

Enchanted 728

One held a plate, on which there was a decanter and a glass. The plate was a high-end crocodile one, the decanter was an Italian homemade one, and a famous designer in Hungary designed the crystal glass.

The second fellow also took a plate on which there was a delicate ice bucket. And a bottle of red wine was put in the bucket. It was with a wooden plug and a beautiful bottleneck. He put down the plate and took up the red wine, pouring it down into the decanter slowly. After it, he elegantly rubbed the mouth of the bottle with a white cloth.

Although Irish had not had much taste in red wine, she knew that it must be expensive.

It must be expensive with high-end accessories.

The third fellow held a plate of fruits. They were cut and arranged elegantly. The forks were transparent in color and became more beautiful against the colorful light in the store.

As all the red wine and fruits were put in front of her, Irish couldn't just tell them that she needed to go elsewhere.

How could she just do it this way?

She needed to buy one more. She took a glance at the clothes on her hand and filtered them one by one. She tried her best to be elegant and calm, and then she spurted out, "Is there any discount?" Actually, she felt regretful to ask about it.

In most cases, she would just go window shopping. After finding the one she liked, she would log in to the official website of these brands or just call someone in the original country to buy it for her. It would be easier to buy in the original country for the same clothes.

But today, she couldn't do it in this way.

Irish clenched the phone. She hated Joseph!

As she heard the clerk's answer, she hated Joseph more.

"Sorry. There is no discount." Irish kept one piece of clothing and a dress. They were all new arrivals for the spring collection, but they were also cheaper compared with others.

"Lady, these two totally cost \$34,500. How would you like to pay?" At the check-out, the voice of the staff was very soft.

Of course, she would pay them with her debit card.

As she heard the sound, she nearly kneeled down.

35,400 USD was gone in this way.

It was already one hour later when Joseph finally arrived.

At that time, Irish was groveling on the table of a café. Beside her, there were two bags. Her coffee got cold already.

Joseph sat down across from her and looked at her coffee. He called the waiter and asked him to change it into a cup of hot milk take-away.

Irish heard his voice and kept still. Finally, she just buried her face into her arms.

Joseph was sorry for it. He also liked her look, so he touched her head and said lightly, "Sorry. I'm late."

Joseph touched her head with his big hands.

Irish raised her head suddenly and moved his hands. Then, she took up her phone and showed it to him, "Look at the time now!"

It was already twenty to two.

At this time, the waiter took the milk to her.

Joseph paid for it and said to her lightly, "You can have it first, and then I will take you to have a meal."

Irish stared at him, "My time is precious."

"But you are on holiday today." Joseph was still placid.

Irish grabbed these two bags and put them in front of him, "You misunderstood me. The fact is that my time has cost much more than usual. At usual times, I can earn 2,000 USD per hour if I deal with individual cases, but how about today? I have spent \$34,500 because you're late!"

In an abnormal state, Irish could show indifference to money, for example, more than a month away from the prosperous city, or one day she was hijacked to Mars, or in the destruction of the earth. In short, as long as she lives in the crowd, her nature of loving money would be exposed.

At present, five thousand dollars was very important before her income. After all, she had held several bright titles, but for Irish herself, the effect of transferring the money through her hands was like pushing her into a nuclear reflection zone, and it was still a disaster-type area. No less than experiencing the despair of a big explosion, what was always lingering in her head was the sight of money flying away with wings. The scene pierced her heart.

Joseph's eyes were always sharp. Not to mention Irish's complaint, from her angry eyes, he could see her heart on the verge of collapse.

He was speechless, and his eyes fell on the two dark bags next to her and reached out. Without saying a word, Irish handed the bag to his hand. He took a look at it and smiled a little when he opened his mouth. "It's a good thing to buy clothes and make yourself happy."

Irish could not get used to the smile on his lips. She took the bag back and muttered, "The money is not yours; of course, you won't feel bad."

However, Joseph looked at his watch, got up, and picked up his coat. He said, "Come on, let's eat first."

Irish felt an internal injury. She didn't know if he had heard the words she had just muttered, but she caught a glimpse of his different look and deduced that he had heard and pretended not to hear it.

It was not a date. This lunch was too late, so the restaurant was very quiet.

Joseph took her to a new restaurant. As he had said earlier, the food here was really delicious, waiters each like waiting for the master of the slaves waited behind, but their backbones were still straight. This was the highest level of service, humiliated without losing the principle.

They were creative dishes, and each could fully stimulate Irish's taste buds.

Joseph ordered a few dishes, which should be the restaurant's main dish. Not filling the table, only two or three dishes were served each time. Because the quantity of each dish was really exquisite and less, they made people finish just right away and keep eating, and then the waiters removed the empty plate and continued to serve other dishes.

Irish and Joseph were quiet when they ate.