

Enchanted 362

Anxiety and anger were mixed in her mind and twisted into a rope that rushed into her viscera and mingled with her blood vessels together, forming countless ropes from all sides to tie her to death. It was a kind of breathless suffocation!

She trembled with anger and shouted at Joseph's back in a crying voice. "Go! Don't come back!"

The next second was the loud "bang" of the door.

She threw all the pillows on the sofa to the door board.

While Joseph's footsteps were gradually disappearing.

Everything was quiet.

Only the moonlight was still spreading quietly, and the dispute had no effect on the time. The clock on the wall was beating in a box, indicating loneliness and gloom after dawn.

It was like a hysterical war scene, as if nothing had ever happened, but Irish clearly remembered what had happened. Joseph had actually been here, and she really had a big fight with him, so he went away. And the breath that remained in the air that belonged to him was fading.

She stood barefoot, letting the cold temperature of the ground sweep her body along the seams of her toes. She wanted to move but couldn't move. She wanted to ask him not to go, but she couldn't open her mouth.

He was gone, and she could not even hear anything outside the door.

The night was terribly cold.

Suddenly a burst of grief rose in Irish's heart, and tears fell down as if she were out of control. She could not suppress her restlessness. In hazy tears, she saw the white orchid screen standing quietly in the corner of the wall. She did not know what she was doing, rushed to the screen and tried her best to drag it to the floor window and open it. She threw down the screen.

A few seconds later came the sound of a broken screen frame. She cried bitterly but still saw the figure of Joseph downstairs. He stood coolly in the moonlight, watching her throw the screen down and watch it fall into pieces on the ground. The whole process was almost silent.

Irish seemed to see him looking upstairs, and though she could not see his expression, it was clear enough to feel his anger. The moonlight had lengthened his shadow, the distance between her and him, and the night wind was blowing his coat. His tall figure was coldly standing in the wind, still. Irish looked downstairs at the man figure; full in her mind was his sentence: You are crazy!

She was mad, driven by him.

She was crazy. Then why had she thrown that expensive thing downstairs? She just wanted to tell him she didn't want him to leave with the logic and behavior of a madman.

He walked away without turning his head, so determined that his back was so strange to her.

She had no choice but to infuriate him again in some ways, even if he rushed upstairs and called her crazy again!

However, Joseph didn't stay downstairs for a long time. Finally, after only a few seconds of staring at her, he turned and headed for the parking lot on the ground. He didn't even step forward to take a look at the broken screen.

Who said that the night color was like ink? This description was absolutely true. Irish's fingers hurt, her eyes hurt, and every cell in her body clamored for pain, for she saw Joseph's figure gradually swallowed up by night and watched him disappear into the night.

The night wind blew her long hair through the open window. She smelled the coldness of late autumn, and her lungs swelled with coldness at every breath. Slamming the window, she leaned against the wall and sat on the floor.

She cried like a child.

She did not know where Joseph could go, perhaps to his own home, perhaps to the company, or perhaps he was really angry to find another woman. For a moment, she cried even harder, and her heart rose with unspeakable panic because she found that if she did not choose to call him, she did not even know where he could go except the office. It seemed that she and he had only the office and the phone to connect with each other. If one day the phone didn't work and he was not in the office, where would she find him?

She had never seen Joseph so angry, as cold as ice, strange. He was not like other men and did not shout at her but used his usual insensitive way to declare his anger and intolerance.

The way he looked at her was an emotion that made people shiver to their spine.

He began to hate her.

Even she hated herself. She forgot, forgot that what she said when she was angry was like a double-edged sword that hurt him and hurt herself. She forgot, especially when a woman was arguing, never turning over the history, but not only did she, and she attacked him with events that had been so serious as to affect their friendship.

She hated herself!

Time passed by slowly but never stopped.

Irish was like a messy doll, leaning against the corner of the wall. She was so cold that she did not see Joseph's figure. She could not hear the footsteps of the hallway or the opening of the door with the key.

He said he had the keys to her house, and she wanted to hear it open one time.

She had never heard of it.

Not knowing how long after that, when Irish finally stood up against the wall, her legs were numb and impassioned, and after standing there for a while, she pulled her coat out of the room until she regained consciousness.

After another five or six minutes, she opened the door and went back inside. Her tears were still hanging on her face, holding the screen that she had just thrown down the floor in her arms. The frame of the screen was gone, and she couldn't pick it up. She picked up the double-sided embroidery, which was covered with the frosting of late autumn.

She was really crazy.

Usually, she didn't even dare to touch it; something so precious in her heart was treated like that by her own act.

Nesting on the sofa, flattening the double-sided embroidery. In her tears, the scenes in the Light Town always appeared when he stood with a smile in the dancing of viburnum macrocephalum, whose handsome side face was meticulous in work. Was it not the point that she was so deeply in love with him?