

Enchanted 548

"I'm sorry." In addition to repeated apologies, Joseph could not recall more conducive words to defuse the atmosphere.

Irish gently pushed him aside, sat quietly on the sofa, clasped her legs, and pressed her chin against her knees. Joseph saw that, sighed, walked forward, and sat by her side.

Reaching out and stroking her head. She turned her head away from his big hand.

Joseph's hand stopped in midair, hesitated for a moment, then directly reached out and pulled her, forced to take her face, sincerely said, "Isabel, I didn't mean to hide you the truth. The house was entrusted to Jasmine to take care of, and I did not know who she rented until the first time I sent you back that I learned you stay here. You have such strong self-esteem, how dare I tell you I'm the landlord? Then you resigned, and I didn't want to tell you the truth anymore because I thought I wouldn't be afraid to find you if you lived in my house. Remember the last time I suggested you move to Long Island? You told me you wanted to be independent and free. I didn't force you or tell you that the house is mine for fear that you will not feel free and have a burden on your mind."

Irish bit her lips, "Can you keep this from me forever?"

"Isabel." Joseph slightly accentuated, whose eyebrow was serious, "This is not a big deal."

"Who says it's not a big deal? Do you think I was you? Do you know how hard it is for me to make money?"

Joseph froze.

Irish was angry to lift her hand and stretched out her finger to poke him in the chest, "I wouldn't have paid the rent if I had known this house was yours! I don't have to give out that big sum of money every quarter! Do you know how much money I've lost since I lived in this house?"

Joseph's expression was astounded.

He thought she would say something bad, blame him for not telling her the truth, and would run away from home in anger. Unexpectedly, she would say these words to his surprise!

"Isabel." He was a little embarrassed and reached out to squeeze her face, "When is it, and your head is full of money? How can there be a woman like you?"

"Don't touch me. I'm so angry." Irish drove away his hand, and gnashed her teeth, "What I hate most in my life is the black sheep!"

Seeing that her charges were getting bigger and bigger, Joseph explained, "Don't worry, your rent is all in the card. I haven't moved a cent. Jasmine's going abroad is a fake, and not charging you rent is the real thing."

He thought that after he had said these words, Irish would be moved to tears and would even send him a few kisses. Unexpectedly, her face was almost inflated to the point of deformation, and a small white tooth had the tendency of biting his throat.

"I mean, if I had known that the house belonged to you, how good would it be if I lived with you? It would be better to rent the house to someone else than let me live here! I live here in vain, renting this unit to an outsider to make money is much better, Joseph, you idiot!"

The last sentence was spoken out of her teeth.

Joseph really choked.

Irish quickly got up, and Joseph grabbed her, "Where are you going?" He could not read her mind now.

"Of course, to Long Island!" Irish picked him up and pushed him in front of the suitcase. "Hurry up and help me pack my clothes. Don't waste a minute. Do you know what the rent of the house in this district looked like when I passed by the gate of the agency a few days ago? Like this duplex it could be rented for at least 3000\$ a month, how much money do we lose?"

Joseph was speechless and couldn't laugh, "So you agreed to move in with me?"

"A fool makes no money." Irish quickly took off almost all the clothes on the hangers and threw them all into the suitcase, "if Jordan lived here, it would be a world for both of us," she said, "If he doesn't live here, you'll rent out the house. 3000\$ a month, bro."

Of course, she did not forget what Shirley had said, and the house was left to Jordan. It was also an important excuse to hide her guilt. Jordan would have lived here long ago if she had not taken over the house.

"Okay." Joseph only felt that she was flying around in front of him like a white butterfly. He couldn't hold her. He had to say that she was a magical woman who would always become a steel soldier in front of money, changing her usual decadent state.

Or maybe she just had too much to eat.

When she threw another coat into the suitcase, Joseph finally caught her, whispering, "Just take a few."

"No luggage?"

"I'll have someone to bring them for you." Joseph looked at her and said.

Irish was puzzled.

When she followed Joseph out of the elevator and tried to bypass the garden through the backdoor path, she finally realized Joseph's good intentions. However, once faced with a media siege, getting away with the heavy suitcase was tough. They would also give a message in front of the media.

This "If..." situation finally happened.

The reporter, whose eyes were so sharp, caught sight of both of them, followed by a crowd of reporters, startled Irish, and widened her eyes.

She had never met the media face to face. She was lucky when she went to Lake; it was just in time for the reporters to go to dinner. But that day, the reporters were all in high spirits. After seeing the gossip characters, they were more excited. The road ahead was crowded for a time, and they raised the camera.

Joseph clasped Irish to his bosom and covered her with a coat so that there was only one scene of Joseph protecting Irish in the photos taken by reporters.

With one hand, he clasped his arms around Irish, the other hand, he strove away from the reporters and strode forward with difficulty.