

Enchanted 388

The light of the crystal vessel reflected on her cheeks, and the long eyelashes gently slid down to cover the grief in the deep of her eyes. Her mother had never lived such a life during her lifetime. Putting her hands on the shelf, with her head lowered, her eyes closed, she felt as if a knife was being twisted in her heart which was so painful that it was hard for her to breathe.

There was the sound of footsteps behind her. She opened her eyes slightly and saw a leather shoe with her split vision, which she was familiar with. His shoes were all in the same style but in different colors and materials. She laughed at him before and said shoes should be in different styles, while he replied to her that as long as he was accustomed to a particular style, he would not change it anymore. Absolutely she was clear what he meant, and actually, it was his attitude to his lover.

She did not expect that he would come under the eyes of the Lake family. The woody fragrance from him weakened the luxury here. As he was getting closer to her, the inexplicable emotions, as well as the sorrows, all turned to the huge grief under his woody fragrance.

The man stopped behind her. Though she did not turn back, she could easily feel his breath behind her. It was the first time she had stayed with him after the quarrel. Taking a deep breath, Irish held back her complicated emotion and said with an extremely different voice, "If you ask me to come here in order to witness Shirley was innocent, then you may be wrong. I hate her, and I wish she would die in front of me right away, and this hatred would vanish."

The man kept silent for a few seconds, and soon he stepped forward. When he passed by her, she really wanted to hug him. Joseph took a look at her with his profound eyes and took out the fork from her hand, and said, "You are wrong. I don't want you to come here, especially at this time."

Irish was shocked and then turned to him.

In this way, she was so close to him that she could feel his breath and could perceive the sorrow in his eyes, which confused her.

"Don't you find that your father is much thinner than last time when you saw him?" He said in a weak voice which sounded a little ambiguous, but she knew that he just wanted to lower his voice. She kept silent, looking at his eyes, but reminded Henry's face was pale and tired, just as Joseph said.

"He is in poor health, and the family doctor has repeatedly suggested that he should be hospitalized for medical treatment, but he refused." He sighed slightly and took a deep breath.

"He is always eager to see you, and it is just the most common wish of an old man who wants to see his children." He continued.

A trace of sorrow and grief that she had never had risen from her heart. She hated this feeling and held it back forcibly and then snorted, "He has two children already."

"Isabel." He turned serious and held her face when he saw her distorted face and then added, "He is your father, even if you hate him. He gave your life, and now he is getting old, and there are limited days for him to live and to wait for your forgiveness. You can't be so mean, or you will regret it someday."

His hand was warm on her face, and his woody fragrance soon spread into her nose. Irish turned her face while his hand slipped down from her cheeks. She then replied indifferently, "The one outside is my father, you are not. And there is no need for you to lecture me. I know who I'm going to be mean to. I don't need you to tell me what to do."

After finishing her words, she took out a fork and was about to leave when Joseph stopped her and took another fork to her, whispering, "Take this one. It is more convenient to use."

Irish took it but said nothing.

They attracted much attention when they returned to the dining hall together, including some unpleasant eyes, such as Shirley and Ruby, while some of them were helpless, such as Roy. But William and Lilith were curious, while Kelly was indifferent. But Irish didn't know what Henry thought because she did not pay attention to him.

Unexpectedly, William said with a faint smile with a weird tone, "Joseph, Irish is not a small kid, and there is no need for you to accompany her since she just went to take a set of tableware." Ruby took a quick glimpse at them but finally decided to bite her lips.

Irish always acted like an urchin when facing the Lake family, so she could not bear anyone to attack her. Since William got her in a dilemma, she definitely would make a counterpunch. But before she could say anything, she heard Joseph reply slowly, "I am not accustomed to using the silver plate, so I took another one."

His words soon turned around the awkward situation, and after he finished his words, he took a glimpse at Irish with his meaningful eyes while Irish soon understood what he was going to tell her. He was warning her not to act carelessly since it was not the best way to solve the problem.

Kelly also said to William, after keeping silent for a long time, "Don't talk nonsense."

"It's just a joke," William replied with a smile.

The servant came to fill their glasses when Henry said softly to Irish at this time, "Irish, it is my fault. It is a reunion day, and I shouldn't mention those unhappy things in South Africa."

Irish suddenly felt sorrowful when she looked at his old face and was a little shocked when she heard this. According to her character, as usual, she would reply to him that she was not a small kid anymore and didn't talk with her with such a tone because it was too late since she had grown up. These words lingered in her mind, but she also remembered the words Joseph said to her just now, and when she looked up at Henry, her heart trembled.