

## Enchanted 731

Lenard smiled, shook his head, and simply stared at her more directly and boldly. "Lilith, in fact, you don't have to draw a distance between us."

His words revealed too much information.

If Lilith could not hear the hidden meaning of it, she had lived in vain for so many years. Inadvertently thinking of what Irish had said, she was nervous. She simply did not beat around the bush and looked up at Lenard calmly.

"Lenard, I know our parents have made a mistake. Of course, they want us to be together, but you also know my relationship with Jay."

Lenard smiled at her and nodded.

"You know my relationship with Jay, but you may not know many things. In fact, Jay and I are about to get married, and my mother has promised that as long as he can be transferred back to New York, she will agree to our marriage. Now you see, Jay has returned."

Lenard was thinking. He paused briefly and said, "But why aren't you married?"

Lilith opened her mouth and said nothing.

She wanted to say something straightforward, but if only it were just her imagination. Lenard didn't say much. She was afraid she had misunderstood. Finally, after thinking about it for a long time, she said, "I think the blind dates are quite unreliable. Your parents must have forced you, right? Well, you can tell your parents about Jay and me, so they don't blame you."

Lenard was silent for a moment, looked at Lilith, and said, "If I am serious about this blind date?"

Lilith was stunned.

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Irish was no longer sad from the International Financial Center to Wall Street. On the contrary, her pace was very light.

She was happy to try on clothes at a brand store for an hour and a half.

During this hour and a half, Joseph had nothing to do but answer two phone calls. He sat on the sofa and read the magazine leisurely. Irish tried one by one, and he waited patiently.

"How about this one?" Irish came out of the fitting room, stood in front of the mirror, and looked at Joseph in the mirror.

Joseph put down the magazine in his hand and looked at Irish.

She was in a small smoky pink dress, not so vulgar, not so dull. This color matched her skin and made her more clean and transparent.

"It looks good," Joseph spoke his opinion.

Irish carefully looked at herself and looked at the skirt she had tried before, which was red, like the maple leaves dyed in autumn, and the beautiful colors were equally unobtrusive.

"What about this one I just tried on?" Irish picked up the skirt and looked at Joseph again.

"You look beautiful in this, too," Joseph casually answered.

"What about the last one?" She began to have an obstacle to choose from.

The last one was in classic black, more professional.

"It's also good." He answered.

Irish frowned. "Why do you say good things about everything?"

Perfunctory, right?

Joseph felt innocent and smiled, "You are extremely beautiful. Do you want me to say bad things to you?"

The clerk next to him said with a smile, "Ma'am, you look beautiful, and you have a good figure. In fact, sir is right. You look beautiful in both dresses."

Irish looked both sides, picking up one, and couldn't put the other down.

Joseph got up, put the magazine back where it was, went up to her, and smiled, "Which one do you like?"

Irish was choosing, and when she saw him so relaxed, somehow there was such a fire in her heart. Gnashing her teeth, she said, "Don't urge me, be careful that I'll take all these things."

She thought he would go back to where he was and wait, but she heard him say, "If you like them, buy all of them."

Irish was stunned, stared at him for a while, and said, "Are you still the Joseph I know?"

This man all day long just thought about how to reduce her energy and money. Why did he suddenly become so generous today? There must be a conspiracy.

Joseph did not say anything more, but he seemed to be amused by her words. The corners of his lips slightly raised, and he rubbed her head and then said to the clerk, "Wrap up all these things."

The clerk's mouth almost grinned to the root of his ear and hurriedly said, "Yes, sir, just wait for a moment."

After the clerk took the clothes in her arms away, Irish grabbed Joseph's sleeve and looked alert. "Are you going to deduct my salary or bonus again?"

Joseph looked down at her hand that tightly held his sleeve. Then, he smiled, "You are trying to estimate what's in the heart of the great person with the heart of the mean one."

"Just in case there's something wrong. I've always been a villain before your eyes." Irish was not confident.

Joseph let her pull his sleeve like that. "Irish, when did you ever treat me like a gentleman?"

"Have you ever been a gentleman to me?" She retorted and pouted her lips.

Joseph slightly robbed her nose, "Of course, for example, now."

"You have ulterior motives." Irish blurted out.

Joseph was in a happy mood to tease her and replied, "Everyone knows I have ulterior motives for you. It seems that only you don't know that."

"You..."

"Sir, the clothes have been wrapped." The clerk went up and interrupted Irish's words. Looking at Joseph again, she made a "please" gesture. "Sir, you can check out now."

Joseph looked deeply at Irish and did not say anything. He turned to check out. Irish bit her lips and followed. Soon, the bill came out. "Sir. Altogether it's thirty thousand dollars."

Joseph handed in his bank card.

This time, Irish heard the sound of swiping the card, and it hurt her heart, so she finally realized that she didn't care whose wallet the money was taken out of. Joseph and Cassie actually judged her very well. She, in fact, was Grandet, a penny pincher.

When she left the store, Irish stared at Joseph and said, "Don't think I spent too much. Don't forget our current relationship. Only by doing so can I be worthy of the identity you gave me, or it will be a shame to be your mistress."