

Enchanted 734

When he gave his opinion, he was always firm, whether it was about her or others. He always spoke in a positive tone and a clear attitude, so people would unconsciously listen to his advice.

Sometimes Irish would think he was too chauvinist and complained to him that he should leave some room for others to think when he gave his opinion.

He disagreed with her and replied, "Let me make up my mind," which means the other person has no idea. Is it necessary to leave room for thought?"

Irish felt that he was right.

People sometimes needed a spiritual leader to make their own decisions. Joseph had long been used to the position of spiritual leader, so he was so firm.

After handing over the style to the designer, the designer smiled and said to her, "You are so happy. Your fiance has a good eye."

Happy?

She handed over happiness to Cassie.

After coming out of the studio, Joseph asked her, "Is the wedding dress for Cassie?"

Irish nodded.

He said nothing more.

"I think this wedding dress looks better on you," Cassie said something from the bottom of her heart.

Irish's heart twitched. After a long time, she smiled, "When I get married, you can send me one."

"When will you get married?" She asked curiously.

Irish thought about it, afraid that Cassie would have to worry, and closed her lips. She said, "In short, after you."

"You are mysterious." Cassie laughed lightly.

"But thank you very much for the gift." In fact, she was very moved, which pressed down her depression for many days. She took Irish's hand and whispered, "I am so afraid of change now, really. Irish, do you think many things would change if a woman is married?"

"What do you mean?"

Cassie leaned aside. A light of uneasiness flashed in her eyes, very shallow, and then it passed by. She seemed to be oppressing something. After a long time, she smiled and said, "For example, when we are all single, we often get together. When we have boyfriends, there will be fewer parties. Look at our classmates. Do they have time to have a party? The only thing that proves they still exist is that they keep posting pictures of their children on Twitter and Facebook."

Irish smiled and said, "As long as you think, after having a child, you really want to show the child's growth to the world. As the saying goes, marrying a good woman can benefit three generations. After you marry, you are the one who benefits, to guide the family, not to be tired by the family. Apart from your husband and children, you should also have your own life and goals. Don't revolve around in the kitchen all day long. A woman's value can only be reflected after you are good at using her time to enrich herself. This is the growth of the new generation of women. "

"I think you've taught too much in college, and your tone has become like that of Professor Lee." Cassie giggled.

Irish laughed, too.

The faint fragrance of flowers was wafting.

After laughing, Irish looked at Cassie and whispered, "Some things should become certain to change. If you do everything you can to retain it, though it is left in hand, its quality also changes, but there's also something that will not change. I think our friendship will not change."

Cassie nodded her head heavily.

In the twinkling of an eye, it was the weekend, and it rained on this day.

Into the night, the neon street outside the window was also washed by rainwater.

Joseph was drinking, and soon after the social engagement began, the wine fragrance overflowed.

The phone in his hand was ringing. Daisy was clear. That was Joseph's private phone call.

For Joseph's new habit, Daisy also began to adapt. In the past, every time Joseph had come out to socialize, the mobile phone must have been put by Daisy, which was convenient for her to answer. If she could help with it, she would never disturb Joseph. If she could not cope with it, she would hand over the mobile phone to Joseph.

At present, although Joseph's mobile phone had always been with her, he had always carried his personal phone with him. No matter what social occasion he was on, and no matter how drunk he was, the private phone must be in his hand, and the phone was set to vibrate, so it was easy to answer it at hand.

Although, after returning from Chicago, his private mobile phone had not been too busy, Daisy saw that every time he went out to socialize, he would be used to keeping his mobile phone at hand.

Needless to say, the only person who could call his cell phone was Irish.

Joseph answered the phone.

Daisy did not know what had happened to Irish and could not hear what she said on the phone. She only saw Joseph listening all the time. Finally, after she had finished, he said in a very faint voice, "Well, I get it."

Daisy looked subconsciously at Joseph and found that when he answered the phone, the light in his eyes was as soft as the radiance of his lips.

After the call, he returned to the usual calmness. The softness in his eyes no longer existed, replaced by the calmness of the business.

He poured a glass of wine, got up, and said with slight apologies, "I'm sorry, I have something urgent to deal with for a while. I'll punish myself for this glass of wine. I'll make amends for it one by one, and I will host a great meal another day."

After that, he finished the last drop of that cup.

It was not good for the people to ask him to stay, and they rose up to toast.

Finally, Joseph told Daisy to host these people for him.

Daisy understood that it was a matter of Irish; otherwise, he would not have left in such a hurry, nodding and saying, "Rest assured, do I need to call the driver?"

"I'll drive myself." Joseph picked up his coat and car keys, said goodbye to everyone, and left.

At the end of the corridor in the house of Midtown Manhattan.

Irish sat on the viewing platform, looking up to count the stars. Under the viewing platform was the garden of the community. The flower fragrance came to her with the wind.

She forgot the password to the door, and because she often forgot to take her key, she decided to set the door as a password lock. She knew that one day she would not remember what the password was, and the day finally came. Unfortunately, after she had tried five times and was told the password was invalid, the password door completely locked itself, and she had to wait for the original fingerprint to reset the password.

The original fingerprint attached to it was Joseph's fingerprint because he was the house's owner.

She had to make the call to him.