

## Enchanted 49

She didn't cry, but she did pass out. From that day, her uncle told her that from now on, she had nothing to do with the Lake family. And Irish had told herself that one day, she would get even with them.

Facing the mirror, Irish burst into tears. Until now, she couldn't understand why her mother would fall in love with a man so cold-blooded.

Even if he brutally hurt her, she still looked at this photo until her dying breath.

It was Henry Lake.

She closed her eyes, and Irish wiped her tears away. That horrible man didn't deserve her love. When she returned to the bedroom, there was only endless loneliness there. Standing before the window, she could see the busy street. This city had never been lonely because loneliness always belonged to the people there.

Irish rubbed her forehead, and a dull pain began to throw in her heart. She took a deep breath, and finally, the pain went away.

Suddenly her phone rang, she found it was a message from Fredrick.

It seemed to be a habit of his when he knew she woke up at this exact time, he would send her a message. Sometimes she would sleep through the night and delete the message in the morning. The message was nothing more than a greeting, and she never called Fredrick.

However, she saw his message tonight, and she felt so lonely and yearned for the voice that would encourage her.

It was so quiet tonight that she decided to call. She regretted it the second she did and hung up, she thought she must be going crazy.

Suddenly, a picture flashed in her mind, Cassie smiled at her, holding her arms, and said like a spoiled child, "You're my best friend in this world."

She felt a dull pain in her heart.

But soon her phone rang, and she answered.

"Irish, you're still awake," Fredrick said with a low and deep voice that was full of soothing power.

Though she was annoyed by her own behavior, she didn't need to hang up again. She sighed and slightly huddled in her quilt, "It's still the familiar sound and music that wakes me up."

After a few seconds of silence, Fredrick said again, "You try to think about it carefully, is there anything else you've seen or heard in your dream?"

"No, I didn't even have a dream. There were only the sounds and music. Fredrick, now I suspect I may have lost some of my memories."

"Your memory has always been good. Have you tried to figure out which memories you're missing?" Her words had caught his attention.

Shaking her head, Irish said, "I've tried to recall my memory, but I haven't found any gaps. You know that I can still remember things even before the age of 3."

"I know." Fredrick answered with a soft voice, then added, "But Irish, I still advise you to get hypnotherapy, it may help you."

"I've done that before."

"I mean, let me do this for you personally this time. I know you've tried it before, but your defense mentality is too strong, so it failed."

Irish hesitated for a while, then said, "Well, we can talk about it when you come back."

"I can come back soon..."

"No, you need to finish your work. I've been sick for many years, so I can wait for a few more until you're back. I'm going to try and sort out some clues about the music. To be honest, I'm a psychologist, I'm not used to being treated by others."

Fredrick knew she was trying to avoid something and his spirit felt weak since he was so far away from her. "All right. Wait for me."

She nodded, and they chatted for a while, then hung up.

Flowers were in full bloom in summer. The campus was enveloped by the atmosphere of love and decorated with the youth of the students. It was her last class this semester, and final exams, as well as the summer holiday, were quickly approaching.

Maybe it was because the last lecture was too boring, but her humorous lectures attracted many students. Or maybe it was because she would introduce many vivid examples to those students, which broadened their thought. However, the last but not least reason was that Irish's beauty attracted those students.

So when she finished the last class, all the students applauded her, which gave her a real feeling of being proud. Though she had refused some students' invitations, some were still bold enough to invite her out for a meal. She smiled and declined the offers.

When she was finishing up and gathering her belongings, a girl rushed into her classroom with eyes kindled with joy, "Miss Irish, a man, a handsome man, is waiting for you outside."

"A handsome man, really?" Irish took a sip of water and thought it must be Jay. She felt pleasant when she thought Jay's handsome appearance caused excitement among girls.

"Yes, he is really handsome, and so is his car." The girl said excitedly, "He drives a luxury car. It's a Rolls-Royce!"

She almost sprayed a mouthful of water on the girl's face.

A Rolls-Royce? Jay couldn't afford it.

"Miss Irish, who is he? Is he your boyfriend?" Other students were also curious about it.

Irish rushed out of the classroom before the girl could finish speaking.

As expected, a luxury car was parked beside the flower terrace near the school building. She used to sit in this car any time she was in a bad mood.

Besides the lawn, students in groups of three or four all peered at the car. The car's streamlined body was extremely smooth, and its Spirit of Ecstasy logo was shining under the sunlight, which beamed down on the road ahead arrogantly.

A light splashed into Irish's eyes; she couldn't tell if it was the shining logo or the glaring sunlight. She squinted to see many students admiring the car.

Just as the girl said, the owner of the car was indeed a handsome guy. He was dressed casually without a tie: a white shirt without neat cufflinks and simple gray trousers. On his wrist, there was only a classic dark mechanical watch. He stood there with his hands crossed and leaned on the car. His handsome appearance and tall figure caught people's attention, let alone his luxurious car and clothes.