

Enchanted 310

The door of the lounge protected him from the noisy music outside, and it would make the woman's voice sound clear and gentle. In this way, Roy also felt gentle.

However, the first words he heard were, "Roy. I have had enough of you."

The kick of vodka came, and it made Roy feel unreasonable. He became annoyed again, frowning and shouting, "Cassie, what on earth do you want me to do?"

"Stop bothering me," Cassie said calmly.

Roy stared at the night scene outside the window, frowning. He was too intoxicated to say anything normally, "You will belong to me finally."

Cassie was silent and then said after a long while, "Roy, I will not pick up calls from you anymore."

The call dropped.

As he heard the dial tone, he realized what he had just said. So he just gripped his fingers and suddenly threw the phone into the wall.

The night outside the window stayed perfectly silent.

It took Irish 38 hours to fly from Johannesburg to Hong Kong since she had booked the ticket casually and there were no internal connecting flights. Halfway there, she transferred to Frankfurt. Luckily, the airline company notified her that she could upgrade to first-class. As a result, she could spend the rest of the 38 hours comfortably; otherwise, she would be tired to death.

It was already 4 in the afternoon when she arrived at the Hong Kong International Airport.

As she waited for a taxi, a black SUV stopped in front of her. The driver asked whether she was Doctor Irish. She nodded, and then the driver told her that he was employed by the hotel to pick up guests. Irish thought that she had indeed booked a five-star hotel when she was in Frankfurt.

Seeing the driver show his credentials, she got in.

The driver turned to drive in the direction of downtown, far away from the crowd.

The rain kept falling outside the window, blurring the view of Hong Kong.

Irish sat in the back seat, looking out of the window without any words. The buildings and plants were all drenched by the rain. She laughed with sadness. The weather stayed the same as her feelings.

As she left, it was raining in Johannesburg. In Frankfurt, it was also raining. Now at her destination in Hong Kong, it was still raining.

In fact, the whole world seemed to be raining.

A light cold wind blew with the smell of rain. Irish wrapped her clothes around her tightly, but she still felt cold. It was colder in Hong Kong than in Johannesburg. Seeing such a scene, the careful driver closed the windows and separated her from the boisterous world. However, Irish felt even colder.

The rain formed intense round dots on the window. She reached to trace the outline of the round dots. Gradually she made an outline of a man with a handsome face and tightly closed lips that she was deeply fond of.

Irish kept her fingers on the window and looked at it motionlessly. As the outline slowly disappeared, she felt sort of sad. During this period, the two were lost in the rainy cities, accompanied only by their loneliness.

Someone called her.

She first thought of Joseph.

When she answered, she found that it was a man, but not him.

It was Leo.

Maybe she was right. The whole world was raining, and it made people everywhere become upset and melancholy.

Leo was in the same boat.

After saying hello, he didn't say anything. She could hear his breath through the phone. Somehow she had an idea about his silence. She knew the reason he called her and then chose to be silent.

The car moved slowly and silently through the rainy streets of Hong Kong, like a fish swimming in the deep sea.

As the car made its way, Irish was also silent.

After a long time, the man said in a low voice, "I heard you had arrived in Hong Kong."

Leo's voice seemed to be distant, as if the modification of the radio waves made it even deeper. Irish looked out the window at the cars coming and going in the rain, and she answered gently, "Yeah..."

She looked lonely.

"I just wanted to apologize to you." Leo's voice was sincere, "Having been involved in the diamond business, you will always feel a certain helplessness."

How could Irish not understand this truth?

In the gunfire in South Africa, Joseph and Leo all abandoned their consciences and fought for their own interests. There was no fairness. There were no human feelings. All that was left was their swords and gunfire. She understood his apology, for she was innocent from beginning to end, dragged into the war by Joseph or himself.

In the end, Joseph retreated.

And so did Leo.

She was the only one left who lingered in this world of conscience after the smoke cleared.

Therefore, whether it was Joseph or Leo, they all had to apologize to her. She had understood Joseph's apology, so why couldn't she understand Leo's mind?

She finally replied, "I accept your apology."

"Do you think I'm mean?"

"You have the right to choose to be mean." Irish sighed, "Because you have no way out."

Leo's face spread into a bitter smile.

Irish's eyes were desolate. Leo had been defeated and lost very badly, but did Joseph really seem to have any joy in winning? In this battle of lost consciences, perhaps nobody had truly won.

"You went to Hong Kong alone, which was worse than killing me, even if it had nothing to do with me."

"I'm fine. I'm used to it."

He sighed, "But Irish, I'm still saying if you need a shoulder, I am here for you."

She shook her head and said in a low voice that being alone felt really good. Leo seemed to hear the determination in her words. When he spoke again, he felt a little helpless and a little heartache. "I just want you to know that I'm still waiting for you."

"But I have gone too far just to turn back."

"Just give up, he won't be the best for you, you and he won't have an easy life."