

Enchanted 589

The wind blew, bringing a few wood breaths, which belonged to Joseph, and it made her steady. His words were understated, but moved the corner of her heart, rubbed a few strands of warm wind in, and then her cold heart grew warmer.

"How did you know it was my birthday?" She knew that the question was pretentious and commonplace and that since he could find it and since he had said it, he was able to do it.

However, she asked, even so, eager to know.

The hustle and bustle of the city overshadowed the true voice in Irish's heart and concealed her most true feelings. Standing before her mother's tombstone, and when her heartbeat could only be heard around her, she heard the absolute sound of loneliness.

She longed to be read and loved.

That was why, when he appeared, she would feel grateful.

Joseph stared at her and gently rubbed her neck diamond necklace, and that diamond the two men had finished in South Africa reflected a dazzling glow in the sun.

"The waist number on this diamond was your choice, and you saw it at the time, and you made two sets of birthdays into a waist code that gave the diamond a unique identity." He stood in front of her, his eyes full of indulgence, "If I'm right, it's my birthday ahead, and then yours."

"I didn't think you'd notice it," she said, looking at him for a moment. The bottom of her eyes looked like a clear lake, and the wind blew through, making ripples.

Joseph held her in his arms, with his big hands clasped to the back of her head and his chin against her head.

Irish leaned against him, and warmth gradually wrapped her whole body.

She liked such a man.

So quietly he found her, with no big publicity, no anger. Then, silently, he pulled her back into his arms, gently warming her lonely, cold heart.

"You shouldn't have come here alone." After a long time, Joseph gently said although he was worried, but also did not blame her.

Irish nestled in his arms and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Joseph pulled her away slightly, sighed at her pale face, and put his coat on her. Then, seeing that she was about to stop him, he frowned and wrapped her up, "Put it on."

What wrapped her was his wood fragrance and light tobacco smell.

Irish took his hand to Rachel's tombstone, "Mom, he is Joseph, the father of my baby." Joseph stared at Rachel in the photo and bowed gently again, "Thank you for bringing me Isabel. I will treat her well for the rest of my life."

Irish's eyes became wet.

After a long time, she came forward gently from behind and held him, "Thank you."

Joseph covered her hand, looking far and deep. "Isabel, do you remember what I said to you before?" He turned and gazed down at her, "Anyone has to stop on the path of life and change himself. What about you?"

Irish froze slightly.

"Have you ever thought of changing your life?" He asked softly.

The smile of her mouth concealed, looking at Joseph, "What do you want to say?"

"Forgive your father; one must always look forward." He was straightforward. His brows gradually became cold, and even his tone was also infected with coldness.

"Are you good at forgiving a person?" she asked.

Joseph was silent for a while, then raised his eyes and painfully looked at her, "I don't want you to be unhappy."

Irish's eyes turned red again, and this time she took the initiative to hold his arms, choking on her voice. "All I know is that when I can't let go, I can only choose to hate, or at least it proves that I am alive." She looked up again, and tears slipped down her cheek silently. "Don't you love me, Joseph? Don't you like someone to accept everything about her? I can't change myself. People treat me one point well, I'll be very nice, and if someone hurts me one point, I'll hurt him even more."

Joseph raised his hand, gently wiping her tears.

"Silly girl, just want you to let go of the burden to face the future. You are already a mother, if you are not happy, how can we ask our children to be happy?"

Irish smiled again with tears. Joseph's expression was darker.

"Do you come here to celebrate my birthday?" Irish changed the subject. She didn't want to talk about Henry when she faced Joseph.

"We'll go to Aunt's house tonight." Joseph took her by the hand.

Irish's eyes were red, but she closed her lips, "Well, you are all colluded."

Joseph's lip angle was only slightly raised.

"Let's go." Irish always felt that he was a little strange, but she could not say where the difference was.

"Good," Joseph answered.

Irish said bye to her mother and then turned and left.

For a long time, she didn't hear Joseph's footsteps. Turning around, he was still standing in doubt, returned, pulled his hand, and somehow she began to feel an ominous foreboding in her heart.

"Go on, Joseph."

Joseph still stood there without moving, just holding her hand. With a little force, his arm tightened her.

"What's wrong?" Irish looked up at him.

"Isabel." Joseph raised his hand and stroked the hair of her forehead, "Go and see your father."

Irish's eyes were startled.

"Your father is at NY-Presbyterian Hospital, and he may be dying." Joseph's words were clear.

The cold wind rose.

The overwhelming coldness attacked, so Irish could not help but wrap the coat tightly. The faint smell of tobacco also seemed to change the taste into a cold smell, along with the cold wind drilling into her heart.

She breathed more and more, her eyes wobbling as if she were a lake thrown down countless stones to stir the ripples.

Gasping for a breath, the chills filled the air.

Soon, Irish turned her head and opened her mouth again but sounded a little tremulous. She tugged at Joseph's arm and pulled him forward.

"Let's go back to my aunt's. They're all waiting for us."

Joseph looked at the stubborn Irish as if the knife had cut his heart. If he was selfish, he never wanted to tell Irish about it.

With every step she took, the anger in her eyes increased. At last, she stopped and shouted at Joseph.

"Why am I going to see him? Today is my birthday. Why doesn't he come to see me? Does he remember it is my birthday?"