

Enchanted 463

Adam laughed, "I like rock climbing as much as you do. I've basically conquered the mountains in Nepal. Except for the Rocky Mountains, the one you were climbing. Originally I went to Columbia to climb it. As soon as I arrived at Columbia, I saw a report about you. The local people told me that there was something wrong. The police blocked the mountain and banned the climbers there for a long time. I had no choice but to return."

Irish listened so tightly that she stared at him and muttered, "You're talking about you," she murmured for a long time. "like rock climbing? Have you ever been to Columbia?"

"Yes." Adam laughed. "When I saw the picture of you, I thought fate was wonderful. When I saw your picture in the newspaper, I wondered what kind of girl could climb such a high mountain so boldly. After checking some of your information, I know you are a very excellent senior rock-climbing enthusiast. So I have to see you today."

"That's impossible. You are so fond of rock climbing. Why haven't I seen you before?" This circle was very narrow, who had climbed which mountain, when to climb, and climbed how long if asking, she would know.

Adam sighed, looking helpless, "I am an only child, my parents strongly oppose me from doing rock climbing, and they even arrange the job. My time was free when I was at school, but I stealthily went climbing too. I was always alone. Until now, my parents didn't know I had conquered the mountains in Nepal. I would never have a blind date if it weren't for you."

The man in front of her was strikingly similar to Adam, who she knew, though she did not feel the same, but...

She began to panic, and her temples were tingling with pain.

How could things in the world be so coincidental? He liked to go alone, too.

"We...Have we seen it before?" Then, at last, she asked.

Adam was sure to shake his head. "No, what's the matter?"

Irish's breathing was a little short, but she kept breathing deeply to ease her nervousness and opened her mouth, "My boyfriend's name is Adam, too."

She said that not for suspecting that the man opposite him had lost his memory. She was sure he was not Adam, but why was his experience so similar to Adam's?

After hearing this, Adam took a long time to say, "Is there really such a coincidence in this world?"

"He also likes to be alone, so he is not familiar with the people in the circle." She referred to the past.

Adam's mouth became an "O" a long time later, and he pointed to his nose, "How do I feel like you are talking about me?" Even Irish began to be confused.

"Maybe," Adam said after a while, looking at her with eyes burning. "It is fate."

What?

Irish did not understand his words. He smiled softly. "I once read a report that there were two people born on the same day of the same year, with the same name and same interests, and they met in an accident one day, and they became close friends. I think God wants you to be in my life for a reason. God wants me to take care of you for that, Adam. He has given me so much in common with Adam because you will be more receptive to me when I return to you."

Irish looked at him, startled. She believed in fate but not in his mouth.

Hesitantly, Adam raised his hand, and long fingers covered hers, whispering, "I felt pity when I saw your picture in Columbia. Now that I see you again, I know very well that I like you."

His hands were a little cold, especially at the tips of her fingers, and when they covered the back of her hand, the coldness crept onto her. She wondered whether it was a coincidence or a play, but she was a little confused.

Outside the window, behind the tree shadow, Joseph stood quietly.

He was not far from her and looked silently at her through the window.

In the autumn wind, Joseph's tall, standing figure was more straight, vaguely exposing a heavy pressure.

His face was still perfectly angled, his thin lips taut as a thread, his dark eyes as still as dead water, faint, and creepy quiet.

The wind was cool, and so was the heart. In the window, the woman's side face was soft and graceful.

Outside the window, the man's face fell into a large ray of light, and the side face was dark.

Joseph saw the man lightly cover Irish's hand, his eyes soft and obsessive. As a man, Joseph understood the meaning of that look.

But Irish did not shake off his hand.

Joseph's eyes were increasingly cold; after a while, he took out the phone and pressed.

In the room, her confused head was saved by a sudden ring, and when she realized that Adam was still holding his hand, she hurriedly got rid of his touch by answering the phone.

Floated immediately was Joseph's voice. As always calm, but also slightly cool.

"Are you still shopping?"

Upon hearing his voice, Irish's heart panicked and thumped, feeling stealing and being caught, licking her lip. She took a deep breath to calm her restless breath.

"Yes."

After a few seconds of silence on the cell phone, he asked, "Only you and Cassie?"

Irish was in a trance for a little while and smiled, "Yes, I told you when I went out this morning."

"Okay."

"Well?"

"What have you bought?" The man's voice passed through the waves, deep and calm as the lake.

Irish closed her lips, her heart a little uncomfortable by the absurd excuse and the despicable act of lying, but she fought back, cleared her throat, and tried to make her voice sound as easy as she could.

"I'm just hanging around, but I haven't got a choice yet."

There was no talking again.

Irish bit her lip and asked, "Have you done?"

"Still busy, I'll hang up."

The call was quickly cut off over there.

Irish only felt that the lie was too hard to tell.

Facing Adam's eyes with concern, "What's wrong?"