

Enchanted 113

"You are welcome," Jay continued to be distant, "Come to the police station and take your purse away tomorrow."

"Will he really send the purse?"

Jay smiled lightly, "He has to."

Lilith looked at his profile, and a feeling of warmth generated a sense of security she had never had before.

The last night beside three rivers was still spent with fireworks, singing, and dancing. The local people hosted a farewell party for Joseph, Irish, and Leo because they would be returning to New York the next day.

During these days, Irish had got along well with them, especially with Amar, who was a pure and forthright boy. Knowing that they would leave tomorrow, he crept silently, which made Irish feel sorrowful.

That night, Irish drank a lot, but Joseph didn't resist it this time and just abandoned her to drink with the local people. He clearly knew that all the stress would pour onto them as they went back to New York. These days beside the three rivers enabled them to avoid the great pressure of the metropolis, and in such a simple place, he, together with Leo, found the nature of their ambition and desire.

Amar played a special local instrument for them, and the sound seemed melancholy.

Irish felt sad to say goodbye to the local people. If she could, she was willing to live there forever since she enjoyed the local lifestyle so much.

However, she could not put so many things away, and she needed to express many emotions at this time.

"Come on! Very nice to meet you. And I really hope that I have time to get together with you again," Irish raised up her glass and shouted to the crowd.

And then they all raised up glasses and drank the wine completely.

Irish also drank it once.

Departure meant that a reunion would be unpredictable. This was all understood. As a result, people would always be sorrowful when the time came to depart. A developed internet and convenient transportation connect the modern world. However, as advanced as it was, it was still difficult for people to reunite.

"Amar, sing a song for us," Irish sat beside Amar and pulled his arm, feeling like two buddies.

Amar nodded and sang a song after drinking a glass of wine.

He sang a song that was familiar to the local people. It was a song for expressing attachment to missing friends. It sounded distant and generous with Amar's deep and magnetic voice.

Soon others sang with him. The crowd's sound spread up to the heavens.

Irish was deeply moved. Rational as she was at work, she was traveling, not her workplace, so she felt touched by their simplicity at the moment, saying goodbye to such a crowd of friends.

Sometimes, the communication among people was just like love, creating a special kind of feeling for a certain moment.

Intimate relationships can be made by people in certain environments. However, in busy metropolises, people needed cunning tricks to protect their status, and sincerity was not as common. What they said could be a way to be attacked by others at any time. As a result, people learned self-protection, to close their hearts, and enjoy loneliness.

Everyone forgot that human beings were social animals and what they needed was mutual cooperation and progress together. What human beings needed was not self-protection but cooperation, not closeness but acceptance, and not loneliness but happiness.

Maybe only in such a quiet place, the distance between human beings could be shorter, and people could speak their minds without any pressure. The local people here tended to warm everyone from anywhere with their own generosity and hospitality. These outsiders could be millionaires or beggars, but here everyone was equal.

Irish felt it.

They didn't feel annoyed or estranged just because the outsider won the award. Instead, they celebrated it. Their hospitality and the kindness from their inner hearts were the true reasons that made her reluctant to leave.

The song was still deep and moving.

Irish understood the glamor of music, but she had never expected that one day she would love this kind of song. Maybe it was just because the environment was different.

So she also sang with them as she drank the wine.

When the last sentence, "I will miss you forever," blurted out, her eye sockets got wet, and she felt choked with sobs.

They just raised their glasses and cheered. The smell of wine and songs filled the air.

Irish got drunk this time, and the corner of her eyes was stained with tears.

It was Joseph who embraced her back to the room, Leo also drank a little, but not excessively. He didn't enter the room but saw Joseph lifting the quilt onto Irish lightly.

Against the lamp light, Joseph's expressions became tender.

Leo stood beside the door and just said slightly, "Joseph, we need to have a talk."

As it was already late, it was getting colder. When the night wind-whipped, it added to the chill. Or maybe it was because the strolling by two men could not produce much passion.

As it was a little far from the room, Joseph stopped, looked at Leo, and said, "We can talk here."

Leo took a glance at the room and then looked at him. He understood Joseph's intention but still asked, "Are you worried about Irish? She is very drunk, so she will not run away."

"You also know that she is a drunkard, so she may wake up suddenly," Joseph said in a light voice. Leo didn't say much and then sat on the site where Joseph had sat the previous night.

He took out a cigarette case and picked a couple of cigarettes, "Have one."

Joseph took a look at him and sat at the other end of the location after a great while, in the direction of the room they lived in. In this way, he could see the celebrations easily. He took the cigarette and then the lighter after waiting for Leo to light his cigarette.

When his cigarette was lit, Joseph took a deep breath and blew the smoke slowly.