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Two minutes before she was awakened, Jordan, who sat beside the bed, looked at Irish's closed eyes curiously and then asked, after staring for a long time, "I heard that when people have a dream in sleep, the eyeball will turn. Is it real?"

After he finished his words, a man stepped forward, stared at her for a few seconds, and then concluded, "Perhaps it is true."

"Well, then, she is having a dream now. Do you know what she is dreaming about?" Jordan was even more curious.

Joseph drew back his attention from his deep meditation, glancing at Leo, who didn't intend to answer the question, and soon Joseph turned to Jordan, frowned, and said severely, "Stay away from her. She needs to breathe fresh air."

Jordan looked at Joseph unpleasantly and replied, "I didn't block her nose."

"Don't talk nonsense." Joseph turned gravely.

But Jordan's eyes were filled with stubbornness while Leo even took pleasure in his displeasure, blinking at him and saying, "Jordan, you have misunderstood your brother. You should focus on his first sentence."

"Leo, are you so bored?" Joseph turned to him this time and asked while Leo smiled leisurely and replied, "Yes, I'm idle because you robbed my business."

Hearing that, Joseph also gave tit for tat rarely, "Don't complain about it often since you are not as experienced as me. Don't you feel ashamed?"

Leo puckered his mouth and then replied, "I admit I am not as cruel as you."

"You are wrong. We are in a similar position." Hearing Joseph's remark Leo glared at him.

Jordan was still studying Irish's burning eyes when they were still arguing, and his face got so close to her. When he stared at her with great interest, Irish suddenly opened her eyes.

Jordan didn't react immediately but still stared at her eyes while Irish shrieked as if she saw a ghost.

In the next second, Jordan winced from the bed, covering his ear, and thundered, "What's the hell with you? You didn't even yell when you saw a ghost, but now are you frightened by a human?"

Joseph and Leo stopped their quarrel immediately and looked at Irish. Irish looked around in the bed blankly.

It was all white in the room, and even the window curtains were white. Jordan's sound was so real, but at the same time, it sounded similar to the voice in her dream.

She was muddled and couldn't tell between dream and reality.

The sunshine penetrated through the glass window, and she could see some dust floating in the air under the sunlight. She got up slowly, lowered her head, and found she was dressed in hospital pajamas.

Soon she heard the steps and a deep voice coming, "Do you want to frighten her?" It sounded so familiar, like in her dream.

Irish looked up but was held into strong arms in the following second. The man's chest was strong and wide, while his voice was deep and calm. It even sounded like August, "Call the doctor." It was not an order.

"Why ask me to call the doctor?"

Another voice replied stubbornly.

"Call the doctor now." The man who held her repeated again without raising his voice, but it sounded irresistible.

"I don't want to argue with you." Soon she heard a man walk out of the room with an unpleasant voice.

Irish felt a severe headache, leaning on his chest but couldn't look up at him since she was exhausted. But soon, a soft voice sounded beside her ear, different from the severe voice just now, "Isabel, how do you feel now?"

It was Joseph's voice that also gave her a sense of security in her dream.

She opened her mouth slightly but felt her throat was dry, and she couldn't talk.

And soon, she heard someone deride her, "Irish, you are awesome! It seems that I just met you on the first day. How dare you jump out from the second floor barefoot?"

She turned slowly to the man who was standing beside the window and was overwhelmed by the sunlight. She couldn't see his face clearly but could feel that he was smiling.

She then looked at the man who was embracing her. There was a slight pleasure in his well-defined face, drawing a sharp comparison with his anxiety in the darkness.

She had never expected these two men to stay in a room without hatred peacefully.

Was it also a dream? Irish was muddled since the dream was so real while the reality looked deceptive. She suddenly couldn't tell whether it was a dream or reality.

But the arms holding her were strong, while his breath was familiar to her, drawing her back to reality. But she was still afraid that she was still trapped in her dream, and when she opened her eyes, all of them would disappear. She was afraid that when she was awakened, she would find that Joseph had never appeared in her life.

"The doctors come, and let them check for you first." Joseph's soft voice sounded over her head.

She nodded subconsciously, and then steps sounded while she could only see the white gowns swaying in front of her eyes.

When the cold instruments touched her skin, it gave her a shudder. Irish shook her head and then realized it was not a dream. She was in the hospital now while Joseph and Leo stood by the bed. Their tall figures were so attractive.

Irish smiled carelessly, and she felt surprised that she smiled at such a time. But, in fact, what she wanted to express was simple.

How miserable would her life be if Joseph and Leo had never shown up in her life? Yet, she was so grateful to God for letting her meet with them, no matter what unhappiness happened before, she still believed that they were the best gifts God presented to her.

A big hand covered her forehead, and she was familiar with the warmth. "Silly woman, how can you laugh like that when you are covered in bruises?" Joseph said affectionately, but Irish was still giggling.

Leo sat down beside her, frowning at her, taking a glimpse at Joseph, and then asked the doctor in a puzzle, "Has she become a blockhead?"

"Leo, you are a fool," Irish replied though she said it with a weak voice and even sounded hoarse. Finally, her consciousness came back.