

Enchanted 591

The tragedy is often the aura of infinite reincarnation and a vicious circle. When you become infected with it, you become the spirit that follows you around and is ready to strangle you to be buried with you at all times, and then, there is something in your life that is unbearable.

Irish's tragedy never ended, from her birth to her mother's death to this moment. She thought that sitting in the sun would dispel the haze but did not think that it had ever been dispelled, but hid in a corner that she could not see and gathered into a sea and finally devoured her.

So, when she entered the ward and saw the dying Henry lying on the bed, the familiar foreboding she had repressed for many years finally broke through the shell.

It was an unquenchable fear.

It got into every corner of her body. Shirley and a group of people were surrounded. Roy, as the eldest son, sat on the head of the bed, tightly holding Henry's hand. Ruby cried most ferociously, and there were always words in her mouth, "Dad, I'm sorry."

Only Irish stood a few steps away from the ward, not near, but just enough to see Henry's pale and bloodless face. She felt the whole body's blood flowing back as if it were evaporating through her pores. She could only cling to Joseph, her cold fingers clenching his clothes corners.

Henry's voice was very small, different from his usual loud voice. He was like a candle that could be blown out by the wind at any time, even lifting his hand became difficult.

He was no longer a hard man, a trailblazer on the board, but a downright old man, an old man who was about to leave the world.

He told Roy a few words and looked at Ruby painfully. At last, the vague eyes fell on Irish, nearby.

Irish wanted to move away from her eyes, but they actually could not be restrained and moistened.

Henry, on the bed, smiled, so hard to laugh, but also so sincere, surprised, and satisfied.

He opened his mouth and tried hard without making much noise. He was calling her, even stretching his hand very hard at her.

A great pathos swept through Irish's heart, and her whole body was stiff, holding the corner of Joseph's hand harder, and her knuckles were pale.

Joseph reached for her waist and whispered, "Go ahead."

On the bed, Henry persisted in waving in her direction, and the withered hand seemed to try its best to grab something.

People on both sides of the bed looked different.

Shirley resented, Ruby was hostile, and William was always dispirited; Lilith was wiping tears, and Roy at the side said, "Irish, come here."

Even Kelly, at the side in silence, finally opened her mouth and said with Roy to Irish, "Come quickly. Talk to your father to say a few words."

She did not care about their gaze and eyes, but the strength of a man at her waist supported her.

She stepped forward and stood stiffly in front of the bed, so close that she could smell the dying breath, and it made her heart ache.

"Isabel." Henry's hand was still trying to stretch out, wanting to hold her hand.

Irish looked at the withered old man's hand, about to die, and the sourness of the nostrils and the resentment at the bottom of her heart mixed together, impacting her,

hitting her, suffocating her.

She had long forgotten what her father's hand was like and what it was like to be led by his big hand. Once in a dream, she dreamed more than once that Henry had come back. When he entered the door, he lifted her up with his big hands and held her high above his head. She laughed and screamed over his head, "Dad..."

In reality, she had sat on the flower bed at the school gate more than once, hoping that Henry would suddenly appear in front of her like the father of other children, and then she happily took his hand and hopped home.

She thought what she demanded was not too much.

Only hoping Henry could show up, take her home from school once, let her take Henry's big hand in public, proudly saying to those children who called her a wild child, "This is my father!"

She just wanted a simple, ordinary dad who could accompany her daily and a palpable dad, not the famous entrepreneur dad who could only be seen on TV and in the newspapers!

Her delicate fingers were almost broken, her nails deep in her palm, her skin clamoring the pain, and the pain hit her heart.

"Isabel." Behind her, Joseph murmured her name.

Irish had a consciousness, staring at Henry's hand, and her heart mourned, cold. Even if she did not want to admit that her life had been bestowed upon her by the old man, her desire could not be suppressed, even if she did not care for him to reach out to her.

In fact, she wanted to hold Henry's hand and feel his palm, whether it was as warm as before, although she knew that his hand had always belonged to Roy and Ruby.

Her fingers were loosened and clenched and then slowly loosened. Irish hesitated to raise her hand and finally held Henry's hand.

Her heart trembled, and her desolation came up like a flood.

His hand was no longer as warm as she had imagined. It was cold, stiff, and dry, and the skinny bones hurt her.

But Henry clenched Irish's hand tightly, with excitement and contentment on his face.

Roy saw that, and got up to press Irish to sit on the head of the bed.

"Isabel, you... At last, you came to see me." Henry's breath was short, his voice weak, but his eyes dispelled the haze overshadowed by death because of joy.

Irish tightly closed her lips, trying to suppress the overflowing complex feelings. "You can come, what a pleasure."

She could not say a word, and her throat seemed to be blocked.

"All these years, as your Dad, I'm sorry," Henry said painstakingly, clutching her small hand but particularly strongly as if all the strength of his whole body was used to hold her, lest she got up and left.

"I..Am... Not a good dad, so... I want to compensate you, but always...I can't. You believe me, I've always loved you."

Irish's heart seemed to have been scratched by something bloody and painful.

"Don't talk." After a long time, she finally squeezed a voice out of her throat. Her eyes ached in dryness. She wanted to cry, but she kept holding back her tears.