

Enchanted 763

It was late at night, and everything was quiet.

There was a wind, and a sound of leaves falling on the window, making a slight "snap" sound.

After taking a shower, Joseph went back to his bedroom.

The bedroom lights were dark. It was pale goose yellow, covering a layer of glowing warmth.

Irish lay on the bed early to rest. She turned her back in his direction, closed her eyes, and her hair was scattered on the pillow. After washing, she looked a little pale, close to the white sheet, and only her black hair was clear.

Joseph paused and looked at the scene in front of him. Somehow, his heart poured out of strange warmth, and it quickly penetrated into his veins. For the first time, he felt that beauty was by his side, and even though she had once turned away, she had never left him after all.

He made his steps light. Irish's eyelashes shook gently when the bed swayed slightly but soon disappeared like ripples and regained peace.

When Joseph knew she was not asleep, he leaned against his head and gently hugged her from behind. She struggled, and his arm used his strength to constantly force her to stay inside his arms.

Irish struggled, but gave up, opted to close her eyes, and did not look at him.

Joseph took the opportunity to look at her shoulder. The skin which had bumped into the coffee table at present was a little bruised, but there was no broken skin and bleeding. He was more or less relieved but still felt guilty for his rudeness.

"Turn around and sleep." He bowed his head and coaxed her gently.

Irish was motionless and closed her eyes tightly.

When Joseph knew that her stubbornness was coming up again, he was amused and irritated, and he whispered, "It would be hard for you to sleep like this, and you press your heart."

"You don't have to be hypocritical!" Irish was cold.

The faint light spread over her little shoulder, looking thin and powerless, and she pressed the bruises. Joseph looked into her eyes, thought about it, and simply turned over and laid face to face with her.

Sure enough, Irish found him lying over and turned her back to him angrily.

This time Joseph didn't tease her, he just reached out and hugged her from behind and circled her into his arms.

She was firmly cuddled in his arms, her back against his chest, and she could even feel his heartbeat, matching her heartbeat firmly and forcefully.

Irish hated the feeling and tried to pull a long distance, but his arms were strong, clinging to her waist and always ordering her to stick to him.

She closed her eyes again, tried not to think of anything, and wanted to fall asleep as soon as possible. As a matter of fact, she was really tired after a long night.

In this way, the two lay together in such a position neither of them spoke.

The bedroom was quiet.

Only the hands of the clock were beating in the box, making it quieter between them.

A long time later, Joseph stood up slightly and looked at her side's facial lines through the warm light in the room. His eyes were gentle and affectionate, and he opened his mouth. His voice was soft and mellow.

"If you don't want children, we can stop for the time being."

His sudden remark surprised Irish, and although her eyes were closed, there was a slight tremor between her eyebrows.

Joseph bowed his head and pestered gently in her ear. "So don't take any more medicine or injections. It's not good for you. Irish, I can beg you, cherish your body."

Irish's body was stiff.

Joseph no longer said anything, putting his arm around her.

From struggle to tension to helplessly giving up resistance, she finally looked like a quiet animal in his arms. Yet, during the whole process, Joseph never let her go.

Irish was indeed tired, and gradually her eyebrows were relaxed.

But Joseph was sleepless, although, outside the window, there were bright moon and stars. His sleepiness disappeared without a trace.

He sensed that the woman in her arms was breathing smoothly. Knowing that she had fallen asleep, his hands raised, and his slender fingers caressed her face, her smooth forehead, and her bent eyebrows.

As time passed, he forgot the eyebrows and eyes in his memory.

It turned out that God was the real master of creation and transformation. He and she once met and then separated. Each of them saw too many scenes, and after a circle, she finally returned to his arms.

He should associate them with her, but he could not believe it because their fates were unspeakable.

The delicate voice in his memory came back to his mind, and the strange feeling became clearer and clearer. Finally, the memory broke out from the shell, which he had hidden in the old time box and had not been opened, for he believed that the child's words were nothing more than an unintentional remark.

He remembered her tearful appearance.

Little as her, she curled up in the alley, and she said she was afraid.

He was compassionate and took her hand out of the long lane. The unintentional conversation broke through the time box and wandered in his ears.

"Brother, are you my boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend?"

"A sister said that boyfriend will take care of his girlfriend, so brother, you are my boyfriend, I am your girlfriend, and you can take care of me."

"But... You look very young."

"Can I be your girlfriend when I grow up?"

"Well..."

"Brother. You promise me, please."

"All right, I promise you, when you grow up, you'll be my girlfriend, okay?"

"Then you have made a promise. He remembered that he did promise the little girl to be his girlfriend when she grew up.

Later, she said her feet hurt and cried that her little flower skirt would get dirty. His heart was soft because he had no sister, and he did not know what would happen if a sister acted cute to him, but he admitted that her tearful appearance made him not be able to refuse, and although she was like a little troublemaker, he did not hesitate to carry her all the way.

The little girl in his memory, as beautiful as a doll, lay quietly on his back, asking him, "Brother, can you help me find my mother?"