

## Enchanted 157

Leo put down his glass and listened carefully.

"I know you've been struggling with Joseph all this time. Business is like a battlefield, and maybe you two have a grudge that I don't know about. I'd like to know that when you've done everything you want to overwhelm the other side, will you feel happy?"

Leo was slightly startled, raising his eyebrows.

"Or..."

She leaned forward and looked at him for help as if only his answer could save her restless heart. "Will you be happy after you succeed in beating Joseph? Is that what you want? To see him in prison?"

Irish had always believed that people had to live in this world with fear to be happy, this was human instinct. But in the process of growing up, people's desires become stronger and stronger. Vagrants want to fill their stomachs, those who are full want to have a safe place to live, those who have a place to live want to be free from worries about food and clothing, and those who have no worries about food and clothing want to improve their quality of life. Those who improve their quality of life want better cars, those who have nice cars want to buy better houses, those who buy good houses want to make more money, and those who make more want to make even more money. Desires develop like waves. Unfortunately, the highest pinnacle of these waves can only accommodate a few people.

She understood that, so it was not the thirst for success that kept her going but the hatred that had been in her heart for so long. But one day, someone came up to her and told her that she was not happy at all. That was correct, she thought, she wasn't happy...

That was why she wanted to ask the man in front of her, was he happy? He was a powerful man, leading the best in the industry, but after getting what he wanted, was he happy?

It seemed that the word happiness was no longer mentioned.

Sure enough, the problem that Irish had thrown out made Leo feel very surprised, and his usual suave and uninhibited manner at this moment changed into hesitancy. When he opened his mouth after a long time, his voice sounded a little unnatural. "Happy?"

Irish nodded gently.

Leo looked at her for a long time, licked his lips, swallowed what he wanted to say, and took his glass and put it down. The word seemed to poke at one of his sensitive points, and she could see that his series of movements were full of obvious anxiety.

She did not press him and just waited for his answer. She needed his answer to clear up her confusion.

A long while later, Leo compromised, "To be honest, no one has ever asked me this question."

"Then you can think about it now."

Leo fixed his eyes on her, picking up his glass and tasting the wine slowly, but his slight frown allowed her to judge his thoughts at the moment accurately. His mind felt cloudy but was gradually becoming more clear.

He put down the glass and said, "Hatred makes people unhappy."

These powerful words made Irish's hand tremble, along with the glass in her hand. The wine splashed the back of her hand, the cool red spreading on her skin like blood, and a chill of shock passed through her heart. It used to be a blur, but now it was becoming clear, like a wine that slid down her wrist.

"Then why are you..." She looked as if she were asking the question to both him and herself.

On the opposite side, Leo sighed, just listening to her slowly. "When our friendship disintegrated, we could only reaffirm our existences to each other through competition and attack."

Irish looked up at him.

He smiled bitterly, "Joseph and I do not hate each other as much as we are rivals. What we do may seem cruel, but it seems that it's the only thing we can do, so it doesn't matter whether we are happy or not," he said. "The important thing is that we are both still alive."

Irish nodded gently. Yes, how could she forget that the concept of hatred was so varied? She was different from Leo, and the experience she had was also fundamentally different from his. Then, their definitions of happiness would also be naturally different.

"Leo, I've gradually found that I am no longer happy." She sighed and spoke with a weak voice.

Like the petals on a lake blown by the spring wind, they shook with the ripples, leaving the waves open to crash down on them.

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Later, Irish went back to the hospital.

Instead of seeing Bernert, she went to see Ruby.

It was a sudden decision.

She wanted to see the woman who knew her husband's heart the best.

But what Irish didn't expect was that as soon as she got out of the elevator, she saw Eric with a woman with him. She had seen a photo of her, it was Emery. Eric, as he walked, bowed his head and comforted her. She was crying.

After seeing Irish, Eric was surprised and stopped in his tracks. Emery also looked up with tears in her eyes.

This was the second time that Irish had seen Eric. The first time she had seen him was at the Linkus building. He looked depressed and bearded. But now, unlike the tearful complexion of Emery, he was sharply dressed and looked well proportioned in his elegant shirt and trousers. Because of the gentleness in his eyes, he looked more attractive than before.

"Doctor Irish, are you here to see Ruby Lake?" Eric hesitated, he had heard about the affair between Irish, Ruby, and Joseph.

Irish squeezed out a smile as an answer.

"Oh, this is my wife Emery," he hastened to introduce her.

Irish nodded and said, "Hello."

Emery wiped her tears away, "Dr. Irish, hello, my husband has often mentioned you."

"You are..." Irish was hesitant.

"We just saw Ruby, but, well, you saw it." Eric put his arms around Emery's shoulders and whispered, "Don't cry."

Irish smiled faintly, "Were you scolded harshly?"