

Enchanted 622

Even if she could cheat herself that he loved her, she was not entitled to maintain such a kind of relationship during which they would not be happy.

So there was a kind of person who could alleviate pain for others and clean barriers by utilizing dreams to make them healthy and happy but couldn't give themselves a good dream.

She was that kind of person.

So she hated it.

Her baby wanted to leave her so much that she could feel it every second, so she came to the hospital.

She couldn't let her baby accept the cold scalpel at its last second. Her baby was so quiet and silent that she was afraid that when the scalpel swept over its body, it would scream in her dream, "Mom, feel ached..."

Yes, she couldn't make it ache since it was her baby, just like she was her mother's. So she chose to have medicine.

This would be a painful choice, but it was just for her.

She wanted to prove that her baby had come to this world with the most torturing method. She wanted to have it for the last time.

She was finally punished by god.

She didn't have the medicine, and it was late for her to feel the baby's existence for the last time. The baby just left her silently.

She suffered and could only cry in bed with her last breath.

She knew that she could not leave it anymore...

She didn't know how to clean the blood. She didn't know how she finally saw it in the blood either, and then she just put it into the container prepared by the hospital.

Her fingers were filled with blood.

It was the fetus's blood.

It was so beautiful. She imagined that it would be a girl. She also imagined dressing her in the most beautiful clothes. And now it was indeed the most beautiful because it had a transparent glass coat as protection from harm.

But why did he come here and see such a helpless and desperate one? What did he want to do?

Why didn't she pull him into the cliff together?

Joseph's hands were death's hands for her.

She couldn't take a breath, and it was difficult for her to inhale oxygen.

And her consciousness became unclear. So was it a feeling of facing death? She became quieter, just like a broken doll, and was sent to hell by Joseph without any resistance. The man overhead was shouting angrily and asked why she did it. Was she entitled to do it?

Her lips opened, and she couldn't say anything.

The scenes in her brain began to show one by one, so clear and so true.

She saw Shirley quarreling with her Mom and scolded her Mom. She saw herself riding on the Carousel and laughing and shouting happily while her parents just stood there and looked at her as other parents did. Only she was in their mind.

She saw that as she was little, she was not willing to go and just cried in front of a neighbor's house. She just stared at that little red Trojan horse and didn't want to leave, regardless of her parent's persuasion. And then she saw that her father knocked at the neighbor's door, and then the neighbor refused her father's request.

She saw within a deep and placid lane a little boy was pulling a girl to run while a crowd of people was chasing them.

She saw that she had great courage to come to the Lake's and tried her best to approach the bell on tiptoe. However, she was so short that she could only pound the door with great strength. The woman who scolded her Mom came out and looked at her, disgusted. That woman regarded her as a beggar. She told Irish that her father would never see her Mom.

She saw her Mom lying in bed and leaning against her little shoulder quietly. It was late for her to say "Happy Birthday" to her Mom since her Mom had closed her eyes.

And then she saw Joseph in the sunshine at Midnight. Joseph was so tall and so attractive to her...

And then she knew that all these 30 years were just like a movie for her and showed gradually as she was near death.

So when the oxygen was nearly all out of her brain, she difficultly said, "Joseph...You... just kill me..."

Death was a release for her now.

And there was darkness in front of her.

Before she was out of consciousness, a voice intruded in angrily and anxiously, "Are you mad, Joseph?"

She closed her eyes and was in the dark abyss without any torture.

When in a mess, everyone deals with it differently. Someone would encounter it positively, while others just follow others naturally, and still, others just run away. So many people could be grouped into the last category in reality and exist considerably like clouds of birds. And Lilith was just one of them.

She took the flight to Florida when the Lake's were in a mess.

It was not because she was cruel, but because she could not address the issues that were so difficult for her, who didn't graduate from college for a long time.

She was not as strong as Irish, who was with willingness and tenacity. She was also not as confident as Joseph, who planned everything and controlled everything. She could only grasp what she could and come to Florida to seek Jay.

It was already 6 in the evening when she arrived in Miami. And there was no train from Miami to Orlando. She had planned to rent a car to Orlando, but she feared that Florida would be dangerous in the darkness. As she was alone, it would be unpredictable for her to go, so she had to stay overnight in Miami.

Miami was a small city in Florida. Just as described in the book, it was quiet and clean, not as messy and dilapidated as she had imagined. Instead, it kept its original characteristics and identity.

Its name had its own origin, which made it more impressive.

It was not cold, so when Lilith sought the room she ordered before on the internet, there was still warm sunshine cast down and on the long lane with stones.