

Enchanted 43

To be honest, Ruby was very beautiful.

She was a delicate girl with arched eyebrows, fiery eyes, and long silky, curly hair while her small, pale face was bathed in tears. Her petite and plump body huddled up in Joseph's arms like a wounded rabbit. However, Joseph didn't show any love towards her at all.

"Joseph," She looked up, so she could see him clearly. She said to him in an imploring tone, "Joseph, would you make love to me tonight? Please."

Joseph stood there without movement, allowing her to hold him tightly while his eyes were filled with calmness.

Ruby was stimulated by his indifference, so she started taking off her clothes while her tears fell down to the floor. Joseph's eyebrows wrinkled more tightly, and then he tried to stop her. But Ruby resisted him violently. She pulled her dress down, her smooth and white body suddenly exposed to the air.

"Can you just help me? I've almost gone crazy. I thought that this was the only way I could forget him. Joseph, please. Do me a favor."

Joseph hissed at her in a low voice, "Ruby, enough!"

Compared with her hysteria, he was extremely calm, ordering her to stop. Perhaps it was his indifference that drove her crazy. Hearing his command, her tears were suddenly frozen in her eyes, making her look like a crystal in a lake. After a long while, she sobbed and said, "You are my husband, it's natural that you should make love to me, isn't it?"

"I won't do that."

"Then who do you want to have sex with? Are those women around you or your secretaries?" She made some ironic remarks.

He only said a few words without any response while his eyes looked severe, "It's too late at night. Have a good rest."

"Joseph!" Ruby called him when he was about to turn back. Seeing that he had stopped, she stepped forward and said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't say that to you. I just feel that I'm lost and don't know what to do. You are my husband, but have you ever cared about me? Do you just not want to take care of me, or do you think that I'm disgusting?"

"You misunderstood me, Ruby." At this moment, the helplessness and confusion in her eyes somehow reminded him of Irish, who walked quietly in the street earlier that day with her eyes full of sadness. Taking a deep breath, he then said to her softly, "I won't do that to you. That was our agreement before getting married."

Ruby was like a winged bird, thumping with her last breath and wanting to catch something while strong in will but weak in power. Her face looked paler, shaking her head, she said, "I repented. Joseph, I know it's unfair for you, and maybe you think I'm selfish, but I want to give myself to you and make love to you tonight."

"Ruby, I don't want to do that." Joseph looked at her soberly and said to her word by word, "There are many methods to forget one person, but there is no need to adopt such an irrational approach. You are a good girl, so you need to understand that if you want to acquire love from others, you need to learn to love yourself first. It is unnecessary to give up yourself for others who are not worth loving."

Ruby stopped sobbing, staring at him with tears in her eyes, and said after a long while, "Joseph, you have never tried to love someone deeply, how could you understand my feelings?"

He sighed slightly and handed some tissues to her while at the same time saying sincerely: "To be honest, I don't know how to comfort you, but we are independent, so there is no need to rely on somebody. It is true that I have never tried to love someone deeply and never have experienced the feeling of heartbreak. But someday, if I really fall in love with somebody, I promise I will tell you."

"So shall I thank you for your kindness?" Ruby sobbed slightly.

Joseph smiled and said, "That's the way we get along with each other. You treat me frankly, so I need to do the same to you." He took her to bed and added, "Don't drink any more tonight."

Ruby closed her eyes tightly and opened them after a while, then nodded to him as if she had made a significant decision. Seeing that, Joseph turned warmer to her, "Good night."

"Where are you going to sleep?" Ruby asked as he walked out of the room.

"I'll sleep in the guest room," he replied softly, closing the door softly behind him.

Their three-day contract was being thought of, and Irish knew it was only Joseph's wishful thinking. She had already expressed her thoughts clearly that night.

The next two days flew by smoothly. Leo sent her jasmine flowers every day while Tim was busy. Cheska took a meditative attitude to her and the therapist Blair was keen on his customers, but it still seemed that he got along with her far better than with his colleagues. Of course, there was something that happened to her. Like one of his students wooed her on Wechat, and Cassie told her of her quickly progressing relationship with Fredrick.

Three days were going by quickly. It seemed like nothing could be changed, but at the same time, Irish's car was returned back to her after it had been repaired. Its shining appearance was even lovelier than before. However, Irish was astonished by the outcome since she thought it would cost her a lot. Unexpectedly, someone had paid for it already. She thought it must be Joseph.

Irish thought she could have three days of peace, but Tim's accidental intrusion caused a major change. From that moment, Irish's fate was altered.

But perhaps, it wasn't just her fate that had been changed, but also Joseph's. Or maybe there were other people who were affected by this.

When the time came, Irish was giving an ideation treatment to a patient with an obsessive-compulsive sleep disorder. The typical symptoms of this were to regard staying up late as a quotidian thing, and he wouldn't fall asleep until he was extremely exhausted. Just like this patient, after a long day of work, she still forced herself to clean her bedroom until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. However, there was a

fundamental difference still between obsessive sleeplessness and insomnia. While one was an obsession that the person would force themselves into, the other was just a failure to be able to fall asleep. Physical but psychological demands didn't force the patients with an obsessive-compulsive sleep disorder.