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Joseph could not help laughing, said. "She is so beautiful now that I can imagine how adorable she was as a child."

"Now? Well, she is not as good as when she was a kid. She changed in the opposite direction. She was much prettier when she was a kid. Her hair was curled like a doll. Wait, I'll show you her childhood photo album. "Steven gave full play to the positive enthusiasm, got up, and walked to the drawers. While tumbling, he laughed and said, "You should be glad to be with Irish. She has had so many pursuers since childhood, receiving countless love letters from childhood, and boys took the initiative to block the door of our house. Hey, I got it."

It was a thick photo album, and the cover was pretty old. It was a film photo album, but there was no dust on it, so it could be seen that it was often read.

Steven handed the photo album to Joseph, who took it and opened it gently. Sure enough, some had already yellowed, but they were neatly inserted in transparent plastic sheets.

The first page must have been a baby photo. From the first and the second one, when she was 100 days old, the little angel in the photo had changed differently, so it was true that the child looked different every growing day.

Seeing a picture of naked Irish crawling, Joseph's lip corners unconsciously raised. This girl usually was self-appreciated. If she knew that someone was looking at her childhood naked picture, she would be crazy at a certain point.

The latter photos were not put according to her age, so Joseph could see her different appearance at different ages. There was a picture of her about thirteen or fourteen years old, which was very similar to her present appearance, and when she was a little younger, it was true that at first glance, there was still a difference from her present appearance.

Steven was proud to speak the story behind every photo like a narrator.

Because of the photos, they left a trace of memories, which became precious.

As Steven said, Irish really looked like a doll when she was a child, mainly because the children's black eyes were much larger before they grew up, so she looked even more exquisite and lovely, but somehow, the more Joseph looked at her photos of childhood, the weirder he felt.

It was weird. He didn't know.

As if a kind of memory was about to break out from the ground, Steven was still chattering, and Joseph was also looking through them one by one. Then, suddenly, he stopped looking at one of the photos, stunned. He pointed to one of the photos and could not help but ask Steven, "How old was she in this picture?"

Steven glanced at it, hesitated a little, but quickly smiled and said, "Oh, it was when she was just four years old."

Joseph's fingers pressed on this photo. In the photo was a little girl, wearing a light-colored flower skirt, wearing a petite and beautiful little princess hat, but she was climbing the tree. Maybe she saw

someone shooting her, making faces at the camera. Her hair was not as dense as black satin as it was at present. It was a deep flaxen color, thin and curled, looking lovely and pitiful.

"Hey, actually, when she was a kid, she was a typical chit of a girl." Steven did not seem to want to explain the picture too much, reaching out to turn it over.

But he was stopped by Joseph, who smiled calmly and politely. "This picture is charming. Can you give it to me?" He found that Irish was the only one in the picture between the ages of four and five.

"Well..." Steven was a little hesitant but quickly pressed down hesitation. He smiled and said, "Irish is concerned about her face-saving. She would be angry if she knew you took such an embarrassing picture away."

Joseph took out the photo directly, smiled, took out her wallet, and put it in, "she won't take the initiative to go through my wallet."

Steven saw the situation, he had to agree.

At this time, there were footsteps outside. Steven put away the photo album and said, "Maybe they have returned."

Just words had been said, the door was opened. The first who came in was Mary. Perhaps she did not expect Joseph to stay here, she was stunned for a while. Joseph got up and said hello respectfully, but his eyes quickly fell on the woman behind her.

And Irish followed Mary behind the door. As soon as she looked up to see Joseph, the original tired little face suddenly changed, and she did not say a word, about to turn around to leave.

With his long legs and big hands, he strode forward and hugged Irish at once. He would never let her go again.

"Let me go!" Irish pushed and shoved him hard, and his behavior made her blush, ashamed and angry.

But Joseph said nothing, did not let her go, so tightly hugging her in his arms, let her struggle and beat him. He put his two strong arms around her.

Finally, Irish was tired, panting, and resentful, "I will not go back with you, no way!"

"It's so late, uncle and aunt must rest, too. Do you want to disturb their rest?" Joseph spoke in a low tone, no longer as cold and cruel as before. On the contrary, it was full of gentle indulgence.

"It was you, not me, who disturbed them." Irish glared at him, lowering her voice and almost gnashing her teeth. "Joseph, what kind of tricks do you want to play? What do you want to do at my uncle's house?"

There was a hidden vigilance in her complaint. Joseph could naturally hear it, but he said, "Irish, I just want to take you back."

He was still thinking about what she looked like when she was a child, making him feel pity for her.

"You..."

"Irish, it's all right. When two people are together, how can they not quarrel?" Now that Joseph has come on his own initiative, go back with him and stop making a temper like a child." It was Mary's voice. Although she looked a little unhappy, she still said a fair word.

Irish bit her lips to death.

Joseph hugged her all the time and lowered his voice in her ear. "Listen to me. If you continue to lose your temper, your uncle and aunt get worried."

Irish looked up at him and rolled her eyes to him.

Joseph, however, did not get angry but laughed. He turned to Steven and Mary and apologized, tugged at Irish, and left.

It took Mary a few seconds to react. She ran out quickly and shouted at Joseph through the courtyard door, "Be careful with her arm."