

## Enchanted 187

Lilith scratched her head and rushed away without looking back. Ruby was also afraid of the argument between them, so she tried to avoid it and left shortly after.

"Kelly, do you intend to embarrass me in front of the kids?" Shirley asked resentfully.

"You asked for it," Kelly sneered.

"I know you feel wronged since you were married to William, the younger brother, and you think I am the hostess of this family. But don't forget that it is our parents who made the decision. Yes, you are my older sister, but you are not as beautiful as me."

Kelly looked at her with cold eyes and said, "Do you think I'm jealous of you being prettier than me? Pah! What else can you do except for having a pretty face? To be frank, you're just like eye candy. Do you think you would have been married to Henry without your mom's help? Perhaps you'd have had an abortion."

"So I have to thank our parents," Instead of being irritated, Shirley smiled and continued, "They persuaded me to keep the babies so that he would have to be responsible for me. Thank God I succeeded, and I even gave him twins. But what about you? You only have a daughter with William!"

"Shirley, I have never envied you all these years because you've never received true love from your husband! How can you try to show off to me?" Kelly said in a cold voice and added, "What's more, watch out for your son-in-law. I'm afraid that you've drawn water with a sieve. Don't make me laugh." After finishing, Kelly turned around and went upstairs.

"You're jealous! I know you are!" Shirley was trembling with anger and shouted at her.

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When Irish got back to the guest house, Pea was painting in the yard. The sunlight was falling directly on his small face as he painted, which looked adorable. She slowed down and sat quietly beside him.

Pea was not surprised, and it seemed that he was barely focusing on painting at all. He looked around and asked, "Where's your suitcase?"

"In the hotel."

Pea turned to her and asked, "Did you find a better place to stay?"

"No." Irish did not know how to explain everything to the small kid in front of her.

Pea asked her seriously, "Do you love that guy?"

Irish looked at him for a while and then asked, "Do you like him?"

"No."

"Why?" She was surprised.

He thought for a while and replied, "Because he is too serious, girls like guys who always smile."

Irish nodded and said, "You're right. Sometimes I really don't know how to get along with him."

"I know."

"Ah?" Irish was shocked, and then she laughed and said, "Why do you act like an adult?"

Pea laughed as well.

She reached out and asked him, "Where is my gift? Don't tell me it was just a joke!"

"How could it be? I really got a gift for you." He rushed to his room and came back quickly and said, "Close your eyes!"

"Do you want to kiss me?" Irish puckered her face in a smile.

Pea rolled his eyes at her and said, "You think too much."

Irish was still amused by him and closed her eyes as he asked. Finally, he pulled her hands and put something into them.

"You can open your eyes now."

Irish opened her eyes and was surprised when she looked at what was in her hands. "Is this your gift?" It was a bible with a red cover. It was small in size and conveniently handheld, but it looked old, and the cover was worn out.

"Yes, my mom gave it to me, and I don't understand it, but mom told me that it was a valuable book, so I wanted to give it to you so that you wouldn't forget me. I also want you to be happy. My mom said the person who gets it will be happy." His mother was a devout Christian.

Irish knew the faith and opened the bible. She was moved by this kid and reached out to pat his head lightly. "Don't worry. I won't forget you."

Pea giggled.

She said farewell to Pea and left the guesthouse to wander the town. Within two days, her mind had changed so quickly. She was in the rain south of the Yangtze River the day before yesterday. The boatman was humming a classic section of a Kunqu Opera, and she was in a good mood while she experienced the local customs and tasted the delicious food there. She had also slept with the man who she'd thought she had to leave behind. But now, when she went back to the town again to find peace, she realized that she had a lot of memories there that she would never want to recall.

Walking through the slate-paved street, she went to the same restaurant she'd been to before. The boss recognized her and treated her with great enthusiasm, and soon after, he delivered a bunch of delicious food to her. The landlady was also kind to her and asked her with a smile why she came back alone. Irish did not know how to answer her and couldn't figure out why she felt so lonely.

She felt that her food was tasteless today.

She was surprised and asked the boss, "Is this from the same chef?"

Hearing this, the boss hastily came to ask her if she was dissatisfied with the taste, but then she realized that it was not the food but her mood that had changed. She squeezed out a smile and told the boss the food was even more delicious than it was yesterday.

The boss was relieved and smiled back at her.

She looked at her chopsticks sadly and realized that the dishes were still the same, but she felt worse today, so it tasted different. She ate a little more and then left the restaurant. There were some visitors in groups, happily chatting with their friends or lovers while walking. She stood on the bridge and found a lonely reflection in the water. Some small boats were drifting underneath the bridge, and she could hear the boatmen humming songs in their boats.