

Enchanted 99

A huge oil painting gradually unfolded before Irish, in which she could imagine the scenery of the different seasons.

When she asked about the "The Three Rivers Arts Festival," Amar chatted without stopping. "If you can participate in it, your life will be worthwhile."

Irish was amused by his words.

The car rushed all the way without traffic or red lights. Amar played a resonant song in the car. Looking at the scenery outside, Irish couldn't help but hum along with the song.

Finally, they arrived at the destination, where the people held a celebration for them. They were not in a hurry to attend the conference because the meeting would last for several days; therefore, they joined in the activities with the local populace here and drank red wine with them.

Just as the old saying goes, "When in Rome." She invited Joseph to join in their activities.

It was getting dark, and Joseph suggested going back to the hotel and having a rest, but on a whim, Irish proposed a residential accommodation since she wanted to have a special experience.

Joseph was worried that she would not be accustomed to living there, but Irish vowed that it was no problem. She left no choice but to let Amar find accommodation for them.

Amar was very efficient, and after a few calls, he smiled at them and said: "You are a really lucky pair of lovers, and there is still residential accommodation available with a large room. Normally at this time, all the rooms have been booked already."

Irish was shocked by his words and wondered why he regarded them as lovers? She turned to Joseph, who was smiling but remained silent. When Amar led them to the accommodation, he suddenly said to her in a low voice, "Bowen arranged everything here for us."

She suddenly understood.

Bowen believed that the relationship between them was not simple, so when they were still in Pittsburgh, he booked a suite for them before their very eyes. When he knew that they would have a vacation here, he also booked a residential accommodation for them.

The folk houses of different styles were seated there quietly.

It was the first time Irish had stayed in a guesthouse, and it proved to be a really good place. According to Amar's introduction, this was the most popular guest house, with fresh air and a beautiful view.

Their room was on the top floor with a glass roof, so it was well lit during the day, while at night, they could see the moonlight. Observing the surrounding environment, Irish was dazzled. The decorations in the room were unique and unconventional and totally different from the usual ornamentation. The blanket was embroidered with special patterns, while the tables and chairs were covered with colored drawings.

However, she still had to face the reality that she would need to sleep with Joseph in this room.

Though the room was large, the bed was even smaller than the bed in the hotel that night, which meant they might have to sleep closely on the small bed.

Although Amar was not a professional tour guide, he was very popular there. No matter where he went, he could chat with the locals cheerfully, and thus Joseph and Irish were also popular with him. When Amar left, the local people began to give them some delicious snacks and local food. Joseph intended to pay for them, but they declined.

Irish accepted their food naturally and sneered at him when she found that he tried to pay them. It gave her the impression that he was a snobbish merchant, while Joseph explained patiently to her it was just an exchange of equal values.

"The local customs were unsophisticated. Your money probably couldn't work anywhere." She had traveled to many places and often became integrated with the local people, so she knew clearly the plain customs and the honest people.

Joseph also did not argue with her but smiled and listened to her carefully. Sometimes he would laugh with her when she talked about something interesting as if he was doting on an innocent kid.

After a long speech, Irish found that Joseph had arranged her cluttered luggage in order.

Though it was fantastic to live in such a beautiful guest house, it was not very convenient to wash up since there was no independent toilet. Taking over soap and shampoo, Joseph patted the side of the bed and said, "You sleep here at night."

Irish was puzzled.

But he didn't explain it to her and went out directly with the soap and shampoo.

Irish climbed to the side where he intended to sleep and then found it was close to the heater. She suddenly felt warm.

It was not the first time she had traveled, but it was the first time she'd been taken care of. Due to the heat from the vent, Irish started having a fever in the middle of the night.

Joseph didn't get used to sleeping early, and after finishing his official issues, he found Irish huddled with a wretched look. He sensed something was wrong, and when he touched her forehead, he found she was feverish.

"Isabel." He called softly.

She opened her eyes slightly and groaned, "I'm cold."

Joseph embraced her in his arms and looked at the time. His first thought was to take her to the hospital, but she wrapped around him as tightly as seagrass. He couldn't push her away but embraced her into her arms and said gently, "Let me bring you to the hospital."

But she was stubborn and refused to go to the hospital.

"Don't be so obstinate." He persuaded her patiently.

She just held him even more tightly and said, "No. I'm afraid that I can't participate in the "Three Rivers Arts Festival."

Joseph felt helpless about her words.

"I'm cold. Hold me tightly." She shrugged her shoulders.

Hearing this, Joseph felt like his heart was melting. He knew that he should take her to the hospital, but when he saw her lying in his arms quietly, he didn't want to let her go. After a while, he wiped her forehead with wine from the locals since it could make her feel warm and took over a blanket to cover her.