

Enchanted 166

They ordered several different cocktails. There was the "Blue Sea" made of gin, coulomb, blue citrus, green mint, and sprite," Green Sword" made of brandy, coconut, milk, and spearmint, as well as the "Piccadilly" made from gin, wine, fresh lemon juice, and mint. They were all as beautiful as they were delicious.

Cassie decided they would not go back home without getting drunk, and they chatted while laughing and ordering more rounds. Irish was dressed in the white skirt that Cassie had bought for her, and her hair was unkempt. She held her cheek with one hand while her other held a cocktail. The dim light fell on her beautiful face, and she was as motionless as a woman in an oil painting.

In the beginning, they chatted with each other about their lives, and Cassie complained that Fredrick was always busy with work, while Irish told her some funny stories about her aunt. Gradually, they began to talk about their work, and then as the alcohol continued flowing, Irish finally talked about her family, including her mother Rachel, her father Henry, as well as the hateful Lake family.

When she talked about them, her eyes went dark. Cassie listened to her quietly and thought she would cry, but unexpectedly she did not shed any tears. Her voice was soft and lonesome as the night. She was fine earlier on in the conversation, but she choked up when she talked about her mother's death. She took a sip of her cocktail and calmed down.

Her story filled Cassie with regret, and her eyes turned red, but she just smiled softly and didn't mention anything about Joseph.

Obviously, Cassie wouldn't ask her about him if she didn't mention it. She raised a toast to her and asked, "What are you going to do next?"

"I have asked for time off with the university as well as the research institute. I want to have a break for a while." Irish swung the glass in her hand, and her long hair covered her face.

Cassie stretched out her hands and patted her head. "How about you come live with me for a while?"

"Are you going to support me?" Irish laughed.

"You said before that if you lost your job someday, you would come to my house for shelter. Though my shoulders might be tiny, they are strong enough to support you."

"You've made so many sacrifices for me," Irish was moved by her words, but she still kindly declined the invitation. "I won't do so, I don't want to be a pest among you and Fredrick."

"I won't ask him to come over then."

"No. I want you to get married soon," Irish leaned on her and smiled while Cassie thumped her lightly.

Irish was a little bit drunk, so she didn't talk any further. Instead, she looked at the stage. Cassie was confused about what she was looking at, and when she was about to ask, Irish suddenly stood up and walked to the stage.

"Hey," Cassie tried to stop her since she suspected Irish was drunk.

She looked as if she was talking with the keyboard player. He nodded, and then Irish sat down in the singer's chair. Cassie realized she was going to sing a song.

Her voice was soft and soothing through the microphone. Though she was not a professional, the sweet sound of her singing still attracted many people's attention. She sang a popular song, and many people, including some foreigners, all looked over at her.

Cassie sighed lightly and drank her cocktail slowly. She felt heartbroken when she heard Irish's slow, melancholy song.

She closed her eyes while singing and a beam of light fell on her head, turning her hair into gold. She looked like an angel from heaven surrounded by the lights, and her dress glowed in the colorful light.

She didn't know that at the corner of the bar, a man was sitting down, his tall figure trapped in the shadows and his handsome face obscured. He ordered a single scotch but didn't drink it at all. The ice in his glass began to melt, leaving a thin layer of water at the top of his drink.

He leaned on the back of his chair and lit a cigarette. The smoke floated around him, and when he saw Irish singing on the stage, a spoiled smile spread across his face. He watched her with the utmost concentration, looking at her quietly, closing her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling like a butterfly's thin wings.

Soon Irish began to sing the chorus:

I want to be happy

I want to sleep well

Someone is still warm though he left

I abandoned my hatred

I should give up earlier

I want to be happy

Though I laughed loudly

My heart is cold

It's all an illusion

My decision was right...

Her melancholy tone matched the lyrics, sounding like a sharp sword that could prick someone's heart.

The man frowned, and the fingers holding his cigarette trembled while ash fell down to the ground.

After a long while, he finished it and got up.

A man suddenly blocked her sight when Cassie was still absorbed in Irish's song. Her first thought was that someone had come to flirt with her. However, when she looked up to drive him away, she found that it was Joseph, which startled her. "Em... Mr. Dover, why are you here?"

He reached out, stabilized her shaking glass, and then sat in front of her. Cassie found a trace of weariness in his eyes. Then the man's deep voice sounded, "Cassie, please take care of Irish and don't let her drink too much."

Cassie nodded subconsciously.

Joseph took out his wallet and put down a wad of notes. "This is for your bill tonight."

"No, no, no. I can't take this."

"Take it," Joseph ordered and then added, "If she is hungry when you leave the bar, please take her to eat something."

"Oh." Cassie took the money and recalled it when Irish first met with Joseph. It was also in a bar, and he had paid the bill. She heard some rumors about them, but Irish didn't mention him at all. However, when he looked at her, Cassie thought Joseph's eyes were full of sincerity.