

Enchanted 620

The nurse stopped him immediately. He was so anxious that he put his ID card on the table directly.

He opened the door with his quivering hands.

And then he saw Irish lying in bed.

She just lay there quietly like a good baby, but this scene made him ache.

All his anxiety, annoyance, and anger were gone when he saw her. She was there, so truthful, and within ten steps.

He put his footsteps light and came to her bed. He stared at her under the moonlight passing through the window gap, and his eyes were filled with pity.

Her face was so pale.

He dared not think too much and considered something he didn't want to perceive.

Running was not what he was good at. He didn't do well in it and also hated it deeply. But at this moment, he dared not to wake her up, which was a complete action of running away.

He sat beside her bed silently and waited for her to wake up. He only hoped that when she woke up, she could tell him smilingly that she was only worried about the baby's health, so she came here to have a check.

He just comforted himself this way and was unwilling to wake her up. And when she woke up, he had to tell her that the ward was not suitable for her anymore.

If she were really worried about her baby, he would prepare a colorful ward for her so that she could be filled with energy both in her eyes and her mind, not as pale as this ward.

That was right. He hated whiteness most, so he longed to bring color to his own woman.

Irish was beautiful when she fell asleep. Although her face was pale, she was still so beautiful and attractive.

She lay there with a snow-white quilt. One of her hands was in it, while the other was out, in which there was a little wooden horse. Its color deeply touched him.

Was the flamboyant color the hope that she wanted to give to the baby?

He reached out his hands. He really wanted to touch her but stopped at a near distance.

He was afraid that he would wake her up.

However, his nervousness couldn't be driven away even if he kept silent. She had difficulty sleeping easily because her red lips sometimes quivered. He was so worried about her, and he wanted to comfort her by touching her lightly.

However, when his hands just covered her cheek, she shouted out anxiously, "Adam!"

Joseph pulled his hands back, and his heart was torn by her into pieces. He had deeply believed that he had made her forget that man during this time, a man she murmured in his bosom and a man he hated most and wanted to dig out, but he had no way to find out.

Nobody like her would be so bold and shout out another man's name without worry.

Was it because he loved her so much or that she was a cruel woman?

She woke up with expectations about the dream and the puzzle for the present. And finally, she saw him, and soon she was filled with terror.

He didn't make it wrong. It was terror.

Having much experience in the business field, he had seen many expressions before. When his competitors were forced by him so much that there was no way for them they would show this kind of expression. Joseph was fond of this kind of expression and even ignored them, but at last, he saw it on his woman's face.

At that moment, he was so broken.

As a matter of fact, the man she missed was Adam, and even in her dream, the man she wanted to seek was not Joseph!

However, he was still attached to her.

She dug out his heart like a killer and threw it on the ground. She stepped on it forcefully and pulverized it little by little. However, he still had hope, and it was only because she said what she could do since she fell in love with him.

Nobody would know how joyful he was when he heard it. Her cold eyes made him sad again.

He ignored his pain and tolerated it, and he dared not to ask her, "Did you have the medicine?" He acted to be an ostrich for the first time and just buried its head into the land. He could only ask some irrelevant questions.

He dared not to ask, and he only hoped that things wouldn't get terrible and be under his control because he was not used to accepting something he couldn't control.

However, Irish really became a killer now. She not only hurt him but also killed his baby. Now the baby was in front of him and destroyed all his pride and confidence.

He didn't understand. He really didn't understand!

Why could she be so cruel?

The air in the ward was so thin that she nearly suffocated. The pressure given by Joseph came to her immediately, just like a stone.

Irish bent down difficultly and picked up the container. She walked to him slowly and put it into his pocket lightly by, ignoring her pain.

She smiled lightly and told him word by word, "And now it's fair to both of us."

Joseph was annoyed, so he just reached his hand suddenly and pinched Irish's neck tightly with his cold hands. This woman's beauty turned out to be a poison for him, and at this moment, he nearly wanted to pinch her to death.

"Irish, you are so bold!" His teeth gritted.

Irish didn't struggle and just let him do it. She could feel his anger. His fingers were not wild anymore, and they were just deep into her neck. She could feel her blood vessels throbbing because of rough circulation. She couldn't breathe and could only be forced to look up at his handsome but distorted face.

One of her hands dropped weakly while the other was gripped tightly.

He didn't notice this hand, which was always gripped as she fell asleep, woke up, and then went to the restroom.

His hand nearly ripped out her neck, and she was just like a goat waiting to be killed quietly.

Her hands became cold, while the little pill became wet and nearly melted. And now it was powder in her hands.

She didn't know whether it was because it was near for her to die; she could feel the dryness of the powder.

Her breath was more and more difficult, and she could hear the sound of beating. There were so many scenes in her brain, and finally, she thought of one cloudy afternoon in the doctor's office.

She would never forget that scene for her lifetime.