

Enchanted 504

Cassie looked at her, her eyes soft.

"I admit that I was secretly in love with Fredrick." Irish took a deep breath and confessed to her.

Cassie's eyes were calm, and there was no obvious fluctuation in her mood. It seemed that she had just told the truth and had long felt that Irish liked Fredrick.

Irish was a little disconcerted. She thought she was a psychotherapist who could read others' minds. She thought she could cover everything up with no care or smile. It turned out that every woman had a sixth sense of feeling like a detective.

"When I was at my lowest, it was Fredrick who had been there to comfort me. He was my academic and career mentor and my spiritual mentor. I really depended on him for a while." Irish's voice was light, fearing that the tone of her words would affect Cassie's mood.

Cassie nodded her head gently. She understood the depression in Irish's mouth. It should have been the time when Adam was in trouble. At that time, she could not help. Irish was far from abroad; even if she had the heart to comfort, she was powerless.

"But believe me, I sincerely hope you and Fredrick can be together." Immediately Irish added, with a sincere look, "I didn't think about having him or trying to destroy the feelings of both of you, at that time, I just wanted to look at him from afar and thought he would be happy and be with his beloved woman."

Cassie's eyesight vibrated slightly.

"So I buried my feelings because in my heart, the mentor is always the mentor, and I dare not and never thought of getting along with him as a lover one day. He was like a distant mountain, standing there forever to make me look and think. And I will never touch him." The coffee in front of her was a little cool, and Irish sipped into her throat, and somehow she relaxed.

"Until I met Joseph."

Her eyes were imperceptible with smiles, like the shimmering spring water.

"I knew there was a man in the world who would touch all my emotions and make me so desperate to come near him, to touch him, to know him." Her cheeks flushed slightly, and she looked real when she asked Cassie, "Do you believe that when I first met him, I felt strange and familiar? I knew him first, but I always felt like I had known him for a long time."

Cassie looked at her and couldn't help smiling with her.

And Irish's face was red, and the tip of her eyebrow was full of soft feelings. "I tried to leave him alone, but I didn't know if it was a kind of fate," she said. "When I met him again in the Light Town, I felt I could not escape. He told me he wanted me to be with him, and I knew what he meant. I was so irresistible, and I just fell in and couldn't extricate myself. Until now, I love him a lot more every time I see him, you know, I can't leave him."

"I understand." Cassie did see her love for Joseph in her eyes. It was an inherent look of a woman in love, shy and warm, expecting and timid, and in the same mood, she had when she fell in love with Fredrick.

Irish looked at her, "So you have to believe me. To Fredrick, now I really..."

"I believe you." Cassie did not wait for her to finish, nodding hard, "Irish, I once said to you, I believe you at any time."

Irish smiled, but her eyes turned red again.

"What? It's not like I'm an exhortation teacher to question you?" Cassie's eyes were red, too, hurriedly looking up and laughing, finally dispelling the wetness in her eyes.

Seeing her so, Irish could not help laughing again.

The atmosphere between the two had changed because Cassie believed that Irish had really given up on Fredrick. Although she did not know what the future of Irish and Joseph would be, Irish was happy at that time.

Cassie told Irish again that she and Fredrick would register their wedding certificate on New Year's Day, and the wedding would be held one month after registration. Irish also asked about Cassie's parents. Cassie's smile was a little embarrassed, shaking her head gently and saying, "Until now, they still can't accept Fredrick."

This was normal, and it was absolutely unacceptable to the other parents.

"Cassie, you tell me you will be happy." She had been hurt by love once, if she were Cassie, she was afraid she would not have the courage to bet again.

Cassie understood her mind, whose chin against Irish's shoulder, nodded heavily, "I will be happy, I promise you."

Irish took a deep breath and then pressed down the bitterness of her heart.

The bright sun dragged long shadows across the smooth floor and spread through the door.

Then, outside, there was a shadow.

It was Fredrick.

His tall body leaned against the wall, his brow frowned, his lips clenched, and the inexplicable silence and grief were in the bottom of his eyes.

The following day, the late autumn fog enveloped the whole city, obscured the bright sunshine, and covered the azure blue sky.

In the morning, when Irish was about to take a break after treating a hypothetical client, her assistant Christy knocked on the door and told her that Dr. Fredrick was coming and wanted to see her.

She had heard that during this period of time, Fredrick would assist Professor Tim in completing experimental psychological research. It was also the same project that Joseph had originally invested in, and what exactly was going to be done with the project and what was of great significance to Irish was not important, and she was not interested in understanding it.

She had been thinking of calling Fredrick because he had suddenly decided to marry Cassie. Irish was afraid that he would hurt her again. So she nodded after listening to Christy's remarks.

A moment later, Fredrick entered, still dressed in a white coat, as she had seen him for the first time. His white coat seemed cleaner than anyone's, and he was unusually fresh and handsome.

Irish admitted that Fredrick still had the absolute power to kill women, but she was not included.