth would hurt more.

Joseph didn't sleep all night, not because of her but because of business.

She found out after getting up.

It was cloudy outside the window as if it was going to rain. She opened her eyes and felt cold immediately. She looked at the spot where Joseph should have been lying beside her. However, it was extremely clean and without any trace of having been slept in.

In the past, she was used to sleeping in his bosom and being nestled in his strong arms. She enjoyed being attached to his bosom and falling asleep with his light wooden aroma. She never knew that she would feel so cold here.

Although she was nestled in the quilt, she still felt cold without him.

Joseph, Daisy, and the engineer she had seen before were discussing some issues related to mine M100-2 in the study room. She didn't know when Daisy and that engineer had arrived at the hotel.

Standing outside the study, she looked at Joseph from the crack between the door and its frame. There was a cup of coffee in front of him, but obviously, it was completely cold now because he hardly touched it, occupied by his business.

From afar, Irish could see how tired he was. Because of his wound, he was not as energetic and passionate as before. Instead, his face was pale, but he still insisted on making further arrangements.

In this case, Irish could not assist him, so she just went back to the living room. She kept changing channels on the sofa, feeling unhappy. After a while, she found that she could not calm down, so she just turned it off and stood up to call the restaurant in the hotel, asking them to send breakfast upstairs.

But instead, she washed herself and went out quietly.

It was 9 am.

It should have been a sunny day, but it was so cloudy. There were just a few people in Mandela Square and a few pigeons. Maybe they were afraid of this kind of weather.

She sat on a wooden chair, taking up the coffee she bought at the cafe beside the square. The heat lingered in her mouth but didn't bring much warmth to her. The fountain was shooting arcs of water into the air, and the high buildings behind it nearly reached the clouds. What a grand scene!

Irish took up the cup, and it warmed her fingers to a certain extent.

In a trance, she seemed to see another Irish who sat at the café idly and pleasantly. She looked out through the window with great expectation. Gradually she lit up when a man sat down.

She seemed to see Joseph changing their coffee silently. He said, "Your coffee is cold now. Drink mine."

She smiled sweetly and said, "Mine is sweet. Maybe it's not suitable for you."

While the man laughed, he said, "Mine is bitter, but you need to adapt to it." A gust of wind stopped Irish's daydreaming.

And as she looked at it clearly, the seat of the café was empty now, without her or Joseph. A leaf blew past the window, reflecting her loneliness at this moment.

Then Irish suddenly realized something.

Why had she been so stupid before? Joseph had told her how to get along well with him. He said that she had to adapt to the bitterness of his coffee. It had the same meaning as his statement, "If she loves me, she has to accept everything about me."

Adaptation was a process of fitting perfectly, which every couple needed to go through. However, Joseph was the main character, so it might be very difficult for her to adapt to him.

A raindrop fell down. She had no time to escape it, and rain started to fall down onto her hair. She felt cold from her inner heart, and suddenly she thought of a statement, "Only the real rain can make one wet."

She stared at the coffee in her hand, shaking her head and smiling forcefully.

At last, she realized that she had bought a cup of black coffee, which was Joseph's favorite. She had been unconsciously influenced. She walked forward to the trash can, planning to throw the coffee in her hand away. But the next moment, she was unwilling to do it.

She decided to keep it.

She had a simple lunch and then went back to the hotel. Her hair was wet, and it was muggy as she went inside. When she got out of the lift, she saw Belle, who didn't feel good. She looked like she had been crying.