

Enchanted 315

He was like Joseph, but it was also not like him.

Her Joseph was already angry, was no longer paying attention to her.

"Please." Her feeble legs shuddered, and her eyes were wet again, "Take me to him."

A deep voice sounded in her ear, "Who are you looking for?"

"Joseph. I'm looking for Joseph." At the end of the day, she almost cried loudly.

A sigh swept across her face, heavy and helpless.

She felt his strong arm hugging her more tightly, and his voice seemed to calm her down again. "I'm sorry, I'm late."

The next second, she just felt a rotation, and her body was suddenly light. Not knowing how long it had been, she noticed there was a cool wind blowing, and she sighed comfortably, wanting to open her eyes. Her surroundings were quiet, but she could vaguely hear a flash of thunder.

She whispered something unintelligible.

Her lips were warm as if something had been gently pressed down on them.

She closed her eyes and slept soundly.

The next day's severe headache was the consequence of her intoxication.

Irish woke up to the sound of vibration in her ear. She looked up in a daze and sank into the pillow. Her eyelids could not be opened as if they had been glued shut. She could not tell for a moment whether this was a dream or a reality, but she had not yet fully awakened. She raised her hand to feel around, and she finally found a phone on the bedside table.

The vibration of the cell phone stopped.

Her hand stopped on the phone, and she fell asleep again.

Suddenly, the vibration began again, and this time she felt it against her fingertips. She woke up with her eyes half closed and put the phone to her ear.

"Hello?" Her voice was a little hoarse, and her throat was burning with pain.

From the other side came a surprised voice, "Dr. Irish?"

Irish carefully recognized it and thought it was Professor Tim's voice, so she gently made an "um" sound. She really could not bear the pain in her throat and moved the phone to her other ear, freeing her hand near the bedside.

She grabbed a glass of water and took a drink. It was lukewarm lemon salt water, which was effective in relieving her sore throat. The presidential suite's private housekeeper was really good and served Irish well, but she would have to remind her later not to enter the bedroom while she was sleeping.

When Professor Tim noticed that Irish wasn't in a terrible mood, he hurriedly asked her when she would return to New York. Irish put down the cup and leaned on the pillow again, and said lazily that her holiday was not yet over.

Professor Tim was rendered completely anxious by this remark.

"Dr. Irish, you've been on vacation for too long. There are so many things to do, so please come back quickly. Your client files have piled up. Besides, the school has called you five or six times to ask about your situation."

Faced with Professor Tim's anxiety, Irish was not worried, "You're behind schedule? How about the two days of my holiday left?"

"It's fine to make up for your annual leave. You can take it as overtime, but you'll have to come back soon."

"Then I'll take it as overtime work and settle the cash." She yawned.

Professor Tim agreed and said that there was a real shortage of hands.

After the call was over, Irish saw that there were a dozen unanswered calls on her cell phone, all of which were from Professor Tim. She didn't remember when she had switched her phone to vibrate. Was it done by the housekeeper?

She was amazed, the high standard of service was really sweet.

After turning over, she felt the full pain in her head and then sat up, feeling as if she had been run over by a bus. She knew it was the punishment for drunkenness.

It was sunny outside the window. Although there was a thick curtain, it still could not block out the sun. Squinting at the golden light through the curtain, Irish felt the warmth of the sun.

She rubbed her eyes and realized that she hadn't seen the sun for many days.

She stretched, easing her tired body a little. When she looked down, she found that she was wearing her pajamas, and after a moment's surprise, she could hardly remember who had changed her clothes. She had forgotten everything that had happened last night. She only recalled eating and drinking with a few friends and finally going to KTV.

It rained last night, she knew, so she assumed she drank a lot of wine to ease her sadness.

Remembering the room of her friends, Irish thought they must have done it. Holding a pillow and leaning against the bedside, she took out her mobile phone again and dialed a number. Her long hair poured down beside her cheeks. There was a faint smell of shampoo, and her heart felt warm. Her friends were so sweet that they didn't forget to wash her hair last night.

The other person answered the phone quickly with a slouching voice like her. Listening to the sounds in the background, she sounded like she was in an office; there were clicking keyboards and phones ringing constantly.

"Sarah, last night you were very considerate."

"Yes, we were, but you were not." Sarah lowered her voice. "You put me in a bind last night because of your desire to party, especially you. You knew that I had to work this morning, and you kept asking me to drink."

"Dear Sarah, I know you're the best." The first reason Irish thought of Sarah was that she didn't drink much, and she was a careful person. She was probably the one who brought her back to the hotel and washed her up. "Thank you for taking me back to the hotel last night. Why didn't you sleep here with me? It's near your office?"

But Sarah replied, "I didn't take you back to your hotel. You made me blind drunk last night, and I finally called my cousin to take me home."