

Enchanted 618

He smiled but looked so melancholy.

She held him tightly with her cheeks pressing his chest, and her tears shed down. "Do you know that I have a nightmare? You fell down into the deep valley of the mountain in my dream, and I am so sad. I have been alone for so many years, but I can't get any information from you. You are gone. But now I feel so good since I finally woke up from that nightmare. You are still here and alive." She said softly in a low voice.

He lowered his head and kissed her forehead.

She closed her eyes quietly to feel his warmth, but soon a dropping tear swiped her cheeks which startled her. She opened her eyes but found he had turned away.

"Adam!" She called his name and tried her best to find his back among the crowd.

However, he vanished soon among the crowd.

Irish opened her eyes abruptly but could only see the dim light.

It turned out that it was a dream, but it was so real.

Her body was as stiff as a wooden plate while her mind was still lingering in the dream. Tears shed down soundlessly, and she even didn't feel them.

The dream was so real that she was unable to tell the dream from reality and couldn't figure out whether she was awake or still in the dream.

But soon, she was stunned by the airflow, which reminded her that she had woken up from her dream.

A faint woody fragrance floated in the air, which was the smell she missed madly. This familiar fragrance accompanied her every day in previous days, from being courteous to each other to intimate with each other. Her life turned out to be colorful because of this fragrance.

No matter how much damage it brought to her, she was unable to forget it. She was like a drug addict who couldn't live without this woody fragrance anymore.

But how can there be his breath? Irish suddenly returned to reality and then looked around, but soon she was stunned by the man sitting beside her bed.

She screamed since the figure in the dream overlapped with the man in front of her. She suddenly sat up from the bed and tried to look at the man in front of her by the dim light outside the window.

The man just sat there silently, staring at her until she stopped screaming. It seemed he was a little cruel since he frightened her abruptly, but he didn't comfort her with a single word and just stared at her quietly until she calmed down.

He was the only man in the world who could bring people dread when he was calm.

A slight light was outside the window, which squeezed out from the gap between the clouds, so the light was dim and fuzzy.

But it was enough for her to see the face of the man clearly.

But soon, she was in great astonishment, and she began to breathe quickly.

It was Joseph!

It was as if the robber interrupted the tranquil environment while Irish turned to be the object of aggression. She stared at Joseph, and her body was imbued with a strong sense of weakness.

He looked so calm under the dim light, even without a faint smile, and his thin lips pursed into a line that looked sharp. He stared at her motionlessly while she couldn't see through his mind. His eyes seemed to have absorbed all of the light and trapped her in endless darkness.

Irish stared at him in shock, and she didn't know how he found her and could not figure out when he got in. What she knew was that his silence and stillness were the most powerful weapons hitting her chest, making her stand at a loss.

Obviously, she had never expected that he would find her in such a short time.

The time solidified, and everything in the room sunk into stillness.

It was not until he finally asked her with a husky voice, "Are you awake now?"

The magnetic voice disturbed the silence, and in the following second, a glare flashed out of the window, and the sun finally came out of the skyline.

Irish was able to see his expression clearly.

He looked tired, and at least she could tell his tiredness from his frown.

His eyes were filled with blood silk which made him look so exhausted.

Irish was like a broken puppet and just stared at him silently. She said nothing but tried her best to adjust her emotion while Joseph kept staring at her without moving. There was a strong sadness flowing in his eyes.

"How do you know I'm here?" When she said to him after a long while, Irish had restored her calmness. She suffered from pain when her hand was stained by blood.

And now, when she looked at him, she felt a severe pain again.

Joseph ignored her words directly. No matter how he found her, he was sitting in front of her at this moment.

He leaned forward, pulling her hand that was holding a red wooden horse and crossed with it. The moment when he touched her hands, Irish trembled violently because his hand was so cold, and she couldn't feel any warmth from it.

He seemed to be refraining from his emotion since his eyelash was slightly shivering. But soon, his voice sounded, "Did you sleep well?" His voice was tremulous.

Joseph clenched her hands, puckering his mouth as if he was waiting for a better answer, and it also seemed that he was avoiding something.

The ward was once again trapped in stillness. Irish could only hear the humming sound of her eardrum.

After a long time, she replied indifferently, "You just want to know if I sleep well?"

She couldn't avoid what would come next, and she had to admit what she had done.

The light was brighter, and the nascent light was always so eager to break in and would vanish on the other side of the sky.

It was like the short life of a human, which bloomed gorgeously but would vanish silently.

The light fell on his face, on his well-defined chin. Irish saw his eyes tremble, and a dim light was flickering there. Then, gradually, it condensed into seriousness, and his tone also turned grave.

"Where is the baby?"

She perceived that his hand shivered slightly when he asked.

The dawn finally came, and her face looked so pale, including her lips which looked like they had been decolorized.

Joseph felt sore when she stared at her, but when he found the blood in her hospital gown, his eyes turned rigorously, and he clenched her even more tightly.