

## Enchanted 508

Joseph glanced at her, and she hurried to eat foie gras.

But the foie gras was so slippery that it fell on the table and stained her cuff. She frowned, but the next second, Joseph took the napkin and naturally took her hand and cleaned her cuff.

Irish's face became red, wanting to pull her hand back, but she listened to his command, "Don't move."

She stopped and let people cast their eyes around her.

His palm was warm, his fingertips a little cool. Irish quietly looked at him. He lowered his eyes and quietly wiped oil stains, whose slightly low cheek lines were hard and clear, and his thin lips slightly closed, although serious but impressive.

The oil stains left only shallow prints.

He just let go of her hand.

Her wrist left the temperature of his fingers.

"Attend the meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon." Joseph did not eat much, and the plate had been empty.

Irish was using a fork to eat roasted pineapple, when listening to him, she was startled, blinking. "You want me to participate?"

Joseph gave her a "sure" look.

Irish shook her head, "I still have..."

"You must attend." He interrupted her in a low but strong tone.

Irish choked.

Joseph, however, got up and left with an empty plate.

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The meeting in the afternoon was boring, though it lasted only fifteen minutes, it was no less than fifteen hours for Irish. Finally, at 2:00 in the afternoon, Joseph brought her to the meeting when she was most in a trance.

It was not Joseph who presided over the meeting.

Henry Lake looked much thinner than the previous two days at the President's seat. His cheeks were sunken, and he had many more gray hairs. Irish did not listen to what he had said but felt that his state of mind was not as great as before.

Looking away from him, she deliberately ignored her heart's strange but restless feelings.

Was his haggardness just for Ruby? The son-in-law was lost, and people talked about the pearl of his eye with relish. When did their family, the Lake's, be so exaggerated in front of the media?

Top executives attended the meeting, each sharing the most important part of the operation, and Irish was more of an idle person. It was a meeting she could not talk about at all, and it was not involved in her scope of business at the company.

But Henry spoke directly to her, with a typical father's tone, "Irish, how is the wound recovery? If you don't feel well, go home and rest. Don't hold on."

Irish was not difficult to feel the eyes from all directions with deep connotations. She did not look at Henry's eyes, lightly answering. "I'm fine." She also glanced in Joseph's direction.

He sat beside Henry, staring at the computer screen without moving, apparently lost in thought. Irish was wondering what he was thinking.

Henry was reassured and asked about her work.

She answered one by one.

Compared with Henry's obvious family voice, Irish was more businesslike.

The meeting lasted nearly two hours. Henry finally explained a few words to the rest of the work to Joseph. After Henry Lake left the conference room, Joseph did not return to the President position and briefly explained the next work arrangements in his position, especially the introduction of new products to the market and the cooperation requirements of various departments.

Irish looked at Joseph, who was sitting on the left side of the main seat and could not help thinking of media speculation. She was also worried for a moment. She did not know whether Joseph's power had really been set aside. Otherwise, how could Henry personally preside over the meeting?

The empty chairman's position was silent and vacant, and Irish's heart panicked.

Joseph never said much when he was at the meeting and just shared a few tasks with the respective department. He then declared the meeting over after a brief and clear explanation. The senior officials went out one after another.

When Irish got up, he only listened to Joseph's light command. "Irish, come here."

The act of calling names made all eyes ambiguous.

Irish was startled, the next second, she wanted to wail. Did she make a mistake?

Soon, only she and Joseph were in the meeting room, not knowing who had shut the door for them in a considerate manner. The thick conference room door isolated all the outside sound, and the huge space instantaneously was quiet.

Joseph remained in his seat, the lines between the eyebrow and the nose were hidden, and his seriousness was not visible. He played with the signature pen in his hand, his eyes fell on her, and his voice was warm and gentle, "Come here."

Irish tried hard to judge his appearance, trying to get some hints from his calm, cool tone and eyes or to read out his emotional changes at the moment, but when she approached him, she still couldn't get the message out of his serene brows.

Joseph put down the pen in his hand, and the chair turned gently. He turned toward her, and then he reached for her, and then his broad palm moved slowly up along her leg, finally holding her hand, playing carefully. He raised his eyes, looking at her.

"Who is he?" His voice was like a calm lake, and no ripples could be heard.

Irish was not shocked. When she met Adam, she was caught by Joseph. She thought about finding a chance to explain to him. Of course, she also desperately hoped that he would not ask about this matter and turned a blind eye to that morning encounter. But it looked like she lied to herself. It was normal for him to question or even inquire about that man to her.

She wanted to explain it to him at lunch, but he never mentioned it, and she didn't know how to say that. Besides, the restaurant was a public place, and so many eyes were fixed on them. Obviously, it was not a place to talk about that topic.

"He..." She hesitated a little. The explanation was certainly needed, but how to explain was the key.

At this moment, she finally understood what it meant to "use a hundred lies to make a lie." She could not say that he was Adam. This name was very taboo for Joseph. Once he was said to be Adam, well, Joseph would know that last time she went behind his back on a blind date. If it was just another man, Joseph would be okay, but if she told Joseph the truth, she should ensure that Joseph won't be angry. But that man named Adam, no matter what she explained, he wouldn't listen to her.