

Enchanted 139

Roy raised his eyebrow and said, "What's your job? You are so brilliant that you can see right through my mind."

"Why are you so shameless?"

"Men always act shamelessly when they are pining for a woman," He suddenly stretched out his hands and embraced her into his arms and added, "Or how else would I get my beauty back?"

He avoided Cassie's kick promptly.

"What a devil! If you hurt my hard core, how could you enjoy sex with me in the future?" Roy rejoiced in secret at such a stroke of luck that he avoided her kick in time, or it may have caused a serious problem.

Cassie replied sarcastically, "You'd better off enjoying sex with other women. I won't risk my life to your promiscuity. I'm afraid that you will infect me with your AIDS."

Instead of being irritated by her words, Roy laughed and said, "Are you jealous, honey? Don't worry, I promise I will be single-minded to you. Besides, though I always have sex with other women, I always use protection."

"You are a beast!" Cassie was annoyed by his words.

Perceiving she was angry, Roy stopped annoying her. "Forget it. Since you have to take my flight home today, I have to make a good impression on you."

"Jesus, I really want to alter my tickets." She exclaimed while she held her forehead.

Roy laughed and said, "Don't say that. I will ensure that the aircraft runs smoothly and arrives on time for you, my beloved woman." Finishing his words, he gave her a gentle kiss and left.

Cassie was astonished and couldn't respond for a long time and could only scold him in secret.

After the unpleasant episode in the airport, Cassie finally boarded and didn't alter her ticket. Before taking off, Cassie called Fredrick and asked if he would pick her up at the airport. He was silent for a while, then said yes to her, which made her cheerful, but he then added that he needed to talk to her.

When Cassie urged him to speak, the stewardess began to remind them to turn their phones off.

She didn't think too much about it, and her pent-up frustration vanished without a trace.

"Hurry up!"

Irish was awoken again by a voice in her dream.

She got up abruptly from the bed, looking at the clock subconsciously, and saw that she was still awakened at the same time.

Her long hair was soaked in sweat, and her forehead was clammy, which made her feel uncomfortable. Taking a deep breath, Irish tried hard to recall her dream but just found bits and pieces of fuzzy images.

There was a time when she had frantically collected music and recorded the dreams she had made because she wanted to analyze her own situation. There were two totally different worlds, one experienced while awake and one while sleeping. Normal people could know their own dreams, except for those who were mentally ill and couldn't distinguish dreams from the real world.

Immediately after people were awakened from their dreams, the pictures before their eyes were clearest. Once they opened their eyes or talked, the picture would gradually fade away. Therefore, Irish had learned how to record her dreams with her eyes closed, so the handwriting in the notebook which recorded her dreams was all twisted and messy.

She suddenly rummaged in the room downstairs and finally found a thick diary in a box, which was filled with her twisted handwriting.

It was raining at midnight.

Lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled outside the window.

Irish looked like a ghost since her face was pale and her hair was unkempt. She looked through the notebook quickly, but finally, a disappointed expression appeared on her face. She sat down on the couch helplessly with the notebooks falling down to the ground.

She has recorded this dream repeatedly, but it was only the childish sound and hard-to-ear metal music. She couldn't remember the rest of the dream, and she forgot it upon waking up. But it was different tonight, she still remembered clearly that she seemed to have been caught in someone's arms, and the man hurriedly told her to run away.

She turned around in the dream for the first time and found that the man was Joseph!

There was a loud crash of thunder outside the window.

Curling up on the couch, Irish began to rub her temple to relax herself. She couldn't figure out why he would appear in her dream because she was just a child in the dream. She lay down, and she felt unusually clear-headed.

She was convinced that everyone's dreams were a reflection of their subconscious, so she would not ignore the content of each dream. She thought perhaps it was because Joseph mentioned something about his childhood to her, or it was because she had been in close contact with him recently, so it left a trace on her subconscious mind. She was anxious and scared in her dream, which could reflect her lack of security in her real life. But now Joseph appeared in her dream and saved her as a hero. Then did it mean in her subconscious mind he felt that Joseph was trustworthy?

Irish turned around and stared at the tea-table where there were cigarette butts that he had extinguished. There seemed to be a faint smell of tobacco and his woody fragrance in the air.

She was lost in contemplation.

Since Joseph was a determined man, Bernert was finally dismissed. At the same time, the decorations in the office were cleaned up. Because of the iron-fisted approach Joseph made, no one dared to decorate their office desks anymore.

Irish successfully passed the exam, and with the huge bonuses, Joseph became an examiner himself. He asked some very tricky questions, but Irish tried hard to answer these questions in order to acquire the bonus, and finally, she succeeded.

It was bright and sunny, and the sound of cicadas was everywhere while the fragrance of lotus suffused in the air. But soon, someone broke the serenity by adding a trace of glamor to the hot weather.

It was in the afternoon on a Friday when Shirley rushed into Irish's office without even knocking. And behind her, Ruby stood there.

She came there because she saw the pair of cufflinks that Irish had bought for Joseph.