

Enchanted 462

The closer she got, the clearer the man's back was.

In the pale purple, white plaid shirt, mingled with the slightly shifted sunlight out of the window, he looked so refreshing that on such a leisurely weekend, the man did not seem to be dating but rather came here alone for coffee.

He was flipping through the magazine, his fingers on the table were a little pale and clean, and his nails were round, which reminded her of Joseph's hands, which were as clean and slender as they were but sharper than the men surrounding him.

His hair was cut short, and he looked very energetic from his back.

Irish stood behind him for a while, frowning, and she was afraid to judge whether the man was Adam. The people at the next table had looked at her and seemed to wonder what she was doing.

The man seemed to notice something, stopping, and turning back.

When looking at Irish, there was a flash of light in his eyes, "Doctor Irish?"

It was a young, vigorous face with a fine brow and features that, though not handsome, when he laughed, it made people feel like a spring breeze. He got up and made a "sit down" gesture at once.

His height was middle, unlike Joseph, putting pressure on her for his height.

Irish's heart finally, in the man's turn for a moment, fell to the ground like a boulder!

She was quite sure that the man in front of her was not Adam.

No, he was Adam, but he was not the Adam she knew.

Although she could not remember Adam's appearance, at least she remembered the feeling of being with Adam, which was so subtle. At least the man in front of her did not give her that feeling.

She nodded and sat down opposite him.

If he were not Adam, there would be no old talk, and the meeting would be a blind date. Irish had never dated blindly. The first time she returned to America, she went on a blind date with Leo. Because she had prepared for it, she kicked him down the valley after meeting him.

She was not even ready to see the man before her, and on her way to see him, she wondered whether he was him or not. She never thought about what to do next.

So, when she was seated, she didn't know what to say.

Instead, the man on the other side was generous and took the initiative. "Hello, Dr. Irish. I'm Adam. Nice to meet you."

His voice was very kind, and his smile was like sunshine, but it made her shiver. Suddenly looking up at him, there seemed to be a group of pictures in mind, a picture of a man in front of her, facing the sun, smiling at her. He said, Irish, Hello, I am Adam, very happy to meet you.

"Adam..." Subconsciously, the name came out.

Adam smiled slightly, looking at the woman opposite, eyes were dazzling.

Irish was wearing a ginger shirt with a smoky grey skirt at the bottom and a light-colored windbreaker coat. The windbreaker was put aside gently. The ginger blouse made her cheeks more white. She wore no makeup. Unlike other people, her long hair was draped over her shoulders and was shrouded in a satin luster.

She was a beautiful woman, but she was more like a child.

Soon the waiter served a fruit salad, a cup of coffee, and a cup of hot tea. Adam took the initiative, pushed the hot tea in front of her, and smiled, "Because I don't know what you like to drink, I might as well order a cup of black tea first," he said. "It's cold, a girl can have some black tea. If you don't like it, you can order something else, but I can't be wrong about the fruit salad."

Adam's voice was so light that she could see nothing of a pretentious parliamentary member working in the office.

Irish dryly said, "Thank you," holding the black tea in her palm, warm and flowing. She didn't know how to turn him down. She thought about it and looked up at him. "Mr. Adam."

"Just call me Adam."

Irish opened her mouth, and for a long time, she called the name, "Adam, I think we can just show up and then do our own things separately."

Adam smiled and took a sip of coffee, "I understand you, but I don't want to go on a blind date either, but my family is pushing too hard."

"Then we," She wanted to depart like this. When she got out of the door, she would hitchhike directly to Joseph.

Adam was patient and waited for her to finish.

Irish took a deep breath. "In fact, I've fallen in love with a man, and I think we don't need to see each other after today."

"I know you love him." Adam suddenly said slightly.

Irish was stunned.

Did he know about her and Joseph?

He couldn't.

Adam put down his coffee cup and looked at her. "But when he fell from such a high mountain, he could not be alive."

The back head of Irish seemed to have been patted hard. Suddenly she rose up and lost her voice.

"You..."

All the guests looked at Irish in amazement.

But she had completely ignored it, just staring at the opposite man as if staring at a monster. After a long time, she hoarsely asked, "Who are you?"

Adam motioned to her not to be nervous, and when he saw all the people around him cast their eyes, he got up, went round to her, pressed her down, and he returned to his position.

"When the family showed me your picture, I recognized you, Irish, as the climbing captain." His voice was slow. "I oversaw the local report in Colombia. There were pictures of you in the newspaper, so I was so impressed that your boyfriend fell off the mountain."

Irish felt that her brain was a mess. Then, lifting her hands and pressed them on the temple and watched him alertly. "How did you see the local report?"

"Because I was there, too." Adam's attitude was very sincere. "What are you doing there? Travel?"