

Enchanted 404

Her Aunt Mary's voice was so loud that she almost deafened her eardrum, and then she felt Joseph's fingers stagnate on her belly for a moment. Soon, the big, broad hand went up all the way and grabbed a "rabbit" in front of her chest. She almost gasped by the force of his punishment.

She turned to his face, only to discover that his brow was harsh and dark and that there was a line slightly protruding between his brows. At once, she was embarrassed. One side was her domineering Aunt, and the other side was her unhappy lover. She was caught in a quandary. She could only look at what was before her and smiled at him as a consolation. And then she hurriedly devoted herself to the debate with her Aunt.

The auntie over there chattered, and she was almost overwhelmed with questions.

"Irish, you can't lie to me. What are you doing with Joseph? Why can't your phone keep getting through? And you said you were with a friend for a holiday, which one of your friends? Where do you live? Are you with your friend or him?"

Irish was thinking of what kind of answer could be used to both dispel her Aunt's doubts and eliminate the misunderstanding between Joseph. After pondering for a long time, she felt a pain in her brain and didn't think of a panacea. But her Aunt's questions also awaited her answer, and then she had to say, "Aunt, how can I lie to you? My cell phone is out of battery. It's my classmate abroad, who came to New York alone, and she has no close relatives here. She is introverted, not liking to contact strangers, so I come to accompany her."

"Really?" Because Irish always had a good faith record, so Mary still believed her words.

"Really." She took the risk. "Why don't you talk to her for a second? Let her make fun of me that I'm still under control?"

On the top of her head, Joseph raised his eyebrows and looked at her with a little surprise. But Irish was very confident. Her face did not flush. She knew her Aunt. Although she was usually swaggering and sometimes stubborn, she was not really willing to give her children trouble, so the more Irish said so, the more it was safe.

Sure enough, Mary mumbled over there, "You always use this kind of words to prod me, am I not for your own good?"

"Oh, of course, I know you're the best aunt." In the face of her loved ones who occupied an important psychological position, Irish was always as gentle as a cat, with a smiling face filled with sunlight, and said with a soft voice, different from the sharp tongue that attacked the Lake's.

She was in Joseph's arms, so he could see all the changes in her expression, with a spoiling smile on his lips. This woman, even if she had so many changeable faces, which were only masks to protect herself, and these masks in the eyes of outsiders had become a synonym for "bossy character, strange temper," but he could see that it was her most true appearance, soft hook heart.

"So what happened to you and Joseph?" Her Aunt did not forget the point.

Irish tried to avoid the topic, but she did not. Without looking up at the man's black eagle-like eyes, she knew that he was staring at her, sharp, as if ready to stab her at any time, only when she said something bad. But her Aunt over there, of course, Irish couldn't fool her at all. She took a deep breath. "What's wrong? I told you last time."

A typical good response.

While her Aunt was not satisfied, "You promised me you wouldn't have anything to do with him, but he went here yesterday."

"Well, probably he just wants to persuade me to eat at the Lake." Unable to be ambiguous, Irish had to lie, simply comforting one end and then the other, "You can rest assured, I really did not contact him."

The man's big hand suddenly increased his strength on her waist, and the pain was so sharp that she bared her teeth but made a poor plea for mercy at him.

Her Aunt hesitated for a long time, "Well, if you really cut clean with him, then listen to me. Tomorrow you have to go on a blind date."

"A blind date?" Irish's voice was as sharp as if her throat had been squeezed.

"Are you kidding me, aunt?"

"Can I make fun of that? You're 28, and I'm ashamed to go to your mother's grave if you don't get married and have a baby." When her Aunt mentioned this topic, she began to chatter. "You said that Leo's conditions were very good, but you don't like him, but if you had to have something with Joseph, who was playing with women, it's fine. I know I can't force you to receive Leo, but you should know Joseph can't give you anything either, so you'd better go on a blind date. You can't live alone all your life!"

Irish obviously felt Joseph's body stiffer and stiffer.

"I..."

"You don't have to refuse, it's a deal. I've chosen all the dates for you. Tomorrow you'll let me see you try it."

"I don't want to."

"You don't want to? Well, then, you should have a try with Leo. It will take some time to know whether you both are appropriate or not, or you should hurry to come home and not spend any day outside. I'll tell you how a woman can make herself happy!"

"Well, I'll go on a blind date then." Irish feared it most. Once her Aunt had made up her mind, it would be impossible for her to stay here tonight, so she agreed hastily.

"All right. I'm telling you, the other side is the son of my colleague. He's two years older than you. He was in good condition with a stable job."

Her Aunt's words made Irish harder, and she could clearly feel Joseph's eyes darkening as he tightened her belly. The more excited her Aunt on the other end, the more her suspicion rose, it made her not

want to hang up on the phone. "I saw the photo of the other side. The young man is very handsome. I have also shown your photo to the other side. Just now, he said that he wished to meet you. I think that young man is attracted to you, which is not surprising at all. How beautiful you are. And who believes you are 28, I'm..."