

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 19 19: Don't Be A Wet Blanket

Irish took a sip of her water and closed her lips lightly, "As we gradually grow up, our sense of society and morality grows with us. We learn to restrain our selfish desires, but our subconscious still exists. Ken didn't have that sense of security since he was a baby in the womb, then his sibling took half the parental love. So it's normal that Ken is hostile toward his brother. He dreamt of flying into the heavens, which started in his imagination as a representation of his own death. Instead, he wished for the death of his brother. Ken's been dealing with so much anxiety and insecurity since he was a child, and this mental condition worsened as stress became more apparent in his home and personal life. The attention he gets from his wife is a representation of a mother's love. So when he thought his wife was becoming close to Joseph, he would naturally become paranoid. Joseph is successful, in many ways stronger than Ken, so he dreamed of Joseph pushing his wife into the water. Then he formed real paranoia over time. What he thinks of is violence and obsessiveness, which is concealed barely by his self-protection. That's why we think he killed his wife.

Fredrick looked through the material and stared at Irish for a long time with curiosity, "You didn't mention the video you saw in your report, what video?"

"Um...." Irish hesitated, usually eloquent. She looked down, looking slightly embarrassed. Fredrick sat beside her so he could see her face clearly. Her long lashes blinked quickly, holding back her regular decisiveness, she looked feminine and tender.

"What's the matter?" He stared at her and spoke lightly. A kind of unspeakable feeling flipped in his heart, which seemed to be the same feeling he had when he saw her reflecting and looking lonely abroad. It made him want to hug her

and protect her. She was his student, so it was normal for him to have a desire to protect, and it was the only way he was able to explain the sudden change in emotion he felt.

Irish rid herself of the embarrassment quickly and smiled smartly. "Nothing actually happened, it was me, well... Who saw the porn video Ken watched regularly?" It was bold of her to mention things like this in front of the men.

Fredrick wasn't expecting it, he smiled. He lifted his hand and tousled her hair, "Little girl." His words were soft.

The intimate move of his hand made her nervous. Quickly she used pouring more water as an excuse to not be so close to him. She smiled, "It was you who taught me never to leave a detail out." She hated herself because of how much she loved a few seconds before.

Fredrick looked at her figure, with long hair down her back. He realized he'd been missing her all along. He rose up, 'Irish...

"Fredrick, Irish, are you finished? I've already set the table, go downstairs to eat." Cassie suddenly broke in, interrupting what Fredrick had been saying. She looked so excited, seeing her with an apron on.

Fredrick's enthusiasm was suddenly interrupted, he stood stiffly. Then, after directly looking at this happy sight, he suppressed his unknown impulse and smiled, "All right, we'll go downstairs."

"Ms. Cassie, you're so unfair. I've been back from abroad for a long time, and you haven't even cooked me a plate of instant noodles." Irish didn't hear the light calling of Fredrick, and the burst of Cassie resolved her embarrassment. She hurried to link arms with her.

"Jealous?" Cassie looked at her with a smirk.

"Yeah, you prefer a man over your friend." Irish took her bag, "But really don't have time to be jealous, you two go on and enjoy, I have work to do." This reunion was meant for Fredrick and Cassie anyway. The lover's table is only fit for two.

"Do you work when you're done eating," Fredrick frowned, his words were more like an order. He didn't know how disappointed he was until he felt it.

"Look, I cooked all your favorites. Don't be a wet blanket."

"Silly girl, I really do have things I need to do." Irish glanced at her watch and pretended to be in a rush.

"Well, I've got to give this report to Joseph, and we've planned to meet." She promised to herself she was only using him as an excuse to get out of this dinner. Cassie beamed after hearing this, "You're going on a date with him?"

"What date?" Fredrick said with significant dissatisfaction.

"Fredrick, don't you know that Irish and Mr. Dover are meant to be together? He's tall, handsome, rich... They..."

"Okay, girl. Don't broadcast my business. I've got to go, I'm running late." Not leaving a chance for a reply, she walked away quickly.

"Oh, she's the same as me, preferring a man to her friend..." Cassie stamped her feet playfully. Fredrick stayed silent, staring in the direction where Irish had disappeared. Gradually, his eyebrows recovered from the furrow.

The night was a little cold. The lingering haze in the sky made the moonlight more sparse, only scattering faintly on the study, where the temperature was low, cold with the decoration of the moonlight.

Joseph sat on the sofa, the soft fragrance of tea floated around him. The aroma mitigated the coldness in the room, and it seemed peaceful to him.

"Joseph, I can't believe we are meeting again in New York. I've missed you since our last time a long time ago." Someone is sneering on the other end of the phone line.

Joseph took a sip of his tea calmly, "It's my pleasure even to be thought of by Mr. Leo."

The person on the other end kept silent, and Joseph also didn't speak.

"Joseph, this time, I will let you die." After a while, a cold voice gave out and spoke harsh words.

Joseph slightly lifted an eyebrow, he spoke with indifference, "If you're able, why haven't you already?"

The conversation ended abruptly, and the atmosphere in the room was terribly quiet. An old man sitting in the rocking chair all along broke the silence.