

Enchanted 461

Joseph didn't notice the abnormal sign between her eyebrows and whispered, "Dry your hair first. Don't hurry."

She felt more guilty when she heard the words.

Seeing her standing still, Joseph was puzzled, "What's wrong?"

Irish closed her lips, lowering her lashes slightly down, thoughtful.

Joseph came up to her, reached for her, pinched her chin, and laughed. "What's going on?"

"I..." She faltered.

He raised his eyebrows and was curious.

Irish bit her lips and said, "I can't go to work with you. I just remembered I made an appointment with Cassie today when I took a shower. I should go shopping with her."

"Just remember?" Joseph was skeptical.

Seeing that, Irish hastened to add, "Oh, we had decided, I forgot, I'm sorry."

Joseph stared at her, and a dark and unknown light leaped before his eyes, fleeting, imperceptible.

Soon, the gentle smile rose to the corner of his mouth, reached for her head, and seemed indulgent, "Silly woman, why apologize for that? It's normal for you to have your circle of friends."

"I'm sorry." Irish still felt extremely sorry, "I let you wait for me so long."

"I have time." Joseph smiled and kissed her on her forehead. "Don't go out with your hair wet. You will get a cold."

"Okay," Her heart hurt a little.

"All day long?" He asked again.

"No, no." Irish immediately shook her head and put her arm around his neck. "I was just buying a dress with her. I'll go to you when she's done."

Joseph looked at the small figure in his arms, his eyes were dark, caressing her back, and he pulled her slightly away, taking out a platinum card from it and handing it to her.

"Go shopping, and it's not easy to rest and have fun."

How would she receive his card?

She shook her hand, "I have money. I don't need your card."

Joseph pulled her, putting the card into her hand, and gave a low order, "Take it."

"I really..."

"Fine." His attitude was forced.

She had to receive it.

"Buy and eat if you want to. Don't just take a bite for the sake of shopping." He whispered his advice.

"I see." Irish nodded.

After he left, her whole body fell feebly on the sofa, staring at the platinum card for a long time.

It was long before she became conscious, put it aside, her legs curled up, her arms clasped, her pointed chin against her knees.

She couldn't even forgive herself.

She cheated on Joseph, and her heart was very sad.

There was no so-called shopping, and there was no agreement with Cassie.

In fact, Irish really wanted to accompany him to the company. He was lonely, so he was afraid of loneliness after they were together. She liked to look at Joseph in work, in meditation, in frowning, in making decisions, in speaking, in every gesture he made, she liked, even if she had just sat quietly and had watched him deal with the papers with contentment and happiness.

But she went into the bathroom, and when the heat was thick, her heart began to hesitate.

Escape could not solve the problem.

Even if she followed him to the company, her aunt's phone call would still come.

More importantly, the other side was Adam.

The name, which had disappeared for many years and reappeared, had unexpectedly become her blind date man, and that alone tormented her.

It was not that she was attached to the old days, nor how much she missed him, but that many doubts hung in her mind like a fog for so long that no matter how she tried to forget, it did not help.

When the sprinkler wet her hair, and the water rushed through her skin, the body's senses shouted desperately to her to take a look.

To see if that man was Adam.

She swore that she just wanted to see, solve her doubts, not think of a blind date or recall the past.

But after Joseph left, she was powerless.

Be powerless by such deceit.

Be powerless for the person to be met.

The reason was very simple now, and she did not remember his concrete appearance.

Only feelings, very strong feelings. She didn't know why she looked like this.

Ten o'clock in the morning, at the Cafe around the museum.

The leisurely decoration style was most suitable for such a weekend. No matter what the weather outside the window, order a cup of coffee, lying on the broad wood table to let the divergent thinking free, which was also a pleasure.

Irish often came here because it was close to home. Sometimes she invited Cassie to come here for coffee or lunch. She liked the environment and the taste of coffee, sweet and strong, like being in a small town.

But that day, Irish had been standing at the door for a long time, her feet as if pegged to the ground, and did not move.

She hesitated as far as the coffee shop door.

Go in, or not.

There was no doubt that the man on the blind date was inside, and her aunt said that he had never been late. As long as she opened the door, she could see Adam, and all the mysteries could be solved.

But she always felt a little sorry for Joseph.

He told her not to go on a blind date, and the man was Adam, once he knew about it....

The phone was always in her pocket, tightly clutched by her.

The corners of the chrome hurt her palm.

Irish was about to take out her cell phone and tell her aunt that she had no time to go on the blind date.

As she was preparing to do so, the coffee shop door was pushed open the next second, it was the waiter of the shop, enthusiastically calling her in. The waiters were all familiar with her because she often came.

What should come was always to come. Irish clenched her fingers, took a deep breath, then loosened her fingers on the phone and went into the room.

As usual, the flavor of the coffee was good.

Like silk haunting the huge space, upstairs was the smoking section, and downstairs was the non-smoking area.

Aunt said the man didn't smoke, so she focused on the first floor.

Asking a waiter if Mr. Adam was here, the waiter smiled and nodded, saying that the gentleman had already come and that he was the one with the purple bear on the table, sitting by the window.

Irish looked, the table was not served, so there were not many things. However, she sporadically saw colorful little bears near the window position, near her position was the green bear, the middle red, the innermost purple.

A man was sitting there, reading newspapers or magazines, sitting with his back to her.

From a distance, one could only see his back in a plaid shirt and his broad shoulders.

Irish's heart suddenly tightened, and her heart was raised to the throat for a moment!

The steps were a little fluttering.

Toes were numb, and that feeling arose to the scalp, but her heart was increasingly restless, thumping.