

## Enchanted 410

There was bright sunshine, so Irish stopped her footsteps, quietly looking at the warm and clear picture, which she could not bear to break. The light was like from heaven and reminded her of the picture in the dream. Joseph was so real in front of her, his back to her as she was making breakfast. His strong and generous back, as if standing in heaven and earth, brought her infinite safety.

Early in the morning, Joseph was less strict and meticulous on his weekdays, which was due to his dress, which he used to wear very seriously. But this morning, his upper body wore a half-sleeved round collar beige casual shirt, and his lower body wore light gray trousers. His hair was reflected to be glossing dark in the sun, and the slight slanting of his face was in the light. He seemed to boil something, and the heated gas around him made him look like he was from paradise.

Joseph, more casual, less calm, and harsh, who also made women attracted to him. She looked at him by the door and felt sorry that such a man had been dealing with stones all the time. He should be an actor, and he could easily steal many women's hearts.

But then she thought he should not, and dealing with the stone was good. He could make her nervous and uneasy, when he became a star, would she be crowded out by other women to stand aside?

When she was thinking, Joseph just turned around to see her, with a smile, sexy, "Hungry? Breakfast is almost ready." But his eyes could not be removed from her.

Because she had no clothes to change, Irish found his white shirt somewhere. To be exact, she only wore his white shirt, and her height was only on his shoulder, so the shirt looked very wide and loose on her. One of the buttons of the shirt was open, revealing her delicate clavicle, and the lower hem covered her hips but made her long legs more slender.

"Naughty woman." Joseph smiled because breakfast was not ready, he had to turn his eyes away and keep busy.

Irish stepped forward and hugged him from behind, glued to him like a clingy child, her face against his back, her hair hanging behind, which was all shrouded in the sun, like a good satin.

"What breakfast are you preparing?" She felt that this man was a fairy; both his seriousness and gentleness made people's heartbeat quick, and she was touched by his morning cooking. This kind of home life was what she yearned for.

Joseph answered, "Sandwich."

"Sandwich?" Irish screamed, seeing it, frowned, "I hate it."

Joseph turned around and pinched her nose. "You have to eat though you hate it," he said. "Sometimes you're too picky. It's a bad habit."

"But I haven't liked sandwiches for 28 years," Irish emphasized her words.

"It's been more than 28 years in the rest of my life, and I can fix your problem slowly." Joseph made a casual remark.

On hearing this, her heart leaped up again, and her face flushed. "I don't eat unpalatable food."

"Don't worry, you'll love my sandwich." Joseph bowed his head and kissed her on the cheek, then turned to be busy cooking.

She closed her lips and hung him again. "That's very nice of you."

Early in the morning, the woman's body rubbed against his back, and his heart was uneasy. He laughed and said, "If you think I'm good, sit at the table and wait. Don't disturb me."

"I'm not disturbing you." She protested.

Joseph cast a glance at her, raising his lips, "Early in the morning, you dress like this in front of me, so do you want me to eat you first before making my stomach full?"

Irish then understood what was the meaning of "disturbing", released her hand, and lightly patted his shoulder, "pervert!"

She almost forgot that he always had a strong desire for early mornings.

"Who asked you not to let me go home to get my clothes?" Though she protested, she was far away from him.

Now she was afraid to be unscrupulous as she was before. The reason why she had been bold before was that they had not happened, but now, like a wolf who had tasted fresh meat, Joseph would not have any scruples if he had broken the taboo when he had tasted the sweetness. If he would like to, he would bring her down at any time and anywhere.

Joseph saw her retreat, smiling, and thought that the little girl was smart. "Wait for me, and it will be alright in 5 minutes." He turned his head gently.

Irish obediently went to the restaurant and waited, but when she walked out of the kitchen, she turned to look at him, and the man who was shrouded in the sun was tall and strong. That leisurely figure and his just that "wait for me" somehow made her inadvertently think of a picture.

There was a picture in her mind, too, of a man standing in the warm sun preparing a beautiful breakfast in a quiet and peaceful environment.

It was Adam!

She knew so clearly that the man in her mind was Adam.

But...

Irish stared at Joseph's back again, puzzled for a moment, and it seemed to overlap with Adam's figure. She began to wonder whether it was Joseph or Adam or whether it was a reality or a dream.

Shaking her head forcefully, she wanted to disperse the overlapping front picture, and Joseph asked in a tone of concern, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Irish immediately raised a smile and turned out of the kitchen.

Sitting at the table for a moment, she was in an inexplicable panic. She always felt she had forgotten something, something that had happened between her and Adam. It was like a picture that had just

happened to her mind. It had never appeared before. It made her feel that nothing had happened. But just then, she began to remember that Adam had indeed made her breakfast, too.

Irish fell into deep worry and fear.

If this scene really happened to her, then was her relationship with Adam really that simple? Or, in fact, they had been very close, but she had forgotten.

For so long, she had never thought of Adam, who had suddenly entered her life and disappeared completely. If it were a sad interlude, she would not think of it. But why, after encountering Joseph, Adam frequently came to her mind?