

## Enchanted 482

Irish looked up and found Joie was trembling there, staring at the ashes, his face pale and his hands rubbed anxiously.

She stood up, frowning, and snorted, "If it is a ghost, then why not come out now?" The people in the room all trembled at her words, looking at each other and then looking around anxiously.

Shirley was frightened, licking her lips, and said, "Iri.....Irish, perhaps it is the ghost." She was the first to see it personally and couldn't figure out why the papers would burn suddenly for no reason.

Therefore, she believed that it was the ghost that came for revenge.

Ruby was frightened by her mom's words, and her face also turned pale.

Irish pressed her lips into a line tightly squinting, "Unless I see the ghost personally, or I believe it must be a man, and I will definitely find out the murderer."

After finishing her words, she walked out.

The danger deterred everyone in the room.

At the end of the corridor, Irish made a call secretly, and after putting it through, she said in a low voice, "I will find out the truth tonight."

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It was getting dark, and the city was lightened by neon amps again. The endless car streams never stopped flowing while the nightlife just started.

Fredrick took Cassie to his house and immediately took out the first aid kit. Squatting down, he was about to apply ointment for her, but Cassie hastily stopped him.

However, Fredrick insisted on doing that for her. Cassie had no choice but to look at him, who helped her remove her shoes gently and apply the ointment.

"It may hurt, but I will be gentle." Fredrick rubbed her ankle and uttered gently.

After a while, when he was done, Cassie then took the initiative to deal with the wound on his face. During the process, Fredrick stared at her motionlessly while Cassie drew back her eyes after noticing his reaction and then put aside the hydrogen peroxide.

Fredrick suddenly took her hands gently while Cassie trembled slightly.

"I am sorry, Cassie." He mumbled.

She drew back her hands and shook her head slightly.

"I apologize to you sincerely. In fact, I have some important words to tell you."

Fredrick's words seem so warm. She looked up at him and waited.

Fredrick took her hands again and asked softly, "Can you give me a chance?" Hearing this, Cassie widened her eyes out of surprise.

"I know I am not qualified to ask you in this way. But Cassie, I am wrong. I thought I didn't love you and would be free if I broke up with you, but I can't..." Fredrick looked depressed and then continued, "When you committed suicide and were sent to the hospital, I felt my heart was broken, and I am also in pain. I feel sorrowful when I see that you are not as happy as before. I can't forget the days we spent together. Cassie, please give me a chance to be with you. Please trust me."

Cassie breathed fast and then shook her head after a long while, "No, you just want to compensate for me. I told you I'm fine."

"No." Fredrick replied firmly, "I am accustomed to you accompanying me and always think you won't leave me, so I act recklessly and care for nobody. But I am in pain these days. Cassie, I am also desperate when I know you are not happy. I am worried about your health and everything about you."

Cassie trembled while listening to him.

"Don't you love me? I believe you still love me." His eyes were tearful while her lips trembled and looked rattled.

"That's why I come to you today." Fredrick said while taking out a small but delicate box from his pocket, opening it slowly and then going down on one knee, "Cassie, marry me."

Cassie opened her mouth and then covered it immediately out of astonishment.

It was a diamond ring in the box, dazzling her eyes.

He raised the box, looking at her sincerely, "I can't live without you. Cassie, marry me."

Her eyes filled with tears soon, and after a long while, she then said hesitantly, ".....Fredrick...why?" She was afraid that he did this out of guilt.

Fredrick took her hands and kissed them gently, "I thought I didn't love you. But I found that I was wrong. I realized that I love you deeply, especially when I see you being with Roy, I then realize that I have made a mistake."

The tears finally shed down from her cheeks.

"Promise me, okay? This ring should have been yours for a long time." Fredrick held her hands and said, "We can get married soon and never part with each other."

Cassie burst into tears, and her last line of defense collapsed. She nodded because she couldn't resist when facing her beloved man.

Fredrick stood up excitedly, embraced her tightly, and put the ring on her ring finger slowly.

She pressed herself against his chest and felt her soul finally come back, which had been lost for many days.

Fredrick lowered his head, kissed her tears away, and said softly, "Everything about our wedding is up to you, and I will support you."

Cassie smiled through tears.

"Look at you. You smile while tears are still on our cheeks." Fredrick took over the tissue and wiped her tears gently.

His eyes turned soft, and he couldn't help kissing her while Cassie soon cried again.

He was so gentle, holding her cheeks while his tongue intertwined with hers, and she also responded eagerly. The long-lost gentleness made her unable to control her tears, but he just kissed them away and then moved to her chin.

She sobbed and asked, "Fredrick, are you really not leaving me again?"

"Yes, I promise you." He stared into her eyes and said firmly.

Cassie smiled again and felt so happy.

When his kiss fell on her again, she closed her eyes.

The man's kiss turned hot, and his hands began to move on her body, unbuttoning her clothes skillfully.

Under the soft light, her shoulders were exposed to the air, and then her clothes fell to the ground. In the following second, Fredrick pressed his body on her.

"Cassie....." Fredrick called her softly while she held his neck, staring at his handsome face affectionately. Their breath intertwined with each other. His eyes were full of lust, and he kissed her again, holding her waist adroitly, and then entered her body.

Cassie couldn't help groaning with his movement, which was mixed with his low sighs from his deep throat out of great joy.

She held him tightly because of the long-lost pleasure, and Fredrick's waist began to move rhythmically.

The room was filled with the man's wheeze and the woman's groaning.