

Enchanted 409

Lilith's head shook. "My mother is usually quiet. In fact, she is very obstinate. Even if you tell her, it may not be effective. I'll start with my father first. He loves me the most, and he will speak for me anyway."

Jay looked at her and sighed a long time later.

"Come on." Lilith once again hugged him, "Your parents also disagree with our relationship. You still have to persuade them."

"It's easy to persuade them, and when what's done is done, they can't help but admit it." Jay lowered his voice.

These words actually frightened Lilith, raising her eyes to stare at him, her cheeks actually flushed, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Jay was stupefied at first and then understood, laughing with teasing, "I said we first get the marriage certificate, what do you think?"

"Huh?" Lilith was really shocked, blinking to see Jay. Then, a long time later, she reacted with embarrassment, putting her hand to cover her face, "I did not think much."

Jay smiled.

"Hey, are you proposing? I didn't say I'd marry you." Lilith blushed.

Jay always smiled and did not answer, just reaching to put her into his arms again, tightly embracing.

It was a fine day the next day. When Irish woke up from the dream, she smelled the sweet faint wood fragrance.

She had a beautiful dream in which she and Joseph were always in the same place. There was not so much confusion and intrigue between them. They seemed to have gone to a very quiet and white place between heaven and earth, and the lake, like a mirror, formed a crystal plane that reflected their shadows.

The place in the dream was as beautiful as heaven, as quiet as the ends of the earth. Joseph took her by the hand with a smile. The wind blew gently over the crystal lake, and he looked at her and gave a kiss on her forehead.

Therefore, when Irish opened her eyes, she still wore a happy smile.

The gauze mantle obstructed the sunshine, which made the room warm. Irish sat up from the bed, looking at the sunlight out of the window. At one time, unexpectedly, she could not distinguish between reality and the dream. Pulling the blanket to cover her naked body, she got out of bed in pain. She drew back the veil slightly to open a corner. The beautiful morning outside the house came into her eyes.

She knew that she was awake and everything was real.

When Irish looked out the window in the early morning in New York, she could not help but think of the white place of the dream. It was Uyuni, the place where she had once thought of traveling hand in hand with Joseph, who had booked her a trip here, but what she insisted on was that the trip to the holy paradise only when two people go together could be called a complete journey.

Over the years, the dreams that haunted Irish had made it hard to believe in their healing power, but now she was beginning to believe that dreams were good times that really made people feel good all day long.

The other side of the bed was empty. The man she had been talking love beside her ears last night had disappeared, but Irish had never been so safe. Maybe it was because he was at home that she didn't worry if he was missing.

Walking around, she had to find a dress to get out of the bedroom.

The morning in this house was awesome.

There were birds twittering on the tree. The air was clear, and there was no sound of cars in the ear. Standing in the courtyard, she seemed to hear the sound of the sun shining in the pool. Looking down at the past, it was the sound of a bird walking. Irish picked up a few foods to feed, and the bird ran forward to eat, whose posture was like a noble child to maintain the most beautiful eating posture and speed.

Irish looked amazed, not recognizing what kind of pet he was keeping, but this bird also learned the calmness of Joseph.

There was a slight sound coming from the other room, and she got up and walked downstairs. It was an independent restaurant and kitchen.

She crept in, smelling the food at the first step, and her stomach began to rumble. As she entered the dining room, the door behind her closed automatically, and the gentle wind blew over her cheek. She knew it was an indoor automatic airflow system that ran through the whole house. With this system, you could feel the purest breath and air of nature.

Incongruous with modern indoor equipment was the antiquated style of luxury, and the design of the intrusive restaurant had a royal sense of court. The purple carpet complimented the whole brown and yellow tone of the whole restaurant. Irish lowered her head and looked at her feet. She was heartbroken because she had tainted such a beautiful thing.

Such a large carpet was just not decorative, but it could be stepped. Although Irish did not know much, she realized it was all human-made. The flowers on the carpet were vivid and living, and she wanted to take them home.

On top of the carpet was the royal court table chair made of precious sandalwood, perfectly harmonious. Because his uncle had always been interested in ancient Chinese culture and architecture, she had learned something. The ornaments made of red sandalwood were slightly fragrant, purple and black, and deep and elegant, especially the carved armrests on the rosewood chair. When a faint light fell in, careful observation of the holes was glittering like Venus, and the lines were like ribbon.

Irish was stunned. Was it what uncle had mentioned? The Venus Rosewood? It was said to be the most valuable variety of red sandalwood.

She swallowed her saliva, and if she sold all the rosewood furniture in the room, she would make a large profit, not to mention the antique furnishings, giant calligraphy, and paintings on the wall.

Was Joseph stealing the national treasure, right?

Through the dining room, the inside was the kitchen.