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The housekeeper could not understand what had happened to her and did not dare to say much, so he silently went to one side to place the flowers. Irish looked subconsciously at the flowers in the vase, and they were beautiful, pale white daisies. She inadvertently thought of the time when she was discussing flowers with Joseph.

She had said, "You never sent me flowers."

At that time, he was buried in a document. After hearing it, he looked up and smiled, "Well, what kind of flowers do you like?"

"That's insincere, think for yourself."

"Roses?" He guessed.

She gave him a hard look. "How vulgar can you be? I'm not like your lovers."

"Give me a hint."

She thought to herself, "These flowers bloom all year round, but the seasonal ones are the most beautiful."

His eyes smiled as if the sun were shining through them. "All right, I got it."

Until now, he had never given her a bouquet of flowers.

"I think it was your husband." The housekeeper's sudden utterance completely interrupted Irish's memory and shocked her.

She gazed at the housekeeper with her head in a daze for a moment.

"You drank too much last night, and it was your husband who took you back to the room, and then he never came out again. He was taking care of you, I assumed." The housekeeper said while tidying.

"My husband?"

The butler nodded. "His voice had been heard before, and last night I was sure that he was your husband."

Irish's throat seemed to be covered with thorns, and her breathing led to pain, but she was unable to suppress her excitement, and she rose up and clenched her fingers. The butler turned his back to her and did not see her agitation, so he continued, "I could see that he was very concerned about you. As soon as you switched to this presidential suite, it was your husband who told me about your eating habits. The incense was also arranged by your husband. He said that you do not like strong scents and that they are not conducive to your sleep."

Irish's fingers began to tremble, and soon it passed over her whole body. She could feel every cell trembling, which was caused by her indescribable excitement.

"Oh, and the daisies over the last two days, your husband ordered them." The butler smiled, pointing to the table. "He asked the hotel what flowers were in bloom this season, and he ordered a lot of daisies for you."

Joseph!

It was him!

Irish's breath suddenly stopped, and tears suddenly blinded her so she couldn't see the appearance of daisies close by.

The housekeeper mistook her expression, hurriedly stepping forward to help, but she pushed him away, murmuring, "Why didn't you tell me this earlier?"

The housekeeper was astonished, "You...never asked."

"Where is he?" Irish was absent-minded.

"What?"

"The man from last night! The man who talked to you on the phone!" Irish's voice grew louder and louder, pulling the butler close and hurting him. Worrying he might not understand her, she yelled at him directly. "Where is my husband?"

The housekeeper opened his mouth. "I saw him last night, but I didn't see him today. He told me to come in late to give you more time to sleep."

Irish loosened her fingers.

The bell rang, and she burst out of the room and opened the door.

The man saw her excitement, and his face met her with a bright smile. He said to her in surprise, "You opened the door instantly. Are you that eager to see me?" He then frowned and reached out to her face. "Were you just crying?"

She was transfixed, and after a long time, she said incredulously, "Leo? How is it you?"

Leo was confused and asked, "What?"

She took a step back, but her eyes were sharp enough to see that there was still a suitcase beside him. He had evidently just arrived in Hong Kong, and she swooped forward and grabbed him. "What about him? Leo, what about him?"

Leo understood, sighed lightly, then shook his head and smiled, "I thought I could get ahead of him, but I didn't..."

Irish's heart rose to her throat.

"I just saw him downstairs."

Irish rushed out of the room.

Leo looked at her figure disappearing into the elevator and gradually frowned, and his eyes filled with sadness. "Irish, you know I came here for you, but your heart....is with him..."

Irish felt that her and Joseph's love was different. They did not dare to ask for long-lasting or magnificent love. What they had was passionate, immediate, and extreme.

She had separated from him in the early autumn in New York and met in the ancient town of Millennium. When she stood still in the middle of the old stone street, he had steadily stepped forward.

In the evening rain, they had been separated again, and she looked for him, regardless of the bitter rain and wind. She was at a loss, bewildered, and had never had such a strong desire to look for a man. She thought he was gone, but he appeared to her with an umbrella, letting her know that although he was successful, he was also hesitant.

And she was looking for it.

But this time, her fear was greater than ever, more than when she was in the old town. He appeared but did not see her and silently did everything for her, then chose to turn away. She was afraid, deeply worried that this time she would completely lose him.

Because he was impulsive, she was afraid of him taking the initiative to retreat.

She could not imagine what she would do without him in the days to come. She was even more afraid that this time their separation would be permanent.

Irish dared not think about it, nor did she dare to define her relationship with Joseph in this way. She was afraid of it.

Rushing into the elevator, her trembling fingers pressed the button of the next floor, and fire sprang up in her heart. All the blood in her body seemed to solidify in anxiety quickly, and her fingers went cold. The metal door reflected her white face, her untidy long hair, and her disheveled clothes. She did not care about her appearance and looked up at the numbers beginning to change. She began to blame herself in her heart. Why had she stayed on the top floor in the presidential suite?