

Enchanted 596

Mary was surprised and then reacted, "Oh, Irish called you?"

Cassie nodded her head.

"What time are they back? Where are they?"

Cassie shook her head gently, "she said she wouldn't be back tonight. She didn't want to celebrate her birthday this year."

"Huh?" Mary was surprised at this and said in an anxious way, "Why? What's the matter with the child?"

Cassie had a little confusion in her eyes, just remembering Irish on the phone, whose voice was cold. She looked at Mary and whispered, "Henry has just passed away."

Mary suddenly widened her eyes.

In the Hospital parking lot.

It was late.

There was a dark light on the edge of the sky, a starry light devoured the last light, and a cold night fell.

Irish sat quietly in the car, staring at the gleaming light, her eyes as deep as the night. She wondered if there would be another star in the night sky tonight.

Because when her mother left, she found the night sky brighter than ever, and she was convinced that it was her mother who turned into a star and lit up her head so that she was no longer alone.

So from tonight on, her mother would not be lonely again, for she had finally waited for the man who could turn into a star again, in the sky, in the boundless universe, no longer lonely.

Henry's departure made the Lake family lose its backbone. In her eyes, even the usually arrogant and domineering Shirley had become absent-minded. She had no place in front of such a group of people. When Henry was alive, she was already like an outsider. When Henry had gone, she had become a complete outsider.

Shirley stopped her from going to the morgue. Irish did not quarrel with her and walked away from the hospital. A glass of hot milk was delivered to her.

The mellow smell of milk mingled with the faint wood smell of a man.

What a yearning warmth it was.

Irish did not move.

"Have a drink." Joseph, who was around her, talked softly to her, and he was not in a hurry to drive.

She shook her head.

Only heard Joseph's light sigh. He put down the milk first, extending his arm to hold her hand, clasped, and his tone hurt, "Your fingers so cold?"

Quickly turning on the car conditioner.

Soon, the car was warm, and the air was like a spring breeze with a hint of peppermint aroma.

But her fingers were still cold.

Joseph took her hand to his lips, breathed softly, and the air ran through their fingers, her fingertips moving.

"I know you're in no mood for your birthday party, but uncle and aunt are always waiting; at least we should go there." He turned his face to her.

Irish looked ahead silently, her long eyelashes gently blinking.

"Isabel." Joseph sighed, stretched out his hand and clasped her face, and ordered her to look at him.

"I know you're sad, but the dead can't come back. We'll have to move on."

Irish was staring at his face.

The concern at the bottom of his eyes was so real in her sight that his face still lingered in her dreams. Once upon a time, she was so afraid of losing his breath and his temperature. Once upon a time, she was so dependent on his saying, "Don't be afraid of me," that she would regret being wayward. Regardless of the woman's demure, she cried to ask him not to leave, not to leave her alone.

Joseph, you never knew after walking so long that I became the fish that could only swim in your lake. Now you have destroyed your lake, but you have forgotten the existence of fish. She perceived this silent thought, wanting to utter all these painful words.

"Joseph." She finally called out his name, but once the name came out, the viscera were all involved in pain.

She was frightened.

Originally, she had not completely only had the shell, why should these false feelings be perfunctory to her?

Staring at her, whose eyes were full of love.

A small voice finally broke out, "Do you love me?" Irish slightly lifted her little face, and the outline of her cheeks was beautiful as the light shifted.

Joseph was a little startled.

Irish always look at him.

It occurred to her what her dad had said to her, his voice was intermittent but very firm, and he said, "You love him, you have to bear all of him. Do you have this psychological preparation?"

All his acting was too true, so Irish did not want to wake up, she would rather fall into this dream just because the other was Joseph, the man she loved the most.

She was a psychological analyst, who could read others' minds, could see each others' eyes' meaning, and could analyze the human's obvious sorrow and happiness through the dream, but how could she not see through Joseph? Why couldn't she analyze her dream?

Though it was a good dream, when she woke up, all the feelings of love, all the joy, and sorrow of separation, in the end, was a startling dream.

She could not believe that she had been prey from the beginning and Joseph could use her as a reserve force. His closeness and tenderness were not true. She thought she was very smart, successfully seducing him, in fact, he only led her into a dream step by step.

The promise of her trip was false, and she finally realized that her thoughts were wrong, that the meeting on the long street of the Light Town was false, and that the love they shared in bed was false.

What about South Africa?

She thought it was always true. But in South Africa, had he never used her?

She turned a blind eye because he had spared her his life to protect her from the bullet.

But she knew it was fake. He was a persistent and cruel man, persistent and cruel enough to hurt himself to achieve his goal.

Irish didn't know what she was asking about at this moment, maybe just to see how he continued to lie.

Her face was extremely cold.

Staring at her, inadvertently, he remembered the words he said in the ward, and his heart was haunting a thousand strands of pain. He leaned toward her body, and his big hand gently covered her cold cheeks, the pain in the bottom of his eyes became endless love. Word for word, he said very clearly.

"Yes." He said gently, "Isabel, I love you very much."

The man's breath was still warm, drilling into her nose, spattering a string of fragrance. Finally, he bowed his head and covered her lips with his thin lips.

Irish did not dodge and closed her eyes.

But her chest was finally torn in half, and there was no last carrier of pain, and her heart had since become a homeless soul, drifting aimlessly, like a kite floating in the air, and there was no possibility of landing.

Joseph, thank you so much for lying to me.

Thank you for letting me know, in addition to feelings between men and women, there was a kind of most beautiful feeling called cheating.