

## Enchanted 318

At this time, there were a lot of guests rushing in. Almost every floor's elevator button had been pressed. Everyone who entered the elevator was frightened by her and looked at her with concern. Irish had no time to pay attention to these people. She clenched her fingers, closed her lips tightly, and said to herself, "Hurry up."

She had never felt an elevator descend so slowly. When the elevator stopped again, she was on the fifth floor. Irish finally could not resist anymore and rushed out. Someone looked out of the elevator curiously, only to find that she had rushed into the stairwell.

In the quiet stairwell, every step had been polished by the cleaner, and the glowing light yellow marble floor almost mirrored her anxiety. Clinging to the railings, she flew down the stairs, hoping to fly down it with wings. But, because of fright and anxiety, when she reached the last step, her feet slipped, and she fell to the ground. The railing hurt her through the thin cloth, and one of her knees hit the cold marble. The pain spread through her body, and she took a deep breath.

Her nose felt sour, and tears flooded her eyes. She bit her lips and rose from the floor in pain, limping through the door out of the stairway.

The hall was still magnificent, and successful men in suits came and left, and Irish rushed out of the stairwell.

There was a strong light shining through the windows in the lobby of the hotel, shining brightly through the crystal chandelier above, like gold. When Irish burst into the hall, she was unable to adjust to the light in front of her for a moment. She raised her hand to cover her eyes and also heard gasps of surprise around her.

Needless to say, she knew how discomfited she was at this moment.

Putting down her hand, her eyes began to search the huge space, confused and anxious. She was afraid not to see the long figure she had been missing so much.

But then, as her eyes swept over the green plants at the southeastern corner of the lobby, she felt nothing but pain in her whole body. There was too much light and the slender figure that had made her feel almost tearful.

Far away, he stood with his back to her. In the vast space, he was the only one who was still, in a fitted white shirt and lead-gray trousers. It looked simple but also so attractive.

There were other people standing next to him, hotel executives from the looks of it. The panda manager she had seen was also talking with him. Joseph listened to the respectful executive, and his handsome face did not show the slightest emotional change. He was as indifferent as ever.

There must have been thousands of beams of light shining on him; otherwise, how could Irish feel that even his white shirt was that dazzling? He was at his most attractive age, he was tall and handsome, and his behavior was unwittingly mature and steady, just enough to shine. Enough that any woman would keep her eyes on his slender figure.

Not knowing what the hotel executive was saying, his eyebrows frowned for a moment, and his thin lips moved a few times, then the executive nodded repeatedly, and the panda manager said something.

Because of the distance, Irish did not know what they were talking about, but when she saw the corners of his mouth rising, tears suddenly covered her eyes, but she only felt a bright light shining in front of her. She blinked hard and saw his figure as clearly as she could. She was afraid of this being an illusion, that she was dreaming, and that the familiar figure in front of her eyes was just a dream.

But she still had to chase even if it was a dream, right?

If it was a dream, shouldn't she just chase him anyway?

She rushed up regardless, and under the appalled gaze of the staff and guests, she flew towards the tall figure like a running horse.

Joseph, who was talking to the hotel manager, saw something strange in the corner of his eyes. He turned his face, only to see a pale "thing" coming towards him. In dismay, the "thing" rushed into his arms, and all of a sudden, two small arms encircled him.

The two managers around him were startled. The first thought was that someone had broken in to harass their noble clients. Just as they were about to call security, they saw Joseph reach out, and the people around him stopped, looking in shock at the handsome man being held by a crazy woman with untidy hair.

Joseph's hands soon reacted. He looked down at the softball in his arms, the little face under her long hair wet with tears. He had just reached out to pull her away, but she couldn't wait to open her mouth, and she was sobbing. "Don't leave, don't leave me. It's my fault. I shouldn't have left you alone. I miss you so much. I really do."

Everyone looked on with discomfort at the scene unfolding.

But, they did not expect this seemingly indifferent and harsh man to respond in such a way, with his eyes softening more and more by the second.

He stood still, letting her hug him, and her nose and tears soiled his shirt like mud. He looked down at her in his arms motionlessly, but Irish did not look up to see his expression. She just clasped her arms around him, clutching his shirt with her fingers, like a drowning man finally grasping a piece of floating wood. His warmth and the familiar smell of his body made her emotions flood out in an instant, and her tears immediately fell down.

She did know how embarrassing she looked, especially in public, and she was no doubt behaving like an irrational idiot, begging for a beloved man. She was a psychotherapist who told her female clients more than once that people, especially women, couldn't abandon their elegance under any circumstances. The more you were at a disadvantage, the more you could use it to protect your cheap self-esteem.