

Enchanted 625

After Leo left, it calmed the dreadful tension in the room a little but deepened the coldness, which she knew emanated from Joseph, who, as soon as he approached, could make her freeze.

The room was completely quiet but deeply disturbing.

Irish also did not raise her eyes and lightly said, "Joseph, you hate me very well; after all, I killed your child."

Everyone has pride and dignity to maintain, Joseph did so, and so did she. Some people like to pour out all their words to others. They think that if they say it, everything can be solved. In fact, it is a typical act of passing on one's emotions to others selfishly without suffering any losses. No one in the world has any obligation to be your garbage can. The more you grow up, the more lonely you become. The more you think about things, the less you can say, and some people like to bury everything in their hearts. These kinds of people never have a notebook to write down their thoughts because they are convinced that even a locked notebook does not keep their secrets well. Only they are the most faithful secret guardians.

There was nothing secret about Irish, and there were things to say and not to say, which she knew clearly.

When she had a goal and dreams and took the future as a sunrise, she would try her best to solve the plight, but when she saw the devastation after so many people had left, she still had the ability to look forward to it again and again.

Even if she was a psychologist, she didn't have the capacity to bear the window that God had closed.

She felt as if she were a creature, the monster in the Mountain, with three heads and six tails, laughing every day. Although it was a monster, it didn't have the ability of a monster, and too many people thought about its flesh. Because the meat was edible, eating that, they would no longer have nightmares or even depression.

She was the bird.

Now that she wanted to eat her own flesh, she would sleep well, but she could not comfort herself because the healer did not cure herself, and that was her grief, so she preferred to peel her bones with the help of someone else's hand.

She won't be silly enough to ask Joseph now, "Do you still love me like this?" Was it still acceptable?

Love or not was no longer important, really.

There was a Runestone Group between her and Joseph, and she never knew whether he was true or not; and there was always a child between Joseph and her, who was her pain and his scar. Joseph was a successful businessman who, because of his success, was far superior to other ordinary people, which doomed his dignity and pride to be far greater than ordinary people. As he ascended to the halls of success, as his control grew, more and more people adored him and did not disobey him.

For him, what he wanted was what he deserved to have, and he ignored the wishes and the real ideas of each other, both in his career and in the relationship between men and women. Just as he faced Britney

White or any other lovers, he was to take on them long ago, and the pattern was imprinted in his mind, so he would not hesitate to leave when he was tired of the other person. It was cold and ruthless.

In fact, such a person did not think he was ruthless. He thought it was a normal way to get along.

And she, for the time being, whether the relationship was true or fake, for profit or truth, was sure that she should be the most energy-cost and time-consuming one in his old lovers. The more he gave, the more he wanted, including the children.

She had an abortion. For a man like him, it was no less humiliating than when he knew he was being betrayed and she handed the dead child into his hands. This state of anger, grief, and destroyed self-respect was the equivalent of seeing his wife cheating on his bed when he came home to see his bloody child with his own eyes!

The average man could not bear this kind of thing, let alone Joseph!

So, the important thing was, from then on, he had his sunny life, and she had the little self-esteem she wanted to preserve.

Human nature is complex, but people are forgetful, aren't they?

Joseph stood silent beside her bed.

She could feel the anger in his chest that had burned his usual cool eyes.

He squinted slightly, fixed his eyes on the woman on the bed, and as his eyes fell on her neck, the bruise darkened his eyes. His hand had a scab, but there was a wound of feeling that had been torn open.

In Chicago, he wanted to strangle her. At that time, he wanted too!

"Why?" He said a cold word.

This was the answer he desperately wanted to know. He couldn't figure out why she should kill his child!

The thought of this made his chest stuffy.

He remembered his shock when he learned about it from the doctor in Chicago. He stared at the doctor with a nearly murderous look. He wanted to chop off the doctor's hand, gnash his teeth, and ask the doctor why she had done it.

The doctor shivered at his anger and explained that he did not know that she had come to the hospital with a firm resolve to get an abortion.

What did he do? How well did he have to treat her? How could she be determined enough to be cruel?

"I made it very clear to you when I was in Chicago." Irish tried to make her tone more insipid until it was as if she was talking about other people's things.

"Joseph, I am tired, really tired. There is no need for me or you to go on."

"What do you mean?" He gnashed his teeth.

Irish smiled, smiled very lightly, and her face was pale, like a white blossom blooming on a branch, and as if the wind would blow her away. She raised her eyes gently and looked at him, very direct and "sincere."

"In fact, Shirley is right. All along, I have been using you to attack the Lake family. I hate her for taking away everything from me and also for Henry's betrayal of my mother. I hate even more clearly that I am also a daughter of the Lake, but only Ruby is qualified to bear the title of the Lake. She can easily go to a famous school because she has a father with money, and I am admitted to a famous school only on my own. Because I don't have a rich mother, I have to work outside the school and study hard for scholarships. I will never forget the day when my mother closed her eyes. This hatred makes me blind, selfish, indifferent, and vindictive, and I have no feelings. There is only one purpose for me to go back to the US, that is, to disintegrate the Lake, just like my home. Therefore, I must find someone to accompany me in a big play. Unfortunately, Joseph, when I knew that you were the general manager of the Runestone Group, the husband of Ruby, and Shirley's son-in-law, who she kept on praising, I knew that you are the best man."