

Enchanted 650

He had never been to a woman's house, so he didn't know how other women's homes would be decorated, but there was one thing he could ensure, and that was no one would decorate a house in such a strange style.

Joseph looked up upstairs, where he could hear her faint footsteps. She should have packed her clothes in the cloakroom. He felt that a hammer struck his heart, and it was hard for him to breathe.

The woman was going to escape from his world. Every time she packed up her things, the breath about her in this house was becoming less, which made him feel so terrible.

For a moment, he was eager to rush to stop her and give her a lecture, telling her not to be so arrogant. Not every landlord would permit her to decorate the house regardless. The only man who would indulge her in acting like this was only him.

It was quiet upstairs, and she might be folding clothes, but Joseph didn't care about that since he had to suppress his desire to go upstairs. Finally, after a long while, he stood up and took a decorative doll in his hands.

It was a karma doll that was made for her in Italy, and he could still remember how excited Irish was. It was mailed from Italy while Irish waited for a long time. However, the doll was stagnant for two days in customs, and when Irish got this news, she acted like an ant in the hot pan.

However, Joseph didn't like it since he thought it looked weird, and the doll even had a clown hat. Moreover, he could not understand why this doll could be called an angel since he thought angels should be very adorable with wings.

He suddenly recalled her sweet voice when she acted like a spoiled kid beside him.

She said that he had to bring a gift for her since he was her boyfriend and ingratiated him to get the doll as a gift.

Joseph suddenly clenched his hands while the doll was even deformed.

The sunset released the last glow, falling on the white orchid screen not far away while the white petals were dyed with the bloody and dazzling afterglow.

Joseph stepped into the screen, touching its petals as if its fragrance stained his fingers. He stared at it as if he had seen Irish when she was in the Light Town.

At the long alley, they stood at the two ends of it. And in the encounter at that time, he decided that he would not let her go in this lifetime. He didn't care about what she was doing here and how long she would stay here. What he knew was that he would take her hands and accompany her wherever she went in the future days.

In fact, he didn't have too much free time to stay in Light Town. He planned to find an embroidery expert here and then go to South Africa directly since there was an emergency for him to deal with in South Africa. However, he couldn't stop here for her.

She sat on the wicker chair at the embroidered house and waited for him. He was busy with his business, but he couldn't help staring at her. The breeze blew through while the petals all fell down from the trees. She was like a fairy among the falling petals. She smiled softly when a flower fell down into her arms.

He had never seen a woman who could smile so brightly and softly, which warmed his heart.

The embroidery expert asked him if she was his girlfriend, but he didn't reply to him directly but pointed at the embroidery pattern and told the master that this was the effect he wanted. Perhaps only he could understand the real meaning behind the question.

He wanted her to be his girlfriend. He expected and also believed it would come true.

She liked the white orchid screen and looked as cheerful as a kid, but she was astonished when she heard the price of it.

She would never know how sophisticated but adorable she looked at that time, which amused him. He even wanted to embrace her at that moment. However, he wanted to surprise her, so he bought it secretly and wrote a sentence for her that read, "When we met, we were young, but it was not too late." He asked the master to add those words to the screen.

He didn't believe in karma, but because of Irish, he began to believe in its existence. However, he didn't expect their encounter in Light Town to be fictitious.

What else can he believe in?

"Mr. Dover," Irish called him upstairs abruptly, and it sounded cold and indifferent.

Joseph turned back, looking up at her while his eyes turned dreary. She also called him like this before, and in fact, she would only call him intimately when she needed his help. But her voice would not be so cold and chilly; instead, it always sounded sweet and warm. It was not until then he recognized that a name called by the lover would be imbued with emotions. But now her voice sounded so aloof.

"To be honest, I have too many things to pack and I can't finish packing today, so I beg you to leave the key to me and promise I won't take anything of your things. And I can pay you a cash pledge if you want. Okay?" Though her luggage carriers were all there, there were so many things she had to pack. She would have to finish packing by midnight. But it was impossible for him to wait for her here too late.

Joseph stared at her and replied indifferently, "You must finish packing today."

"You...."

Irish gnashed her teeth angrily and went downstairs without hesitation, stepping towards him and saying, "Why do you have to make trouble deliberately?"

"As far as I am concerned, not many things belong to you." Joseph snorted and added, "Now that you are so eager to draw a demarcation line with me, would you like to take away something I bought for you?"

Irish was speechless by his words.

He was right. Almost all the things in this house were bought by him, including her bags, clothes, some doohickeys, and the white orchid screen worth more than 110,000 dollars.

The screen was like a witness of their relationship, from their encounter to falling in love with each other and from quarrels to break up. She threw it outside during that quarrel, but he still left without looking back. Now it seemed that his heartlessness had been reflected long ago, but she was blurred by love and didn't perceive that at all.