

Enchanted 505

Since he tried to hurt Cassie to kill herself, Irish never saw him again. Although she couldn't let go of it, she would not be indignant. After all, he had asked Cassie for a marriage.

"Do you have something to ask me?" They were all smart, so Fredrick did not beat the bush, sitting in the chair opposite her, said straightforwardly.

As soon as she heard his voice, she realized that he knew that she had received the invitation and did not hide her doubts. She looked at him and said, "What are you going to do?"

Fredrick's eyes on her were very calm, from his eyes, it could be seen the peace of mind, he replied, "Of course, I want to marry her. What else can I do?"

"But you once broke up with her." Irish squinted slightly, and the words were to the point, "The psychological and emotional distinction between a man and a woman is a lesson you stand on the stage to explain."

"What do you want to say?" His tone remained calm.

"A man doesn't break up for no reason. It must be considered once he breaks up." Irish frowned. "Especially you, Doctor Fredrick, you should be more sensitive to your psychological situation than anyone else. Don't tell me you just said it casually when you broke up."

"I thought I couldn't go on, and it was normal to break up." Fredrick got up, took the cup for each other, fetched two cups of warm water, and then sat down, his eyebrow stained with a smile. He pushed one of them to her, "People have to lose before they understand what they want. This is what I have taught you."

"Do you know what you want?" Irish was not polite.

Fredrick thoughtfully drank water and later said a light answer, "Yes."

Irish took the cup aside and stared at him as if she were judging a criminal. Yes, Fredrick was now a criminal in her eyes. If he didn't provoke Cassie from now on, that was good. But now she wants to marry Cassie. He chose to marry after learning that his former lover had slashed her wrists, so all she could think of was one reason.

"You feel guilty about Cassie, so you choose to marry her!"

Fredrick stopped to drink water and looked up at her. Irish thought that his glance contained too much content and seemed so empty that she could not understand what he was thinking.

He leaned back on his chair and whispered, "It's not what you think."

Very light.

Irish hesitated for a moment. She began to doubt her judgment. Perhaps things were not as complicated as she thought. After a moment of silence, gently turning the cup in her hand, thinking, and looking at him again, her eyes were clear, "Well, I'll ask you one last question."

Fredrick was ready to listen.

"Do you still love Cassie?" Cassie loved Fredrick and wanted to marry him, but Irish was a bystander, so she had witnessed Cassie soaking in the blood water, which she had never forgotten. So he must convince her, and she must confirm Fredrick's mind.

Fredrick, playing with the cup in his hand, kept his eyes on her face for a long time.

"Why didn't you answer? Do you still love Cassie?" Irish's eyes suddenly became solemn, and her fingers subconsciously clenched.

Fredrick withdrew his eyes from her face and smiled slightly when he lowered his eyes. He looked up at her again and whispered, "Yes."

Irish was surprised.

"I'm still in love with Cassie." He repeated his sentence lightly.

Irish wanted to find a hint of emotional information from his eyes, either lying or hiding, but what she saw was a very calm sense of truth.

Was she supposed to believe him to be true?

Fredrick said the words and then kept silent, looking at Irish's eyes as light as the stars above the clouds, but his heart was stirring with great sorrow. Was he supposed to sigh that God loves teasing people? Or to accept the predestined excuses?

The woman in his heart was only destined to be looked at from afar, could not be near, could not be approached.

For some people, perhaps, it was good just to meet.

As for that sentence that he could never say of love, could only, this life deeply be buried in the heart.

In the twinkling of an eye, it was another Thursday, and the most anticipated day in the past was now the most feared one. It would be a great practice to turn a blind eye to the gossip scandal, but being in it, it was only deceiving yourself and others if saying that she didn't care at all. The indifference was only the surface.

The arrival of cold air caused that day's dry cold temperature. The wind was large, and putting on a thickened cashmere coat, Irish was still cold when getting into the car and could not help but shiver.

Driving the car all the way towards Manhattan, on the streets on both sides were the rustling trees.

Rejoice made people see everything beautiful, and complaints made eyes full of resentment and darkness, so the latter sentence was a true portrayal of Irish's mood.

At nine o'clock in the morning, she arrived at the Runestone Group, and the woman in charge of attendance at the front desk was ten thousand times more enthusiastic than usual when she saw her coming.

Irish secretly sighed at the woman at the front desk slightly, and she nodded her head. She was like that, and it could be imagined like other departments.

Not surprisingly, on the way to the office, none of the staff nodded or greeted her, saying that, "Dr. Irish," which was sweeter. They were more flattering or insincere than the receptionist's excessive enthusiasm.

After she passed, the corners of her eyes could glimpse many whispering shadows.

For a few seconds, Irish had a strong idea running through her mind. She broke into Joseph's office and went to him, and said, "I'm done. You quit me."

From beginning to end, she was just a victim. What did she have to do with the changing circumstances of the company's shareholders? Growing up, she didn't think of herself as a person of the Lake. Now, even if Henry imposed a stake on her, she had at most one more title, and more importantly, she never intended to accept it.