

Enchanted 363

Tears fell like broken beads, and she wept worse than she had just been. Looking down at the handwriting above the embroidery, the beautiful words seemed to satirize her. A tear fell and spread gently on the word "Not late."

Not Late?

Was it not too late for them?

New York's late autumn was mostly sunny, the sky was very clear, with blue color, so people's mood was good. But obviously, both Irish and Cassie were not among them.

Cassie's injury recovered well, and this is the only place for Irish to be comforted. In the afternoon, she found a spare to the hospital and pushed her into the garden to breathe the fresh air. The place with the ginkgo tree must be beautiful, so Irish pushed Cassie's wheelchair to a place full of ginkgo leaves and looked up at the blue sky not far away.

She didn't know what Joseph was doing at this time.

Two days after their last argument, she had no formal contact, no meeting or phone call with him. He didn't call her, and she held her cell phone and didn't call him either.

Many years of friends were true. Cassie saw her mind and quietly asked her what had happened. Irish went round to her and sat directly on the thick ginkgo leaf. Seeing that, Cassie hurriedly said, "Get up quickly, how cold is it."

Irish thought of Joseph's being shot in South Africa, and when he had woken up, he looked at her bare feet, and his first words were telling her to put on her shoes.

The eye corner and nasal cavity at the same time were sour. She lowered her callery, then raised her eyes to force down the desire to cry, gently said that the leaves were very thick and that it was okay.

If Cassie hadn't seen the flash of light in her eyes, she would have asked. She shook her head gently and, after a long time, raised her head and asked, "What do you think of me?"

"Well..." Cassie had to think carefully over her head, "You have a strong character, very smart, very loyal to friends. Your bark is a lot worse than a bite...."

"Are you praising me or demeaning me?" asked Irish seriously.

Cassie thought about it. "It's a compliment."

"Well," said Irish, "Tell me about my shortcomings."

Cassie looked at her with a smile after hearing the remark. That day Irish was not wearing professional dress. She wore a flamboyant lattice shirt and a loose cream-colored sweater, and her lower body wore denim jeans, very close to her figure, with a pair of flat-soled autumn shoes matching the color of her shirt. Her long hair was put behind the back of her head, which was casually fixed into a bun.

The sun fell on her, and her skin looked more delicate and smooth, with vast golden leaves behind her, and ginkgo leaves fell from time to time. If Cassie knew how to draw, she was sure to draw the scene in front of her. Irish had always been beautiful, and in Cassie's eyes, she was not like a girl in her thirties, and her skin was delicate enough to make twenty-year-old girls jealous.

But the loneliness at the corner of Irish's eyebrow on that day made her have an unspeakable pity.

Irish saw her strange smile, so she could not help but raise her eyebrows, asking her why.

"You are so proud. How can you have the courage to listen to your shortcomings?"

"Proud? Me?" Irish frowned, pointing at herself.

"A little bit, but have you ever told me proud people are often lonely because of self-abasement? Irish, are you inferior?"

After listening to her, Irish was stunned.

She never felt an inferiority complex, but after meeting Joseph, she had such a feeling.

"Can you say anything else? What else?"

Cassie did not even think and said straightforwardly, "You love money. Money is like your life."

Irish choked, "Why are you so direct?"

"Besides, you have too many edges and are not sophisticated enough, but that makes sense. The more talented people are, the more perverse they are." Cassie comforted her.

Irish tried to squeeze out a smile. "I thank you for your high praise."

"You're welcome. You've been my friend for so many years." Cassie made fun of her when she looked good.

Then Cassie asked her what had happened.

"Really nothing. I want to know myself." Irish stretched out her legs and gently hammered on her leg. At this moment, she realized that no one could help her on the subject of love. Cassie had fallen in love but had lost love and even had chosen the most extreme way to remember love. She couldn't learn from her.

In this way, she was hopeless. She did not have a person who was successful in love around her. Could she always go to talk to her aunt about love, right?

Cassie saw her concealment and also did not ask, with effort, she bent over, gently picking up a piece of ginkgo leaf in her hands to play, watching the leaves absentmindedly. After seeing that, Irish's heart felt a little pain. Through such an experience, Cassie was really thin, and her sharp chin could be a murder weapon. She also thought of Joseph's cold refusal appearance, and the bottom of his heart was heavier.

"Cassie." After calling her name softly, she closed her lips and thought of the next words. Cassie looked at her and waited for her to go on.

After a long time, Irish sighed, and her tone was as relaxed as possible, "Have you ever thought about a change of work environment or changing occupation?"

Cassie was puzzled.

"I mean, you'd better take care of yourself now in an environment that makes you physically and mentally happy. Your job as an appraiser is so tiring that I've seen you work overtime a lot in the past."

Cassie shook her head gently, saying, "In fact, I like the environment inside the Runestone Group, and I also like the work of an appraiser. What can I do if I don't do it one day?"

Irish was silent.

It was good to be able to rekindle Cassie's enthusiasm for work, which meant her depression was not hopeless yet, but Irish was also deeply worried that she would have psychological problems again when facing a future job change.