

Enchanted 316

Irish froze.

The light outside the window seemed to grow stronger, splashing into her eyes and opening her box of memories. Vaguely, she recalled a man's face. In the dim light, she could not see him fully, but he was very powerful and supported her. Holding her hand to press her temple, she hesitated. "Was it your cousin who brought me back to the hotel?"

Sarah laughed, "You think it was my cousin? Why? He didn't have time to care about you."

This sentence surprised Irish, and Sarah seemed to continue the conversation, full of grumbles, "You hid your secret so deeply, when did you get married? You didn't even send us invitations? You are so..."

"Wait, Wait, Wait." Finally, Irish interrupted Sarah and swallowed, "Who's married?"

"Please, don't pretend to be single to your friends." Sarah could not help but say. "Last night, everyone saw it, your husband came to pick you up."

"Huh?"

Sarah excitedly continued, "Irish, your husband is so handsome, he looks a little familiar. What does he do?"

"Sarah...." Irish said in a weak tone, feeling very afraid, "I don't have a husband, are you sure I wasn't taken away by a strange man?" After speaking, regardless of her headache, she rushed to the bathroom with her mobile phone, opened her pajama buttons, and stared into the mirror for a long time. There was no ambiguous trace on her body.

"It's boring to talk to you. That man called himself your husband and held you in his arms. If you were strangers, how would we know?" Sarah said grumpily.

Why did this seem so familiar?

Irish wrapped her clothes back up, squatting on the toilet with her head in her hands. Had she been drunk and hugged a strange man again? Oh, my... "Do you remember what that man looked like? Did he call himself my husband? Who was he?"

"Of course, I will never forget such a handsome man in my life. I almost thought I had met a prince!" Sarah was excited again. "He was about 186 or 187 cm, with a thick brow, a high nose, a sharp face, a fine build, wide shoulders, and he dressed very well. It was simple, a white shirt and deep tan trousers."

She told her the most ambiguous appearance of a man, but it made Irish's heart suddenly shrink, then she bounced back up. Her breathing became quicker, and beside her ear was Sarah's voice, "Is he your husband?"

The voice was close but distant, intertwined with the deep voice that had lingered in her ear last night, gently shaking her heart. "Don't cry, listen to me."

Her dead heart began to beat again, a little stronger.

Sarah, on the other end, noticed that she hadn't spoken for a long time and said "hello" several times to bring Irish back to reality.

She answered and asked weakly, "What did he say?"

"I was a little drunk at that time, I just remember he was going to take you away, of course, we wouldn't let him, and he said he was your husband, so we didn't bother him further." Sarah explained everything and laughed, "He called you Isabel, in an intimate tone. We could all see your relationship was obvious. Why do you deny it?"

As soon as Irish's hand loosened, the mobile phone dropped onto the ground. She could not hear what Sarah had said, and her brain was full of the word "Isabel."

Only Joseph called her that!

However, she would never falsely claim that he was her husband. His temperament would never accept such an overbearing act, not to mention him calling himself her husband. He would not even say the word "love."

Irish returned to her bedroom, opened the curtains, and the sun burst in. Her whole body was shrouded in light, and last night's memories suddenly came to her.

She seemed to remember seeing Joseph's face, hugging her, and saying. "I'm sorry, I'm late."

Vaguely remembering that she had been picked up by his strong arms, getting into a car, and crying all the way back to the hotel. She sank into his warm chest.

The man's slender fingers kept wiping away her tears, and at last, he bowed and kissed her lips. Had it been him? If it had been him, where was he?

Irish began to panic and her fingers that buttoned her clothes were trembling. She tried to persuade herself she wasn't crazy, but somehow she could not settle down. Had it been him or not? The question was hovering in her mind.

At that moment, vaguely hearing the hotel's door open, she dashed into the living room, and her hopes were dashed at the sight of the man. The butler, who had come in to put in new flowers, caught sight of Irish running out with her hair loosened for a moment and immediately bowed with respect. "Madam, you're awake."

The light in her eyes was completely extinguished. She nodded and turned back to the bedroom, but an idea flashed through her mind, and she quickly approached the housekeeper, startling him. She pulled him into the bedroom and pointed to the glass beside the bed. "Did you bring me that water?"

The housekeeper shook his head. "My cell phone, oh, my phone..." Irish suddenly remembered that her phone was still in the bathroom. She rushed in and took it out, looking at the housekeeper, "Did you set my cell phone to vibrate?"

The housekeeper shook his head again and looked at her with a terribly confused expression.

Irish was completely panicked, pulling her long hair, "What about my hair?"

The butler tried to speak, swallowing, then hesitated, "Miss Irish, isn't your hair on your head?"

"No!" Irish was angry and yelled, "Who washed my hair?"

The butler licked his lips and replied carefully, "Well... Miss Irish, our service does not include the washing of our client's hair. "

She sat on the sofa, her eyes staring straight ahead. Her head was in a mess, and her stomach was uncomfortable, as if a big hand was desperately kneading it. She had a premonition, a premonition that she dared not face.