

Enchanted 587

She liked to deceive herself, which was her fault since her childhood.

Just as when she was a child, she sat on the bench with her eyes closed and her head turned to the sun, imagining that she was spinning in circles on the Trojan horse.

So she fell in love with the neighbor's wooden horse, a little wooden carving.

Her mother did not understand why she had a special love for a little thing; only she knew it best and then carefully hid her little secret from anyone.

Again, she thought she would not come to the cemetery, and she could pretend that her mother was still there.

Irish stopped in front of her mother's tombstone.

Under the photo, there was already a large bunch of calla lilies lying there quietly, as if blooming in Charles's arms. The flowers in the sun were a little yellowish, and the curling of the petals made people smell death, but from the fineness of the packaging, it was not difficult to see the visitor's intentions.

He was the only other one who knew that her mother liked calla lilies.

Irish stood alone, clinging to the bouquet in her arms and gazing closely at the flowers on the gravestone. The winter was windy, and the wind was cold, and her long hair was blown. The dead leaves of the ground swept through her feet.

The sorrow in her eyes couldn't be hidden. Those deep memories in her mind came out one after another, like a tumour, usually seemed to disappear, in fact, the virus spread.

People often like to forget the pain, to remember the happiness, but she happened to be the opposite. From childhood, what tormented her was only pain; though there was happiness, it always seemed that her painful experience often replaced it.

Irish stepped forward, bent over to pick up the bunch of calla lilies, and the withered flowers broke free of elaborate packing and scattered in the cold wind. She squatted down and gently put a bunch of flowers in her arms in front of the tombstone, looking up at the headstone where her mother was smiling at her, "Did he come?"

Her answer would always be silence.

Irish took a deep breath to ease the sour swelling of the eyes.

Taking out a handkerchief and gently wiping the picture on the tombstone.

"You never told me you hated him, even if he had finally chosen his career and his family." Irish carefully rubbed, and deep in her pupil was the pain.

"So, I don't understand why you would be unhappy for such a man when he failed to live up to his promise and became a complete betrayer. You love him, but is he worth it, Mom? Henry Lake failed his promises, I should have to remind you repeatedly."

Irish put the handkerchief away, sat in front of the tombstone, and spoke quietly to her mother.

"I still can't forgive him, even though I tried to persuade myself several times."

The wind softened her voice and made her voice more mournful.

"Probably," She lowered her eyelashes and covered the solitude of her eyes, "I don't know how to forgive a person."

Speaking of that, Irish smiled faintly again, smiling at her mother's bright face, "I'm really sorry I didn't learn to love from you. I don't know how to love someone or how to forgive someone. If loving someone is to give, then what about forgiveness? Is it tolerance? Forget? Or, just let it go?"

But she couldn't let go.

Because of Henry's final choice, her mother was sick in bed. However, she did remember the day when her mother had left, and even that day, she still remembered the weather and the smell of the air.

On that day, the air was glued to the smell of sweet cream cake and death because it was her birthday.

And because that was the day her mother left.

How much she wanted to make a birthday wish with her mother and blow out the candles together.

But she was the only one who blew out the last candle.

The moment the candlelight went out, her mother's head quietly leaned on her thin shoulder, motionless, and the hand holding her knife and fork with her slowly dropped.

She did not cry, but her little shaking hand gently held her mother's dry, senseless hand and whispered, "Mom, do not sleep before you wish me a happy birthday."

In fact, when the last candle was blown, she knew that her mother had left because the air that blew the candle was only hers, small, weak, and unremarkable.

But she would rather believe that her mother was asleep.

She slept till now.

Irish looked forward to her birthday because her mother said her coming was the most precious gift ever given to her.

Irish hated her birthday again because God took away her most gift on that day.

The cemetery was rustling.

Irish's eyes became red and wet over and over again, always refusing to drop a tear. She wanted to tell her mother a lot, for example, she met Joseph. Although there were obstacles ahead, although it was hard for her to learn how to love a person, she still wanted to love him.

For example, she wanted to tell her that she had also become a mother.

The little life was in her womb, growing up. She didn't know what kind of mother she would be, and she didn't know if she would be a qualified mother, but she wanted to thank her mother for bringing her into this world. Even if there was hatred and pain, it was also fruitful.

Because of a holiday at Christmas, Cassie slept well, and just in the afternoon, she simply cleaned up and went out.

It was more than three o'clock in the afternoon when she arrived at Mary's house. Steven was busy working in the kitchen. Mary opened the door, and suddenly a big cake squeezed in.

"You little girl, why are you carrying so many things? Did you rob the supermarket?"

"Auntie, help me." Cassie wanted to move the supermarket home and went into the house with big and small bags.

Mary hurriedly came forward to pick up the things and put them down, "How much does it cost? We all bought things for Irish's birthday. If I knew you'd go shopping, I would've let you come."

"You won't let me come. I'll come to myself.." Cassie smiled, greeted Steven in the kitchen, and then looked around, surprised, "Irish has not come back?"