Enchanted 137

"You..." After picking the vegetables, Irish took the dish and washed it, and hesitated to open her mouth. "When was the last time you slept? Haven't you been awake for a long time?"

Joseph watched her bow down to wash the dishes, and his eyes became soft, "I'm used to it."

She could not bear to look up at him.

Simple words gave out the nature of his hard work, and her fingertips suddenly seemed to be dull and unconscious. She didn't ask anything more and withdrew her fingers to restore feeling to them, giving the clean dish to Joseph. She was sensitive to the scar on his hand, reached for the dish, and remembered what she saw in Pennsylvania. She could not help but ask, "The wound on your arm looks like you've had it for a long time."

Joseph looked at it, and it seemed like his smile wavered, but maybe she just imagined it because he quickly answered her question, "A very long time. The scar is from my childhood."

He never mentioned his childhood in front of their past, and Irish had come to realize that the man did not seem to like memories.

Anyone who is constantly reliving memories is always in one of two emotional states---regret at a loss in the memory or wistfully thinking about what they once had. Either way, memories exist to remind people that they are ultimately discontented because you can't have your cake and eat it too.

Joseph was not a person who loved memories. He was a person who was always confident and assured of every step he had taken. Of course, there was a contrary inference that his past was too full of pain, and he would rather forget the unbearable memories with the warmth of the present.

"It seems like a serious scar," The wound was clearly deep; otherwise, there would be no trace of it so many years later.

Joseph smiled faintly. "For someone."

"Someone?"

"A child."

Irish closed her lips, "Female?"

"Yes."

"I can't see it. You fell in love at an early age." She joked, and his face was splattered with drops of water when she shook her hands.

Joseph was in a good mood, and his fingers flicked water back at her little face, so she turned on the faucet to spray it at him. Joseph could not avoid it, and his neckline was soaked. She smiled, and he smiled too.

"Go and wait in the living room, or we won't be able to eat until the middle of the night." He pinched her face with his wet hand.

"That hurts!" She reached out and thumped him, and he let her go, and then she ran away.

Joseph smiled and shrugged.

After a while, four dishes and a soup were served.

"You are the first man to cook so many dishes for me," She sat down and took the soup that Joseph had handed her. "I thought you would fool me, I didn't think you cooked so well."

Joseph sat down, face to face with her. "I have taken care of my younger brother since I was two years old."

"Where is he?" She asked, holding the knife and fork. She had heard he had a younger brother, but she'd never seen him.

Joseph answered, "He's studying abroad."

"Does he come back during the holidays?"

"No, he grew up abroad since he was young, and he is used to living there."

Irish heard this as if he was hiding something. She didn't ask again and ate the dish. She couldn't resist complimenting him. "It's delicious!"

"Really? Eat as much as you like," Joseph said.

She ate happily but did not forget the feeling hiding in his eyes for a moment. Swallowing a mouthful of food, she hesitantly said, "Actually, I think..."

Joseph was laughing, "Just say what you want to say."

Irish waited for these words. She cleared her throat and said, "I feel like the relationship between you and your brother is not so good."

"I have the right to think you care about me," His smile seemed so clear, but he avoided her statement directly.

"I'm a psychiatrist, and I'm sure I could help you." She answered with conviction.

This time, Joseph didn't fall for her trap. He put down his fork and knife and got up, and left the table. She froze, thinking that his feelings had been exposed, which made him displeased. She was about to get up and ask when she saw him come back in with a delicate gift box in his hand. Irish did not understand and took it and opened it. She was startled, lifting her eyes, "How did you find my watch?"

She had been looking for it for days, but she just couldn't remember where she'd lost it.

"You left it in my car," Joseph replied kindly, "The watchband was broken, and I changed it to a new one. Look at it."

Needless to say, she could see that the strap was new, and for a time, she was not in a hurry to eat, caressing the watch.

"Thank you, Joseph," Her voice was a bit dumb sounding because of her cold.

Seeing her thinking, Joseph said, "You are busy with other people's minds every day. I would suggest that you take a moment to think about what you want. People have to reflect on themselves to understand the way forward."

"Are you preaching to me again?" Her tone was slightly angry, but there was a lonely look in her eyes.

He looked heartbroken and worn out, "I just don't want you to go the wrong way."

"This watch is always a reminder of how I should go into the future." When she raised her eyes, they were slightly cool, but in a flash, she put on a slight smile. "You are too worried, I did not do anything crazy or set fire to the Lake's house."

Her words made Joseph meditate in silence. "This is an old watch."

"My mother left it to me." Irish's tone turned soft, looking at the second hand ticking, "This was her favorite thing."

Joseph looked at her without saying a word.