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But Joseph did not get involved in their scuffle and replied briefly, "I don't know."

Leo bit his lip and said, "Are you going to work hand in hand with each other? It's okay, I will find it out." After finishing his words, he took Irish's bag and abruptly began to rummage through it. Irish was shocked and was about to grab it back, but Leo held the bag in his arms tightly. Finally, he opened the bag, and he found that it was full of money. Irish was suddenly awkward.

"Little shrimp, it seems that you have won so much money!" Leo derided her.

Irish snatched her bag, stared at the two of them for a while, and finally said, "You are a profiteer, while you are a robber."

After hearing this, Joseph finally broke the silence and rubbed her face with his big hand, "You have to keep your promise."

In the end, Leo lost the most money and ate the most food.

They ate at the best restaurant in Cape Town that had the best chefs as well as the most expensive wines. There were many waiters serving them, and Leo was very happy while Irish was anxious about her money.

She looked at him, who was stuffing himself with delicacies as if he wanted to spend all of her money.

Thinking of this, she turned to Joseph beside her, hoping that he would turn to her as well so that she could ask him for help. But Joseph focused on eating and did not pay attention to her. Though he ate in a graceful manner, he still ate a large amount too.

Seeing this, Irish put her glass on the table heavily after taking a sip of wine. When the waiters were about to pour more wine for her, she reached out and stopped him because when they approached her, she could feel the expensive service fee in her bones. They ate there leisurely while her heart was racing.

"How can you let a woman pay for a meal?" Irish couldn't help complaining. Leo, who was obsessed with the delicious food, did not look up but reached out a hand and waved at her. "Trust me, if I won today, I would treat you much better."

Hearing this, Joseph put down his tableware and said slowly, "You cannot even stop eating while talking."

"Anyway, this meal has already been paid for, I will eat as much as possible." Leo ignored Joseph and then picked up a glass of wine, "Enjoy your life at all times, Joseph. But you never understand."

"But that may not be true on every occasion," Joseph took a sip of wine and replied.

"Well, you can obey your rule. Then why stop drinking?" Leo held his glass up.

Joseph frowned slightly and put down his glass directly, "Don't poke your nose in my business."

"Don't be so self-righteous. I am just afraid you might have to go to the hospital at midnight just like last time. We are in South Africa now, and I don't want to bring you there." Leo held the wine in his hands

and added when she saw Irish, "Did you know that? I heard he got ill again since he drank too much in Pennsylvania and asked Daisy to find doctors for him."

After hearing this, Irish was in shock while Joseph just sat there calmly and said to Leo, "You are really well-informed."

"Have you heard that your capability is decided by your opponent? You have to have the same ability as me if you want to fight me." Leo smiled faintly.

Irish did not focus on what they were talking about but was absorbed in the issue of Joseph getting ill because he drank too much in Pennsylvania.

He was drunk that night. In fact, he had drank for her.

Irish was distraught since he knew he had gastrorrhagia before. No wonder he was not in the room when she woke up the next morning. Staring at his face, Irish wanted to hold him tightly.

She couldn't feel the pain of his illness that night but could feel the loneliness when she saw a doctor there. Guilt suddenly almost overwhelmed her.

Now she also understood why Daisy had mentioned the situation to her the day she submitted her resignation. She did not ask her in detail, but now it seemed ridiculous. They had arrived in Pennsylvania one day earlier than Daisy, so how did she know what had happened there? If she could ask her in detail, she could know the real situation that night.

Joseph turned back to her and said, "It is all bullshit. Don't listen to him."

But Leo continued, "Joseph, you might go to hell the day you die, but before that day, you'd better live well. I might hate you so much, but I don't want you to get ill."

"Don't worry. You'll go to hell earlier than me," Joseph snorted.

Looking at them, Irish suddenly remembered the words that Leo had once said to her. At that time, she didn't understand why they had to fight with each other, but Leo told her that since their friendship was gone, the best way to acknowledge each other's existence was to fight with each other. She sighed. Though they never told her what happened to them, she could still perceive the profound friendship they once had.

Men's emotions were more direct and loyal than women's. Even when a friendship had ended, its shadow would linger there forever, so they had to choose such a way to remind them of their past friendship.

It was nighttime in New York. Lilith went home exhausted, and as soon as she entered the house, she saw that her mom was practicing a tea ceremony. The fragrance of the tea drifted through the room, which relieved her tiredness. She greeted her, and when she was about to go upstairs, Kelly slowly told her. "Stop."

Lilith stopped and turned to her mom.

"Have you gone on a date with Ben?" She wanted to vomit upon hearing her mom's words.

"What do you think of him?" Kelly said slowly.

Lilith replied briefly. "I don't like him."