

Enchanted 334

At that moment, he felt like his heart was broken and full of regret. She shouldn't have gotten drunk, but he was late. He felt helpless and sore.

He remembered that on the way back to the hotel, she cried out to find him while he held her in his arms and whispered into her ear again and again, "Isabel, I'm here."

Looking at him with her tearful eyes, she fell in his arms. She was like a lost child being taken home by an adult, asking him continuously where he had been and why he was so late.

He regretted why he had to get angry with her. He knew why she had turned to leave and knew he should have stopped her and not allowed her to leave.

Joseph stared at the woman lying in his arms and then lowered his head to kiss her gently.

He understood her worries completely...

The sunlight poured into the room the next morning when she woke up. The white gauze blocked the direct sunlight, making the whole room seem to be in a faint golden fog. For a time, she couldn't tell if it was a dream or real.

But her sore body reminded her it was real. Some dust floating in the air gently moved in the sunlight, which made everything look clean and fresh.

She stretched herself leisurely in the bed like a small cat, but when her fingers touched the pillow beside her, she stood up abruptly since she found she was alone on the bed.

She was shocked for a while and then hastily reached out to touch the pillow as well as the sheet, but he was not there. His woody fragrance was also faint.

Her heart trembled, and her mind felt muddled.

When she woke up, she thought she was in South Africa, so when the phone rang, she called him unconsciously, but now she was really confused about whether she was awake or still in a dream.

She patted her head and ensured it was real and what happened last night was also real. But where was he? Did he leave? The panic began to spread deep in her heart. She was so afraid. She got out of the bed, quickly putting on her nightgown, and rushed out of the bedroom, ignoring her sore body.

He was not in the living room, where the sunlight was even brighter than in the bedroom, but she didn't feel warm at all. She felt like a helpless kid, and her head was buzzing. He was not there. Did he go back to New York without telling her?

She stood on the carpet barefoot, as lonely as a lost cat. The next second, she rushed to grab her phone and dialed his number, but the line was busy, which made her fingers tremble.

When she was about to go to the lobby to look at him, the door opened, followed by a familiar voice that was deliberately lowered, "The design diagram has to be finished soon. Remember to force prices down."

The familiar voice immediately relieved her worries. She stood up abruptly and rushed to the door, and he appeared in her sight. She was so happy, the panic in her eyes was replaced by surprise, and she rushed into his arms.

Upon entering the room, Joseph saw a small, lonely figure curled up on the couch. When he was taking off his shoes while answering the phone, he saw her rush to him, so he smiled and freed one of his hands to embrace her.

Irish was totally relieved when he embraced her, and she could feel his familiar breath.

She was elated to hear his voice.

She was so afraid just now since she thought he must have left. When he appeared in front of her again, she held him tightly and was reluctant to loosen her hands. Joseph perceived her anxiety and smiled helplessly, walking two steps forward while she went with him without loosening her hands.

He laughed and dismissed the idea of embracing her on the couch and continued talking on the phone, "Okay, do what I just told you first, then call me back." After finishing, he hung up the phone.

Putting his phone aside, he held her and then pinched her chin, staring at her carefully with a smile, "What's wrong?"

"I thought you'd left." Irish was so anxious, explained to him with pitiful eyes, and then added, "I couldn't find you when I woke up."

"Were you afraid?"

She nodded and said, "I thought you had gone back to New York without me."

Joseph was at a loss whether to laugh or smile because of her ineffable anxiety, so he explained softly, "I had an emergency to deal with this morning." Joseph was afraid that he would wake her up, so he left the room quietly. But he was also worried if she couldn't find him when she woke up, so he dealt with it as soon as possible. However, he didn't expect her to wake up early.

Irish looked down at his tie and felt cheerful, but she still pretended to complain to him. "Why didn't you tell me last night first?"

When Joseph finally saw that she was relaxed, he felt relieved and said to her, "You were so passionate last night, I definitely was not thinking too much about work."

Her cheeks blushed, and she buried her face in his arms completely, patting his chest.

He clenched her hands and laughed while she resisted. After a while, he gently pushed her away and glared at her carefully. "Look at yourself in the mirror. You didn't wash your face or comb your hair. You are not the capable psychologist I knew before."

It was a joke, but her eyes turned red after hearing this. "I was busy trying to find you when I woke up!"

His heart shrank when hearing this, and he fondled her face. "But my suitcase is still in the room, where could I go?"

She was so worried that she forgot to check that. Looking at her pitiful expression, he embraced her again and said, "Isabel, it's time for us to go back to New York." The woman was frozen in his arms after hearing this, and he also felt sorrowful.