

Enchanted 735

Irish had never felt so thankful that she could see all the stars in the sky one day; otherwise, she would feel so lonely on a cold night.

The number was never within the range of her working memory, so Irish was less sensitive to the number because she only focused on her own field. But as a psychoanalyst, she needed to have the same memory level in every field. She had to admit that she would not adopt the method related to numbers since it was human nature to avoid one's disadvantages.

As a result, the numbers in her mind were everywhere when she was standing at the door for five or six minutes. She felt each one was the answer, and each one was not the answer, either.

She forgot the password just because she mixed up her bank card and her credit card.

If possible, she would rather not bother Joseph.

As she thought that if she came to her uncle's house, he would be angry, and then she just gave up this thought.

She called him.

After thinking for a while, she called his private phone number.

He got it through, but there was someone talking surrounding him. Irish knew that he would be having dinner with his business partners, so she hesitated.

Joseph just greeted and then he didn't talk anymore, seemingly waiting for her response.

Irish said after a long while, "I can't open the door."

And then she added, "I forgot the password since I made it wrong many times. It needs your fingerprint now."

Her voice seemed to be weak.

And then she felt unconfident.

He replied coldly, "Okay. I see."

Soon their conversation ended. Irish was in a daze and then recovered after a while. She clenched her phone, and she felt more helpless.

Did he really know her situation?

What did it mean?

Did he mean to let her wait for him, or did he just know it, but he didn't decide to come?

Irish could not confirm his meaning. Considering that his voice was so cold, she just waited for a while. She would come to her uncle's house if he didn't come.

She just counted the stars.

There seemed to be gauze on these stars, dim and unobvious. Her view became a little vague.

It was cold at night.

She was on the high stage, so the strong wind made her hair messy. She also felt frightened.

After a long time, there was a knocking sound on the stage.

Irish thought someone was smoking on the stage, so she didn't care about it.

However, the footsteps got clear.

The footsteps were strong and firm, more importantly, familiar to her.

Irish was so surprised that suddenly a man's suit was on her shoulder. Soon the smell of cigarettes and light wine twined together and surrounded her.

The coat was warm, and just in this way, the coldness on a cold night was gone.

Irish turned around. To her surprise, it was Joseph. She hadn't thought that he would be back so quickly.

Under the sky, he looked taller. Finally, the shadows fell in her direction and swallowed hers.

Irish suddenly felt that she had fallen in love with him again.

Soon Irish thought the moonlight was so beautiful that she would love his look now.

However, Joseph didn't look happy. He just looked at her from a high position. His eyebrows twined together, and his voice sounded impolite.

"Who asked you to wait here?"

Irish was confused, and after a great while, she spurted out subconsciously, "If you don't come back, plan to go to my uncle's house."

How dare she not wait here? Such a man who seemed to be peaceful but annoyed in nature would not let her be good if he just grabbed his shortcomings. At this time, although she would say something to make him unhappy, she was clear about what should be done and what not.

What she should do was to try not to trespass his bottom line.

As he heard it, he frowned and lifted up his voice, "Isn't there a lounge in the Property Management Office?"

Irish finally got him.

Opening her mouth, she said after a while, "I think it will be good for me to spend the time counting the stars."

Joseph was stupefied firstly and then helpless. He sighed, "Stand up now." His voice got slow.

Receiving her call, he felt so happy actually.

Her voice on the phone was weak and timid. She told him that she couldn't open the door.

On the way, he kept her words in mind. Her words were just like a warm stream flowing. As he hurriedly returned home, he felt his fingers on the steering wheel trembling. There seemed to be yellow light in front of him, covering her small figure.

He liked it when she asked for help from him because it made him feel that she relied on him actually. This feeling satisfied him since he felt that she needed him.

Even he thought about whether she would be anxious. Would she dully wait for him? As it rained and became cold, would she feel cold?

As he thought of this, he just sped up.

Her crying look was in his mind. He also thought she would run to him and complain about why he was so late.

However, as he was seeking her anxiously but didn't find her, he felt down. And then he found her on the stage.

She sat on her handbag. On the stage, there were small rain pools reflecting the beautiful moonlight.

Even her small figure looked lonely.

She raised her head to look at these stars. The wind blew over her hair, making her far away.

His anxiousness soon became unhappiness.

Without any reason, Joseph hated her. He hated her calmness and hated that she just sat there silently in the cold wind.

But as he saw her, he didn't feel nervous anymore.

Actually, Joseph was trying not to admit one fact. The fact was that he came back so anxiously in case she would leave him without her coming back.

Seeing his angry expression, Irish didn't retaliate but just stood up.

As they strode over the barrier, Joseph felt sorry for her and held her arms.

His hands were warm, making her cold arms through the clothes feel better.

However, she just had been on the stage for so long that her feet became so numb. The barrier seemed so difficult for her to stride, and her feet didn't follow her thoughts.