

Enchanted 525

In this way, the time on the weekend was quiet but leisurely. They didn't idle about it but finally went to the police station to close the case.

They spend most of the time chatting with each other, watching movies on the couch, and eating snacks.

She made a creaking sound while eating the puffed food and also put it into Joseph's mouth while eating since she believed sharing would bring a lot of fun.

However, Joseph didn't like to eat such food but had no choice.

Daisy would occasionally call since some work still needed his instructions. What was more interesting was that Irish leaned in his arms and kept stuffing the food into his mouth when he answered the phone.

It was peaceful these days.

Perhaps it was because of the cold weather, and people had distracted attention from the rumors in the Lake family. That was a rule that people would never stick to the same thing forever, let alone that people just sought fun from the rumors. It was a world of information explosion where various kinds of gossip emerged endlessly.

Therefore, when Irish showed up at Linkus Mental Institution before the public, the reporters who kept close eyes on her in the early days had vanished. No one would always focus on the same thing. That was true.

Irish had been busy for the morning, and she was exhausted at noon because she had spent all of her energy trying to cope with a man who was serious about cleanliness. He even covered his mouth while talking with her since he was afraid that other saliva would spatter on his face, so he sat in the distance while talking with her.

She first found out the reasons for this psychological formation of the case and then used cognitive therapy for his psychological treatment. However, the man did not cooperate with her at all. He cleaned up the chairs six times and used the boiled water to wash the disposable cup repeatedly, from which Irish decided that he suffered from serious cleanliness as well as obsessive-compulsive disorder, so she had to adjust her treatment plan. She had a quick meal in Christy's office.

Irish was used to treating Christy as her friend, while Christy also had a close relationship with Irish. Obviously, the unequal treatment of Cheska left much unhappiness to Christy, so Irish's unpretentiousness and familiarity surprised her, and that was why Christy took the initiative to order delicious food for Irish.

However, Irish didn't have an appetite to eat and it was dull today. Christy put her favorite food in front of her but was shocked by her reaction since Irish stared somewhere motionlessly. "Irish, what's wrong with you?"

It took her some time to respond, but she just nodded slightly.

Seeing this, Christy couldn't help sighing with feelings. "It seems that you have suffered from the torture of the man with cleanliness."

Irish was most afraid of patients who refused to cooperate, and she even wanted to kick him out and tell such patients not to waste her time since he refused to accept treatment.

She ate silently while Christy chattered endlessly beside her.

Suddenly a weird tune was played from Christy's computer, melodious but doleful as if a song from hell.

Irish felt it sounded familiar as if she had heard it before.

The lyrics got into her ear so clearly when she was about to take a sip of water.

She almost squirted the water in her mouth since the lyrics plunged into her ears without heart, stirring her nerves. The memory of the past also emerged.

She finally recalled this tune and remembered the lyrics, which made her heart tremble, and the days of floating on the wooden boat and watching the people on the shore put the lanterns in the river came to the fore.

It was in Light Town.

She was above the ship's board, leaning against the window of the ship, feeling the softness of the rain in the south of the Yangtze River. The soft sound on the shore turned around the long lane, sliding down the river under the arch bridge to her ears.

On that day, there were faint lanterns on the river and the offerings and wishes of the Mid-Autumn Festival offering the hope of the town. It was suffused with the thick atmosphere of traditional culture.

Somehow, she felt sleepy and had a nap on the boat when the far-fetched and weird tune got into her ears.

It had the same lyrics as well as the same tune as the one that was being played on Christy's computer.

But when she woke up from her dream, she thought it was the boatman who played the Kun Opera, but now she was greatly astonished as she heard this tune on Christy's computer.

Why would she have this tune?

The tune played by the computer was as melodious as the one she heard in Light Town, and Irish was still trapped in shock when it had finished.

Christy waved in front of her eyes since she saw Irish was motionless with an astonished expression and couldn't help asking her again, "What's wrong with you?"

Irish hastily grabbed Christy and said in a weak voice, "Please play the tune again."

"Which one?" Christy focused on eating and didn't pay much attention to the music on her computer.

"The previous one."

Christy got up to her computer and clicked the mouse. Soon, the wired tune got into her ears and her heart again.

She heard it silently but felt as if she was in the darkness and tremendous crows were screaming with hoarse voices. The heavy metal music and the electronic sounds led her into a long and dark lane.

Irish's nose twitched out of nervousness, and her heart almost stopped beating since it was twisted by this sound. She seemed to have finally seen a faint light in the alley. It was an oil light, and then the faint light left a shadow on the ground, and a pair of shoes appeared in the light and shadow.

It was a pair of boys' shoes with a gray-colored leather surface on which there was dust. The shoes were still under the faint oil light, but Irish couldn't clearly see the boy's face, but only could estimate his age through the size of the shoes. He was a little boy of around nine years old.

The boy's leather shoes in her memory and the weird tune intertwined with each other. The grotesqueness in her dreams had all been imprinted in her memory, making it difficult for her to distinguish between dreams and reality.

The sharp meow at the end of the music made Irish feel that her stomach was smashed by something, and she rushed to the toilet, throwing up all of the food she had just eaten.