

Enchanted 648

How can you prove that you have existed in this world?

Your memory was the best way to prove that you had been there, no matter if it was good or bad, happy or sad. When your memory is filled with experience, your life will be colorful. Memory is like a household registration that can prove your identity. If you have no memory, you will lose your identity.

Irish had met such patients before, and some of them may have memory decline while others even lost their memories. She could perceive their panic and fear easily. Perhaps many people in the world had ignored the memories, but as a psychologist, she could understand how valuable memory was.

But she never expected that she would encounter such a problem.

There were not many people in Time Square at this time, and it was a good place to go shopping. However, Irish was in a low mood. She only wanted to get back the key from Jordan and then went back to sleep. She was tired, and she had never been so tired before.

But she did not expect that Joseph would come here. His voice sounded cold as the cold water, which made her bitterly disappointed.

Irish stared at the car surprisingly and stood there motionlessly as a chump. The cold wind was blasting, messing up her hair while her eyes were blurred by snow.

She couldn't gaze into his eyes but felt he was a stranger.

Of course, they were strangers now.

They had not met with each other when she woke up in the hospital.

Though there were not so many people, they still attracted many young people's attention. A handsome man and a beauty always got noticed by others.

Joseph frowned and got out of the car when he found that she stood there motionlessly. He opened the door of the copilot, "Get in." It seemed that he was a little impatient.

When he got out of the car, it was snowing heavily, and his leather shoes squeaked on the snow. He always liked brunette clothes, and he wore a short black business coat with a dark coffee sweater fitting with a silver-gray scarf, black suit trousers, and a pair of black leather shoes.

He looked so handsome, and Irish could even hear the young girls whispering that the man was so handsome.

The snowflake fell on his hair, but he was so composed that she couldn't feel any emotion from him. He stood beside the car, waiting for her. It seemed that he was getting thinner.

It was a beautiful scene. However, Irish only had a sense of rejection.

She stood there, and her hands were frozen, and she lost consciousness, so she put her hands into her pocket and clenched. Her nose was also chilled. Though she wanted to find a warm place to avoid the cold, she knew she couldn't get into his car.

After thinking for a while, she said indifferently, "I am sorry. I have something to deal with." After finishing her words, she turned to Time Square.

She had to find a warm place, or she would be frozen.

Joseph didn't follow her but stood there still, looking at her, shivering back and frowning tightly.

Upon entering the mansion, Irish called Jordan, and as soon as it was connected, she said with anger, "Jordan, are you courting death? I asked you to give me the key, but why is your brother there now? Where are you?"

Unexpectedly, Jordan felt wrong on the other end of the phone and explained, "I don't intend to stand up. I have to go there for the hearty dinner."

"Why don't you admit? It is your brother who came for me!" She entered a coffee house and sat down while she replied to him indignantly.

Jordan hastily explained to her, "I can't find your key in the house, and then realized that my brother had taken the key away. I had no choice but to call him, but he said that he would give it to you in person."

Irish took a deep breath, but she still felt sorrowful, and she couldn't figure out why her heart beat so fast.

"Have you met him and got the key back?" Jordan asked.

Irish was in a bad mood at the right moment, so she replied impatiently, "I am so embarrassed to meet him."

When the waiter served a cup of coffee to her, she saw a man walk in with her split vision. But she didn't look up since she was answering the phone. When she was about to take a sip of coffee to steady her nerves, she felt that a man was standing in front of her.

She was startled when she found that it was Joseph. And her hands trembled while the coffee sprinkled out.

"Ouch!" The hot coffee burned her. Jordan was startled by her and hastily asked her what had happened.

"Nothing. I'll call you later." She hung up the phone directly, staring at the man in front of her in astonishment.

Joseph handed a tissue to her silently while she took it over hesitantly and then wiped the coffee on her hand.

"Are you okay?" He suddenly asked her with his magnetic voice.

"I am fine." She didn't expect he would ask her like this, so she replied after hesitation for a few seconds and then added, "Thanks."

Joseph said nothing but called the waiter and ordered a cup of coffee.

A few minutes later, the waiter took him a black coffee which was his favorite.

It reminded Irish of the scene in South Africa when he said that her coffee was cold and exchanged it with her while she smiled and told him that it might not be suitable for him since it tasted so sweet.

However, he also said that she had to adapt to the bitterness of his coffee.

The previous scenes were still vivid in her mind, but now things were still there while the men were no longer the same ones. Irish felt uneasy. The more composed he was, the more restless she would be.

When she was about to take her bag to leave, Joseph put down his coffee and gazed at her directly, "I will send you back to the house in Midtown Manhattan after I finish the coffee."

"It is not necessary for you to do that." Irish immediately declined him and thought he must be joking since they had broken up.

She hoped that the future days could be peaceful, and she didn't want to have any implications with him.

"Do you still want to live there?"

"No! I have found a new apartment."

"So take all your things back," Joseph said indifferently.