

## Enchanted 576

At that moment, she didn't think about rock climbing anymore but began planning to tell Joseph this great news.

Before she could react, she had dialed his number.

But it didn't get through immediately, and she waited for a long while.

Irish was turned from excited to anxious and even a little disappointed.

Finally, he answered the phone, and she felt cheerful again.

"Joseph?" She called him happily. But compared with Irish's happiness, Joseph was a little tired, and Irish could feel that even if it was on the phone.

She then asked him softly if he had meals on time, but she was worried about him, so she couldn't help asking, "Do you have a meeting now?"

"Yes." He sighed slightly.

Irish felt guilty and realized he didn't answer the phone promptly because he was having a meeting now. Usually, she would hang up the phone so as not to disturb him, but today she was so eager to listen to his voice.

Therefore, she asked quietly, "Can I hang up later?"

Joseph was silent for a few seconds, and soon she heard that he ordered Daisy to suspend the meeting.

And then she heard his footsteps, and she knew he was standing up.

He stopped somewhere quiet. Irish puckered her face into a smile and gave him a video call.

He was connected soon.

Irish found that he was in the anteroom, where the light was dim, which formed a sharp contrast with the bright sunshine in her room. What stunned her was that he looked so exhausted, and his well-defined face was thinner.

His eyes were filled with red blood silk.

"Joseph, how long have you had no rest?" Irish was astonished.

Joseph looked at her and smiled softly, "Do I look so tired?"

Irish nodded and asked worryingly, "Is there any problem?"

"Nothing." His voice sounded husky.

He would only tell her not to be worried even if he encountered a big problem.

But Irish knew that something must be wrong, or how could he be so exhausted?

She intended to tell him that she was pregnant, but now she was at a loss about how to tell him this news after perceiving his tiredness, so after thinking for a while, she asked, "Joseph, when will you come back?"

Joseph was silent for a while and replied quietly, "I will come back as soon as possible, okay?"

He would give her a definite time and never go back on his words, but now he only told her he would come back as soon as possible, which made her feel sorrowful somehow. Staring at him, who she missed so much, she was eager to rush in front of him and embrace him tightly.

"Isabel?" Joseph misunderstood her since she didn't reply to him, "Are you angry with me?"

"No. I know you are busy." Irish felt sad for him, but after a few seconds, she couldn't help saying, "Joseph, in fact, I want to tell you that..."

"Mr. Dover, the stock price began to fluctuate again and fell sharply!" Daisy's anxious voice interrupted Irish.

The sound of unexpected intrusions left Irish in a daze.

The next second, she saw Joseph's look turn cold, whose eyebrows were tight. He faced slightly sideways at Daisy, and from Irish's viewpoint, his profile face was cold and chilling.

"I see." He spoke, and his voice was low, like the dark clouds behind him.

The sun fell on Irish, but somehow she felt so cold. She watched Joseph nervously across the mountains and rivers, and she seemed to be infected by his emotions.

The joy of being pregnant seemed to be solidified by the cold, and it was always in her mouth that it could not be spoken out between her teeth.

Soon, Joseph turned his attention back to her side, but his tone was slightly subdued. "Isabel..."

"I know you're busy, so I'll just say one last word." Irish, somehow so brave, broke Joseph's words directly, and her heart almost jumped out of her throat, and her palms were sweating.

Swallowing a bit of saliva, suppressing the feeling because of tension, and when she opened her mouth, she even heard a tremolo, "Joseph, I'm pregnant."

After saying this, the whole person was like a deflated ball, feeling powerless, leaving only one heart still thumping in her chest. Her ears began to buzz. It was because she was too nervous. Her eyes were still staring closely at Joseph, looking forward to his reaction.

Joseph, on the other side of the phone, was obviously stupefied.

Then, she heard someone urging knocking at the door, and perhaps the stock movement was urgent.

Seeing Joseph looking at her seriously, he said to her, "I'll call you later and wait for my call."

Irish nodded like chicken pecking.

The call was over.

Irish hugged the mobile phone and suddenly stretched out on the bed as if being pulled out of the backbone, only a piece of cartilage supporting her whole body.

She began to complain about herself. Blame herself for being ignorant.

Why didn't she wait until Joseph returned from business and then tell him about it? She didn't even think that she knew how busy Joseph was now. Just now, she suddenly broke her pregnancy with him. Would he be distracted? Would it affect his work?

Irish thought of it and wanted to beat herself. She felt selfish.

But, in the twinkling of an eye, she thought, she really couldn't bear it.

She could not hide such a big thing at all, and she would say it sooner or later. She could not hold back, so she would have said it earlier. If it weren't for an urgent event occurring to him, she would really like to know what he thought.

She would like to ask him personally: Joseph, I had your child; were you happy? With a sigh, she threw the phone aside.

Staring in the direction of the mobile phone, Irish's heart was a little upset; in fact, she also wanted to ask Joseph, did you know my birthday was coming soon?

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When Roy came home, it was almost 11:00 P.M. When he opened the door, he was still dusty as he hastened home.

The night was as dark as ink out of the window, and even the star hid behind the calm cloud.

Lilith hadn't slept yet, nestled on the sofa in the living room, and a huge TV screen twinkled in the darkened room, and what was associated with it was her deeply worried face reflected.