

Enchanted 146

"She knew that I had sex with Eric after they were married, so she thought that you had been betrayed. In her opinion, hiding it could protect your dignity." Ruby sneered and laughed at herself.

Joseph didn't say anything, seemingly thinking of something.

"Actually..." Ruby hesitated and looked at him, "are you here because you want to say something to me?"

Joseph looked up to her, calm and firm. Then he asked, "Ruby, we're best friends. Aren't we?"

"Yes, that's why you help me so much." Ruby looked at him.

"So, could you help me now?"

Ruby was confused.

Joseph crossed his hands, looking at her softly and gently, but his words were to be firm and powerful, "Let's get divorced."

Ruby's fingers trembled, "You..."

"In fact, we all did something wrong. We should not protect our benefits with this false marriage." Joseph looked at her.

Ruby clenched her fist and then stretched it slowly. Finally, she forced a smile, "Joseph, do we need to get divorced officially? We can't interfere with each other since we are not a couple at all, you are free to do what you want."

"I mean..." Joseph sighed lightly, and he began to think of something, "I will clarify our relationship in public. Of course, I will think of an ideal method that will save us any embarrassment."

Ruby struggled to stand up, and then Joseph pressed the button at the foot of the bed. The head of the bed rose up slowly. She looked worse. Joseph didn't urge her to respond quickly, but went back to his seat without any words.

"Joseph, I'm so grateful for everything you've done for me." After a while she spoke, "But to protect my secret, you agreed to a fake marriage with me. Now you need help..."

She hesitated, looking at him, "You really think that you can go back to the past? You can't make this relationship official; it will be seen poorly. You have made so many efforts to get everything you have now. Will you really abandon your power, status, money and dreams?"

Joseph showed a slight smile, "Ruby, this relationship was wrong from the start. One should compensate for the mistakes he has made."

"You will never understand that nobody in the world is worthy of your sacrifices." Ruby grabbed his hand subconsciously, "Myself and Irish included."

Joseph didn't shake her hand away. He could feel her fingers trembling with a kind of terror and helplessness to the future. "Ruby, you and Irish are like kids in my eyes who will struggle for both what

you love and what you lose. You two are real sisters, in that you are both stubborn and you both manipulate, hide and cheat those close to you regardless of the damage you bring to them. Irish is like a hedgehog that will hide its prickles when facing her friends, but when facing the Lake family she will show her thorns. But she is actually lonely and soft, and only her thorns will let her feel safe. You are more like a peacock that looks docile and arrogant. But when someone offends you, you will make a plan to protect yourself and let others pay a bitter price. You and Irish are both radical, but not bad natured."

Ruby turned her head to one side because she didn't want to let Joseph see her tears.

Joseph sighed, patting her hand lightly. After a while, she choked with sobs, "Let me think about it."

"Okay."

It was getting darker.

The long street was illuminated with the color of neon lights.

Some neighbors sat under the locust tree, chatting, drinking tea, and playing chess.

Life was originally simple and pleasant because of simplicity.

If Irish's life had been simple and boring from the very beginning, maybe she would not be kneeling down in front of her mother's photo at this moment.

She looked up at the photo with dry eyes. She really wanted to ask about her mother's true thoughts and feelings, asking why she had left her before teaching her how to love.

Over the years, only hatred could support her. She liked Adam because they shared common goals and thoughts. Adam gave her a sense of security, but she still didn't express love to him. She secretly loved Fredrick, but she abandoned this secret love as it began to blossom.

She didn't know how to love. So if her hatred disappeared, she wouldn't know how to continue.

She really didn't know.

She felt afraid.

The moonlight came in through the window, falling on her face. The light was not turned on in the living room, and Steven was drinking in the kitchen with Jay. From the bedroom, Mary looked out to observe the situation sometimes but was reproached by Steven. Steven had drank enough as it was completely dark and just murmured at the table, "Rachel, I'm so sorry."

Irish heard his murmuring and felt sad. Mary entered the kitchen, shouting at Steven and making a sign to Cassie. Cassie entered the living room stealthily. Seeing Irish kneeling on the floor, she felt sorry for her and came near, saying in a low voice, "Fredrick is coming soon, let's bring you back under the condition that your uncle is drunk.

Irish shook her head lightly.

"You really want to kneel here all night? Your face is as pale as a ghost. Don't torment yourself, okay?" Cassie nearly cried, intending to pull her up.

"Cassie." She pressed her hand, looking at the photo still, "Is there anything you want to ask me?"

She joined Irish in sitting on the floor. Then she sighed and spoke with a hushed voice, "Irish, I know you well, and we have been best friends for many years. I will not question you, even if you have made a mistake. I will always support and understand you."

Irish's tears came out immediately and fell down along her cheeks to the corner of her lips. Her fingers trembled, as well as her lips. She turned around to look at Cassie, intending to say something, but stopped. Finally, after a long while, she murmured two words, "Thank you."

Cassie also cried, rubbing her tears with great strength, and thumped Irish accidentally. She was out of control again, "Why are you so stupid?" And then her eyes were covered with tears.