

Enchanted 155

Irish told Bernert everything. Finally, she drew a butterfly-like pattern on the paper from her memory. "Have you ever seen this pattern?"

Bernert looked at it for a long time and shook his head.

Irish gazed at the pattern on the paper and frowned.

For the next three days, the news about the Runestone Group continued to be reported, from time to time, mixed with gossip about Joseph's private life. Some people even revealed that Joseph had bought a house in the Hamptons. Irish continued watching the news and gradually found something strange.

It seemed that there were two forces at work. One was pure gossip, focusing on the relationship between her and Ruby Lake. The other force kept trying to focus on the public perception of the Runestone Group, paying more attention to Mr. Dover than to the two women.

She began to wonder who wanted to destroy her and Ruby so much that they wouldn't hesitate to drag Joseph into the situation.

Her trip had already been rescheduled because of the seriousness of the situation, but Joseph had called several times, sounding increasingly serious. He stated clearly that he did not want her meddling in the matter.

Irish nestled on her sofa, eating ice cream and feeling bored, and her head was filled with Joseph's commanding voice. The phone rang, and she thought he was calling again. Frowning, she answered the phone but unexpectedly heard an old man's voice, "Isabel, it's Dad. I want to see you. We need to have a conversation."

The air was cold outside and made worse by the constant rain. Outside, the smells of autumn began to flow through the air, signaling the end of an unusually short summer.

Irish did not want to see Henry Lake, but she knew that sooner or later, she would have to face him. Since the last family dinner, he had always been trying to find a chance to talk to her. That day she gave him this opportunity. She wanted to see what the man who had abandoned her mother would say to her.

Henry did not choose to meet in an expensive hotel or clubhouse. Instead, he chose a cafe that catered to young people. There were not many people around, and the atmosphere was very quiet. He wore a clean suit without exaggerated details or jewelry. He was there to talk with his daughter, not for business.

Irish had seen Henry when she was young, handsome and thin, and his arms had been lined with muscle. The man before her was older now, with graying hair. A pang of deep guilt flashed in his eyes.

When he saw her, he ordered coffee and a number of desserts, and it seemed that he still thought of her as a child. Irish didn't touch the coffee in front of her, and Henry saw this, assuming that she didn't like it. After taking a sip, he smiled, "No wonder you don't like it. It's much too bitter. I'll add some sugar for you." He hastened to put some sugar into it.

Irish looked at his contented expression, and the anger and resentment that had held in her chest for many years were combined with an unusual feeling. She thought the hatred in her heart would support her coldness towards him, but she felt strange looking at him.

The man, who seemed to be trying to compensate for what he'd never given her, kept asking her what she liked eating, but she took slight offense to it. It seemed like he was treating her as a child, but it was many years too late.

For half an hour, Henry talked the entire time, and Irish listened to him with an expressionless face.

Half an hour later, when Irish finally saw the leaves on the tree outside falling against the window, she opened her mouth to speak. "If you came to me today for that gossip, then I have nothing to say. If it is because of the shares, then I can tell you clearly that I don't want them. I don't want anything from your family."

Henry seemed to be hit hard by this, nervously saying after a while, "You hate me, I can understand that. I am sorry for you and your mother. If I hadn't listened to my family, I would have taken your mother away, things today would be very different."

Irish sneered, "What about your precious children?"

Henry opened his mouth, "Everything is my fault. Irish, today I am not asking for your forgiveness. Whether you acknowledge that I am your father or not, I only want to do my best. To be frank, I want my daughters to be happy, whether it's Ruby or Lilith, or you. There is no need for great wealth in life. The most important thing is to be happy and comfortable."

"Are you happy and comfortable?" Irish rudely asked.

Henry shook his head sadly. "The only woman I ever loved was your mother, Rachel. How could I live happily without her? Those who are the saddest are people who have lost something. Even if you don't hate me, I am resigned to hating myself. My advice is to cherish what you have, struggle for love, and try never to regret anything as much as I do."

Irish clenched her fists, and scenes from her childhood to the present flashed in her mind while sadness poured into her heart. Looking at Henry, she choked through sobs, "Do you think you are qualified to preach to me?"

"I'm sorry, my daughter." Henry's eyes were hollow and melancholy.

Jay was leaning in his seat, examining a picture of the sign the suicidal criminal had left on his cell wall. He felt that a pair of soft hands covered his eyes. He heard a woman's cry and lifted his eyes, and found that it was Lilith.

She blushed, and her hands covered her chest, glaring at him. "Hey! Be decent!"

Jay realized what he had just done, got up, looking a little embarrassed, and cleared his throat, "Who let you into my office without knocking? And who allowed you to come in?"

Lilith bit her lip, "Can't I see my plant?" She went to the windowsill and asked, "Where is the green plant I put here?"

"Dead." Jay originally intended to drive her away, but when he saw her red face and big eyes, his heart was softened.