

Enchanted 333

Henry sighed heavily and worried about their future.

Suddenly a figure appeared in his sight, moving slowly.

His hand trembled, and the cigarette fell on the carpet. Soon, the fabric on the carpet was burned. He quickly picked up the cigarette and placed it in the ashtray next to the coffee table. He got up and looked around, but a face leaped up from the window.

It had a red skirt, long hair, and a pale face.

Henry was almost frozen, and he widened his eyes to look out the window.

After a long while, the door opened, and the light was turned on. William came back after he had just finished drinking. He was frightened by Henry, who stood there motionlessly, and it took him a while to respond. Finally, he closed the door and stepped up to him, "Henry?"

Henry didn't reply to him and still kept rigid.

"Henry!" He raised his voice and touched him.

Then Henry came to himself and turned to William with great astonishment.

"What's wrong?" William was shocked by him.

Perhaps the sudden fright had used up all of his strength, but he looked like a deflated ball and sat on the couch, mumbling, "It's Rachel. It's Rachel."

"What?"

Henry looked at the cigarette that had been extinguished and said in a tremulous voice, "I saw Rachel just now."

"How could that be possible? She's been dead for so many years..." William sat down beside him and soon remembered what Kelly had told him. He licked his lips and continued to panic. "Did you...see the ghost?"

After hearing this, Henry trembled violently.

Who was the ghost in the house? Was it her?

The night was quiet while the neon outside the window was still illuminated. No matter what happened, people would find a way to release their pressure, and that was why the nightlife here was so colorful.

Irish indulged herself completely this night, enjoying the pleasant sensation in her body. Love was like a drug. It made people addicted to it, and they couldn't control themselves.

When they finally reached the orgasm, she burst into tears.

Irish held him tightly, her cheeks nestling with him and their heart all beat so fast while her tears slipped down into her hair.

Joseph felt that his chest was getting wet, but he didn't ask her the reason and just held her more tightly. When he gently fondled the back of her head, her tears continued falling, dripping onto the pillow and leaving mottled marks all over it.

She didn't intend to be so melancholy but felt that this happiness was coming so fast that she was afraid she would lose it. Joseph, her beloved man, gave her a great sensation of pleasure. When they reached the peak of their happiness, everything that had happened over the past few days, from Light Town to South Africa, everything appeared in her mind.

She felt these memories were more precious than anything she'd had before.

Therefore, she didn't dare to recall it frequently. Joseph brought her so much happiness these days, and even a little memory was enough for her to relish for a few days. She was afraid that she was already a withered flower, and she could only survive through memories, so she couldn't squander those valuable memories.

Though he didn't tell her when they would return to New York, she knew they could only stay here for just a few more days, which meant they didn't have much time left to be alone.

Irish was a coward.

She never admitted that she would be brave and different in the face of love, even though she was a psychologist. She had told many women who came to her seeking psychological comfort that they should reconcile themselves in the face of love since the end of it couldn't be avoided. But in fact, she still couldn't treat it with such a placid mind herself.

She wanted to stay with him every day and longed for his attention.

But this would be unrealistic when they went back to New York.

Joseph never told her what he would do when they went back, and he also didn't tell her how they could be with each other. That was the reason why she felt so helpless. It was because she couldn't help him. She chose the most useless way to vent her complicated emotions, and that was to burst into tears.

She admitted that women were all insane after falling in love with a man, including her. But she hoped he would understand her panic.

He could not hold her any more tightly. In this way, with Joseph's silence, Irish soon fell asleep. The passionate moment, as well as her tears, had exhausted her energy, so she slept very deeply, even though there were tears still hanging on her face.

But Joseph did not sleep. Outside the window was the beautiful night scenery, while a trace of sentimental feeling lingered inside the room. He leaned on the bed, staring at Irish, who held him tightly.

Half of her face was buried in his chest, and her thick eyelashes covered her eyes. He had dimmed the light so that she could sleep well.

The dim light fell on her face, which made her skin look like it was glittering and translucent. Joseph reached out, fondling her face, which was so small and exquisite that he could cover it with his hand.

He recalled the rainy afternoon when she turned to leave while he stood firmly beside the window and looked at her, dragging her heavy suitcase to the car. The heavy rain blurred his sight. When the car disappeared from his sight, he was full of anxiety and anger.

But he still found her, and in fact, it was not that difficult for him since he had his capable assistant, Daisy.

He was familiar with her drunken appearance, just like the first time they met in the bar. She still held him tightly and smiled at him like a kid. She looked up at him and said, "You're here."

Yes, he finally came for her. But she cried, holding him tightly, and said, "Please take me to find him." He felt so sorrowful after hearing this since she said that she had to find Joseph.