

Enchanted 644

He looked so composed, as if he had never fallen in love with Irish, but it also seemed that their relationship had never affected him. Daisy was suspicious about that but was also hesitant.

She began to suspect that they may have broken up because Joseph didn't mention anything about Irish anymore like before, as if Irish had been completely removed from his life.

And she also found that he didn't use the private phone anymore while the mobile phone did not ring again. He put it in the drawer but never opened it again.

Along with the mobile phone, the diamond ring he made was also in it. Daisy had seen the ring and was shocked by its splendor. She knew that it was a result of Joseph's painstaking efforts. He utilized the world's most expensive and time-consuming cutting process on this diamond ring and endowed this ring with a dazzling life.

If the ring was launched into the market, it was undoubtedly priceless and it would be a miracle in the jewelry industry. Instead, however, it was lying in the drawer quietly.

Daisy couldn't figure out how long this beautiful ring had to be laid up there.

Irish had a long dream in which happiness was intertwined with sadness, and warmth was mixed up with miseries. When she suddenly woke up, the bright sunshine outside the window comforted her uneasy heart. The warm sunlight penetrated through the thin gauze, leaving mottled sunlight on the floor, indicating the coming of a new day.

It was quiet and peaceful in the room.

Under the light, the slight floating dust could be seen clearly while the clock's pointer on the wall was rotating slowly. Behind the thin gauze, several pots of green plants were put there, of which branches were adorned with the crystal drops.

Everything was quiet.

Irish stared at the green plants blankly while her long eyelashes moved slightly. The sunlight shone on her face, which was slightly pale, and her forehead was wet. She reached out to wipe the sweat and ran her finger through her hair, but soon she stopped abruptly.

She hastily took the mirror on the bed stand since she suddenly remembered that she had shoulder-length hair.

Irish was absent-minded, but soon, she smiled. It was just an authentic dream that she couldn't tell dream from reality. The girl with shoulder-length hair was real, while the long hair only existed in her dream. Her long, silky hair was draped on her shoulder, which she had longed for a long time. Though she was determined to keep long hair every time, she could cut it in summer since it was too hot.

She stretched herself, got off the bed, and walked out of her dream.

When she got off the bed, she found that she was dressed in conservative cotton pajamas.

As soon as she walked out of the bedroom, the smell of delicious food spread into her nose, which cheered Irish. She walked into the kitchen where a tall man was cooking.

The light poured into the kitchen from the window, falling on his hair.

Irish stood at the kitchen door, staring at the man who was overwhelmed in the sunlight and felt warm, so she couldn't help stepping forward, embracing him gently with her cheeks pressing on his back.

The man didn't look back but said to her while cooking, "You are really an easy dozer."

Irish pressed on his broad back and sighed with the feeling that it felt so good to be awake. "Why are you here?"

"I have to cook for you? Or what are you going to eat? I am afraid that you would call for takeout again." He had finished a dish while talking with her, so he turned to her with a big smile.

Irish held his face, staring at him.

"What's up?" He asked and grinned.

"Nothing." Staring at his well-defined face, Irish felt his fondness which she was familiar with.

"I had a beautiful dream last night in which I was a beauty, and many men wooed me."

He pinched her cheeks after hearing this and said, "I am the only man who will love you forever. Well, go wash your face, and I will almost finish cooking."

"Adam." She called him softly.

The man took the dishes from the table and then looked at her.

"Do you think I am too ordinary? I am not beautiful and even don't have a good job." Irish stepped in front of him and asked hesitantly.

Adam looked at her helplessly and replied, "Don't talk nonsense. We will get married soon. He reached out and whispered, "I will love you forever. Trust me."

Irish was relieved by his words and took the initiative to hold him and said softly, "The dream was too authentic, and I can't tell it from reality. I dreamed that you fell down from the mountain when we were climbing, and you just vanished for nearly four years. I can't get any information from you. Many people said that you are dead."

"Silly girl." Adam smiled and held her cheeks while talking, "It is my fault. If I had checked the security rope before climbing, nothing would happen. Luckily, I just suffered from a minor injury. You must have been frightened by me, so you had such a dream. Don't worry; I promised you I would not go climbing anymore."

Irish nodded slightly and said after a long while, "The dream is so weird, and it feels so real. Many things happened in my dream. Adam, do you know that I dreamed I was a psychologist specializing in analyzing people's dreams? Do you think it is strange? Perhaps it is because I always have dreams during sleep. What is more shocking is that I am an unlawful daughter of a rich family in the dream and fell in love

with another man, but he is my brother-in-law. I can't remember clearly, but I can recall some diamonds and jewelry. However, I finally broke up with him painfully."

Adam took her onto the chair and sat across from her, sighing slightly, "Is his name Joseph?"

"How do you know that?" Irish was surprised. Though she forgot many details of the dream, she could remember this name clearly because she liked this name so much.

"I heard that you were calling this name in the morning." Adam shook his head slightly and pretended to complain about her, "Irish, I am your future husband, and I will be jealous if you call another man's name in your dream. And I cannot vent my anger since he is a fictional man in your dream. I even hoped he would be real, so I could warn him to stay away from my wife."