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He met her for dinner.

The dinner went very well, and Irish almost forgot she was being tortured by the media. She had a good appetite and felt happy. She said a lot of things, telling him stories of treating patients overseas and tales of when she was teaching at college and how much difficulty she had getting along with Blair and Cheska. She said she talked about her colleagues and her friends but didn't say anything about herself.

Because of this, Fredrick was anxious.

Irish was smiling gently, the light in her eyes dancing like the stars, "Fredrick, I've talked way too much, and I'm thirsty. My voice is almost hoarse."

Fredrick knew that she was being evasive and simply expressed himself directly. "Well, if you won't say so, I'll ask directly. Do you have anything to do with Mr. Dover?"

"Yes. You know our relationship. He's my brother-in-law, and I'm his sister-in-law."

"You know that's not what I'm asking." Fredrick frowned.

Irish looked at his face, and it reminded her of Joseph's solemn appearance. Their original secret love had been quietly lost, so in front of Fredrick, she could be so calm and didn't have to be nervous.

"Fredrick, I have had nothing to do with him. Not before, not now, and not in the future."

Fredrick's frowning eyebrows slightly relaxed.

"But Joseph doesn't seem to think so, and the trip to Uyuni you just mentioned..."

"It's over. It's all over." Irish interrupted him softly, taking a deep breath.

Fredrick wanted to say something else, but Irish said, "Fredrick, you and Cassie are both my best friends, I hope you two can be happy together."

Fredrick's eyes stood still.

Irish turned to look at him and then smiled softly, "You two must be happy."

"Irish..." Fredrick said again, "You...Do you really think I can bring happiness to Cassie?" He wanted to tell her that he was in love with her, but he knew very well that even if he split up with Cassie, Irish would not accept his love.

He had been so sure that Irish was into him, but now he hesitated because he was worried about how lonely her eyes were when she answered the phone call from Joseph.

He had always been worried that Irish would fall in love with that man.

After hearing his words, Irish nodded and looked at him earnestly. "You must be happy. If you can't do it, or if you fail to be not loyal to her, I will hate you, really."

Fredrick's heart was cold, and he felt like he'd been hit in the chest.

After getting out of Fredrick's car, Irish looked up at the night sky. Her body was still there, but her heart felt lost as she could only walk with the moon and stars.

Fredrick looked at her lonely face, feeling a pain in his heart, and called to her. She paused, and he could not help hugging her in his arms, and for a moment, her back stiffened.

"You know, I've always cared about you." He said gently beside her ear.

She smiled, but her eyes were wet. "Thank you." She entered the apartment building, and the night fog gradually obscured Fredrick's figure.

The elevator was quiet, and at last, there was only a clear metallic sound in her ears. Irish exited the elevator, and the whole corridor was also quiet, with only the sound of her heels gently knocking on the marble, conveying her solitude and sadness.

But at the end of the corridor, there was a faint light near the window. Moonlight sprinkled in, outlining the figure of a man, tall and slender. Irish was startled. Immediately overhead, the light turned on, illuminating the man's face.

It was Joseph.

He leaned against the window at the end of the corridor, with smoke in his hand, and looked at her with a horribly harsh set of eyes.

Irish's heart raced, and her eyes looked out the window, from which Joseph could see everything below. Clenching her fists and then loosening them, she noticed the pain in her palms was no longer there.

But there was pain left in her heart.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to calm her tone, though she was alarmed by his presence on such a lonely night.

She opened her door, and Joseph also came in, he closed the door and said in a deep voice, "Why didn't you answer the phone?"

Irish paused, looking back at him, and noticed that his red eyes were haggard, and he might not have slept at all.

"I'm done talking, so there was no need to answer the phone." She walked to the sofa and threw her bag on it. Before she sat down, the man stepped forward and pulled her arm.

"Isabel, do you know what you are doing?"

"All I know is that you're hurting me."

She raised her eyes and looked indifferently at him.

Joseph frowned, but his hand loosened.

She sat on the sofa, tidying up the tea table, and then said, "Thank you for your kindness, but I won't go. It's late, so it's time for you to leave. I need to sleep."

Joseph looked at her for a long time with narrowed eyes. Not only did he not leave, but instead, he put his hands directly on the back of the sofa and looked at her condescendingly. "I said, before you do anything, you need to discuss with me, why didn't you listen? Why did you put that video online without permission? I have not been reduced to the position of letting women sell their dignity to protect myself!"

Irish lifted her eyes and looked at him, and she knew he was clever. How did she think she could conceal it from him?

Joseph had regretted yelling at her. Her face looked so pale and her eyes so soft that his heart was clamoring in pain, and he sat down beside her with a soft sigh and pulled her into his arms. "Isabel, listen to me, please don't do anything, okay? I'll find a way to deal with this, but I can't, and I won't allow you to trample yourself to help me."