

Enchanted 349

The old man in the picture in her mind smiled. Next to her was Joseph, with the viburnum macrocephalum falling on his shoulder. The beauty of the scene was indelible, just like the gardenia screen at which she glanced.

In front of her, it was the screen which she kept calling out to be expensive but never forgotten. It was in a person's height, brown background, white silk orchid, under the bright yellow light, as if it was blooming before her. She gently took a breath, which was full of intoxicating fragrance.

She likes white orchids because she likes the moral behind them: a smile.

The bottom of the screen was embroidered with a line of words. It should be added later, and she had not seen the embroidered hall before, which was beautiful and moving; it said: When We met We Were Young, and it was not too late.

It was the same as "I met you in my most beautiful years," but it was also not as true as this sentence. Irish sat in front of the screen, lifting her hands to touch the embroidered words above. The most beautiful words were incomparable regardless of the extravagant design laid on the screen.

Irish's eyes turned red again, and she was so sure that it was his act, and those words came from his heart. She read his name over and over in her mind, and she never thought that he could be so romantic.

How did he know she liked the screen so much? And how did it get into this room? She knew nothing but his sentence: it was not too late.

Her heart tightened, and she missed him badly. She took her cell phone and sent him a message with trembling fingers: Thank you even though I don't know how you did it.

She said nothing more but a few words because she believed he understood.

But after sending it, she regretted, what if he was very busy and did not see that? What if someone else saw it? What if Ruby Lake was beside him? What if... that message only made her panic, and she also didn't understand why things had changed abruptly after she had been so close to the man and why after returning to New York, they were unable to stay with each other?

Thinking of countless possibilities, the mobile phone vibrated, and her fingers were numb. She opened it and took a look, it was his reply, short and precise: As long as you like it.

Reading that, Irish almost broke into tears quickly. He understood her, so simple four words, but that became the most source of calmness in her heart. She could not help but send emoji of red lips and asked: Still busy?

A reply was received soon: At the meeting.

Irish slightly tightened her heart and looked up at the time. It was more than ten o'clock, so late, and he was still at the meeting. Her fingers kept on the keyboard, and she had a lot of words to say to him, but she could not say anything. Knowing that he was in a meeting and telling herself not to disturb him again, but her fingers sent him a sentence so disobediently. Joseph, I miss you.

She missed him and hid nothing.

But she got no answer from him.

She regretted deeply that he was at work and that her behavior was nothing more than a disturbance.

She was anxious, but her phone finally vibrated. Irish suddenly rushed to open the phone, and her trembling fingers opened the message. There were still simple words that made her in tears, he said, Me too.

Irish cried, smiled, and looked at the white orchid for a long time, feeling calm and joyful.

New York was in late autumn, the most beautiful season.

Irish did not know how she fell asleep.

When she woke up, she looked at the bright sunshine. Although she hadn't spent autumn in New York for many years, she still remembered the smell of autumn here, which was clearer and moister than in winter. It was much cooler than summer. The leaves were the purest golden yellow, and as she walked along the boulevard in the commercial area, the leaves covered the long street, so the autumn sun looked good, and Irish's mood improved a little.

At nine o'clock in the morning, she officially returned to the Linkus and canceled her holiday. Professor Tim attended the morning meeting, explained some of the work matters, and welcomed Irish back to work. Professor Tim still had a band-aid around his neck, somewhat embarrassed when he looked at Irish. Compared to the enthusiasm of other colleagues, Blair and Cheska seemed calm but nodded to Irish as a greeting.

Irish looked indifferent, but her assistant Christy was more indignant. After the meeting, she had been following behind Irish, nagging, "See? They are obviously not welcoming you, and of course, you came back earlier than they expected. I guess they thought you were going to take a lot of money from their pocket. "

Irish didn't reply and took a skincare product from her bag and handed it to Christy, who screamed, "SMPR's mask is hard to buy here. I hear it's super useful."

"So I bought it for you from Hong Kong." Compared to her fuss, Irish was calm.

Christy pointed to her nose excitedly. "Give it to me?"

"Do you know why I gave you this mask?"

"You like me."

She squinted at her and said, "I don't give people things easily. You must know my feelings. You have to work overtime to help me, so first, I gave you candy."

Christy was crazy and kissed her. "I'm willing to do anything for you."

"First, give me all the customer information Professor Tim shared today." Irish really could not stand Christy's enthusiasm, and the mask easily persuaded her.

Christy followed her words.

Looking that her working rate was ten times faster than usual, Irish couldn't help but sigh, cosmetics were sometimes more attractive than money.

As a result, Irish spent the morning wandering her mind.

She originally thought to be familiar with customer information to drive away the idea of a mess, but unexpectedly, the institute customers who had made the appointments in the entire morning were very "freak."

The first customer was the owner of a huge retail store business, and he wore sunglasses when he entered the door, Irish impolitely asked him to take off the glasses. When he began to talk, she had learned that he had foot fetishism and that the secretaries around him were all owners of young and white feet. He said he liked women's feet better than women's waists and buttocks.