

Enchanted 595

At that time, Henry ignored his mother and them until the mother was seriously ill, and he inadvertently discovered Joseph's most sensitive ability to cut and discover diamonds.

From that day on, Henry regarded him as his own son.

But Joseph was clear. As a businessman, Henry did all things good to him, and how could he use "feeling" to describe his intentions?

Henry lay on his bed, looking down at Joseph, stretched out his trembling hand with all his strength, "Okay. Well, I got it at last. Joseph, you ask yourself, if there were no me, would there be you and your brother? You dare to swear that to me, to the Lake, you just hate? I've done so much over the years, so much for you, you... Haven't you ever been touched?"

"Henry Lake!" Joseph's hands "clapped" on the bed, and his handsome cheeks turned cold, "I have the right to let you die in no peace, you understand? After you have been unkind to my family, I have the right to do so."

His voice was like a trapped beast, and his eyes were horrified with anger.

Henry had never seen such an enraged Joseph, for a time, he had only gasping strength.

The air around became a thin cool, and it was Joseph's breath, like the death, whose tall figure shrouded in the dying head of Henry. He clenched his fist, and the blood between his fingers dropped on the white sheet.

Like the red plum blossoming in the snow, there was desolate loneliness.

Gradually, the resentment hid from Joseph's appalling eyebrow, his breath began to smooth, and the corners of his eyebrow became a calm lake again.

His eyes, which had just been filled with murderous pain, had withdrawn from anger, becoming as lonely and silent as a dead well, full of desolation.

Joseph opened his mouth, weak, suppressing his eyebrows in inexhaustible forbearance.

"You will never believe my boredom with hatred."

Henry was startled.

"Henry, I just want you to know that if I want to swallow Runestone Group, it is easy. And if I want to destroy your two daughters, I only need the slightest effort. I can do as you imagine!" Joseph squinted slightly, clenched his knuckles, and his handsome face almost clung to Henry's face, and his sharp eyes to his shocked, muddy eyes, and said, "But, you listen to me. I'm not useless enough to use women to get things done, and I'm not an asshole to get married in exchange for success. If I swallow the Runestone Group, it's not about hatred, but it's about the mood!"

"Joseph." Henry looked at him like a stranger.

Joseph slowly rose, and the tall figure covered a large shade of the sun. Then he took the napkin on the bed, and the last touch of sadness in his eyes disappeared, achieving the usual calmness.

He rubbed the blood on his fingers slowly.

After a thorough wipe, the napkin was thrown into the trash can.

Then he sat down again and looked back at Henry, and his tone returned to the deference of the past, "President, Irish and I are going to get married soon. I hope you will bless us in heaven," he said, "It is the greatest compensation for her and for me."

Did he hate Henry? He hated him! He even hated that he wanted to kill him.

But did he appreciate Henry? He was grateful, for there was no Henry nor he nor Jordan.

Perhaps, after encountering Irish, he had chosen the latter between hatred and gratitude. He had the ability to hate, but he was exhausted.

Unfortunately, no one would believe it, including Henry. Henry had been walking between belief and unbelief, so he allowed Ruby to marry him and finally worried about Irish.

No one would believe that he had given up hatred from the beginning, even if he did not believe it himself.

And Henry, on his bed, after hearing this remark, suddenly exerted all his strength to seize Joseph's hand. His withered fingers were as powerful as pliers. He made a final sound and desperately squeezed out the last bit of strength of his body.

"Joseph, I'm sorry for you, I..." His strength finally dissipated with the last "I" word, and before he finished speaking, he had no time to turn his eyes to the observation room.

Then, holding on to Joseph's hand, he finally lost his strength.

It was like a gust of wind that blew out the light of his life.

Henry's hand fell, and the whole person fell on the bed, wide-eyed, but he made no sound.

Joseph quietly looked at him. In the monitor nearby, the line representing the breath of life finally straightened and became eternal.

He raised his hand, gently closed Henry's eyes, and then pulled up the white sheets covering his face.

After all this, he opened the door and walked out of the ward. Looking calmly at the Lake family, he said, "President has gone."

For a time, there were crying echoes in the surrounding.

Irish didn't cry, and she did not even look back, far from the voice of crying, standing in front of the window. Joseph looked at that petite figure, and somehow, his heart felt a source of pain.

He stepped forward and finally stopped behind her.

Irish stared into the distance; her eyes were very empty, like the desolate universe. After a long time, she opened her mouth, "He left peacefully?"

The man's voice behind him was calm, "Very peaceful."

Irish smiled, and the pale little face on the glass had the outline of a painful smile, "Thank you."

Cassie put down the phone in shock, sitting on the sofa for a long time, speechless.

Mary, who came out of the bedroom, came to the living room with a gift box and looked happy. After sitting down next to Cassie, she couldn't wait to open the gift box. She pulled out a white skirt from inside and looked at it back and forth. "Cassie, what do you think of this cashmere coat I bought? I'm sure she likes it, right? She liked white when she was young. This white cashmere coat I had been looking at for a long time. It is expensive. The mall said it was a famous brand, but I didn't understand it anyway. But it deserves, look at this quality, other salespersons all said, it is called a diamond grade cashmere.

In front of Mary's endless chatter, Cassie made no response.

Steven went out of the kitchen. "What time is it?" he said, "You call to urge the child, why don't they come back soon? And that Joseph, didn't he say he would come over tonight? See if the two of them are together."

"Oh my God, the two must be together. Don't think about it." Mary grumbled and put her cashmere coat back in the gift box, and reached out to pick up the phone.

Cassie had an abrupt response, reaching out to hold Mary, "Auntie, don't call."