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Cassie then reacted and smirked, "Uncle Tim, it doesn't matter, and it is interesting to hear you say these things." But in fact, she was not interested at all, even if she was afraid to say it.

Tim took a sip of tea and asked with a smile, "I heard that your parents have come to New York."

"Yes, but they are in Boston currently."

Tim nodded and took a glimpse at Fredrick, and said, "My son, why did you not tell me you have a girlfriend?"

Fredrick smiled and didn't say anything.

"I mean, now that you have gotten along with each other for a long time, it's high time to prepare for your engagement," Tim said directly.

Cassie looked down at the cup of tea that glistened in the light of the room. She was relieved by his father's words, and it was easy to tell that he was a kind man. But after a while, Fredrick replied, "As for our marriage..."

She looked up at him subconsciously.

He looked at her and smiled faintly when he stared at her eager eyes, "Marriage is a big event, so we will have to discuss it with each other seriously."

Cassie went pink and lowered her head to avoid his eyes.

"Cassie," Tim called her name suddenly as if he wanted to say something to her.

"Yes, Uncle Tim."

"I agree with your marriage, but Fredrick is a workaholic, so perhaps you need to make allowances." He took another cup of hot tea and added, "What's more, when your parents come back from Boston, I want to invite them for a meal. It seems that we have to make arrangements for your engagement."

Cassie nodded and felt warm inside since it was her dream to get married to Fredrick. She turned to Fredrick, who sat beside her, and there was also a smile hanging on his face, but he didn't reply. She pulled his sleeves slightly, and then he realized something and said, "When your parents come back to New York, I will pick them up in person."

She puckered her face in a smile.

It was in the afternoon, and the teahouse windows were open, so she could see many people walking along Lotus Street. Cassie smiled at Fredrick, but when she was about to draw back her eyes, she suddenly saw a tall figure outside.

Her heart pounded, but she drew back her eyes and hoped it was not him.

Tim did not continue talking about psychology but focused on Cassie, while she also chatted cheerfully with him. But Fredrick kept silent and drank his tea quietly beside them, occasionally saying a few words.

Suddenly, a joyous voice sounded over her head, startling her.

"Cassie? Is that you? I almost didn't recognize you." He finally got close to her.

Cassie was almost embarrassed enough to die, especially in front of Fredrick and her future father-in-law. But she had to maintain a good image before them, so she looked up at the man and tried her best to feign a smile, "Mr. Lake, what a coincidence to see you here!" But there was a great hatred hidden behind her smile, and she wanted to kill him.

What an idle man!

Roy just focused on her, and he didn't even acknowledge Tim and Fredrick who were sitting beside Cassie. He didn't say too much to her and pulled her hands, making her stand up from her chair.

She was shocked, almost as much as Tim.

Fredrick responded and rushed to him to block his way out. He said severely, "Mr. Lake, what do you think you are doing?"

Cassie realized she was being pulled away from the table by him. She was shocked and began to struggle, but he held her so tightly that she couldn't move at all.

Roy looked apologetically at Fredrick and replied, "I'm sorry. I have something to talk about with Cassie."

"No matter what you were going to do, please let her go. Now." Fredrick said unpleasantly.

But Roy didn't loosen his grip and continued, "It's about my sister Isabel. Isn't she her best friend? She has to come with me. I'm sorry."

Before Fredrick could respond, he pulled her and walked out of the teahouse, ignoring Cassie's protests.

Fredrick was shocked by his explanation and thought that something was wrong with Irish.

In his hesitation, Cassie had been dragged into Roy's car, and when he reacted, they had already left.

After a long while, Tim stepped forward and frowned at Fredrick, "Who was he? What's his relationship with Cassie?"

"Don't worry. He's Irish's brother. Perhaps he needs to know something about Irish from Cassie." Perceiving his father's doubts, Fredrick added, "Cassie is Irish's best friend."

Tim nodded but then shook his head, "I never thought Irish would have such an impolite brother."

Fredrick didn't reply.

"Fredrick." Tim gestured to him to sit down and sighed, "Are you going to get married to her?"

But Fredrick was absent-minded, still worrying about Irish. It was not until Tim asked him again that he heard the question. He nodded after hesitating for a while. "Yes." He considered something for a long time, then finally cleared his mind. If he chose to break up with Cassie, it would seriously hurt her, and he also couldn't bear Irish's anger. Perhaps after getting married, he would have a change of heart. Cassie was a good woman, and in fact, he was her first man, so he couldn't let her down.

Hearing his answer, Tim didn't show his disagreement but said, "Cassie is a good woman, quiet and beautiful, but I just feel you have very little in common."

Fredrick looked at his father and didn't reply for a long time.

"Roy, did you forget to take your medicine after getting out of the madhouse today, or has a woman abandoned you?" When the speeding car finally stopped at the side of the road, Cassie took the chance to swear. "Why are you so idle every day? How do I keep meeting you everywhere?"

Roy ignored her questions and resentment, with his hands crossed leisurely, and he then raised his eyebrows, "Is that geezer your future father-in-law?"

"What geezer? How can you be so impolite?" Cassie was irritated and then continued, "Ha's a famous doctor of psychology."

Roy shrugged his shoulders and said, "Why should I care about others who have no business with me?"

Cassie squinted and said, "You really look like Irish right now."

"I'm her elder brother, so you should say she looks like me." He corrected her.