

Enchanted 762

After getting into the car, Joseph first checked her arm, but Irish dodged it.

He sighed and whispered, "What happened to your arm?"

Irish was completely silent and twisted her head to one side.

Joseph reached out to untie her button to check, but she patted his hand and glared at him, "Don't touch me!"

She was sharp as a hedgehog with thorns all over her body.

Joseph suddenly remembered that she had fallen on the sofa. His heart was tight, and naturally, he blamed himself for not being gentle, thinking more about whether she had been hurt or not. But Irish refused and looked cold, and he did not dare to act for fear that she would be hurt by accident again, so he had to give up.

Reaching out, he interlocked her hand, though she was reluctant.

He whispered softly, "It was my fault, no, I did everything wrong. Irish, will you forgive me?"

Irish closed her lips, did not speak, and her eyes kept looking away. She did not look at him.

Joseph sighed heavily and sent her fingers to his lips. "Well, what do you want me to do to compensate you?"

The stubble on his chin hurt her a little, and she took the opportunity to pull her hand and replied coldly, "You don't need to."

"Why?" Joseph had never been annoyed, patient, but sincere, "Irish, you have to believe in me."

"Believe in you?" Irish seemed to hear a fantasy and shook her head with a sneer. "Why do you want me to believe in you?"

"Since you heard that in the hospital, you should understand my mind. I never wanted to use you for anything." Joseph stared at her.

Irish squinted slightly. "If you are more sincere, I will believe it. I will doubt if I misheard it at that time. Unfortunately, Joseph, you really told my father that you really did not love me at all. I will remember this sentence all my life!"

After listening to this, Joseph's brain ran quickly and made a message arrangement. Finally, he made a clear line. According to her characteristics, after hearing his words, she had left. But the latter words had been clearly not heard. And Henry also knew about Irish's characteristics, after all, he was her father, so he had been so sorry to tell him that he had arranged for Irish to eavesdrop on them.

So at present, even if he jumped into the ocean, he could not clear her suspicions. He knew Irish; even if he explained, he could not deny what she had heard then.

It was human nature. At that moment, no one would doubt that his uttered words that he didn't love her would be fatal pain for Irish.

When it comes to that, God severely punished him by letting his original plan unfold before Irish's ears.

Irish finally added, "Joseph, the more you explain, the more you hide, so no matter what you say or do, I won't believe in you."

Joseph sighed deeply and helplessly.

And after Joseph and Irish's departure, Mary began to chatter, "You didn't ask them what was going on with them?"

Steven packed up the tea set and slowly said, "Nothing. It must be Irish who lost her temper when she saw the gossip. Isn't it common for girls to be jealous of that and piqued quarrel? Don't worry."

Mary sighed, went into the bathroom, twisted a wet towel, and came out, wiping her face and talking to Steven. "It's not what I worry about. I just think it's strange since Irish came back from Chicago. In the past, she always talked about Joseph, and now she seldom talks about him. We don't know what's wrong with these two people. And there's something I haven't had time to tell you. Irish's arm has been dislocated. I just took Irish to Jacob's clinic."

"Ah? Dislocated?" Steven was surprised. "Is it serious? She's fine now?"

"Jacob is an old master. You don't have to worry about that. Irish's arm is all right." Mary sighed and said, "You should care about why her arm dislocated."

"What did she say?"

Mary clasped the towel and sat on the sofa. "She said, to avoid a red light, the taxi driver braked suddenly, so she hit her shoulder on the door, and that was the result."

"Oh." Steven nodded.

Mary was unhappy. "Oh? Do you believe what she said? Irish has liked climbing trees since childhood. When she fell from a high place, she did not even make her arms dislocated. How could a sudden hit the door dislocate her arm? I think this matter must have something to do with Joseph. Maybe he hit Irish!"

Steven laughed at it. "You think all day long. How could Joseph hit Irish?"

"Anyway, I can't believe her arm would be dislocated after hitting the door." Mary curled her lips.

Besides, Steven also packed up the tea set and said, "Look at you. You are eager for them to reconcile, right? Don't think about it, you also saw just now Joseph has come here. If he really hits Irish, can Irish stand it? Perhaps she hit the door, and a force injured her arm. I opened a martial arts hall. This kind of situation happens a lot."

As he spoke, he carried the tea set into the kitchen.

Mary thought about it, put the towel back in the bathroom, and followed him into the kitchen. Steven was washing every teacup finely, all of which were old objects, so he was careful.

"Well, you didn't ask Joseph anything?"

"What do you mean?" Steven was puzzled.

Mary rolled her eyes at him, "Idiot, are you? You should ask him when they get married! He promised to me before, but right now, they're not married yet, and you're not in a hurry?"

"What's the use of being in a hurry? After all, it's all about the children. How can you be so urgent?"

Mary put her arms around her chest. "After all, ours is a girl, although, at present, it is nothing, as a parent, I am uncomfortable. What will things look like if she gets pregnant and they haven't married yet? People will talk about it, and rumors fly. So if the man does not mention marriage one day, our daughter will suffer an extra humiliation."

Steven stopped the movement and sighed heavily after a moment of silence.