Enchanted 100

After that, Irish soon fell asleep, but she still huddled in his arms while he held her tightly. Outside the window, the night was dark, and he could feel her breath with a faint smell of the fragrance of wine.

Looking at the woman sleeping in his arms, he was intoxicated. An unnamed emotion in his heart finally became clear in an instant, and a feeling crept into being.

He had never been so clear-headed.

Irish closed her eyes tightly.

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The warm sunshine fell on her eyelashes and nose and poured over her body through the curtain.

She was very comfortable, prompting her to sigh slightly.

From far away, she could hear the voice of a shepherd.

A faint woody scent suffused in the air, fresh and clear. She felt like she was bathing in the warm sunlight in the forest, and her sense of security gradually returned.

Finally, she was awakened by a yell.

When she opened her eyes, she found that the warm sunlight reflected on her cheeks, and she didn't want to move. She could smell the faint fragrance of wine as well as the fragrance of a man.

When she was about to stretch, she realized someone was holding her because her head rested on a strong arm while her arms were crossed with the other arm of a man.

She was astonished, but soon her memory came back.

Gently turning her head, she saw a well-defined face of Joseph, who was squinting, and she couldn't tell if he was asleep or awake.

She remembered that she had huddled in his arms since she was a little cold last night.

She felt that her cheeks were a little bit hot, and then she turned back carefully, looking at the arm where her head was resting. She suddenly discovered that his arm had an old wound similar to hers. It looked very old. She had not noticed it before, and now it was clearly presented before her.

How did he get hurt?

She was confused, and in a subconscious, she was about to touch it. Before she could move, a big hand reached out and pulled her hand. She didn't dare to move and closed her eyes to pretend to sleep.

The man behind her began to move, and perhaps he had been awake. She felt him start playing with her fingers.

His warm breath fell on her hair. It was a unique atmosphere of a man, and the sweetness of the red wine in the air seemed to be stirred by his breath.

She still pretended to sleep with her eyes closed while her whole body stiffened violently. She really wanted to blink and see what he was doing, but she felt that it was awkward. She could even feel that his cheeks were close to her.

Suddenly she felt a soft touch fall on her forehead.

It was his two lips falling on her forehead.

Her heart nearly popped out of her chest, and her eyelashes trembled for a moment. The man's fresh breath floated into her nose, which disturbed her mind.

He kissed her.

Amar's cross-country vehicle carried them to the "Three Rivers Arts Festival" and finally, they arrived there. Under the blue sky and white clouds, the surrounding residents were all dressed up.

It had attracted many visitors, and most of them had come from large cities, just like Joseph and Irish.

There were various activities such as equestrianism, archery, and tumbling. Of course, these items were completed over several days.

The players participating in the competition were all outstanding, and Irish felt dazzled.

Joseph was indifferent about the games, but from time to time, he would look at Irish in case she would run away. He was still worried about her, who had just recovered from a fever.

But finally, she slipped off.

In the "Three Rivers Arts Festival," the competition levels were increased due to the increase in the number of foreign tourists. The local people even gave away some small gifts to those visitors. Irish was curious about these gifts, accepting many of them and handing them into Joseph's hand.

When Joseph handed those gifts to Amar, he couldn't find Irish anywhere.

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People were singing and dancing on the grass to celebrate the good times while the games were in progress.

The sky was as clean and clear as bleached water, and under the blue sky, there was a crowd and a group of horses. The lawn was full of people. Therefore, looking for someone at this time was like searching for a grain of sand in the sea.

Joseph's first thought was to call her. However, she hadn't answered the phone for a long time. After a few calls, he suddenly remembered that she didn't take her phone so as to enjoy herself without any disturbance.

It was the first time that he felt it was difficult to look for someone, and he vowed that he would tie her up after finding her. Joseph frowned, but soon he called Amar and asked him to help him to find Irish. When Amar heard that Irish was lost, he said with a smile that she couldn't be lost for long as she was in this grassland.

However, Joseph was a little irritated by Amar, and his tone turned severe. He then realized the gravity of the situation and began to look harder for Irish.

Around 30 minutes later, when Joseph was looking among the crowd, someone patted his shoulder. He turned back, and a big smile leaped into his eyes. It was Irish.

The anxiety and worry accumulated in his heart suddenly welled up, and he turned serious. When he was about to growl at her, she said with a smile, "Look! Isn't it beautiful?"

She was dressed up in the local dress, which was as blue as the clear sky, with her hair worn in a bun and decorated with some special hair accessories. When she patted his shoulder, he didn't notice it at all since he was worried about her. But now he understood the reason she went missing.

"Say something," Looking at his deadpan face, Irish felt a little depressed, and then she gently spun in a circle before him and said again, "Isn't it beautiful?"