

Enchanted 48

She sat there quietly, didn't answer, and just ate her watermelon.

"Hey, I'm talking to you." Cassie hit her slightly with her elbow.

"Oh yeah, I also got this news not long ago." Irish said absently and then added, "This watermelon isn't very sweet."

Picking up the plate, Irish was about to throw the watermelon away. Cassie grasped it quickly, "Don't waste anything." Then she took a bite, "It tastes sweet. Have you lost your sense of taste?" After finishing her words, she went back to the topic, "I didn't expect that he would be married to Ruby Lake. He must have been blessed by God. I hear that she is very beautiful and very modest. She's like a timid and lovable puppy."

"Have you seen her before?"

"I haven't had any chance to see her since I just started working with this company." Cassie wiped her hand and said, "I heard from the older staff that she doesn't know much about business, so she rarely comes to the company at all. It's lucky that she's married to Joseph; otherwise, who would help her run her family's business?"

Irish snorted, "Don't you know they have a butler?"

"You mean Roy?" Cassie raised her eyebrows, "You must be joking. He's the only son of Henry, but everyone knows he's actually just the butler, basically. What a pity for the Lake family since Ruby doesn't seem to know what she's doing with the business side. If they were capable, Henry wouldn't have had to hand the business over to Joseph."

Irish sneered and thought that their property wouldn't have fallen into another's hands if they hadn't done so many wicked things. Though she didn't know the real relationship between Lake and Dover's family, she didn't trust that Joseph mustn't have any selfish motives. He absolutely wouldn't let them place themselves above him since he's such a proud and arrogant person. But she didn't make any comments about that.

If that happened someday, then it must be up to the Lake family to make it right. They invited a wolf into their house and finally would be eaten by the wolf. She would look forward to that day.

Cassie suddenly remembered something and said while holding Irish by the arm, "Well, you were in close contact with him while this all was happening. Tell me, do you think you'll start things up again with him?"

"Which man?" Irish pretended not to have any idea who she was talking about.

"You know who I'm talking about." She pouted, then tapped Irish's head with her fingers.

Allowing Cassie to poke her on the head, Irish said, "I've told you many times that we are just friends, so no more of that. You just said that he's happily married and doesn't wish to interrupt that."

"Luckily, your conscience is still strong." Cassie laughed and held her. "If Joseph were still a single man, I would match the two of you up. Seriously, he's brilliant. What a pity that he's already married. But don't

worry, now that we have been together for so long and you're my best friend, I promise that you won't spend your life lonely and won't let that happen. I will find a good man for you."

"Thanks, but I don't need one." Irish got goosebumps.

Cassie looked at her with a severe expression, "Honey, you need to move forward, and you deserve a better man. I know there is a knot in your heart, but you need to learn to let things go. You've got to get married someday, right?" She didn't mention Adam's name, fearing it would provoke her.

But Irish smiled and said, "Am I a fragile person? I just don't want to fall in love with anyone at the moment. So don't worry about me."

"Nonsense, I wouldn't worry about it if you're not my best friend." Cassie pretended to be angry.

Irish grinned and held her tightly, "Do you know that nowadays people are more interested in tribade since they are purer? It's not too bad if you would be my soulmate for the rest of my life."

Cassie got goosebumps and pushed her away, "People always say that doctors can not cure themselves. You may help your patients, but you should see a specialist about that."

Irish was enjoying herself too much to argue.

The summer night was light and made the city glow. When she was woken up by the familiar sound and the music, she saw the shadow of a car sweep by her window. Irish got up with sweat dripping off of her forehead, it was uncomfortable. Looking at her watch, she found that it was the same time as always. Though she felt tired, somehow, her sleepiness disappeared quickly. She walked into the bathroom barefoot and began to take a shower. The pale yellow light in the bathroom was intertwined with water drops, enveloping her enchanting body. She stood under the shower, tilting her head to let the cool water flow against her cheeks. Gradually, the familiar music finally left her brain.

The water was slightly down along her long hair, and it looked like seaweed, glossy and silky under the water.

At this moment, memories poured into her mind.

At least, it reminded her of many things that had happened a long time ago. All of these things gradually formed a picture, the edges of which were sharp. Those pictures has been a big pain for her. It really hurt, and she could almost feel it. It was an old yellow picture in which her mother was lying on the hospital bed and holding a man's photo while she cuddled up beside her mother helplessly. Their tears wet the photo. She saw that her mother's beautiful face withered away like a dead flower. The man in the photo never came back.

Her mother had been waiting for the man until her hands slowly slipped down from her cheeks. The photo in her hands flew away, and at that moment, Irish thought she could smell blood. She saw that her uncle and aunt were crying, and her brother Jay held her hands tightly as if he was trying to comfort her with his small hands.

Had she been crying that time? She turned the shower off but couldn't stop trembling. The mist covered the large floor mirror. She reached out gently and brushed off the water. A pale and scared face looked

back at her. Her face was also pale when she knew her mother had passed away. She felt her blood had been sucked out. A chill struck her, and she felt as if she was in an icebox since her fingers were cold.