

## Enchanted 124

The last sentence was so powerful that it almost shook Irish.

After a long time, she recovered her voice, rose up, and said, "That's true. For our sake, pray for us day and night, and bless your husband and me to be truly in love with each other." She took the photos on the table and left.

Ruby saw her figure fade away, and her thick brows frowned tightly.

The sunshine in the afternoon shone sharp.

A wave of heat came up, rolling in the air, and people felt like they were standing on fire.

Irish did not come home, hanging out on the street like a ghost. She unconsciously walked to Midtown Manhattan, and there were fewer people. She stood before the Versace flagship store, looking at the graceful models wearing the new arrivals of Summer, and then she entered.

She suddenly felt cool.

The assistant walked forward to serve her with enthusiasm. Irish pointed at the long dress on the model in the shop window and said, "This one."

She quickly was led into the dressing room, which was large and surrounded by glass. They reflected her figure. Irish did not immediately try on the clothes but dropped herself onto the sofa and looked at herself quietly. The one opposite her had the same figure as her, but it was likely to escape from her shell and ask, "what do you want to do?"

Right. What did she want to do? Because of the coldness of the room, her brain began gradually restoring to normal function. Ruby's words became clearer in that kind of air. "If he knows his sacrifice is nothing more than a joke, he will make your life a living hell!"

Irish suddenly shivered, not knowing whether it was because of the cold or those words.

Putting the dress aside, she curled herself up on the sofa, with her arms embracing herself. Her complexion was abnormally pale, like a rabbit drained out of blood, and only a kick could let her die.

She admitted that she was humiliated and had done all these shameful things. Should she continue? If she were the other one, she would definitely slap her until she sobered her. But she was so clear that it was extremely difficult for her to let it go.

Irish rubbed her face with force and looked anxious in her reflection.

Someone knocked on the door lightly, "Miss, is it suitable? Do you need help?" She had been there for a long time.

Irish came to herself and rose up. When she was about to speak, she glanced at two women who were pushing the door and unconsciously hid herself in the dressing room and said, "Can I have a smaller size?"

The assistant nodded and left. Outside, because there were only a few people, Irish inevitably heard the conversation between them.

"Your daughter and your son-in-law are really a destined couple. I can't shift my eyes from them when they are standing together."

One woman laughed, "Who would be as well matched for your son-in-law?"

"That's true, he is the highest rank, and it's hard to find another man like him. My daughter is also good, so it is very important for them to be matched for marriage. What kind of man will find that kind of woman." The voice of another woman was proud.

Irish leaned against the door of the dressing room, and her eyes became cold. The son-in-law named by the woman was Joseph. That day was so "lucky" that she had just met the woman's daughter and then met her!

"Well, I heard from my husband that your son-in-law went to Pennsylvania with a girl this time. Is it his lover?"

Shirley Lake sneered, "That's impossible. My son-in-law loves my daughter so much, how could another woman attract him? It's just a bad little girl who is too young to obtain such a prize. The man who married my daughter is high enough that the girl should take good consideration."

"Well, that's it."

The two women talked and laughed, and Irish heard Shirley shout, "Take out all the new and limited models in your store this year."

The tone was too high-keyed to hide her arrogance.

She clenched her fists in the fitting room. She knew that Irish was the one who went there with Joseph and told everyone that she was just a bad girl? That bitch robbed her of her father and killed her mother, knowing nothing about repentance, only wanting her to live her mother's life?

After a long time, her anger subsided, but her eyes became cold and sharp; hastily, she took her phone to dial a string of numbers.

The man got through soon.

Her voice turned soft and weak. "Brother-in-law, I feel very uncomfortable."

We meet too late, so our identities are wrong; we love too late, and there are too many people in our way. Should I turn away, choosing to be alone, or fall in love with you regardless of the crowd?

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On a summer night, bustling traffic flowed under the neon lights, and there was an increasing fanaticism of people's shadows shuttling through the lights.

Not far away from the crowded streets of Midtown Manhattan, Irish's house was so still that she could hear the sound of a needle dropping. She laid quietly on her bed, looking at the clock's hands. The clock ticked with each beat of her heart. In an absolutely quiet environment, her ears acted as a powerful receiver, and she could hear people through the toughened glass, her heartbeats, and her breathing.

A refracted light flashed through the glass. It was a pair of car headlights.

Irish was still waiting.

Until the downstairs doorbell rang, she sat up from the bed, and her heart finally started beating faster. The doorbell continued methodically, showing the visitor's patience and determination. She got up and went down the stairs, and as she passed the coffee table in the living room, she picked up the scattered photos and pressed them under a book, leaving only a small corner showing.

She opened the door, finding Joseph.

He had apparently come directly from the company in a dark shirt, black suit, and a fine belt that matched the low light behind him.