

## Enchanted 629

Irish choked up and couldn't help but put her arms around him.

Leo was shocked and quickly embraced her, a little happy.

"Leo, you are really good, it is amazing to know you." Irish cried.

Some people could always bring warmth; sometimes, warmth was a flash, so precious that she thanked him for not asking to the end and would rather be a clown to amuse her.

She truly felt that Leo was a good man, no matter how he was in the business, at least he was a warm friend.

This warmth was more important because she had fallen into darkness.

Leo felt relieved when he saw her crying, and it was better than her calm silence. He sat down around her and sighed, "I thought you had figured it out. You are going to be my girlfriend."

She cried and couldn't say a word.

He had to hand over the napkin.

After a long time, he said, "Otherwise, if you marry me, you will have to marry someone. It's the same. Besides, we are engaged."

Sobbing, Irish asked, "Do you make it up?"

"If I tell a lie, I will be killed." Leo vowed, "In fact, it is very simple for us to get married to each other. That is, my father met Henry through Joseph's father. At that time, Henry was not yet President of the Runestone Group. He also met your mother when they were having dinner together. Knowing that your mother was pregnant, he then made an engagement for us."

Irish shook her head gently, and her eyes red, and said, "That doesn't count."

"Why not? A verbal promise is also a promise." Leo was in a hurry.

"You are my most important friend, Leo. I can lose a lot of people all my life, but I don't want to lose my friend," she said with tears in her eyes.

Leo sighed heavily, "I don't understand, why can't you accept me?"

"Because." Irish bit her lip, "In fact, you are the same as him."

Leo was stunned.

"Can you be a simple person to be able to deal with Joseph for so many years?" Irish looked at him sincerely, saying, "Leo, I want to make friends with people like you, not lovers."

Leo raised his eyebrows, "Joseph and I are two kinds of people."

Irish gently shook her head, "You and Joseph are not simple people."

Leo opened his mouth and was speechless for a while.

She leaned over the bed and whispered, "It's good to be friends with you, really."

Leo raised his eyes, and when looking at her, his heart was sore. He lowered his voice, "Maybe you don't realize it at all. You just told me that you didn't love me, and you were direct, but when you said you didn't love Joseph, you were hesitant." He blurted out.

He couldn't ensure that what she said before was true or false, or that's what she really thought was true, but one thing was for sure, that even if she abhorred the Lake and used Joseph as a chess piece, her mind was influenced by Joseph. Otherwise, her eyes would not be so hesitant, and she would no longer reject people like Joseph into her heart.

Irish's eyes trembled slightly, like a stone thrown into the calm lake.

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When Lilith woke up, the sky outside the window was very faint, like the whole sky was covered in a piece of yellow sand, and she could not see the bright sunshine and blue sky and only saw the wind blowing the small flag flying around.

But she was in a nice room with a few clean windows, a comfortable bed, and a large area. From the style of decoration, she should be in a hotel.

Lilith carefully recalled what had happened. She remembered that she had just arrived in Orlando and was about to pass through the village when she was stopped by a car. The men who had boarded her had no expression at all. One of them had been holding a cotton cloth and covering her mouth. Soon her vision was lost, and at the last second, she lost consciousness and flashed the thought that she had been kidnapped.

But her hands were not tied, and the room was not the old warehouse or filthy cabin she saw on TV, but it was so clean and bright that it didn't look like the kidnapper's place.

Lilith hastened to check herself again, touching it from beginning to end. She was afraid of the bad man who sold her organs and cut off her kidney for sale.

But there were no signs of surgery. She got up and looked out the window. It was quite desolate outside, except for the trees. She did not know where it was, but it was supposed to be deserted; at least since she woke up, she found that there was no way out of the window.

Was it...

Lilith's brain flies fast.

It was a drug dealer!

As soon as they appeared in her head, they exploded like a detonator. She was surprised that her pores opened and her blood flowed back. That was it. What if the other party was a drug dealer? Did Jay's identity come to light and be killed by drug dealers? Otherwise, why wasn't he taking action? Then the drug dealer took the opportunity to retaliate, knowing that she was Jay's girlfriend, so he was going to kill her.

Scenes of anti-drug films occurred to Lilith's mind, intertwining and superimposing, and she never knew her memory was so good.

All she could think of was that Jay took important evidence of the other side's drug trafficking, but the other side could not find the evidence even if Jay had been killed and disposed of, so he planned to take the people around Jay to do it!

Lilith was grieved and desperate. If Jay really suffered misfortunes, if the person who had locked her up here was really a drug dealer, even if she fought for this life, she would kill one to avenge for Jay!

Thinking so, she was not afraid. Now she was only thinking about Jay. She was ready to come here.

There was movement outside the door.

It seemed like someone was talking, and it was like footsteps.

The sound insulation was excellent, so she didn't hear their conversation very clearly.

Lilith was nervous, and her eyes quickly scanned the room. Not far from her, she saw a long-neck wooden vase decoration, and she made a plan.

Soon, the sound of footsteps outside the door became clearer, and the person should be coming this way.