

## Enchanted 273

Irish did not know what had happened, and Joseph would not speak to her. Then, close by, Alston smiled a huge smile, and the people under the stage began to countdown.

"Joseph, are you really giving up?" Irish stared at him, unable to understand it.

Joseph said nothing, but in full view, he put his arm around Irish, and his arm blocked the faint red dot. Irish looked up and tried to look into his eyes. Joseph noticed it, then turned his head and smiled at her. "I had to give up."

Irish frowned, was the price over budget?

She only felt that her body was hugged more tightly, so tight that she was almost breathless. Why was he doing this? Joseph had always maintained a very meticulous public image. Last time he only reluctantly hugged her after she tried all kinds of coquettish behaviors and acted cutely.

The host on stage announced the current bid, 2 billion dollars.

No one continued to raise the price.

Leo clapped his hands, and Joseph reluctantly gave up bidding. Alston's smile expanded. Finally, the firm sound of a hammer rang out from the podium. Alston successfully won the M100-2 mine at 2 billion dollars!

Everyone stood up and applauded him.

Alston was even more proud. Irish followed Joseph to get up, only to find that his arm was still hanging on to her, and she couldn't help looking up and asking, "What's the matter with you?"

Joseph turned his head and looked at her, but he saw the red dot move to the back of Irish's head. Startled, he pulled Irish into his arms.

Everything happened so quickly. Amid the loud applause and false congratulations, Irish only felt that her face hit Joseph's chest, and the bridge of her nose smashed painfully against his collarbone. Upon looking up and asking him what had happened, she heard a groan from Joseph overhead. The people around him scattered like birds, screaming.

Irish was agitated by these sounds around her and looked up to see his face, sweating. Irish was panicking, but he asked feebly, "Are you alright?"

She did not understand and was just to ask but felt the weight of Joseph's entire body on her. Both of them fell to the ground. Irish hastily panted, reaching out to hold him, but touched something wet behind him. She lifted her hand to see, and all five of her fingers were red!

Blood!

It was blood!

Belle's hysterical scream pierced Irish's ears. She stared at the blood on her fingers, and the air in her chest was squeezed out. His sweet wood scent was mixed with the smell of blood. She forgot to cry. It was hard for her to get good luck and see what had happened to Joseph.

He had been shot in the back of his heart.

"Joseph!" Irish finally heard herself squeezing out a mouse-like voice. She couldn't believe what was happening. Causes and consequences ran through her brain, and then she understood.

Joseph had protected her.

She should have been the one who was shot.

He closed his eyes, and his coat ran red with blood.

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Jay had been working all night, and as soon as he had left the drug control center, he saw Lilith sitting beside the flower bed. She was playing with rose petals in a white sweater, simple jeans under her body, and a pair of neutral Doc Martin boots. Beside her was a yellow sycamore, the wind blowing down the leaves, it was a beautiful picture.

Jay was attracted to her immediately.

Lilith happened to be looking up, and saw Jay, then smiled. She stood up and rubbed the dirt off her pants, and jumped forward while looking up at Jay, saying, "You always pay attention to your image. Why haven't you shaved your beard today?"

In autumn in New York, the weather was cool, and everything was golden beauty. Jay's mood immediately improved, not knowing if it was because the woman in front of him was too beautiful.

But his words were still a bit tense, "Why did you come?"

Lilith directly reached around his neck and smiled. "I'd like to make an appointment with you in advance. I don't know if you have any spare time for me tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night?" Jay raised eyebrows, "Why?"

Lilith approached him, "I need to go on a date."

When Jay heard that, he frowned suddenly, and he reached out to push her away. "Why should I have to accompany you on your blind date?" He ignored her and walked toward his car.

Lilith looked at his back and rolled her eyes.

As soon as Jay just got to his car, the passenger door was opened, and Lilith crept in. She quickly closed the door and smiled lazily at Jay. "You helped me veto Ben Winston last time," she said. "You can also be my emotional counselor and help me see if the man is right for me tomorrow night."

"I have no time," Jay said stubbornly.

Lilith laughed and said, "You have to do it."

"Get out of my car!"

"No," Lilith replied lazily.

Jay scratched his head, and his short hair suddenly became as messy as a chicken's nest. It could be seen that Lilith had ruined his original good mood. After taking a deep breath, he held back the desire to get angry. Turning to Lilith, his tone was almost begging. "Please, I didn't sleep all night. Get out of my car, so I can go home and sleep."

Lilith could see the blue shades of his eyes and thought about it. Without saying anything, she got out of the car. Jay was stunned. When he originally said this, he did not think that she would cooperate, assuming she would still be as stubborn as usual. This time, he should be happy, but he felt a little gloomy.

Thinking, the door beside him was opened by Lilith, and she said, "Hey, you get out too."

Jay looked up at her in surprise as if looking at a stranger. Lilith did not bother to talk to him and just reached for him. He did not know what she would do and was afraid his hands would hurt her, so he had to get out of the car. Lilith then sat in the driver's seat, pointing at him, "You sit in the passenger seat, I'll drive you back."