

Enchanted 732

Joseph did not react much after hearing that but glanced at her, and the light in his eyes was calm and sired as ever. Of course, when his lips were slightly closed, he looked a little serious. And from the perspective of his side face, she could not see whether he was happy or not.

She admitted that she had said it intentionally. During this time, she had experienced far more than she had in the previous years, and she had to use "lover" to define the relationship with him from their encounter to falling in love. Everything was like a big dream, a magnificent dream that made her gaunt.

She remembered Adam, who had been in her dreams before, so true and natural as if dreams and reality had made two spaces. She shuttled through these two spaces. And one was life with Adam, and the other was with Joseph, sometimes, she would be in a trance, unable to tell what dreams were from reality.

Just as now, her relationship with Joseph has stumbled all the way to the present, so was it possible that she opened her eyes and found that originally Joseph was the one in the dream?

She looked at the figure of the man in front of her. His whole back looked indifferent and remote when the light fell on his shoulder. Before, she would happily hook up his arms, eager to show off that he belonged to her, but at present, she found that she had lost even this courage.

Joseph paused and waited for her to come forward. Irish only then sensed that she was stunned in place. She reacted and stepped forward.

There were not many people in the mall, and only two or three people were on each floor, making it quieter when she was with Joseph.

"If you are my lover, I have to say that your attitude is too casual." It was Joseph who broke the silence. His voice was low, and he said that as he passed through her.

Irish's face turned to the display window, looking at the splendor clothes inside, and said, "I don't understand what you mean."

Joseph stopped again.

After seeing him stop, Irish stopped and stared at him at a distance of more than a meter.

A couple was passing by and looking back curiously.

It was as if everything was flowing around, and just her and him, still, like a freeze-frame picture in a movie.

"Come here." Joseph opened his mouth.

Irish did not know what he was going to do, went forward, stopped in front of him, and looked up at him. He vacated an arm, and she could not hear much emotion in his indifferent tone.

"Take my arm."

Irish looked at his arm and looked at him again.

"At least, you should satisfy me on the surface. But, Irish, don't forget it's your choice."

Joseph slightly added sharp words.

Irish's face froze, but soon, she took his arm, showed the most brilliant smile at him, and then, almost gnashing her teeth, said, "Can you go now?"

Joseph raised his lip corner slightly, "You'd better have professional spirit."

The word made Irish uncomfortable. Her fingers clenched to her shirt, and she said impatiently, "Did you make so many requests to your ex-girlfriend?"

Joseph turned his head and stared at her, and his eyes sank a little.

In the next second, she was pressed against the wall by Joseph.

"What are you doing?" She was alert. "We're in public!"

"You said we are in public. What do you think I can do to you?" Joseph's big hand was on the wall, and his metal sleeve of the cuff refracted the crystal light on the top of his head, falling on his cheek of Irish like a ripple.

He lowered his face, stopped near the tip of her nose, and said, "No one dares to be as unscrupulous as you are."

Irish did not shy away from his eyes and looked into his eyes, "Is that what you want me to be, to be unscrupulous or obedient?"

He didn't answer.

He closed his lips, staring at her, and the light in his pupil was dark where there was a little softness and a bit of impeccable authority.

Irish felt that he was thinking and struggling with something.

After a moment, he opened his mouth and accidentally said with a smile, "What else do you like?"

Looking at his eyes, Irish turned her eyes thirty degrees and said indifferently. "I'm thinking, shall I wear a watch in the same series as you?"

Joseph turned along her eyes, glanced at the watch shop not far away, and then looked back at her cheek, and the lines on his lips softened a little.

"Okay."

"It's a good time to snatch a little leisure from a busy life, right?"

Under the tree shade of the university campus, the clear sun went through the leaves. The light and shadow fell on the white wooden chair. A little farther away, there was fragrance. The porcelain white blooming petals wobbled in the sun.

Irish bought two cups of milk tea and handed one of them to Cassie. She sat down in the chair and asked with a smile.

In spring, the rich colors distinguished the seasons.

Especially on campus, a heavy mind and realistic pressure would be lighter.

This was originally a place where literature and art were popular, and people in the environment would follow.

Irish had just finished a psychoanalysis class, and Cassie took a rare day off. According to Irish, there was nothing better in the world than spending a day in their alma mater.

So Cassie came.

She drank a cup of milk tea, held the cup in her hand, looked at the students on the lawn for a walk or reading a book, and exclaimed, "I don't know why. Whenever I come to my alma mater, I always think of "Gone with the Wind."

Irish smiled and said, "I don't think we're old enough to look back."

When she was a student, neither she nor Cassie was the kind of classmates with textbooks in their arms. They were those who read at night in the study room when they would have an exam the next day.

Irish felt that what books a person liked to read really determined his later character. Like Cassie, the most precious thing during college was *Gone with the Wind*. The pages of it were almost turned into pieces in her hand. Every time she turned the page, she had to be careful to be afraid of destruction, and when she read, she thought this was the narrative and helplessness of human nature. Cassie joined the school literature club with her enthusiasm for literature, but it was in line with the professional background of her journalism department.