

Enchanted 540

And Irish did not speak again and buried her face deep in the pillow.

Mia brought the tea and said timidly, "Doctor Irish, you haven't eaten in a day, and drinking some tea can also replenish your strength."

Irish did not move.

Mia rubbed her hands and added an awkward sentence, "Then...Let me make you some soup. "

The living room fell into silence again.

Until Irish broke the silence again, "Cassie, don't delay your work. You need not be with me, go and do your business."

"You can't get out of the door, and how can I leave you alone at home? Don't worry, and I'm on leave from the company. I'll accompany you." Cassie brought the tea to her. "Look at you, and you are a psychologist. At this time, you should play with them. How can they knock you down?"

Irish shook her head gently, pushed aside the tea, sighed heavily, and clutched the pillow again, "I've never experienced this before."

Her words were understated, but Cassie had to grieve. Yes, Irish was a psychiatrist, but that was her profession, and it did not mean that she should exist like a saint. She was not a star and did not live on the daily gossip experience. To put it bluntly, Irish was an ordinary woman. When all the gossip and abuse, flirting were pointed at her, she would be confused, afraid, and even escape as she was at that time.

Irish became a helpless child. At least in Cassie's eyes.

Seeing her ordinary undaunted state change, the whole person, like an experimental mouse that wanted to curl up in a slit on the ground. She naturally felt heartache and was slightly angry. She gnashed her teeth and said, "How can there be a camera hidden in your house?"

She still hung her head, did not respond to Cassie's request and did not refute and correct her opinion. However, she knew that the reason why the photo leaked out was not that the camera had been stolen but because of their selfie that night in Hong Kong after Joseph had seized the camera.

It was an act of frolicking between the two, and it was not intended to be the sword that attacked her and him that day.

Irish was no stranger to the exposed photos, each of which came from the camera, and she searched the home camera for the first time. The camera was still there, and the photos were still there, so it was obvious that someone had sneaked into the house and copied the picture from the camera.

Because of this, Irish suddenly understood why the burglary made the house turn upside down that day. The burglar's original purpose was to find evidence between her and Joseph, and the loss of money was just a cover-up to hide the real purpose.

The phone rang. It was Cassie's phone.

She took a look and hesitated, and dropped it.

The cell phone ring tone made Irish have a little reaction. She looked at Cassie with worrisome eyes, "Is it not the media pestering you?"

The power of the network search was extremely terrible. On the other hand, those people were everywhere and would completely dig up people, so it was normal to find Cassie.

Cassie shook her head. "It was Fredrick. He would probably ask about you. I'm afraid you're not feeling well."

"It's all right. You can call him in case he wants something from you." Irish felt sweet, and it was always nice to have someone company at this time.

She had to admit that she had been a deserter. She pulled the telephone cord off the landline, turned off her cell phone, locked the door, and even closed the curtains. The door was knocked on several times, with Leo's voice, uncle and aunt's, Lilith's, and even Jordan's.

She automatically shielded herself and turned a blind eye.

Cassie reached out for a long strand of hair falling in front of her forehead and whispered, "No, I'll pull through when he calls me back."

Irish quietly buried her head into the pillow, dull, breathing with asphyxiation.

After a while, the phone rang again. Irish heard the sound of Cassie getting up. She put through the phone, but soon again, she heard Cassie back. She touched her arm and hesitated slightly, "Irish, someone is looking for you."

Irish looked up and reacted for a while. Cassie mouthed. It was Joseph.

The string in her heart suddenly broke, and all the numbness and indifference fell apart instantly. Irish seized the mobile phone in the next second, clenched it tightly in her hand as if she had finally caught someone to save her, and opened her mouth, but she could not utter a sound.

But after hearing that man's familiar and deep voice, her tears fell out of control.

His first sentence was, "Isabel, don't be afraid. I will return to New York soon."

Irish's voice, as if stuck in her throat, could not make a sound, but her tears, like broken beads, kept falling down. She was like a child who had been wronged and finally saw her man.

Cassie beside her looked at her sympathetically, sighed, and handed over a few tissues.

Irish accepted it and desperately pressed her eyes, but not long after, the tissue was wet with her tears.

"Don't cry. Listen." Joseph's voice sounded heavy and suppressive.

"I..." It was not easy, but Irish finally made some voice, and it fluttered out of the trembling red lips through the radio waves into the man's ear.

"I don't cry, really." She suppressed her desire to cry, took a deep breath, but said it in a strange voice.

On the other side, Joseph was silent for a few seconds, then sighed, "Silly woman."

Those words made Irish cry.

"I'm really fine." She grabbed the napkin and squeezed her nose. "Don't delay your work."

"The work is over. Isabel, listen to me, remember, don't do anything until I return. Stay at home, and I'll deal with everything." Joseph was sorry for her.

"All right." There was a lump in Irish's throat.

"Don't look at the Internet, those news reports, anyway, just wait until I get back, okay?" Joseph earnestly urged.

"Okay."

"I'll ask Jordan to come over and get you some more food."

"No, Cassie's here. She bought a lot of things." Irish tightly clutched her pillows.