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Irish then understood the reason, so she nodded after a long while.

The doctor had no choice but to give a list for her since she perceived her firm attitude and asked the nurse to prepare the ward for her.

A few minutes later, everything had been prepared.

The nurse handed the white pills to her, staring at her with a weird look, and said, "There was water in the ward, and you can take the pills when you have decided."

Irish clenched the pills and could not feel its existence, but she suddenly felt heartache. She began to feel hardtop breathing and then put her hands on her abdomen, feeling thousands of arrows penetrating her heart. She was destined to lose her baby.

"I am sorry, my baby. It's mom's fault."

She murmured in her heart.

It was at O'Hare International Airport.

It was full of people at the exit.

Some of them were waving hands, and some were raising big brands in hand while others even held a large bunch of flowers.

It was dark when Joseph got off the plane, and the darkness swallowed up the last light. The neon lightened the city.

He walked quickly, with the light falling on his hair, but he frowned tightly. Naturally, his handsome appearance attracted much attention from many young girls.

But he suddenly stopped since when he walked out from the exit, a man stepped toward him rapidly, raising a blast of wind, and then vanished soon.

The man showed great passion when he met Joseph and shook hands with him hastily. "Mr. Dover, nice to meet you. I haven't seen you for a long time. Mr. Burne is so glad since he knows that you will come here, but now he is still in Washington. And he will come back soon. He urged me to play host to you first on the phone."

"Thanks. I have told Mr. Burne of my goal in Chicago. How long does it take to help me find a person here?" Joseph asked directly.

He got the phone from Mr. Want in the cemetery and finally got news about Irish. She went to the airport and bought a ticket to Chicago.

Joseph asked Daisy to cope with the things in New York and then bought a ticket to Chicago without hesitation. He didn't care about whether he could buy a ticket for the first-class cabin.

Unexpectedly, after the boarding, the schedule was still delayed by air traffic control.

It was when he was so anxious and wanted to get off the plane the captain then informed them that the plane was going to take off soon.

Around two hours later, he arrived at O'Hare International airport, and it was dark already.

After thinking for a while, the man who came to pick him up said, "Today is the weekend, and it will take two to three hours more than usual to find a person. Mr. Dover, Mr. Burne intends to arrange for people to search for the person for you tomorrow morning, and it is late, Mr. Burne wants to entertain you tonight, and he has booked a room for you in the hotel."

"It is unnecessary to entertain me this time, but please arrange for people to begin searching for her now."

The man nodded since he had perceived Joseph was anxious, and he was also afraid that he would bungle matters.

"Well, then, what about the evening reception?"

"I will explain to Mr. Burne personally."

The man nodded and said, "Okay. Then please go back now, and I will arrange for people to search for her as soon as possible."

Joseph then followed him to the parking lot.

It was dark at night, and the blurry light was shining outside the window, and it was the ground lamp in the garden of the hospital.

Irish felt that the stars this evening were particularly bright, which shocked her.

She lay on the bed quietly and lonely.

There was a dripping sound in the washroom since she didn't tighten the stopcock, which reminded her of the day when Cassie committed suicide, and her blood was also dripping on the ground in this way.

She didn't turn on the light in the room, and there was only the moonlight pouring from outside. The moonlight emitted silver-like colors, and the light was cold.

Irish was like a small animal without temperature, staring at the ceiling without movement. She was dressed in a hospital gown, and her face was pale as if she was just released from death.

Her lips, which were white and delicate, were dry at the moment.

But her eyes occasionally blinked, which at least indicated that she was still alive.

She clenched a red wooden horse on, which back there was mane pricked her palm gently as if trying to comfort her soul.

Except for the wooden horse, a notebook and a key were lying in her bag.

It was a key to open the door of Henry's heart, and she had to thank Roy for handing it to her.

When all of the people left the Lake family, she entered Henry's study room alone.

And then she opened the cabinet slowly. At the moment she opened it, she was completely shocked.

Each layer in the cabinet was neatly arranged with small wooden horses, and there were thirty wooden horses in it, and each of them was vivid in different colors and expressions.

Irish was stunned for a long while, reaching out slowly and taking a red cockhorse that also existed in her memory.

When she took it in her hand, she began to suspect that it was the one she liked when she was a kid.

But soon, she found a notebook, and it was Henry's diary.

He wrote on the first page: Isabel, my sweet daughter, I hope you will like the birthday gift that dad prepared for you but never had the courage to send to you.

She looked through it and felt she was struck by thunder.

It was not until then she realized that those cockhorses were the birthday gifts that Henry prepared for her every year. And the red one, which was clenched in her hands now, was the one he bought from her neighbor at a high price.