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Suddenly, Irish rushed to the front of her car, extracted the tire iron from the trunk, and hit the car madly while the crowd screamed. The surrounding people were frightened as her actions became fiercer, smashing the car windows to pieces.

At last, she shouted towards the mess, tears flooding her eyes. This shouting was like letting out the hatred and anger of years, and it nearly used up all her strength. After dropping the tire iron, she just sat in the broken glasses, unable to stand up.

As she recovered consciousness, she found herself sitting in the police station. Surrounded by constant footsteps, she looked around weakly, and finally, an insistent voice interrupted her, "What happened to your car? Why did you smash your car?"

And then she looked up. It was from a policeman, a heavy-weight policeman with a loud and powerful voice.

"I smashed my car. It's none of your business." She used a breathy voice.

"Were you drinking?"

Irish shook her head.

"Although you only damaged your own car, this action caused a public disturbance. Besides, the traffic police have issued you over ten tickets. Do you know that you were issued this many times for speeding, dangerous driving, and running red lights?"

Irish didn't say anything, just feeling pains in her palms.

"The car was towed away. Did you get injured?" The police asked.

Irish shook her head, weak and pale.

Hurried footsteps came closer and closer, and suddenly the attitude of the policeman changed completely. He immediately stood up, surprised, "You came from the Brooklyn Police Station?"

"Yeah, I'm looking for someone." It was Jay's voice.

Irish rose out of reflex, and at this time, Jay lowered himself, "Are you okay?"

She wanted to speak, but her throat was tight, and she could only shake her head lightly.

"You know each other?" The policeman was completely confused.

"Okay, let's have a talk." Jay pulled the policeman to the other side, talking to him.

Irish had no energy to think of why Jay had appeared here, and her mind went blank as if she were a clock without a spring. Then someone sat beside her, pulling her with force, "Irish, are you okay?"

It was Cassie. Did she also come?

"Irish, say something. We're concerned about you." Aunt Mary also came.

Irish became confused, her eyes turned, and she finally looked at Cassie and Aunt Mary. Her Uncle Steven also came, but he just stood behind with a grave face.

Her Uncle Steven kept fit both physically and mentally, so he rarely got angry. There was only once before when she saw him with this expression, and it was the time when her mother died. But today, she saw it for the second time.

Coming out of the police station, Steven drove them back home. In the car, Steven didn't say anything while Irish sat in the middle of the back seat. On her left was Aunt Mary, and her right was Cassie. Cassie gripped her arm tightly while Mary kept talking on the way, asking her whether she felt comfortable. But Irish only shook her head slightly.

Mary then began to scold Shirley. And through her complaints, Irish understood why her aunt and Uncle got the news so quickly. It was because Shirley was angry and Ruby fainted, so she called her Uncle. She reproached Irish in the call. Knowing the whole process, her Uncle kept silent while Mary was enraged. She grabbed the phone and criticized her back. Experiencing Mary's bad temper, Shirley couldn't do anything but hang up.

As they were about to arrive home, Steven couldn't stand the shouting any longer, "Enough! Don't you feel tired?"

Mary stopped.

Although she was always aggressive towards Steven, she dared not say anything if Steven actually was annoyed.

Getting out of the car, Steven stepped into the house without any words. Mary poked Jay silently and shot a glance at Steven's back. Jay understood his mother's hint, so he also immediately followed. And then Mary turned around to pull Irish's arm, "Let me accompany you."

Cassie took a glance at Irish without any words, following her into the home.

Upon entering, Steven stood there motionlessly. On the cabinet was Rachel's photo, as well as a stick for punishment. Jay was so anxious and stressed, and he meant to speak upon entering, but Steven dragged Irish in front of the photo frame and said coldly, "Kneel down!"

In the photo, Rachel smiled sweetly, her eyes shining like the gentle moon. Irish looked at her mother's photo wearily. If she were still alive...if only she were still alive...

Jay knew much about his father's temper, so he tried to persuade him, "Dad, don't be angry, Irish has just come back from the police station."

"No one was asked to plead for her!" Steven shouted, serious but also somehow sorrowful.

Mary intended to say something herself, but she resisted, while Cassie felt even more shocked. All these things were beyond her imagination.

"Kneel down!" Steven grabbed the stick and raised it to hit the back of her leg. In this way, she would be forced to kneel down in front of the photo.

"What are you doing?" Mary couldn't stand this, so she just rushed forward and helped Irish up. She continued, "You can't treat her in this way! Irish was hurt today. What you should do is to make Shirley kneel down to make a sincere apology. Irish should not be blamed!"

"Jay, pull your Mom away!" Steven shouted.

"Dad..."

Steven pulled Mary away, annoyed, "Stay away! Otherwise, I will punish you!"

"You..."

Jay pulled Mary away and persuaded her in a low voice, "Dad is very angry now. Please do not quarrel with him."

Mary was so angry that she sat on the sofa directly.

Irish kept silent, looking at the photo of her mother emptily. She had no more tears to shed since her eyes were completely dry.

Steven threw the stick away and shouted to her, "Irish, what did you promise to me?"

"I would never meet with the Lake's and would not contact them," Irish said slowly with a husky and lonely voice, like dust floating in the universe without any purpose.

"So you remember what you promised to me!" Steven restrained his love for her but showed his anger, pointing at Rachel's photo, "Now that you still remember it, then I'll request that you ask for an apology in front of your mother and admit that you did wrong."