

Enchanted 546

Irish still went back to the house near Midtown Manhattan, and though Mary was reluctant, she still allowed her to stay there. Seeing Cassie had been scratched because of the messy fight, Irish forced her to go home after they came out of the hospital. Cassie was not at ease. Irish said she wanted to be alone and stay quiet, so Cassie had to let her live peacefully.

Leo became the man protecting the flower, painstakingly evading the media and sending her all the way home.

Before bidding her farewell, Irish looked into Leo's eyes and asked, "Did you know from the beginning that the house was Joseph's?"

Leo's eyes were a little dodging, which was caught by Irish, saying, "Do not avoid my question."

He heaved a deep sigh and nodded.

Irish's heart was a bit suffocated, so she didn't continue to ask but said lightly, "I see."

Leo was a little worried, afraid she would cause more trouble. He dared not leave for a moment, but Irish told him lightly that she was fine and pushed him away.

Mia was also sent away by Irish, and she wept when she settled her salary. Irish said that she would not be held responsible for what had happened. Irish was left alone in the huge duplex.

Not knowing how long it was, in short, when everything was quiet, time had become an ornament.

She slept and woke up as if the meaning of life was nothing but fleeting. She didn't even eat.

Once she woke up, a splitting headache crept into her senses, like being pushed into a cloud, and her body was like a dry rag that could be blown away by a gust of wind.

She drank a few mouthfuls of water and was too lazy to see if the reporters were standing downstairs and would never get up again when she fell on the sofa.

There was a knock at the door in a trance.

Irish's brain and body seemed to be separated from each other, unable to open the door because she was too tired or in a state of nightmares.

In short, the knock on the door had been for so long that she didn't know when it would last.

Many dreams, messy and broken, and people were in succession, whom she knew, and she did not. She also dreamed of the little boy in the long alley, the lamplight fell on his little stubborn shoulder, and she could not see his face.

When Irish woke up again, a gentle big hand caressed her.

Slender fingers, slightly rough palms, with a familiar wood fragrance.

She opened her eyes, colliding with the man's deep pupil above her head.

Seeing her gently trembling eyelashes, the man lowered his head painfully, kissed her on the forehead, and said, "Silly woman, how can you sleep in the living room all night? It's cold here."

Irish gazed at Joseph's cheeks, his eyes as dark as midnight but with an obvious feeling, and the trace of the lines remained between his brow. He looked a little tired, and she seemed to feel that he was busy on the journey.

"Joseph?" Irish thought it was still in the dream and gently asked.

Joseph stared at her with a soft smile at the corner of his mouth, his fingers gently clung to her pale face, and his cheek pressed down against her, "Isabel, I'm back."

There was light sunlight pouring into Irish's eyes, and her eyes under the fluttering eyelashes were confused, seemingly as innocent as elk, so quietly glancing at the suddenly appeared man. Soon, all the uneasiness, fear, bewilderment, and even impatience in her heart became grievances.

Her eyes flushed.

Next second, Joseph tightened his arms around her waist and pulled her in.

She hugged him tightly, her pale face buried deep in his chest. The man's familiar gentle breath and strong chest suddenly made Irish feel safe, and her tears flowed down her eyes, gradually soaking Joseph's shirt.

Irish cried silently. Joseph softly comforted her as if coaxing a lost child to find the right road.

His big hands caressed her back, patiently waiting for her emotional stability.

He knew she was afraid.

When he took the car keys from the driver at the airport, he rushed all the way here. He found the media everywhere, so he couldn't drive into the underground parking lot though he had a fixed parking space, because he didn't live here all the year-round. He had to go through some formalities to get into the underground, fearing he might have been there for a long time. The media was spinning around.

As a result, the car could only be parked on the ground.

He bypassed the garden and entered the corridor through the backdoor, thus avoiding the media.

Just a few minutes of the journey, Joseph would be more painful and pitiful for Irish.

It was hard to imagine how his woman would face those almost cannibalistic eyes.

Opening the door into the living room, the small figure curled up on the sofa, which made Joseph's heart sink. He put his briefcase and coat aside and sat down, painfully gazing at the petite figure on the sofa.

She lost a lot of weight.

Wearing only a pure white sleeping skirt, lying sideways in the corner of the sofa, holding a pillow in her arms, her forehead slanted against the sofa. Her long hair seemed to absorb all the nutrients of her

body, and it was strangely dark, scattered on the edge of the sofa, shining like black silk in the room's soft light.

But it increasingly highlighted Irish's thin, small, pale face.

She slept so restlessly, with tiny sweat on her forehead, and her pretty brow frowned from time to time.

Joseph raised his hand and gently smoothed her brow. For a moment, he was deeply chagrined. He never thought the occasional indulgence would bring her such disaster.

So at this moment, as Irish trembled in his arms, it seemed like a knife cutting his heart little by little.

Joseph would rather she burst into tears than cry so silently that he could not bear it.

After a long period, Irish was able to calm down.

Joseph pulled the napkin beside her and gently wiped the tears on her cheeks. Her eyes were swollen like a little rabbit, and he bowed his head and kissed her eyebrow, whispering, "I'm sorry."

Irish shook her head gently and nestled in his bosom, greedily absorbing his breath, "I am the one who should say I'm sorry," she said, "I was the one who started taking pictures."

She was not unaware of the weariness of his face.

The most convenient transit from Venice to New York was at least 12 hours. When he was abroad, he would not receive domestic news too quickly, so he only heard it when he spoke to her.

After the call, he hastily put down his phone and almost rushed to the airport.