

Enchanted 394

He was excited because she was there to wait for him, afraid because he had seen her sad look, and thought that she might be fretful and angry because she had left him again.

Joseph finally knew what it meant to have complex feelings. But at this moment, he felt happy.

Seeing him out, Irish stood up immediately and found out that there was more tissue in his hand. She finally understood his intention. And she just saw him walking towards the cake. Actually, it was a mess. He squatted down and cleaned it up, throwing the dirty tissues into the garbage can.

He stopped for several seconds and turned to ask her suddenly, "Have you let me eat all the parts having letters?"

Irish was surprised at her question and then nodded.

Joseph smiled lightly without saying anything. He walked forward. Irish moved away soon and picked up the coat for him. He didn't take it over but said directly, "Take it for me."

She didn't make a response in time, while Joseph held her up directly and walked to the lift.

It took some time for a lift to get to the first floor from over the 70th floor. Embraced by Joseph, Irish thought, what if the security saw them? They would be very embarrassed, Irish thought.

It was so quiet inside the lift, and its metal door reflected Joseph's face. After a while, he lowered to look at her and smiled lightly. Biting her lips, her head leaned on his chest. As it approached the lower floors, she finally spoke, "Joseph..."

"Eh?"

"Eh..." Irish looked at his chin and finally asked, "You give me this new phone?"

Joseph lowered to look at her again. His facial expression disclosed that he couldn't believe she could have asked such a stupid question. She soon figured out his meaning and flattered him, "Really? So kind of you! It's so expensive."

"Thinking it's too expensive? Okay. Return it to me."

"No. I don't think so." Irish soon changed her attitude, "Now that you have given it to me, you can't take it back. But be clear that it's you who gives me. I don't ask for it from you. Do not regard me as greedy."

Joseph laughed, "You are indeed greedy in money."

Irish was happier. She didn't care about his description of her, "So... it's a gift for your girlfriend?"

"You guess."

"Are you my boyfriend?"

"You guess."

"I don't want to guess, but your confirmation. Joseph, am I your girlfriend?"

"You are more than a girlfriend."

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it."

"No, I can't understand you."

"I won't help you."

"Hey... Mr. Dover."

They finally got out of the lift with a smile on their faces.

Seeing them walking out, the security really got shocked. He was confused about why there were two people coming out of the lift since he only noticed a man who went upstairs a few minutes ago.

Joseph didn't care about his surprised expression but embraced her out of the building and went to the car.

Irish sat on the copilot seat with her feet stepping on the soft carpet while Joseph walked around to the driver's seat. As he went on, she pretended to be helpless and let him look at her only shoe.

Joseph was teased into laughter and touched her head lovingly, "Do not pretend to be helpless. It's just 7 o'clock, and you have enough time to pick out a pair of shoes."

"I am not going to buy a new one." Irish said lightly, "I just bought it, and it took me nearly over one thousand dollars. It's a pity for me."

Joseph was so smart that he grasped her meaning soon, so he immediately said, "Doesn't matter. I will buy a new one for you. You don't need to get off." Then he intended to start the engine.

"Joseph..." Irish was not stupid at all. She figured out his mind and held his arms smilingly, wagering it, "It's a waste of money. I just climbed from the back of the building, and my shoe must be there. Could you just please pick it up for me? Otherwise, it will arouse others' doubt when the day falls."

Joseph realized that it was necessary for him to help her, so he just sighed, "I still couldn't understand how you got into the building. Even if you can climb up, you can't easily pass through since the window is closed."

Irish approached him, laughing strangely, "For us climbers, even an iron wire can become a necessary tool. We will make use of everything we can to achieve our goals."

"Awesome!" Joseph complimented her.

"So my shoes..." She acted coquettish again.

Joseph couldn't resist the lure of this expression. Actually, it was her unique skill. As long as she begged him with this expression, he would finally be lost. So he just found a flashlight from the dashboard and got off without hesitation. He was to find the other pair for her.

Through the window, Irish saw his figure that was farther and farther by holding her legs. She couldn't help laughing happily.

The car went forward along West Broadway Street.

Joseph drove Irish to Wall Street, a region that amassed many financial regulatory agencies and major financial institutions domestically and abroad. In this way, it became a synonym for advanced industries and rich men. Wall Street at night was brilliant and not as boisterous as it was in the day but as flamboyant as CBD.

Joseph took her to the Mark Joseph Steakhouse on Wall Street. She had learned something about this restaurant in the magazine, which was known as one of the most beautiful restaurants in New York, and also ranked in the top of the most expensive restaurants.

As they entered it, Irish couldn't help exclaiming the charm of money. In the pond, there were fish swimming. The modern architecture provided her with a mysterious and luxurious feeling.

She stepped on the floor, which was made up of semi-transparent black glasses. She was as if in a crystal house, which made her into a dream.

Joseph was accustomed here, obviously. As he entered it, he walked directly to the box, hanging a chandelier in a "cloud" shape. Irish knew that Frank Gehry designed this chandelier. Actually, there were all eight boxes with this kind of chandelier.

"You haven't eaten much in the afternoon, so just help yourself at night." Joseph had already arranged the meal for them, so he just poured the tea first.