

Enchanted 772

Time never has a timeline, but in Irish's eyes, it has. So time is artificially divided into segments, some of which she used to do things, some of which she used to eat, drink and have fun, and some to be used for forgetfulness.

But after meeting Joseph, she took out some of her time for missing, and then she was hurt. Only then did she find that she loved so hard that she was hurt and bruised all over her body. Therefore, she gave up the missing time, not wanting to continue to struggle to live.

It took a year.

The past year was so fleeting, and she was like grabbing a handful of quicksand, and it quickly flew between her fingers. If there was no timeline in the hospital, then more than a year of memories were full of flower flavor. In the coming year, Irish had long been ready for it to accept the double torture and test from the body and mind.

However, Irish never expected Joseph to apologize to her publicly. At that time, the whole network was booming. She could only cut off all the networks, hide alone in the office, and avoid all the sounds she may hear.

However, the computer that was cut off the net still showed great magic, constantly calling her.

Irish had tried, but she rested assured.

After waiting for more than an hour, she couldn't help checking the things on the net.

Scanning the web page casually, the horror not only did not calm down, but it intensified and even became a piece of blockbuster entertainment news. What made Irish even angrier was that many boring netizens had made a selection of "The most imaginative and successful men among women," and Joseph had topped the list, becoming the first choice for many women to fall in love with, even with sexual impulses.

The comment area blew up.

It could be seen that most of the commenters were women. For Irish, who could get Joseph's favor, there was envy and jealousy in words, and others directly asked Irish, did you have pressure when having sex with such a handsome man?

Of course, there were also men, who had commented with one voice that Joseph was blessed and owned such a stunner in this life, and she was also a beautiful person as the first choice for many men.

Britney and Becky were silent and did not respond, so Irish could not see any news of the statement on the Internet. Although she felt strange about the spreading of exaggerated and deformed news, there were still posts that made her feel elusive and depressed.

Some people thought that Becky didn't only want to greet Joseph, and it was clear that she wanted to take the initiative to send herself to him, and then she exposed their revelations to the media. With the help of the hands of the media, she could market the news. Unexpectedly that day, Joseph made a resounding clarification, saying that Becky was shameless and wanted to take advantage of him, and the means were really inferior.

This speech attracted a lot of echoes.

Of course, it was impossible to say whether these conciliators really agreed with him or whether they came to vent their indignation on Becky.

No one knew whether things in the entertainment circle were true or false, so why should they be taken seriously? Irish had a headache, and this time she completely turned off the computer, as much as possible devoted to the work.

When she was about to get off work, Christy knocked on the office door and protruded her head. "Dr. Irish, we are getting off work. There's a discount at MNGO's shop at 8: 00 this evening. Are you available?"

Ordinarily, Irish would have followed, even if she did not go shopping, she would leave work at 6:15 PM, but that day she hesitated abnormally for a long time and told Christy to go first.

Seeing that she looked a little pale, Christy asked with concern, "Are you not feeling well? Or I'll accompany you to the emergency."

"It's okay. I just haven't finished reading some files in my hand." Irish just wanted to be alone for a while at that time. please visit

Christy was stunned when she heard this. After looking at the time, she was sure it was after work and asked, "You want to work overtime?"

Everyone knew that Irish never worked overtime. At first, Professor Tim tried to do her work overtime, and then she asked and raised the overtime pay five times as much, so scared that Professor Tim never dared to have the idea again.

What was going on that night? Irish did not speak but nodded slightly. Christy turned her eyes and smiled, and said, "Oh, I see, you'll have to wait, Mr. Dover. All right, I got it. I will not disturb you. Bye."

Christy's "Joseph" messed up the spring water in Irish's heart again.

When she left, Irish's heart was completely stirred up.

The text in the file ran like a long foot, and her eyes were always unable to focus on specific words, and everything was in a mess.

Her heart could not be quiet and beat badly.

Unlike in the past, Irish knew what she was avoiding.

It was not a lot of news.

It was not the situation of being chased by reporters.

It was just him, Joseph.

His name, as if no matter under any circumstances, the thought could alarm her original calm heart.

As time went by, the sound of footsteps outside turned less.

Irish rummaged through the files over and over again, quietly waiting for the passage of time.

When the last sunset outside the window dragged the residual red tail, it was devoured by night. Everything was quiet, and it could be seen that there was one working overtime.

But Irish's heart was more and more flustered with the passage of time.

She knew the reason for her escape was that she didn't know how to face Joseph after he officially admitted his relationship with her in front of many media outlets.

For a while, Irish resented Joseph. He could clarify, but why did he do so? He thought that if he did so, she would easily forgive him.

Although she thought so, her heart could never return to the normal beating frequency.

There will always be a kind of throbbing when the person is in the city. Irish called this throbbing "city throbbing," especially when you are in silence and outside the thick glass window is neon. When you are busy at night, when you are only one step away from the hustle and bustle of the night, there will always be inexplicable restlessness in your heart.