

Enchanted 55

The moonlight was reflected into Joseph's eyes, making them seem placid and detached. Upon hearing the words, he began to speak, "Irish is your daughter, and we are family, so it is my duty to take care of her."

"Actually, her name is Isabel," Henry emphasized Irish's true name.

Joseph glanced at him. This old man was once famous in the high-end jewelry world. In some aspects, he was successful; however, in some other aspects, he was not. But at least he still kept his temperament as an innovator. Of course, he also had his frets, such as at this moment. Henry thought about it for a while and then lifted a cup of tea, "I'm afraid that it will take a long time to make her accept this name."

"But whether she accepts it or not, she is my daughter," Henry said stubbornly.

Joseph smiled lightly.

Henry's voice became low, "I understand her. I owe too much to her and her mother."

There was always something cruel in the world. It was called memory. However, there was also something happy. It was also a memory. Memory was the most precious component in one's growth. Nevertheless, Joseph hardly ever recalled something. He went through so many difficulties during the process of his growth, from study to work. He was good at making plans for his life, so every step he made was never regretful for him. An economic crisis hit many years ago, and his parents died from it, leaving only him and his little brother alive. If his personality was said to be tainted with melancholy, maybe his memory of that period was the reason. As a result, he was not willing to be immersed in memory since dwelling on the past represented that one person only wanted to cherish the past memory. In other words, one person had no faith in the present, and one person compromised their own reality.

Henry compromised his reality because of his daughter, who made him annoyed and concerned. Joseph kept silent since any words seemed like they'd be redundant.

However, Henry had the intention to disclose his concerns. He continued, "When I was young, I worked on a farm after graduating. It was because I was not satisfied with the marriage arranged by my family. And it was at that time that I met Isabel's mother-Rachel. We were all traditional at that time, so even if we loved each other, we didn't express our love to each other. I went back to the city, and she said goodbye to me at the railway station. At that moment, I vowed that I must marry her. However, when I came back to the city, Shirley's parents put pressure on me and asked me to marry Shirley since our two families had been good friends for a long time. During that time, I felt lost and upset, immersed in drinking. And one day, as I woke up, I found that Shirley was lying beside me." He stopped here, shook his head, and smiled. He looked up to Joseph, "You can guess what I did then."

Joseph seemed to have seen that old era. At that time, America was just like a faded picture. The people in the picture wore simple clothes and lived a tough life, but they were happy. He had heard his father talk about that era, and every time he mentioned it, it was full of beautiful memories. But obviously, Henry's memory of that time was filled with difficulties and regret.

"Please carry on," He poured another cup of tea.

"I was frightened at that time, so I nearly ran away. For any reason, I felt very sorry for Rachel, so I ran back to the farm and found her. The first sentence I said to her was to ask her to marry me. One month later, we got married and had a wedding in the country. She didn't have many relatives, just her little brother Steven. But we didn't care too much, and we thought that it was good as long as we were together. However, good times didn't last long. I heard from my family that my father had developed a serious illness, and I needed to go back.

Nevertheless, after coming back, I found that it was just an excuse, and Shirley was pregnant. It was just that one night when I got drunk that she had become pregnant. I was not willing to marry Shirley, and it was even more impossible for me to divorce Rachel. As a result, we both felt unsatisfied. Feeling angry, I brought Rachel to New York. Rachel was also pregnant, so she lived in Steven's house. Rachel didn't know anything about Shirley since I didn't want to tell her. But privately, I wanted to compensate for my mistreatment of Shirley. I hoped that she would get an abortion. Shirley didn't say anything and didn't force me to do anything as well. I thought that it had ended finally. However, one month after Isabel's birth, Shirley and her elders appeared in front of us, embracing a pigeon pair. Her elders intended to make me acknowledge Shirley's position since she had given birth to a son and a daughter for my family."

He stopped there with a helpless smile on his face.

"Rachel was tender but stubborn. Knowing the whole thing, she didn't say a word and left with Isabel. Later I tried to ask for her forgiveness and even wanted to bring Isabel to my family. But Rachel didn't forgive me and even changed Isabel's name."

"Irish has the same characteristics as her mother," Joseph said.

Henry nodded, "Yeah, she is reserved. She hates me because I didn't come on time when her mother was dying. The expression in her eyes could kill me, and she even wanted me to suffer to death. I know that I didn't do what a father should do for so many years, and that's why her family also hates me. The alimony, tuition, and allowance I sent to Isabel were all returned by them."

"No wonder she also hated Ruby," Joseph thought of Irish's attitude towards Ruby. It seemed that Irish wanted to swallow Ruby that day.

Occasionally missing content, please report errors in time.