

Enchanted 694

Joseph found the ethyl alcohol.

When the dripping was done, he helped bring down her fever with ethyl alcohol, according to what the doctor had said.

He sat on the bed, reaching out to gently unbutton her.

The flushed skin was exposed.

The woman who was burned trembled subconsciously and then murmured, "Please don't..."

The word "don't" hurt Joseph, and his eyebrows also frowned painfully. Did she reject him? Even at this point, in her subconscious mind, she still repelled him.

The woman on the bed was very uncomfortable. She murmured, frowning more tightly.

Without thinking, Joseph took off her clothes, and she struggled.

Finally, Joseph had to stop, bending over and holding her. He gently said beside her ear, "I won't hurt you, good girl."

In his arms, Irish was quiet. Her eyes closed, and her eyelashes trembled gently.

Joseph gently let her lay down and took off all her clothes.

After taking the cotton ball with alcohol, he began to wipe her body to cool down. At first, Irish rejected it, and gradually, she calmed down. Her breath began to soften, and her eyebrows loosened.

Joseph wiped her body over and over again until her reddish skin began to cool down.

Irish's breath became normal, and it could be seen that she was better.

Joseph did not dare to sleep, afraid that she would continue to have a fever. An hour later, he brought the medicine and sat beside her bed, holding her with the medicine in one hand.

But Irish did not cooperate. She did not take the medicine. Her lips and teeth closed tightly.

"Take the medicine," Joseph whispered beside her ear.

Irish still rejected it.

Joseph looked at her little face. He took pity on her, but he also wanted to laugh. He sighed beside her ear, "Even at present, you still do not forget to fight with me, right?"

Irish's head was on his neck with her eyes closed.

When he sighed, he thought he could feed her directly.

He took a sip of the medicine and then gently sent it into her lips.

The medicine was slowly fed into her mouth, and there was an unhappy sound from her nasal cavity until the last drop was finished.

But at last, he was reluctant to let her go, and the action of feeding directly turned into a kiss. He nibbled at her lip and enjoyed her fragrance.

He didn't let go of her lips until she struggled.

And he put her in his arms and sighed, "Isabel, what am I supposed to do with you?"

When it was dawn, Irish felt cold all over.

She began to tremble as if she were in a cold grotto.

And Joseph, who had always been lying beside her, did not sleep calmly. He closed his eyes and felt that the woman beside him was trembling from time to time. He suddenly opened his eyes and heard her murmur, "Cold..."

He hugged her quickly and covered her with a quilt.

Irish crept into his arms, and her cheeks clung to his neck, looking for warmth.

Joseph simply took off his shirt and clung to her skin, and she clung to him more tightly like a helpless child, looking for a way home.

There was a pain in his heart, and his arms tightened her, making his wide chest completely close to her. She stopped saying cold and wrapped around him like a dodder.

She felt that there was such a trace of a warm current after the coldness.

But there was still a long alley in front of her.

She curled up in the corner, looking alert and paying attention to everything around her.

Then she saw the little boy with the green lantern, whose shoes were illuminated by the lantern.

The little boy walked into the long alley holding her tiny hand.

She said with tears that she was afraid.

The little boy told her, "Don't be afraid, I will get you out of here."

The voice was so good and tender, which could bring her a full sense of security.

It was not until she walked out of the alley that she felt it was not so cold.

The little boy always held her hand and asked, "Are you still afraid?"

She shook her head.

"But why are you still crying?"

She sobbed, "I can't find my mother. Can you help me find her?"

The little boy nodded, "Okay, I will help you."

She finally burst into a smile. But then she was worried, "What if you can't find my mother?"

The little boy thought, "Well. I'll take care of you until you find your mother."

"That's very kind of you." She was relieved.

The little boy smiled. His eyes were bright, making him more handsome. "Brother, are you my boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend?"

She nodded hard, with a tear on her cheek. "A sister living beside me said that boyfriends are always taking care of their girlfriends. If you are my boyfriend, then I am your girlfriend, so you can take care of me."

"But...you look very young."

"Can I be your girlfriend when I grow up?" She asked him seriously.

"Well..."

When she saw him hesitating, she was afraid that the only one who could protect her was gone, even though she had only known him shortly. She pulled his sleeve and swayed gently, choking. She said in a delicate voice, "Please..."

When the little boy saw her crying again, he nodded at once. "Well, I promise you. When you grow up, you will be my girlfriend, okay?"

She was happy and stretched out her little hand. "Okay."

"Great." The little boy also stretched out his little hand.

"Brother." In a coma, Irish murmured softly, like the sound of mosquitoes.

Joseph, who hugged her tightly, heard it. He looked up at her. Seeing that her lips move, he bent over.

He heard her call "Brother".

Brother?

Joseph did not know who she was calling.

He frowned gently. How much did he wish he could hear his name from her mouth?

Irish pressed her head against his chest, whispering, "Don't leave me."

The light sound of the woman was like a knife cutting his chest.

Joseph couldn't help to tighten his arm and hug her.

He murmured beside her ear, "Isabel, I will not leave you. Even if you do not love me, I will not let you go."

He admitted it.

He preferred that "Don't leave me" from her mouth had been spoken to him.

