

Enchanted 459

Then she began to wail. "Rachel, come and take a look at your precious daughter, and she waits to be an old single woman. She doesn't listen to me."

Joseph just pushed the door in, seeing Irish's whole face wrinkle like a walnut-like, strange, coming forward to listen to. And perhaps really hurt by her aunt's loud voice, he hurriedly got up and rubbed his ears. Laughing, Irish rose, pushed him out, and closed the door again.

When her aunt wailed, she whispered, "Aunt, I really don't want to fall in love now."

"Did I force you to fall in love? I ask you to see him first, even if you don't like him, you can go there and take a look. But you don't even follow me, what is the matter? The other party is a good boy, he called many times, and you can meet him."

"Aunt."

"I've seen the young man, and he's energetic." Her aunt didn't give her a chance to talk, "Adam said, he liked you when he saw your photo. He wanted to see you."

"Oh, aunt, I, wait a minute." Irish originally wanted to persuade her, but her mind suddenly thought about the name her aunt had just mentioned, shivering in her heart, "You just said, what is the man's name?"

"Adam." Mary repeated and chattered, "Irish, I tell you, Adam is really a polite child. Two days ago he came home to see your uncle with gifts and me. I like him, and I do not believe you will not like him. His age is similar to yours, speaking decently."

Then what Mary said was not heard by Irish. The palm holding her mobile phone was numb, and her brain was a mess. The scene in front of her was as if it had happened before or as if it had not happened. They all appeared before her eyes.

She seemed to see Adam's back in the sun, the back with his luggage before the mountain accident, smiling at her from afar. She could not see his face but knew so clearly that he was smiling at her.

So safe, so free.

"Irish? Are you listening to me?"

Excited, she found that she had been startled for a long time, with her mouth open. She finally made out a little voice, dry and horse-like metal across sandpaper.

"His name is Adam?" That's all she could ask.

"Why, you know him?" Mary laughed, "wouldn't it be better if you knew him? It's called fate."

Irish was in a daze.

"That's the deal. Tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock. Oh, just the coffee house around the Museum. This time I have clearly informed you. I'll call Adam right away." Mary once waited in the coffee shop for Irish and decided it was the best place for a couple to date.

When Irish reacted, Mary has hung up the phone, only the name left in her ears.

The phone slid from her fingertips. Irish felt cold and tightened up and curled up on the head of the bed.

Adam.

How could it be Adam?

Was he not dead?

In her mind came the picture of rock climbing that day. The tall figure fell like a meteor in the valley before her eyes, gradually becoming a black spot, and finally disappeared.

The temperature at the fingertips was cold, cold to the bone.

At that time, the door was pushed open by Joseph, he was dressed neatly, and when he saw her sitting at the head of the bed, he could not help but come forward, raising her startled face and saying, "What's the matter?"

Man's fingers were stained with wood fragrance, familiar taste but stimulating Irish. She liked waking up from a dream with a sudden tremble, the next second raising her eyes in horror at the man who suddenly appeared in front of her. When seeing clearly it was Joseph, The shock in the eyes gradually left.

Seeing this, Joseph was even more uneasy. He sat down and pulled her into his bosom with a low tone of voice. "What's going on?"

Irish looked up from his arms, her red lips moving, and for a moment, she wanted to tell him that her aunt had arranged a blind date with Adam. However, she did not know whether this Adam was the one she knew who had fallen from the mountain.

He would be angry, however, if she said so.

After a long time, Irish gradually lowered her eyelashes and gently said, "Nothing."

Joseph reached for her chin and ordered her to look at him.

"Nothing?" he stared at her, his eyes like gamma rays.

Irish nodded forcefully. "My aunt forced me to go on a blind date again. I refused, and my aunt was furious." She had to lie because she would never mention the name of Adam before him.

Joseph's eyes softened, and his arms stretched out to put her in his bosom with a low sigh.

After dinner, when Roy was about to leave, her mother urged Cassie to send him downstairs. She could not refuse it, so she followed Roy all the way to the parking lot.

The moon was so bright that her face was a little white.

"Shall we go for a ride?" Roy took her hand and offered in a low voice.

Cassie looked like a sleepwalker. Finally, she reacted after a long time and shook her head. "I'm not going."

Roy did not force her and said, "Then, accompany me, and we'll talk for a while in the car."

This time, Cassie did not refuse.

Roy turned, pulled her hand into the car, and sighed. "Cassie, what on earth are you thinking?" It was superfluous to ask; he knew what she was thinking.

She was thinking about Fredrick! Fredrick's unexpected visit before dinner completely broke the atmosphere of harmony, at least, the smile on her face was gone.

Fredrick didn't stay long. He came to deliver the medicine. After handing it to her, he simply asked about her health recently and then left.

Roy was so clear to see her eyes had always followed Fredrick, never shifted.

He was gone, but her heart was also lost.

During the whole dinner, she was silent. He also felt lost and sad. He was feeling pain in his heart.

Cassie heard his asking suddenly, a little flustered, but soon returned to calm, gently shook her head, trying to wear a smile, "I'm not thinking of anything."