

Enchanted 314

When she answered the phone, the staff members spoke humbly.

Soon, a hearty lunch was delivered to her room; her favorite foie gras, Alaskan crabs, and asparagus soup.

For a moment, the pain sprang up again.

It was a sunny day, and Joseph had taken her to a famous restaurant in Cape Town to order foie gras. She was flattered, and though it was delicious, it was hard to cut.

He smiled, pinched her nose affectionately, and then started to cut it for her. From that day on, all the delicious things that were difficult for her to cut naturally became Joseph's job, on his own initiative.

The housekeeper cut the dish for her, and when Irish came in, he stepped aside and waited for further orders. Irish sat down and thought it would be lunch without flavor, but she was excited by her first bite. It was her favorite smell, which had never changed.

The sun poured in.

She seemed to smell the faint fragrance of wood again as if Joseph was still sitting opposite her.

"The air smells nice." She whispered.

The housekeeper replied respectfully. "This is the special incense of the presidential suite in our hotel."

She nodded. The scent was so faint that she wanted to cry.

In the afternoon, she planned to go shopping, but Irish lost all interest when she got to the shopping mall. She called Cassie to ask what she wanted.

"Bring me the latest texture lipstick, in a blood red color," Cassie replied.

Irish smiled, she never put on heavy makeup, what was wrong with Cassie?

Fortunately, she had three or four friends to talk to in Hong Kong, so she called a few people to meet. Her friends had complained for a long time that she had taken too long to come to Hong Kong for a reunion. In the afternoon, the girls proposed to find a restaurant to eat a meal at and go to KTV at night. Irish agreed without thinking because she had nothing else to do. Drunkenness was also the best way to forget the pain.

The neon light was colorful outside the window, but without exception, the rain kept pattering on the ground. The day's clear weather did not extend into the night, and the rain in the night became more desolate. When Irish followed her friends to the final stop, the glass was assaulted with bean-sized raindrops.

"Why is it raining again?" Someone murmured into a microphone, but soon their displeasure was driven away by a quick rhythm. Claps, whistles, and music filled the KTV room a moment later.

At this joyful party, Irish was the quietest, leaning on the sofa, tapping a bell in her hand to the beat of the music. Her eyes fell on the window in the corridor, and there was a moment of dejection.

Taking out her phone, she quietly looked at the string of numbers she had been reciting in the directory. Her sadness continued like a river, flowing from the depth of the eyes and entangling her heart, finally becoming a sea.

For a moment, she wanted to dial, to hear his low, magnetic, comforting voice. She longed for it, and on such a cold and rainy night, her heart would feel less helpless if she could just hear him whisper her name.

However...

Her fingers hovered over the string of numbers for a long time.

What would she say if she did?

Would she tell him that the rain from South Africa had followed her to Hong Kong?

She smiled bitterly and finally threw the phone back into her bag.

She clearly knew that he was angry, or else how would he be so cold to give her a "whatever" like he had? Maybe he didn't know it, but she saw it clearly. When he said the words, the lines between his eyebrows had deepened, and even his cheeks were stern and harsh.

Was she beginning to be timid and scared?

Or was her love so deep that she was confused?

Soon, someone closed the door, blocking her gaze, and the box became an independent closed space. A friend sitting by her side put a glass of wine into her hands while frowning and said, "You're so quiet today, that's not like you. What's wrong, a breakup?"

"Who said that?" Irish turned around with a smile, touched the cup, drank it, then shook her head and laughed, "Are you a child? You're still drinking red wine?"

Her friends were interested and asked, "What else do you want?"

Then someone cheered alone, "What would you like to drink?"

Someone quickly retorted, "What's the strongest one?"

With a wave of her hand, Irish interrupted the crowd. "All kinds of wine are all on the table!"

As a result, two hours later, Irish was flushed and staggered into the toilet to vomit. Her stomach was full of pain, so she washed her face in the sink, feeling a little relieved.

Back in the box, she drank again with her sisters, and empty bottles were all over the floor. After she had drunk the last bottle of wine, she couldn't see anything before her eyes. It was as if everything was spinning, all twisted together, and she began to laugh wildly. Her deep sorrow was stretched to the limit by the alcohol, and so she began to cry again.

Someone came up to her, nagging at her ears, and cried even harder than she did. Others drank a little more and comforted her.

Irish grasped for the rest of the wine again. She staggered up and took a half bottle. As she was about to pour it into her mouth, a hand reached out of nowhere and snatched the bottle. She tried to fix her tearful eyes that were blurred by the alcohol.

She seemed to see him in the dim light.

Joseph, the man who she was deeply in love with, was that him?

Everything was spinning, including the face in front of her. She stretched out her hand and tried to catch him as hard as possible, but her body swayed. A strong arm grabbed her tightly.

She looked back, her head leaning up and her whole body slanted against his majestic figure. She felt he was a serious man.

She spoke like a crying child, "Who are you? Who?"