

## Enchanted 122

Irish put her coffee spoon beside and said, "He was my individual case. I remember him. "

"So he really went to see a psychologist..." Ruby got nervous and upset.

Irish didn't say anything. As the waiter served all the dishes on the table, she began to enjoy it. Actually, she didn't care about Ruby's expressions at all.

"What did he say to you?" Ruby asked suddenly.

Irish looked up and said coldly, "Sorry, that is confidential, so I can't disclose it to anyone." She remembered this man because a good-looking man could always be impressive. He came and asked her a very strange question, and then didn't come anymore. But she talked to him a lot that day.

Ruby knew that she could not get any information from her, so she had to give up. She took the phone back and then fiddled with her dessert, staying silent.

Irish was fed up with her, so she grabbed her bag and stood up to leave. "Hey, Isabel..." Ruby stopped her. Irish looked at her coldly and angrily.

Ruby sighed lightly and took out an envelope from her purse. She pushed it forward to Irish and said lightly, "You can have a look."

Irish glanced at her and then sat down.

She took the envelope and found that inside it there was a stack of photos. She took them out and hesitated for a few seconds, looking up at Ruby's expressions.

She didn't look at Irish but sipped the coffee slowly.

Irish didn't say anything but took out all the photos, looking at them one by one.

She was quite familiar with the man and the woman in the photos. It was her and Joseph.

The photos contained some shots on the golf course when Joseph taught her how to play golf through hand guidance. At first glance, they have not snapped pictures but captured ones. In the photo, under the sunshine, she lowered herself to look at the golf ball on the ground while Joseph tilted his head to look at her.

She never thought he was more handsome than when he looked at her with deep and emotional feelings.

There were also some photos in Pennsylvania. Some were from when he put clothes on her and when he passed on a bottle of water to her and smiled. There were also some other photos of when they held each other tightly and drank at the party.

All in all, the photographer recorded all their actions with excellent photography techniques and tracking skills. From these pictures, it was not hard to figure out that she and Joseph appeared to be lovers without separation from each other.

Oh, no. It looked like she and Joseph were having a stealthy love affair.

But from seeing these photos, Irish never had expected that they were actually so well matched in front of the camera.

Irish silently put the pictures away. "It seems that the so-called relationship between sisters was an excuse for you to catch adultery in the act."

Ruby was embarrassed by what she said. She lowered her head and bit her lips.

"Don't get me wrong. I didn't take or send these pictures. I didn't want to follow you to investigate you." Ruby looked distrustful.

Irish snorted, "Then why'd you let me see these pictures? You do not intend to denounce me?"

"I..." Ruby looked up at her with soft eyes, "you are my sister, even if you do something wrong, I will not blame you."

"Oh, I'm so touched." Irish raised the photos in her hand, staring at her, "so you are holding the photos to remind me that the next time I date your husband, I need to be vigilant, right?"

Ruby's fingers trembled, and her eyelashes flashed, "I want to ask you whether you two are.... already together?"

"Together?" Irish stared at her, looking funny.

"Yes, whether you are already living together." Her voice was as low as a mosquito.

The more she looked timid, the more Irish got angry, and she wanted to get up and slap her pitiful face. She bit her teeth and laughed deliberately. "Your voice is too quiet for me to hear."

"Isabel, you..."

"Oh, I know, you want to ask whether we are in a relationship?" Irish intentionally raised the tone.

There were other people in the restaurant, all of them heard and started looking over.

"Lower your voice." Ruby was anxious.

Irish ignored those strange eyes, spreading out her hands, "Shame? Why should I feel humiliated?"

"Shall we talk about the same thing?" Ruby was about to cry, "If you've really followed him, then could you please leave him?"

"At last, we finally got to the point. That's right. How can you show off your status as a legal wife if you can't persuade me to leave?" Irish leisurely leaned back on the chair, but her eyes were cool, "Then, this time, I will naturally take the tone of a third person. Leave him? No way. I'm already his woman. How can I leave? Besides, your husband is tall, handsome, gentle, and rich. I'm not saying that his skills in bed aren't so bad, how can I be willing to leave?"

"How could you have sex with him?" said Ruby. "He is your brother-in-law!" She was pale.

"Then you should go back and ask him what he thinks, knowing that I am his sister-in-law and he's sleeping with me." Irish smiled faintly with an arrogant face, "you won't be so insensible? You saw that

night at your house how nervous he was with me. I'm wondering how your mother ignored the pain my Mom bore when she was Henry Lake's other woman!"

Her words were sharp knives piercing Ruby's heart.

Ruby's fingers trembled, closing her eyelashes to cover the uneasiness. She reached for a coffee cup but found that her hand trembled badly, so she laid it down. Irish's words proved her assumption. She suspected that night and had noticed Joseph had been anxious back home. She had known him for years, and it was unusual. He said to her that he only took a look at the room across from them, but then he did not come back that night.

Joseph was not a man who would have broken his word, even if it was a small thing, but that day he had broken his word because of Irish.