

## Enchanted 341

Roy was a little bit embarrassed but still said frankly, "To be honest, I've fallen in love with Cassie, and I'm sure I can bring her happiness."

He said in a low but very firm tone, which shocked Irish. Though she had noticed his feelings for Cassie, she still felt surprised when he boldly told her about this. Irish stared at him and found firmness in his glittering eyes.

After a long time, she said tentatively, "Are you sure you can give her happiness? Do you know what happiness is for a woman? I'll tell you. A woman wants to be with her beloved man for her whole life. Are you sure you're her beloved man?"

"But I'm sure that I am the one who loves her most." Roy frowned and continued, "Irish, I really don't think her boyfriend loves her."

Irish was silent while her heart trembled.

Cassie's parents were cheerful at Irish's arrival, especially her mom, who hastily held her hands and led her in. She looked at her carefully for a long while and said with concern, "Look at you. You are getting thinner and thinner, you have to take care of yourself."

Irish presented her gifts to them and hugged her. In Irish's heart, they were also part of her family.

What surprised her was that Cassie's parents also showed great passion for Roy, which ensured that she must have missed something.

Roy acted politely in front of them, which was very different from his casual attitude before with her. It gave her goosebumps, so she quickly asked, "Where is Cassie? Why hasn't she gotten out of bed? Didn't she know I was coming?"

Her mom sighed and replied, "She's taking a shower."

"Why is she taking a shower in the afternoon?" Irish smiled and walked towards the bathroom, reaching out to knock on the door, "Cassie, I have some gifts for you, including the lipstick you wanted! The color is your favorite, scarlet! You'll love it!" But Cassie didn't reply.

Since she heard no response from Cassie, Irish sighed helplessly to her mom and said, "I have traveled for just a few days, and she doesn't even want to talk to me."

"She has been weird these past few days and has turned a deaf ear to everyone. Let's wait for a few more minutes. She has been taking a shower for more than 20 minutes, I'm sure she'll be finished soon."

But Irish was an impetuous person, so she knocked on the door again and said, "Cassie, if you don't reply to me, I will break in there." But she still received no response.

Roy, who was sitting on the couch silently, frowned and felt weird, so he stood up abruptly. Perceiving Roy's serious expression, Irish's heart trembled violently, and she began to slam on the door until Roy stepped forward and kicked the door open without any hesitation.

In the following second, a scream broke the silence in the room.

Cassie was lying in the bathtub quietly, but her white nightdress was stained with blood, and her face was pale and lifeless.

Cassie had committed suicide by slitting her wrists. She chose to end her life silently in autumn when the leaves all fell from the trees. The light in the emergency room was shining down on the grim scene.

From the moment when Cassie was brought into the emergency room, Irish had been standing beside the door, with her forehead leaning against the wall, her fists clenched. Behind her was a long corridor. Cassie's mother was crying desperately in her father's arms. Irish could see that the old couple was overwhelmed in despair.

Roy was standing by Irish silently. His tall figure leaned against the wall with an icy countenance, looking at the emergency room light motionlessly. His face was incredibly dark. The moment he saw Cassie lying in the bathtub quietly and covered with blood, he fell into despair.

He couldn't remember the chaotic details of the scene at that moment but could recall that when he lifted her from the bathtub, she looked lifeless. He drove like a maniac and ran every red light while the smell of blood spread through the car, his shirt stained with her blood.

He had never been so panicked. He was afraid he would lose her, and at the same time, he was also irritated since she didn't cherish her life at all.

The atmosphere in the corridor was very grim.

Irish could still smell Cassie's blood since all of her clothes were stained with it. She leaned against the wall so helplessly, feeling fear, irritation, and some other complicated emotions. She felt that her whole body was numb, even her clenched fists.

As Roy drove them to the hospital, Irish had never seen Cassie so quiet and pale. The wounds on her wrists looked like an ugly centipede that drained her blood and crawled into Irish's heart. She felt that the same knife had stabbed her heart.

The gift she brought for Cassie was still lying in her pocket. It was a lipstick in scarlet, the same color as blood. She had thought that Cassie needed this lipstick since her lips were always so pale.

Her eyes were filled with tears while her sharp nails pierced into her palms, but she couldn't feel the pain at all.

She couldn't cry. Irish held back her tears and kept calling in her heart, "Cassie, you're a coward. I won't cry for you because you can't just leave me alone like this. If I cry, then it proves that I have given up. You can't die; there are still so many people who love you deeply, your parents, and me. But if you give up and leave us alone in this world, I definitely won't forgive you, and I won't go to your grave to visit you because I don't want to be friends with a coward. I will hate you forever if you've decided to end our friendship in such an atrocious way."

She felt like vomiting. The bitter scent of hand sanitizer had diluted the smell of blood in her nasal cavity. Time passed as she heard rapid footsteps in the corridor.