

## Enchanted 168

"But do you think your situation will be better if you divorce Ruby?" Henry knocked on the table and continued, "What do those outsiders think? How do people evaluate Ruby? How does our staff at the Runestone Group feel about you?"

"If it is necessary, I will submit my resignation," His word was dropped like a bomb.

"What?" Henry was astonished.

"And I will arrange everything for Isabel." Joseph's eyes became soft, adding, "I want her to have an independent place, free from outside disturbances. She could do whatever she wants to do in this place, and perhaps it will be a way for me to love her."

"Nonsense!" Henry anxiously pounded the table and almost cried out. "The Runestone Group is not only my life's hard work but also your father's. So you must focus on the big picture, and you can't just resign like this."

The tea in front of Joseph had cooled down, but his heart was warm. He looked at Henry with a soft smile and said, "I have to think about myself for once."

Henry looked at him for a long time and said, "It seems you have made your decision."

"That is correct."

"What does Ruby think?"

Joseph frowned slightly and said, "She is still considering it, but it is difficult for her to accept it."

Henry was silent.

"But first of all, I must have your forgiveness, Mr. Lake." Joseph looked at Henry and said frankly, "I don't want to repeat your mistakes. I will fight for her."

Henry trembled abruptly, and his eyes became dark.

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In the blink of an eye, it was the end of August. The lotus gave out a faint fragrance, and the moon shone brightly in the clear sky.

After resigning, Irish decided to travel to Jiangnan, the ancient town in China.

The ancient street was narrow, and the eaves were built crossing each other, while the pavilions on each side emphasized the age of the ancient town. Rivers wriggled through the town, and the old boatman worked his paddles, humming along to songs on the radio. The boat was drifting slowly down the river, and occasionally you could hear the conversations between the boatmen on their boats.

The songs of the old boatman were sung with a strong accent local to the area. Sitting in the wooden boat, Irish was swaying slightly, and she could see the buildings outside the window with their white walls and gray tiles. Visitors walked leisurely down the paved roads, and the local beauties were smiling softly.

The soothing melody lingered in her ears, filling her with delight as they drifted along the river. Gradually, this tune hypnotized her, and she felt dizzy in the slowly rocking boat, so she closed her eyes.

The breeze came in from the window and blew her long seaweed-like hair.

"Uh....." Irish woke up stunned. She widened her eyes, looked around, and then realized that she had fallen asleep. Raising her hand, Irish wiped the cold sweat from her forehead. She remembered that someone had been singing beside her ears along with strange background music.

He seemed to be chanting about an everlasting lamp and bluestone lanes.

The old man came in with a smile and asked, "Did you fall asleep?"

Irish was a little bit awkward and nodded while the unfamiliar tune on the radio sounded again. She frowned and asked, "What song is this?"

"Haven't you heard it before? It's the Peony Pavilion. The locals all sing this song," The old boatman said proudly.

She then realized she was in Light Town in Kunshan, which was the cradle of Kunqu Opera, a famous type of Chinese Opera.

After recalling it for a few more seconds, she asked, "Sir, are there any lyrics about the everlasting lamp and bluestone lane?" She felt her dream was so real as if she had heard the song before.

The man shook his head and replied, "I have been playing The Peony Pavilion, but I don't know about the lyrics you refer to."

Irish rubbed her forehead and became lost in a deep trance. It seemed that it had just been a dream. Then, she looked up and found that it was drizzling outside, and the whole town was enveloped in the misty rain, looking like a beautiful landscape painting.

The sentence should be, "The South of the Yangtze River is misty with smoke and rain."

The thin raindrops were like needles, sharp but not so big that they would drench everything. The houses and lanes of the town were still crowded, and children shuttled to and fro in the mist. Irish rolled up the blinds on the window so she could see everything happening outside.

Since her resignation, she had left New York, the bustling city, and all of its tumultuous human struggle. It wasn't for much longer than a month, but it was enough to make her feel physically and mentally clean. She went abroad to China for nearly half a month. After enjoying the beauty of Tianchi and the comfort of the hot springs, she came to an ancient town. The atmosphere was very relaxed, and she could see the variety of local life there.

She liked the beautiful simplicity of the area. Whether the town's impact on the outside world was great or small, at least it moved her. She wanted to spend the rest of the day living in the town's distinctive inn, getting up every day and hearing the chirping of birds, watching the smoke curling from the chimneys, and enjoying the comfort of stepping on the slabs of bluestone. She had also made some friends there.

She thought it was the life she wanted.

As she passed the buildings on the boat, Irish looked in curiosity at the two boats coming toward her very slowly, one of which was piled with tinfoil ingots, and the other had a woman dressed as a witch, with closed eyes and a string of Buddha beads in hand. The two boats rocked back and forth, and the people on the shore seemed accustomed to it, but Irish was curious and couldn't help asking one of her friends.