

Enchanted 224

He thought that every day he was just repeating the previous day. He was always busy. In this increasingly cold and indifferent world, it was hard for him to find his soulmate, so love was a luxury that could not be found, something that could not be bought for any price.

But God had blessed him, so he finally met her. Finally, after experiencing more than 30 confusing years, he finally tasted love and understood that once the right person appeared, one would realize how boring their past was.

So he treasured and took care of it.

She was his luxury.

He didn't want to lose her.

The night was deeper, and Irish became increasingly unstable.

Buried in Joseph's arms, her forehead began to sweat, and her eyebrows knitted tightly together. Her eyes were closed, moving quickly under her eyelids.

In the dream, the towering peak was daunting, and the summit was covered with a layer of white snow. The sun poured down, shining silver light.

She climbed up all the way against the wind. On the half, the mountain blew a cold, sharp wind mixed with the icy snow. Her eyes felt cold, and she blinked to try and warm them. She turned around. Beside her was Adam, and she marveled at his strong, tall stature.

Close by, Adam climbed to a height close to hers, turning his head and gesturing to her. Irish smiled, but gradually, the smile on her face turned to surprise.

When Adam's face gradually became clear before her eyes, she found that it was Joseph's!

Her eyes widened suddenly, but there was no sound uttered from her mouth.

Joseph's face became clearer and clearer in her cold eyes, and the sun shone on his handsome cheeks, which looked so real to her, and she wanted to cry. As she saw him reach slowly to her, she forgot to reach for him in astonishment.

Somehow there was an ominous feeling of foreboding in her mind.

Soon, this premonition came true!

The man's body shuddered, the fastening buckles attached to the cliff burst off, and the ropes suddenly slipped off the safety buckles. Before she could call his name, he fell like a bird with broken wings from half a mountain up!

"Adam!" Irish called out his name subconsciously, and then she opened her eyes.

Before her eyes were only the quiet night, where was the frosty peak?

Irish woke in a panic, and her breath was erratic. The strong arm around her chest comforted her.

Gradually, the sweat on her forehead faded, and her breath became stable. Only the familiar breathing of Joseph could be heard.

Joseph...

Irish looked up gently, seeing his chin. She closed her eyes and then opened them again. His breath was steady and deep, and his face was clearly visible in the moonlight.

It was not Adam but Joseph.

But why was the face she saw in her dream Joseph's?

Irish's temples were throbbing in pain. How long had it been since she went rock climbing? It seemed that she had no courage to approach a peak after Adam fell from the mountain.

She sat back in Joseph's arms, listening to his steady heartbeat. She never dreamed of Adam, even if he was gone, nor did she dream of that day. Thinking of this, Irish suddenly opened her eyes again, and a trace of horror spread from the bottom of her heart.

She slowly looked up again, staring at Joseph, who was sleeping with his eyes closed, and the horror that spread from the bottom of her heart grew stronger. Finally, she discovered the problem, which was why she couldn't remember Adam's face. How did she begin to forget what Adam looked like?

However, the more she couldn't remember Adam's face, the more she felt that the man beside her was like Adam.

When she met Adam, they got along very well, and her days with him were short but happy. He had given her the same sense of happiness and security as Joseph gave her. Thinking this way, Irish was even more frightened because she found that Adam and Joseph were oddly similar in some ways. For example, Adam was as unpredictable as Joseph when he was silent. On the other hand, when Adam was serious, he made her crazy like Joseph.

The more she thought about it, the more she panicked, and she couldn't help but shiver.

Why did she dream it for no reason? Since she had been with Joseph, she had never woken up at 1:30 am, and there were no more childish voices in her dreams, and no one uttered distant incantations in her ears.

There were no more uneasy nights that troubled her.

There was nothing but dreams.

Adam...

She repeated the name in her mind. What on earth did he look like? Why did she wake up from her dream when she thought of Adam and could only remember Joseph's face?

The clock in the room was ticking, and the sound of her eardrums buzzing could be heard.

After a long time, Irish gently raised her hand, and her fingers covered Joseph's cheek. There was hesitancy in her eyebrows, and suddenly, she withdrew her hand, secretly startled at her absurd thoughts.

He was Joseph, not Adam, no!

Irish got into his arms and couldn't help hugging him so that she could truly feel his presence and feel that the man who was sleeping beside her was Joseph, the man she loved so much.

The man's arm also tightened around her, so she was close to his chest, breathing his breath. She closed her eyes, and her mind kept telling herself to forget the dream.

The woman in his arms was finally quiet, and after a long time, her breath was relaxed and steady.

Joseph opened his eyes with his chin against her head, hugged her again, and sighed heavily. He felt the pain spreading as her breath fell on his chest.

It was the first time Joseph had felt uncertain.

Was she in love with him?

Or was she still deeply in love with the man named Adam?

What kind of affection had they experienced that wouldn't let her forget he had died and even call his name in his arms?

Love, indeed, was sweet, but it was uncertain.