

Enchanted 594

If you could use extreme pain in exchange for an ever-lasting love, are you willing? She said, "I will."

There are too many people in the world, and it is an extravagant hope to find the other half to make them bloom. From the beginning of knowing what loneliness was, she longed to have a hand hold her heart gently, warmly telling her that the loneliness was not too bad.

She was always optimistic, even if it was just a disguise of happiness to hide the chaos in her heart. She knew she was unhappy, but she never wanted to admit it.

But no matter how to escape, there were still hands clinging to her, and then cruelly telling her, you were unfortunate.

Like a great sadness, it sprinkled smoke after the eruption of the volcano.

Why couldn't she even get that simple happiness?

Her parents' separation and her mother's death were beyond her control, so she said to herself that it was all divine and that her misfortune was only an accident.

When she met love and finally the right man, she did her best to hold it firmly in her hand.

Joseph had engraved in her heart the most important and most beautiful word.

Every time she uttered the name from her lips, her heart wobbled gently, like a small ship hidden in the ripples of the water. Even if someone ran over and told her that Joseph was not the lake she thought of, he was far more dangerous than the calm water of the lake, he was a vast, unpredictable sea, and her boat, which had no resistance to hitting, would be swept by the waves sooner or later.

She did not believe, for she was so convinced that the incomprehensible Joseph would become a gentle lake for her, quiet and never hurt her. All the way through, there were too many joys and sorrows.

With so many words to fear and so many topics, she would only struggle to drill into his arms, raise her head, and look up at him. All things were less important than his smile.

She was not afraid to be stirred up and preached because she did not care about anyone's gossip, even if it was disparaging. As long as she could see him, she would be happy.

She loved him so seriously that she would do anything for him.

It turned out that everyone in the world was safe, and he was the most dangerous.

Irish was never afraid to play the most beautiful and gloomy scene with Joseph, as long as she and he were still together. What she feared most was that she was the only one in this sorrowful scene, and he was always an unintentional bystander.

In the ward, Joseph's "do not love her", so determined, so not direct, and this is his real mind.

A pair of scissors poked her in the chest, then pitifully cut through her belly and cut the kite string in her heart. Then her heart left her body in tears, and she was led away by the kite. Far away...

She was such a fool.

Every time she hopefully asked him, "Joseph, do you love me?"

Yeah, he didn't lie to her because he never told her he loved her.

His answer was always evasive and never positive and direct.

She forgot that a question needed to be

asked on both sides anyway. She only cared about asking the best but neglected the least.

If she had asked him at that time, "Joseph, don't you love me?"

What, then, was his answer?

"No" was far more direct than "I love you," and that was his real answer.

Originally what Leo said was never a joke. However, she recalled he said, "Irish, wait until, in the end, you find you are a fool!"

Yes, she was stupid.

Because she never thought Joseph really did not love her.

In the ward, Joseph's figure was so strange. The blood on his finger is still flowing, piercing her eyes. She would rather that the knife had scratched her heart, so she could feel pain in this way.

Yes, Joseph, why when you finished this sentence, my heart did not feel pain? Was it because that broken kite fled away at the same time?

Without the heart, how could you know the pain?

My heart was gone, was it just like you?

Only the pain of the eyes, dry, bitter, painful. It was no wonder it would hurt because even the lacrimal gland was not functional.

Irish turned and walked out of the observation room.

Joseph, between us, I did not owe you.

In the ward, Henry's anger had turned into hard panting, struggling with fate.

In Joseph's eyes, it was pain.

Blood soaked in his palm, and its smell filled the surrounding.

"How could you do that? How can you? I thought you'd at least have some feelings for her over the years." Henry sounded more like an old bellow.

Joseph looked at Henry, and there was frostbite between eyebrow tips, and apparently, Henry's words made him have emotional fluctuations. He gnawed his teeth and said, "Henry Lake, how can these words come out from your mouth so naturally? Did you ever have feelings for my family? Your family in the financial crisis had a foothold because of us, and when you used the power of the Channing to

obtain the annexation of my family, did you have feelings? Was my father so miserable and worried before he died? I remember how he begged you in his bed. And you? Have you ever had affections?"

It was a scene he saw with his own eyes.

Just before his father's death, he clasped Henry's hand and shouted to him to swear to him that he would make sure that his wife and sons would have no worries about their food and clothing, and he could not leave them helpless.

Henry stood in front of the bed at that time without saying a word and didn't promise.

Finally, his father left with regret. Henry paid for them to go to school, and Joseph knew his purpose. After his father's death, Henry performed a drastic merger and reform of the two enterprises. On the first day of his assumption of the president position, he fired all the people who would not be conducive to his own power, and those old shareholders who were originally members of the Dover's previous generation would not be spared. And the forces of the Dover family, along with the establishment of the Runestone Group, were completely swept out by him.