

Enchanted 41

After hearing this, Irish was elated since now she knew that he was not omnipotent. "Well, what a pity. I'll bring some good music next time."

"Do I need to pay for that?"

"Eh? No, The music is free."

"I mean, shall I pay for you?" He said with a relaxed tone.

When Irish comprehended what he meant, she giggled at him and kept smiling, "Seriously? I once thought you didn't know how to joke."

"I'm just taking precautions and protecting my wallet." He slowed down and stopped at a red light, then turned to look at her and said, "After all, I've been blackmailed by you twice before. I am also a money-grubber."

"Am I so unbearable?" Irish thought they needed to talk. "What's more, it's not my fault I'm a money-grubber. Is there any legal provision stipulating it's illegal to love money? And I always make money in an honest way, and it's absolutely not extortion since I need to pay for my time. So how do we turn our time and effort into physical value? We can only measure it through money, so it's reasonable to ask for payment from you. Do you know that time is priceless for a woman? And now I am at the age where I need to buy beautiful clothes and cosmetics to decorate myself. All these need money. So I am just creating a fair transaction. But you've described me, an honorable person, as an avaricious person."

The light turned green as she finished her sentence. Joseph started the car with a silent smile on his face. "You're really arguing a point to death."

"You misunderstand me, I just think it would be good for you to listen to some music. It wouldn't make you a musician, but it could help you avoid ridicule."

"Okay, okay. I was wrong." He looked in a good mood and apologized to her unexpectedly. "I thought you were trying to figure out how to get the ticket money when you got in my car."

"Do you think I am a stingy person? Moreover, my car over there may not actually get a ticket." Her sound suddenly turned soft, and her smile was full of cunning cheerfulness resonating with an ulterior motive. "Of course, it's possible that I'll get a ticket. Oh, what kind of music do you like? I can buy you a CD."

She gave a long speech first and then made a perfect ending for it.

Joseph had gotten her point, so when she finished her last tactful word, he quickly took out his wallet, "Anyways, leave me some money to fuel the car."

The wallet was not garish, instead, it was black and handcrafted out of calfskin, which conformed to his low-key characteristics. Irish's eyes lit up when she saw a large amount of cash in it.

"Well, as the old saying goes, No pain, no gain." After being polite, Irish began to estimate the amount in his wallet stealthily.

Joseph grinned, "Just like you said, a genuine CD is expensive."

"That's true." Irish eagerly took the wallet and opened it. There was no fancy membership card in it, but it was placed with several credit cards. The center pocket of the wallet was filled with \$100 bills.

She did not need those foreign currencies but pulled out some larger notes from them with a bright smile hanging on her face. "I know a genuine music store, some of the music is even out of print. Don't worry, I promise I'll pick something good for you." Then she swayed those big notes in her hand and said, "I only charge 20% of the purchase fee, it's a reasonable rate."

"Em."

Joseph began to spend his words as if every single word was a golden dragon. Irish didn't intend to analyze his thoughts but put the bills in her wallet. When he slowed down, out of the corner of his eye, he saw that she was counting money like a rat who had abandoned herself to pleasure. Seeing that, he couldn't help but smile.

The night was getting tumultuous when they passed through Midtown, where the evening lights crossed through the shadow of the maidenhair tree. Joseph finally pulled the car up to her house.

It was quiet there, which was in stark contrast with the bustling Midtown not far away, emphasizing the coziness of living here.

"Where are you living?" He asked her with a little astonishment.

"It's not the best location in this community, but I got a bargain." Irish took her bag and said, "Do you want to visit my house and have a drink?"

"Since you invited me, I would love to have a drink at your house." He said meaningfully with a smile.

Irish suddenly stopped and explained to him hurriedly when she caught a prankish smile on his face. "I didn't mean anything."

She was afraid that he would misunderstand her intentions, so she added, "It is too late now, maybe I should invite you tomorrow."

"Okay," Joseph was not going to embarrass her but showed a faint smile.

Getting out of the car, Irish showed an innocent smile, "But I really appreciate you driving me home."

Joseph laid his hands on the steering wheel while outside, the headlights of the car were interwoven with the darkness casting on his cheeks, making him look more leisurely. "I think I need a more sincere appreciation."

She could understand the implication, and shrugging her shoulders, she said, "But I still wouldn't accept your suggestion just because of your heroic behavior tonight. You shouldn't look down upon me. I've said that I'm not interested in the Runestone Group. I'm afraid that you need to find someone more qualified."

"You misunderstood me." Joseph laughed and said unexpectedly. "I just thought that now that you've blackmailed me with your genuine music, perhaps you need to give me a more "sincere" appreciation."

Irish felt a little bit embarrassed and stopped for a while, then said, "It's just a single hair out of nine ox hides for you."

"Good night." Joseph smiled slightly and started the car. Then he added, "What's more, you could be open and aboveboard next time you meet me at the restaurant. Don't forget that we ate a midnight snack once, and it felt good."

After finishing his sentence, he drove away.

Irish was almost frozen, and it took her a long time to respond. "Hey!" She looked down and then shouted at the rear of the car. "Hey, your tie is still here!"