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Cassie laughed, holding the milk tea, and she lazily sat in the wooden chair and said in a soft tone, "These days, people live a day's pressure that catches up with that of a year of the 70's people's life. See, this proportion is not half-life?" Then she looked at Irish, "If you really think life is easy, you do not have to work in school. Returning to the school is also seeking inner peace, right?"

Irish leaned against the other side of the chair and looked at her in the light, "Life is not always satisfactory, so you have to find a way to live. Living to our age, compared with the young people in society, we are mature. Compared with people living a half-life, we only can sum up part of the truth of life before them. We are born as ascetic monks. From birth to death, we have only learned one thing in our lives, that is, how to accept reality rather than becoming more and more realistic. When we learn that, we will close our eyes. "

Cassie heard that and smiled. She looked behind Irish and said, "You see, Professor Lee. If you want to ask what the greatest ideal of his life is, he will say, "May world peace happen."

Irish looked back. Professor Lee just passed the lawn and was ready to go to class with a textbook. She could not help laughing.

Professor Lee devoted all his life to the school and worked tirelessly. He was the director of the old school. He could be described by his students all over the world. Among these students are Irish and Cassie

Cassie was impressed by Professor Lee because of his class. She told Irish that the professor preaching psychological public relations was very funny. She was curious about him, so she went to his class. He had a characteristic of teaching. He liked to get close to his classmates, so he talked about his employment choices after graduation.

Irish was reading a novel. Professor Lee named her and asked her, "What is your ideal? What are you going to do in the future?"

Irish was thinking about the novel. In front of her eyes, there was a desert, and there were a few women in the desert talking about the problem of bathing. So she replied, "Well... Save the world."

After she spoke out, there was a roar of laughter.

Professor Lee also smiled and then looked at Cassie, who was also reading. Finally, the professor asked, "How about the classmate next to you? What is your ideal?"

Irish nudged Cassie.

Cassie is intoxicated in the novel, and she doesn't expect that the professor would suddenly name her, and she quickly answers, "My ideal is...saving Irish."

There was another burst of laughter.

Professor Lee was knowledgeable. He reacted quickly. "I think the ideals of these two students are exceptional. Irish is learning psychology, and the characteristic of psychological counselors is to save people's hearts. What a lofty ideal it is that the world can be at peace when people's hearts are peaceful. And the classmate next to her, you should not be a classmate of the department, are you? You

can see that the relationship between the two of you is good, and you should be good friends. Then, good friends are mutually helpful and understandable. Psychological counselors save the hearts of others, and you are a friend of counselors. Counselors would be confused, so as her friend, you are the spiritual savior of psychological counselors. The idea is higher!"

Irish took the lead and clapped her hands, and from then on, she and Cassie adored Professor Lee.

"I'll save you before you save me." When Professor Lee went far away, Irish took out the tablet computer from her bag. "I ordered your wedding dress for you. If you really want to marry, I will send it to you."

As she spoke, she handed her the tablet computer. "This is a sample design, not a market model. I spent a lot of money looking for a designer."

Cassie took a look. It was in very gentle lines. She raised her eyes. Suddenly she stopped speaking. After a while, she closed her lips and pointed at her watch, "I like your watch more than a wedding dress."

She pulled over Irish's hand, and her wrist sparkled.

"I saw this watch at the Basel Watch Fair. Its technology is world-class, and it is with 160 diamonds inlaid, let me think about it." Cassie pretended to be thoughtful. "The price of this brand should be about 1.5 million."

Then she was surprised and pointed to Irish. "You love money so much that you can't buy it yourself. This watch is a gift given to you, or it is imitated."

Irish drew back her hand and rolled her eyes. "Although I am greedy for money, it does not mean that my quality of life is declining."

"Did he send it?" Cassie also knew that she put quality before quantity and could not wear fake goods on the streets.

Irish reached out and knocked on the tablet computer. "I think you should focus on the wedding dress." Somehow, she always felt that Cassie was avoiding something.

Cassie took a look at the design and thought, "Which is more expensive, my wedding dress or the watch in your hand?"

Irish smiled brightly. "Honey, have you ever heard the saying, 'the gift is light, and the love is heavy'?"

In fact, this wedding dress not only cost a lot of money but also spent a lot of her energy. After Joseph bought the same series of women's watches as his wristwatch, she came to the wedding dress studio to discuss his wedding dress of Cassie.

At that time, the shopkeeper was so enthusiastic that he looked at the two of them and said, "Is it the marriage of the two of you that is approaching? Congratulations."

Irish did not know why, her neck was a little stiff. She did not think, shaking her head, and the word "no" had been spinning in her mouth, but she didn't speak out.

And Joseph also did not deny it, not knowing what he was thinking.

The designer wanted to measure her size, but she refused and directly gave Cassie's size to the designer. It could be seen that the designer's eyes were a little hesitant, maybe strange that why she did not need to measure.

Neither she nor Joseph explained anything. She did not know what he thought but knew that her mind was a mess. She stepped into the wedding shop and saw a wide variety of wedding dresses. She had something to look forward to.

Maybe that was why she didn't deny it.

Women love fantasies; sometimes, a good fantasy can even support a woman's life. Even if women endure too much pain, they will still believe in love. At that moment, Irish felt that she believed that because she was confused when she chose the style.

She couldn't help but ask Joseph, "Which style do you think looks good?" After asking, she felt strange.

But Joseph maintained a complete calmness. He went forward, turned with her one by one, and finally, his slender fingers landed on one of them and gently clicked twice. He said, "This one."