

Enchanted 160

His breath was still sweet, so sweet that it could make her cry.

Irish wanted to cry, but she was afraid to do so, so she sat quietly in Joseph's arms for a few seconds, and in those seconds, she deeply remembered her feelings inside his arms.

Soon, she pushed him away and got up, "You should go, and I'll hand you my resignation letter in two days."

Joseph was startled and ordered her back, "Stop."

She paused.

"What did you say? Tell me again!" Displeased, he stood up and came towards her.

Irish resisted the displeasure that came to her, gently lifting her lips, "Joseph, you don't naively think that I've done this for you?"

Joseph had come to her, a turbulent current under his dark eyes.

"I know you like me, and I have known you for some time." Irish smiled faintly, "I know you are always waiting for my answer, trying to guess my mind again and again. You treat me well. You are smart, and you have been waiting patiently, hoping that one day I can put down my hatred and resentment to accept you fully."

"I never hid that from you," Joseph looked down at her, and his cool breath fell on her nose.

"You are a man of self-control, and that's why I dared to cheat your heart freely." Then, she smiled forcefully, and her fingers stiffened, "I just know that you won't touch me until I accept my feelings, so I act unscrupulously to you."

"What do you want to say?" Joseph's face sunk.

Irish turned around, pouring a glass of water. "Putting that video on the Internet was not to help you, but to help myself. To tell you the truth, I think it's too much for you, so the situation was perfect. I don't want to feel guilty about you, and I don't want to owe you anything. So if the video can bring you some peace, then you and I will never owe each other anymore."

The neon light came through the window, intertwining with the light in the room, and formed mottled shadows which served as a foil to the dreary night, as well as Irish's icy demeanor.

Joseph stared at her back, and she looked like a quiet shadow in her plain-colored pencil skirt, outlined by the yellow light. He managed to pull her over to him, but he felt helpless. He squinted slightly and asked, "We don't owe each other anything anymore?"

Irish took a glass of water, and she could feel the coldness in her hands. After a while, she turned to him and was shocked by the emotion in his deep eyes. She knew that the man was restraining his anger.

"Joseph, it's my fault." She lowered her voice while her eyes filled with regret. "I didn't understand why I didn't have a father like other kids when I was a child. And I also didn't understand why my father would stay with another family where he had his wife and child. I hate the Lake family immeasurably. You're

right. I'm a person who would sacrifice anybody and do anything for revenge, and Joseph, you're also someone who I've exploited in order to get back at Ruby as well as her mother. Please forgive my selfishness, but I didn't mean to hurt you. I was going to give up, but when I heard how Shirley was showing off her daughter and looked down upon me, I hesitated, so I bought the pair of cufflinks in front of her."

She looked at Joseph's eyes directly and took a deep breath to relieve the tension inside her. She took a deep breath and continued in a soft voice, "You were innocent from the beginning to the end, and now you've been involved in the rumors because of me. You once said to me that not everyone could move forward without looking back. Sometimes we need to stop and revise ourselves to go further. Right now, I want to stop, and the only thing I need to revise is you. I apologize to you sincerely, and I don't want you to continue to be trapped in these rumors. It's not worth it."

The light in her eyes was as weak as a dying firefly. The scenery outside the window was bustling, but it was extremely silent in the room.

Stretching out his hands, Joseph pinched her chin and looked at her, and asked, "Ruby, told you about the divorce?"

Irish ignored the pain and said hastily. "I did intend to ruin your marriage in order to make her feel pain, but now I'm scared, and I don't want to be a person like Shirley, and I don't want to ruin our relationship because of my selfishness. Joseph, I can't stand you caring for me so much. You are a good man, and though you've seen through my terrible mind, you still treat me understandingly, but have you considered the consequences? The result is that I can't fall in love with you. I tried, but I failed because I couldn't persuade myself, so I have to tell you the truth. I can't go on this vacation because you will misunderstand me. You've done enough for me, but I don't need you or have you protect me. Whether I'm injured or not, I've made mistakes, it has nothing to do with you. Joseph, we are going to be strangers from now on, don't even greet me if we meet each other."

He loosened his hands, and a painful emotion could be seen in his eyes, "Isabel, how would I be able to treat you as a stranger? If I didn't love you, how could I forgive any of your behavior? Don't apologize to me. I've told you that I will handle all of these problems. Don't worry."

"You still don't understand" Irish closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, she looked helpless. "I'm not trying to protect you. Joseph, I don't love you, and that's it. If you really love me, then let me go back to how I was before I met you."

After finishing these words, a dead silence persisted in the air. Her ears rang while Joseph looked at her motionlessly. She could see that under the yellow light, his thin lips were twisted into a line, and his chin was rigid.

After a long while....

"Who do you love in your heart?"

Irish was astonished by his question and noticed that his eyes were slightly trembling.