

Enchanted 507

Irish was surprised to hear Joseph introduce her in such a high manner, though he was right; there was always a good description. However, these words were from Joseph's mouth, which was different, so her heart was full of happiness.

One leader looked at Irish and nodded with a smile. "The young lady has a bright future."

"This is the secretary of the mayor, Mr. Michael Baker." Joseph introduced to Irish.

Irish hurriedly reached out, "Hello, Mr. Baker, I often see you on TV."

Mr. Baker reached for her hand and smiled. "Mr. Lake has such good fortune."

Irish squeezed out a smile. She was fierce herself. It had nothing to do with the Lake family.

The shortcoming of being the daughter of the Lake's finally came to light.

Irish always liked to be busy and cheerful. She was easy to get along with. She came to work two days a week. At noon, she went to the restaurant with a large group of colleagues to have a laugh and talk.

But that day, it was noon, and no colleague knocked at the door, and they did not call her.

When she went to the staff restaurant alone, she found that those colleagues who were usually close to her were already there. They sat together and filled the table as usual, except for her.

Irish came forward to say hello to them, and they looked up and greeted her hastily, with a marked change of attitude, in trepidation and restraint.

Irish then understood, and after the simple greeting, she took the plate to walk away alone.

She understood that being at the top of the mountain, she was lonely.

To her indignation, it was not where she climbed, but it was imposed upon her, and she thought that life could be as usual, only to find that everything was different.

The bad mood could only be alleviated by food.

Irish took a lot, and the plates were full.

But as soon as she was leaning on her side, the cutlery fell to the ground, and she had to pick it up by hand. But since her wrist was not fully recovered, the plate began to tremble in her hand, and she was too anxious, so she planned to put the plate aside first. At this time, a pair of smooth business shoes stepped into her eyes.

It was a man's big hand that helped her pick up the cutlery.

She was astonished to see that it was Joseph.

Why was he here? Weren't municipal leaders were here? Didn't he need to make a social meeting?

When a series of question marks sprang up in her mind, Joseph quietly replaced her with new cutlery, reached for the plate in her hand, and asked lightly, "Where do you sit?"

Irish glanced at him and pointed to a location, only to see the huge restaurant, almost all the staff's eyes were on this way.

"I'll take it myself," she added awkwardly.

Joseph ignored the eyes around him, turned, and went straight to the spot she had just pointed at, and Irish closed her mouth, obediently following him with her head down, trying not to look at the complicated rounds.

After she sat down, Joseph put the plate in front of her and asked in a low voice, "What would you like to drink?"

Irish thought, "Coffee."

Joseph turned to take it.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Irish raised her eyes all around, and she had chosen a very unremarkable position, but the eyes were still everywhere, and she looked up, and they turned again, pretending to talk and laugh.

After a while, Joseph came back with an extra plate and put a glass of juice in front of her. He sat down face to face.

Irish looked at the juice before him and protested in a low voice, "I want. coffee."

"Juice is nutritious." Joseph picked up the tableware, and the tone was strong.

Irish saw his pale face and didn't struggle, and looked at him sitting across the table to eat, could not help but say, "Why are you eating here?"

Joseph looked at her and made no reply.

Seeing that his mood was not high, she no longer asked more. In her heart, she said, did he see Adam and misunderstand? Or feel like he lost his face before municipal leaders? It might be both.

The two ate in silence, and neither could speak anymore.

Joseph always had a quiet meal, so the atmosphere was even more depressing. Usually, when the two were in the restaurant, Irish mostly talked, and he listened and occasionally expressed his personal opinion. But even so, his face was pleasant. Sometimes he laughed, which was not like that day, his face was calm and frightening.

In public, Irish could not say some private words but also chose to remain silent.

But her eyes could not help looking into his plate, a few pieces of fried foie gras, from the appearance, it was crispy outside and tender inside, which made people dribble saliva. She could not help swallowing her saliva. She found no foie gras when she was picking dishes. It was not the right time.

Inadvertently she remembered the day when she first came to the Runestone Group. It was the same situation when she ate her lunch, and Joseph was also sitting opposite her. And there were two foie gras on his plate, making her envious.

At that time, all the beautiful things were ambiguous, and at that time, Joseph was not like this, with an unhappy face.

Just thinking, she saw Joseph cut all his foie gras and put it on her plate. Irish looked down, and he used his knife and fork to cut the foie gras, which was easy for her to eat with one hand.

This move really caused a lot of turmoil, and various eyes kept looking at this side, naturally, they all watched Joseph's behavior. They had no idea that the relationship between the two people was so close that they could use a set of tableware.

Irish was aware of his movement. Joseph looked so calm and elegant that she should learn to be calm. Yet, the feeling in her heart was sweet and happy. For example, the first time, he peeled shrimp for her in front of his staff, and this time he naturally served her with his knife and fork, which was different from the cover-up between the two before. Was it publicity behavior?

"What are you thinking? Eat at once." Joseph made a low order as if scolding a child who did not eat.

Irish glared at him. "You've always had a lot of worries."