

## Enchanted 626

Joseph's eyebrows formed harsh lines as sharp as a glacier, "These words were said the first time you broke up with me."

"It's just hard to get." There was a bit of a bitter smile on the lip corner of Irish's mouth. "Shirley brought Ruby to the company to make trouble. If, at that time, I did not retreat to advance, how could you believe me? I want to strike at the Lake family, and the important thing is to find the most powerful person to cooperate with me in acting, then Joseph, if I do not work hard on you, do not let you completely believe me, how can I achieve the plan?"

Joseph's teeth root gnawed, "Then, what about the reunion in the Light Town?"

"It's fake." She sighed, and her tone was sincere, "It would be good for me to break up with you, even if I gave you the information about the car crash. All I want is to win your trust. In fact, you are such a proud man, I am afraid that no woman will break up with you voluntarily. I give you the information to solve your problems and then voluntarily break up with you, and the purpose is to let you can't leave me and would probably come back to me. But then, you really let go, and at that time, I began to adjust my plan, starting from the Light Town."

Joseph clenched his fists.

She saw that the scab on his knuckles had broken, and the blood had penetrated out. The blood, as it had been Cassie's and her child's the other day, pierced her eyes and emptied her heart.

"I deliberately arranged the repetition in the Light Town," Irish said softly. "My plan to avenge the Lake was not completed, so I couldn't easily throw away you, the chess piece. It was because I heard about your itinerary, so I deliberately went there, or did you think you really met me so coincidentally when you were in the restaurant?"

"You came with me to South Africa?"

"It's another fake game because I have to have enough time to warm up your feelings. It's the best way to go with you to South Africa, where no one will disturb us."

"What about in New York?"

"No, what I really do is implement my plan step by step according to the situation. In fact, from the beginning, your role was very simple. If I let you fall in love with me, then I could use you to do anything. I don't have the power to bring the Lake down, but you do, I can only use your strength to carry out the plan. It turns out that you do have the ability."

Joseph stared at her sadly, with coldness on his lips, "I never knew you had the powers of the Prophet."

"I'm not a prophet, I'm just adjusting my plans as the plot unfolds."

"How can such a calculating woman get tired again?" Joseph said, "You have come to this point, how do you let go of it so easily?"

Irish's eyebrow really permeated a trace of tiredness, and maybe her health was a little bit worse. She simply leaned on the bedside, her lips slightly raised, and instead of answering Joseph's question, she asked, "Do you know what Roy let me see on the day of the funeral?"

Instead of waiting for Joseph's reaction, she told him bluntly, "I saw a lot of Trojans behind those keys. I grew up wanting to have the Trojan horse, which was bought back by Henry at a high price. He made me a Trojan horse on my birthday every year and engraved his best wishes on it. Joseph, in fact, you are right. In this life, you have to stop and fix your life before you can continue to go on. Unfortunately, when I really understood this truth, it was already late, and I went further and farther on the road to revenge. I didn't find myself really happy until I really achieved my goal. Do I really wish the Lake would fall apart? Do I expect Henry to die? I cried in front of those Trojans for a long time, once again I felt the grief of my mother when she left, and I finally understood, in fact, what makes me persistent is not the hatred against the Lake family but the father's love that has been missing since I was a child. You once told me that I would regret it when I lost it. Yes, I regret it now. If I wasn't so obstinate, if I could have figured it out sooner, maybe..." She took a deep breath and soothed her choking voice, "we all would not be regretful, for him or me."

Some words were so true and false, which were so indifferent that she could not tell the truth.

She hated Henry, which was true, and she was always waiting for revenge, which was false. It was true that she had given up revenge before she went to the Light Town and that Joseph was regarded as a chess piece, which was false. The emptiness after hatred was true, and the calculation was false; the sincerity of what she said was true, and the determination was absolutely false.

But as soon as she said this, the remark that from the beginning was planned, all revenge, all calculations were as they were true, so it was not clear to her whether the hatred had really been put down at the beginning or whether it lasted until Henry died.

But there was one thing she was sure of.

She had to use the tone of repentance and tiredness to talk to Joseph, which was more credible than hysterical words or sarcasm.

"So Joseph, I am tired, I also want to give up." Irish gently clenched her fingers, and the tiny coldness of her fingertips darted into her heart, and the little embryo, which was once in her hand, reminded her of the pain and agony, so until now, her fingertips were still cold.

In the silence, Joseph's face was horribly pale, and the veins on his forehead were obviously protruding. He stood in front of her, staring at her beautiful and pale face, and all his heartache turned into hatred, hate this beautiful but cruel executioner!

"It is life! How can you bear it?"