

## Enchanted 448

Joseph raised his hand over her long hair as if telling a child.

Irish gave a gentle sound, "Okay."

"And go back to work at the Runestone." He suddenly made the request.

The finger buttoning stopped, and she looked at him in amazement.

"For one thing, I want you to help me find out who poisoned her, and your identity as a psychotherapist is good, and secondly....," he said. Joseph continued to fasten his buttons, but his eyes did not leave her for a moment. "At least I can see you every day."

Complex emotions filled with Irish. She wanted to see Joseph every day, but she needed to check the matter about the Lake family.

"Do you believe the Lake is haunted?"

Joseph saw her mood change and asked softly.

Irish didn't even think about it, shaking her head.

"Your father said he saw your mother. Don't you want to check the truth?"

Irish hesitated.

"Listen, go to the Runestone Group, at least the police don't dare to question you very often in my place." It was the most direct way he could consider to protect her.

She looked at him.

When he buckled his belt, she nodded at last.

This time it was not for revenge but for him.

Seeing her say yes, Joseph was relieved. After hanging his tie around his neck, he pressed down his handsome face and kissed her red lip. "You can sleep longer after I'm gone, you were tired last night."

She nodded and raised her hand to tie it for him.

When Joseph put on his shoes in the gateway, Irish opened her mouth gently behind his back, "Joseph."

He stopped and looked at her with a smile. Irish wanted to speak but said nothing.

She shook her head slightly after a long time and said, "Nothing."

"I'll call you, and don't let your phone run out of battery."

She nodded guiltily.

"And," Joseph seemed to think of something and came up to her again, telling her, "Don't go on a blind date, at any rate, hear me?"

"I see." She elongated her voice.

He smiled, patted her on the head, and turned around.

At the next moment, Irish hugged him from behind and asked, "Joseph, do you remember what you said last night?"

From waking up to now, she was thinking over and over what he had said last night. In fact, what she was afraid of was that he had forgotten what he had said. After all, he was drunk, but she was expecting something subconsciously, expecting everything had been coming from his heart. Didn't they all say that people tell the truth after drinking?

The back of her hand was gently covered with his big hand, her face against his back, and the beating of a heartbeat was heard.

Soon, Joseph turned around, staring at her, whose eyes were soft and warm. "I'm always wondering how God sent you such a troublesome girl in my life, especially yesterday, when I pulled you out of the police station, I know clearly that I have to worry about you all my life."

Irish's eyes faintly fluctuated, gradually, and her nose was a little sour.

"I'm going to spend my whole life dealing with you, so do you think what I said last night is true?" He raised his lips and smiled.

Her eyes flushed too.

Joseph's voice was softer, raising his hand to touch her brow. "I assure you, last night, I knew exactly what I had done to you, what I said, and I'll never forget that. Understand?"

"Joseph..." Irish could no longer suppress her moved feeling, tightly embracing him.

Happiness was promoted at this moment.

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Another beautiful day, but when the wind swept her face, it was a lot cooler. It was the season of frost dew when the morning light did not touch the earth, between the breath was also dew sweet.

In the cafe, this time, there were a few people.

The melodious violin related the elegant sentiment, and the tea fragrance diluted the coldness outside the window.

Ruby added some black tea to Emery, sitting opposite, moving softly as if afraid she could break the silence in front of her. After pouring the tea, she glanced carefully at her. "Have a cup of tea, and this is your favorite."

Emery stared at the cup of tea, the tea tip rolling, stretching, and like a falling life making a final sound, and what into the breath was its last fragrance.

Lightly sipping a cup of tea and putting down the cup, Ruby hurriedly asked, "How is your life going on? Is it the same as before?"

Emery did not answer, just coldly staring at her face.

After a long time, said coolly, "Why? Ruby, do you have to push me to a dead end?"

Hearing that, the cup in Ruby's hand was not firmly held and fell on the table, but she did not have the time to pay attention to her abnormal movements. She looked at Emery and shook her head desperately. "I didn't push you to the end of the road," she said. "I just let you see Eric clearly. Let you know that men are not trustworthy, you also see, he leaves you eventually for his career, right?"

Emery's fingers stiffened a bit.

Ruby slowly reached out, finally grabbed her hand, and her fingers gently wrapped, whose eyes were red, choking. "We have been together for so many years, you do know that I love you. Those days we used to be together were not very happy. You and I don't need men to be happy."

It was a period of good times and a quiet and carefree time that Ruby longed for a long time. She thought that no one would disturb them and that they seemed like a pair of little mice in winter that were close to each other and could dodge scrutiny. But she never thought that the first person to quit was Emery.

When she quit, Ruby felt that she lived in purgatory every day. She paid silent attention to Emery, and she could not be close; this pain could be more painful than being killed.