

Enchanted 138

"I know. That man gave it to her, so my mother loved it," She took a deep breath and secretly pressed down the tears rising in her throat.

"In that case, you should understand the meaning behind this watch. She left the watch to you for you to forgive your father."

"Joseph, have you ever experienced betrayal from someone you love and trust? That's what Henry did to my mother. It's easier to put it down than hold on, easier to accept than hate, I know better than anyone else. In my clinic, I've told my clients that dozens of times." Her tone was low, clasping her watch, the vibration of the watch hands beating with the pulse in her palms. "But how much pain does someone have to go through before they are justified to hate another? No one is born to hate. Because of one's expectations, there is too much to hate after being betrayed and hurt."

She could not forget the way her mother sat in front of their house every day, waiting for her father to come back. Every day! She could not forget how much she had looked forward to seeing her father for the first time and how much she wanted to see him when she had been laughed at by the children around her, who said she had had no father. Or when she had been regarded as a wild child and isolated by the children around her. She was so excited that she didn't sleep all night before finally seeing her father.

It was her first time meeting her father, a thin but stout figure with a melancholy look in his eyes. She would always remember what he had said, "Isabel, I'm your dad," when he cuddled her in his arms.

He promised her and her mother that he would come back and that he would live with them forever. But then he put the watch on her mother's wrist and left, and she saw her mother trying to hold back tears.

The man finally came back, but it was to her mother's tombstone.

She could not forget the woman standing beside her father, secretly whispering to her proud princess, "The bitch finally died." And the princess answered, "Will the daughter of that bitch try to scratch at my father?"

Irish was smiling gently, maybe too immersed in the memories of her past, so that she ignored Joseph's pained silence when he heard her aggressive questioning.

"I heard my name was picked by that man because of my mother's name. Bearing the name he chose for me will keep reminding me how he left us," she spread her hand, sighing to ease the storm in her heart. "But my mother said, 'Though you can't live like the summer flowers, at least you can die like the autumn leaves, beautifully.'"

Outside the window, darkness had descended already, and black clouds dimmed the light of stars.

"She died and left me alone in this world." Irish smiled with tearful eyes.

Joseph looked at her quietly, who was trying to conceal her sadness with a smile that made him feel heartbroken. At this moment, he did not know how to comfort her. Everyone in this world had their

own sadness, but no one had the right to pass judgment on it, and no one was qualified to make indiscreet remarks or criticisms of one's sadness.

After perceiving that her eyes were moist, Irish quickly raised her hand to cover her face, quietly wiped off the tears, then looked up at him and chuckled. "I am only suffering from a snotty nose and runny eyes because of this damn cold."

Joseph stretched out his hands and grasped hers, "Come on."

His warmth soon drove away from her sadness, and she held his hands as if he was a pillar of tranquility. Irish came to him unconsciously, and Joseph gently pulled her into his lap and embraced her. She nestled peacefully, perhaps because of the bad cold or perhaps because she had explored all of her sorrowful memories. She didn't resist him but rested on him quietly and said after a long while, "Joseph, don't show any sympathy to me. I just want to calm down in your arms."

Joseph was moved by her words and even held her more tightly.

"Do you love her?" Irish asked in a low voice.

Joseph lowered his head a while so that they could look at each other face to face.

"If you don't love her, why did you get married to her?" He remained calm and stared at her motionlessly.

"At the so-called 'family feast,' I saw the different intentions of every member of the Lake family. No matter how kind they looked, it still couldn't blanket their real desires. The guilt under Henry's stateliness, shrewdness under William's gentleness, and the stupidity under Shirley's canniness. The subtlety under Kelly's endurance, the kindness under Ruby's weakness, the magnanimous attitude under Roy's childishness, as well as the indifference under Lilith's decent behavior all unfolded before me."

"Do you know that anyone who marries you would have bad luck?" Joseph finally said to her after keeping silent for a long time, with his lips extremely close to her nose.

She was slightly shocked by his words.

Joseph suddenly smiled, and his lips kissed her eyes. "Your eyes are so magical that I must consider how to get along with you, little vamp."

Her shoulders froze for a while after hearing this.

After spending a few days abroad, Cassie finally set foot on the flight back to New York.

In the first-class VIP lounge, she saw the nasty man again, dressed neatly in a pilot's uniform, with a black leather suitcase in hand. He was drinking coffee, but when he saw Cassie, an evil smile appeared on his face. Putting down his coffee, he walked toward her.

Her first reaction was to run away, but the man called out behind her, "Honey, I'm here."

Though there were only a few people there, they all looked at them.

Cassie wanted to pretend that she did not know him, but he had walked to her directly and blocked her way. She was trying not to look at him and said, "Don't act like this, or you'll humiliate yourself."

"What's wrong?" He said, pretending to be innocent.

"Get away from me. If you want to pick up hot chicks, do it somewhere else. I really hate men like you."