

Enchanted 269

"Anyway, Joseph, you owe me a thank you," Leo slouched forward. When a car drove up to the door of the warehouse, he added, "At least you should thank me for not making you walk back to the apartment."

"Those two words are too pretentious for us. Don't worry, I'll do everything to save you next time when it's your turn. No one else is qualified for it. Besides, I know you have your purpose by helping me." Joseph smiled and got into the car.

Leo sneered after hearing him but did not say anything as he followed him into the car.

Cassie had to keep herself locked in her room. The door was closed, and she took a few days off. Her cell phone was turned off, and she lay silently in bed.

Her parents noticed and kept asking her what had happened. Cassie's mother kept knocking on her door with soup, and she would get out of bed and open the door, then return to her bed to sit. Her mother, who had entered the bedroom, had not adapted to the light in the room for a moment. The curtains blocked the light outside the window, and when she came in, she felt as if she had fallen into darkness. Cassie just sat there with messy hair in her pajamas. Her face looked tired, and her skin was pale.

Cassie's mother was frightened and put the soup aside to sit down by the bed, reaching for her forehead. She asked anxiously, "Are you getting a cold? Or are you feeling sick?"

Cassie looked at the foot of the bed without emotion and then shook her head gently.

Her mother was anxious. "So, what's the matter with you? You don't go to work or go out. Tell me, don't let me be worried."

She suddenly thought of something, and suddenly she raised her voice, "Are you having a problem with Fredrick?" She hadn't seen the two of them interact for many days.

Cassie was bothered by her mother's questions and slipped back into the quilt, frowned, and said, "I'm fine. I just want to have a good rest for a few days."

Her mother sat by the bed, looking suspiciously at Cassie.

"Mom, leave me alone. I'm fine." Cassie pushed her hands on her mother.

Her mom saw some clues, but because her daughter did not respond, she did not ask more and sighed before leaving.

The room returned to its usual darkness as the door closed and the curtains blocked out all the light. She stared at the ceiling, and her eyes became wet. Then, two lines of tears silently rolled down from her eyes.

She had developed severe insomnia.

All that she could think of was Fredrick's breakup with her in the car.

Even barely asleep, she dreamt of Fredrick leaving her alone in the street while he drove away. She would wake up from the dream every time, and the endless darkness and despair hung over her.

Cassie never understood why he didn't love her. They were so close to getting married, but he decided to break up with her. She envisioned one day marrying the man she loved and building a family with him. Fredrick was who she chose. From the moment she first met him, she knew clearly that he was the man she wanted to settle down with. She always thought that if they had children, they would be lovely. They would look just like him.

Except everything had fallen apart. She had only memories to spend the rest of her life with. When thinking of this, Cassie cried even harder.

The phone rang.

It rang for a long time, and Cassie slowly turned around, picked up the phone, and saw Roy's name in her tearful eyes. Irritation and anger replaced her sadness for a brief period, and she rudely pressed the ignore button.

The next moment, her room was restored to its dreary silence.

The rain in the city smashed against the glass windows. The sky was dark, and under the black clouds, the sea was turbulent.

The doorbell rang as a flash of lightning streaked across the sky to illuminate the heavens and the earth.

Standing in front of the window looking at the rain, Irish's hands trembled. She stopped her prayers and flew over to open the door.

The door opened slowly.

At the door were two tall men.

Joseph's face was clearly reflected in Irish's eyes. His lips were red and swollen, and his cuff was slightly dirty. When he lifted his hand to her, she saw that he had a mark on his wrist.

He looked at her and laughed softly. She looked at him in deep pain.

His slender fingers clung to her face, and when the temperature of his fingers touched her skin, her tears slipped down and dripped onto his fingertips.

His smile moved her, and he whispered, "I'm back."

Irish was blinded by tears and dropped into his arms.

Late in the night, the rain out of the window finally reduced to a drizzle.

Irish took coffee into the study. Joseph was calling someone in front of the window, and she could hear clearly that it was Daisy, who should have asked him for advice.

Neither of them had mentioned the kidnapping as if it had never happened. After Joseph ended the call, Irish brought in a medical kit, ready to clean his wounds.

Joseph gently embraced her from behind, and his tone was low and soft, "I'm fine."

Irish leaned in his arms. The whole day's nightmare was finally over, and he pulled her onto the sofa, still hugging her, and sighed after a long time, "Sorry, you worried about me all day."

"As long as you're alright." Irish also clasped around his waist. Nobody knew that when he had been kidnapped, every second felt like a year, and when Tuell refused to help, it was only then that she felt a deep sense of despair.

She thought she would lose him.

This despair nearly killed her.

Joseph did not mention the kidnapping to her, nor did she ask. After a long hug, she looked up at him and asked, "Do we need to call the police?"

Joseph thought and shook his head. "Leo killed everyone there. And we don't have proof."