

Enchanted 773

Irish once had this restlessness. When she returned home a year ago, when she first joined the night scene of New York so closely, her heart suddenly throbbed as if in the sea of people or under a neon light, there was an encounter in the darkness. Then she followed Cassie to the bar and got drunk, but she could still feel the unusual throbbing when she was drunk.

And that night, the window outside was getting darker, and the chest throbbing was becoming increasingly obvious.

Her mind was engraved with the shadow of a man, tall and straight, standing under the streetlight, the goose-yellow light gently sprinkling his thick hair, his eyes as deep and black as his hair. He stood there quietly, but behind him was a steady stream of cars, setting off his growing quietness and transcendence.

Irish knew that the shadow in her head was Joseph.

When the hour hand pointed to eight o'clock in the evening, the telephone rang suddenly, startling Irish.

Subconsciously she picked up the phone. A quiet environment always made a misleading feeling, like a voice in her ear.

It was deep and intoxicating, which left the listener for a moment lost.

"Not off work yet?"

Irish thought it was too late to hang up the phone at this time. She drove away the sudden lostness and blamed all her mistakes on a damn night. She said without thinking. "I'm at a friend's house."

There was a faint smile, reminding her, "Irish, I'm calling your landline," Only then did Irish realize that her face was flushed and hot, embarrassed. Joseph did not care about her lies and asked, "Can you go now?"

His voice overlapped with his smile, stirring her heart. She took a deep breath, clasped her slightly trembling finger, and replied, "I have to work late. There's a lot of information I haven't seen."

She didn't know if he was at the company or had gone to Midtown Manhattan. In short, she could avoid it for a minute.

After a moment of silence over there, he said, "Okay."

She put down the phone, but the string in her heart tightened.

She was likely walking staggeringly on the horizontal steel wire in the moonlight, cold. In the end, there was a hazy sea of roses. She could not predict how long it would really take to reach the sea of flowers, but she could feel her feet and body swaying from side to side.

Irish wanted to hide in the office all night or even for the rest of her life if possible.

But at nine o'clock, the building guard came up, and when he saw the lights on, he knocked on the door and came in. He knew Irish. Oh, even if he didn't know her before, he probably knew her now.

He smiled and said, "Dr. Irish, are you still working overtime? Don't worry, the reporters outside the building are scattered, and you can go home. It's too late."

Irish's last hideout was mercilessly searched, and she looked at the guard and nodded, even a patrolling man knew the news about her, and where could she hide away?

Irish was helpless, simply packed things, and left the building.

Just out of the building, there was a slow night wind across, kissing her cheeks warm. It was the taste of early summer.

She raised her eyes and inadvertently met a man not far away.

His car was parked steadily in a conspicuous position, with a dark, luxurious streamline in the moonlight. And the owner sat in the car, across the window, quietly looking in her direction.

He was still wearing the shirt that he attended the regular meeting with the reporter, gray, simple, and clean. He still didn't wear anything, no tie, no band clip, just more casual than the day, and two buttons on the chest were unlocked. He looked very lazy.

When he saw her coming out, there was a touch of softness in his calm eyes, and the radians of his lips were much softer.

But Irish did not expect him to wait downstairs, and the moment she collided with his eyes, her heart hit her chest hard. Her legs were numbed, and she almost stumbled to the ground.

The whole man stood in place like a piece of wood, looking at Joseph from a distance as if staring at a strange man who had just emerged from the seam of the ground.

Joseph seemed to be amused by the way she looked, and the radians of his lips rose.

He reached out as if to open the door for her.

The string in Irish's heart finally broke. When she saw that he was about to get off, somehow, she turned her heel in that direction, turned her eyes and bowed her head, and walked quickly in the opposite direction.

The woman's obvious escape dismayed Joseph for a moment. He smiled helplessly, started the car without saying a word, and followed slowly in her direction.

In Midtown Manhattan, it was more lively at night, especially on an early summer night. The appropriate temperature made it a great place for young people to date, eat, or go shopping.

At first, Irish walked forward with her head down. When she saw the traffic lights, she glanced back. Unexpectedly, she caught a glimpse of a car following her slowly, not close and not far away.

She was puzzled.

She didn't expect him to have fun with her that night as if he was walking in a car.

What a nuisance!

Taking advantage of the green light, Irish followed the crowd across the street.

However, it was also convenient for Joseph's car to follow up.

No matter how fast her pace was, it could not be faster than the four wheels. It could catch up with her no matter how slow the wheel was.

As a result, there was a very interesting scene.

Irish walked straight, and a car dangled leisurely on the side of the auxiliary road. From time to time, he would keep up with her. When she saw it, she would speed up her pace, and then the car would speed up a little.

In Midtown Manhattan, where it was so congested at night, Joseph's driving was really offensive, and the vehicles in the back made sirens from time to time.

Some of the pedestrians around saw that frequently turned back, and one after another followed them with their eyes.

This way, Irish felt more like they were exposed to the spotlight and had nowhere to hide.