

Enchanted 73

Really?

When Irish came out and locked the door silently, her heart seemed to be pulled out of direction by the faint echo of high heels, which was the clear, lonely sound in a long galactic corridor with incandescent lights. On weekends, everyone wanted to go party, find their once abandoned self, or pay tribute to the youth that had been driven away by time.

It was a lively night outside, but it made her more lonely.

What killed people was not solitariness but loneliness. At the desolate corner with noise on that summer night, though neon lights could be seen everywhere, they were always solitary. Nobody knew them and remembered them.

Reaching for the elevator, Irish looked up and watched the figures bouncing like dazzling reddish stones. Her figure was dragged down in the long corridor like a fragrant and lonely flower, which soon followed her body together into the iron box after the metal door.

As the elevator approached, the phone suddenly rang.

Irish answered it, not expecting it was Joseph.

Through the radio waves, his voice was so deep and pleasant to hear that it was more like the sound of a cello.

"Are you done with work?"

"Just about to go downstairs and go to the Lake's dinner at the invitation of Mrs. Dover." The elevator came, she stepped in, the metal door closed slowly for a moment, and she saw her cheeks look a little pale.

The elevator went down, and Joseph's voice sounded a little intermittent. "I know."

"Hello?" Unable to hear Irish clearly, he glanced at the mobile phone. The signal above was strong and weak, but he did not wait for the second sound of "Hello." The light in the elevator flashed two times, followed by a clicking sound coming from somewhere. There was a sharp wobble in the elevator.

The phone hit the ground with a snap, and the light in the elevator went out.

Everything was quiet.

It seemed that the whole boiling world that had nothing to do with her had fallen into silence. The side effect of the darkness was suffocation, which drowned her in an endless deep sea, and the black waves would overcome her quickly and devour her.

Irish did not scream.

She was afraid as she couldn't scream after the whole surrounding went dark.

Her back clung to one side of the elevator, closed to cold metal, which made her feel terrible. At this moment, she could only resist suffocation and moved to press the help button.

The engulfing darkness sucked her into its belly. All she could do was curl up in a corner, shivering.

Darkness made her judge herself.

No matter how strong she was, it was just a shell. And only she herself knew her hesitation and loneliness.

She thought that the darkness in front of her had swallowed her up, and there was nothing left.

Not knowing how long it was, maybe a century, or only a few minutes, in short, when the man's deep voice raised in her ear, she seemed to be in another world, which was no longer distant cello sound through the radio waves, but a real one haunting around her.

Irish looked up, colliding with a man's deep-sea eyes with concern.

"It's all right." Joseph looked into her eyes and comforted her.

Irish still did not react, staring at him without a word.

"Get up." Afraid that she was frightened, Joseph said in a low voice to her ear and reached out to help her get up.

She clung to his sturdy arm, but her legs were soft and staggered, but soon Joseph put his arms around her waistline, like a vine clinging to the stout trunk in front of her.

The light of the elevator was white, hurting her eyes. Perhaps the elevator just had a small fault that quickly recovered. Was she too sensitive?

"Frightened?" He did not hurry to pull her out of the elevator and stood still there, letting her snuggle up to his arms, caressing her back with his big hand as if to soothe the frightened pet.

His big hands had power.

At least she felt that. The chill of the air mingled with his breath, and it seemed less cold, warming her consciousness little by little. At this moment, an impulse sprang up, she wanted to hold this person, never wanting to let him go.

She shook her head gently, which could be regarded as the answer to the man's question.

She was not afraid of the darkness but of dying in the dark.

People are born lonely, so she was more afraid that the moment of death was to be lonely as well.

"Can you walk by yourself?" Joseph said with a soft voice.

Irish nodded gently, but her legs still seemed to be nailed to the ground, soft and with no energy. Joseph also saw that and, without saying anything, directly took her out of the elevator.

Joseph took her into his car. Not immediately starting the car, he turned and handed her a bottle of water. When Irish took it, her fingers shook slightly. After drinking most of the bottle of water, the suffocation that had been hovering in her chest left.

"Feeling better?" Joseph looked at her sideways.

Her voice could finally be squeezed out of her throat, nodding, "Much better, thank you."

"If possible, I don't want to hear your thanks under such circumstances." Joseph sighed.

Then she picked up her mind and stared at him, "Why are you here?"

Joseph looked up at his wrist with a silent smile, "In fact, my car had been parked downstairs for more than half an hour."

"That's not what I asked. Shouldn't you be in South Africa?" She was surprised.

"Something wrong happened there, and I turned back to New York." Joseph put his hands on the steering wheel and explained, and then turned to stare at her cheeks with a challenging look, "I guess the psychiatrist is not invulnerable."

She could hear his jest and stared at him. "I just twisted my ankle while the elevator was shaking."

Joseph laughed but did not say anything.

Such a smile deeply stimulated Irish as if he saw right through her. For a moment, she was anxious and angry, so she lifted her hand to push on his chest.

"What are you laughing at?"