

Enchanted 698

The figure at the corner of the street got vaguer.

Irish couldn't reach him, only to see him disappear in the crowd.

Adam caught up with her and pulled her, unhappy, "Are you mad? It's so dangerous!"

"I saw Joseph...." She blurted out and found Adam was upset.

He frowned, "Irish, couldn't you tell reality from a dream? Joseph! Joseph! You are thinking about him day and night! But there is no Joseph at all!"

Irish was terrified.

She held her head, feeling a sudden headache.

"Isabel!" There was a familiar voice from far away.

Only he would call her by this name.

Irish raised her head, only to find that there was a man across from her with the same look and height as Adam. He waved his hands to Irish and said, "Isabel, come to me."

It was Joseph!

She judged who Joseph was and who Adam was clearly now.

Extremely happy, she stood up and walked towards Joseph, but her waists were pulled.

She turned around and looked at the angry face. "Who you love is me!"

"Let me go..." Irish's waists ached. She couldn't help shouting, "Let me go!"

"Ah..." Irish opened her eyes suddenly.

What met her eyes were Joseph's severe expressions.

Subtle light was moving in his eyes, like rolling waves.

Irish realized that this time, she was awake. That dream was so real that she could remember all the feelings she had as if she had truly experienced them.

But she could be assured that the man in front of her was Joseph, not Adam.

Only Joseph had such cold expressions.

"Awake?" Joseph sat on the head of the bed and said it calmly.

Irish had a headache and a soft body. She opened her mouth, finding that her voice got hoarse.

"Get down to have breakfast." Without noticing her pale face, Joseph stood up and left coldly.

Irish's memory came back gradually.

It was on the beach with fireworks that she was pressed by him and had spontaneous sex with him. She looked down upon herself.

So he must be proud?

And that was the reason for which his eyes were so cold since she behaved so dissolutely.

And it was half an hour later when she finally went down.

After doing some washing, she walked out of her bedroom. Every step was just like on the cloud, but she was really hungry.

As she walked out of the bedroom, Joseph walked forward.

She stopped. Joseph also stopped. Taking a glance at her, he frowned, "What are you hesitating for?" And then he turned around and went down the stairs.

In front of her, there were bountiful dishes.

Joseph sat down across from her and motioned to the chair to remind her to sit down.

Irish still had a headache as she sat down and was to take her knives. Joseph said lightly, "Drink some water first."

She was surprised and took a glance at the glass. She took it up and sipped it.

Was it sweet?

Was it...glucose?

She put down the cup and pressed her sore forehead, asking, "Am...I ill?"

"You have had a fever and been asleep for two days." Joseph's action of having a meal was elegant as usual, but his voice seemed not to be so good. He didn't look at her either.

Irish was amazed that she had been in a coma for so long. That was to say, Valentine's Day had passed.

"You must want me not to wake up!" As Irish thought of his evil behavior, she got angrier.

Joseph stopped his action, and soon he smiled coldly, "I have no time to look after a patient, so you'd better wake up so that I have someone accompanied while sleeping."

Actually, all the concerns and expectations were in vain as she woke up.

He had no good rest within these two days, but strangely he was not tired at all.

He just watched her in bed, waiting for her to recover.

This morning he saw her tight eyebrows. It seemed that she was dreaming. Sitting on the head of the bed, he touched her face lightly, hoping that he could wake her up.

However, she just threw away his hands and said rapidly, "Let me go!"

He felt so frustrated at that moment.

So even in the dream, she hated him the most.

As Irish heard it, she raised her eyes to stare at him. She wanted to scold him back, but she was so weak that her hands with knives were shattering.

They were just having meals silently.

And suddenly the phone rang.

It interrupted the silence.

Irish was shocked at first since she hadn't heard the phone ringing for a long time.

Joseph picked it up.

She couldn't grasp the voice of the caller.

She could only hear Joseph answering simply, "Yes, it's true... Tomorrow morning."

Irish ate something slowly.

She didn't see that Joseph was watching her all the time. Then, noticing that she was having something in a good manner, he was relieved.

The call was very short.

After the call, the hall was silent again.

This kind of quiet continued until they finished their breakfast.

Joseph went to the living room, but Irish didn't follow him. She was standing there, thinking for a while, and then entered the living room.

"You have something to say?" Joseph made a cup of coffee and asked her lightly.

Irish licked her lips and sat down across from him. She thought about what to say first.

Joseph started making coffee slowly, "It occurred to me as a statement."

Irish raised her eyes to look at him.

"There must be something I can help you with if you behave politely." He stared at her.

Irish was not glad to hear this. She tried to be calm, clearing her throat, "I haven't contacted my uncle for a long time. They must be worried about my safety."

Joseph laughed as he heard that and sipped the coffee lightly, "Be assured that they know you are good now."

Irish looked at him with an air of vigilance.

Joseph didn't want to continue this topic, so he just put down the cup and leaned against the sofa, crossing his legs and looking confident and idle.

"Okay, let's talk about how we get along with each other later."

Irish was puzzled, "Later?"