

## Enchanted 598

"No," Irish said idly. As she put down the apple, she was totally on the sofa again.

"Look at yourself, and you are so pale. What's up?" Mary asked her.

Irish didn't mention that she was pregnant now because as she thought of the fact, she would think of Joseph, and then the scene happened in the hospital.

"It's so cold. I tend to be like this when it's winter." She just made an excuse.

"Just stay here. I will boil some soup for you. You are so weak now." Mary felt aching for her.

Irish smiled slightly without any words.

Steven came out from the kitchen. Taking a glance at the news about the Runestone Group, he just sighed and sat down at the other end of the sofa. He looked at Irish, "Do you plan to return to the Runestone Group or...?"

Irish shook her head lightly, "I have no idea."

"In my opinion, it is a mess now, and it is right for you not to come back. Besides, Joseph will keep an eye on it." Mary suddenly chimed in.

Irish turned her body and grasped a handful of dried fruit.

"You have the Group's share, so you need to go back; otherwise, you will be blamed." Steven frowned.

"I don't want it anymore."

Mary looked at her seriously, "But it belongs to you now."

"It's useless for me. Maybe I will just donate it." Irish thought it was the best method for her.

"Okay. It depends on you. Your happiness is the most important." Steven smiled at her. In his eyes, Irish was still a child, not a shareholder of the Runestone Group.

Irish was so touched by it that she nearly wanted to cry.

Steven watched the TV and sighed after a while, "Joseph is not a simple man."

"Absolutely right. He is one who Irish is fond of." Mary's attitude changed so rapidly. She patted Irish, "I think it's good for Joseph to take the Runestone Group in his control and let the Lake's have no place to take root. They deserve it. On the other hand, only Joseph has a promising future that Irish's life can be guaranteed. It is safer for girls to stay at home."

"You said this as her elder?" Steven was not satisfied with her words.

"Don't my words make sense? Now they don't need to hide themselves, and they will finally get married. It is reasonable for me to expect his good future since it has something to do with Irish."

"Aunt, just stop talking." Irish was more annoyed to hear the phrase "getting married."

Mary figured out Irish's changes in her feelings, so she was just more vigilant and stared at her, "What do you mean? When will you get married? Does Joseph propose to you?"

Irish didn't know what to say, so she just stood up and threw the rubbish away without any words.

Mary pulled Irish and frowned, "Didn't he mention it? He promised that he would marry you one day."

Marry her?

Irish really wanted to sneer about it, but all her efforts tended to be in vain. Was she really significant to Joseph?

It would add much value for him to marry her but not lose anything if he didn't do it. So, inferring from his actions, he actually played an indispensable role.

"Aunt, just stop worrying about me..." And she just rushed into the restroom without finishing her words.

"What's wrong with you?" Mary was perplexed.

In the restroom, the gurgling water covered Irish's sound of retching. Her stomach acid choked her weasand.

The tip of her nose also got uncomfortable, and her eye socket was also the same. She suffered a lot.

She just stood up and gargled, washing her face with the cold water.

Looking at her face in the mirror, on which the water was flowing, she herself felt that she was thinner, let alone her aunt, who was so instinctive. She just covered her stomach lightly with the numb feeling. Joseph's figure lingered on her mind, and great grief came over. She felt so sad now.

Outside the door, Mary knocked at the door, "Irish?"

After a while, Irish closed the faucet and rubbed her face, "I'm okay."

Opening the door, she grasped Mary's stare with concern.

"I'm okay. I ran into a bad one when I ate the dry fruits. It's so bitter." Irish tried her best to make a smile.

Mary nodded assuredly and passed on the phone to her, "Your phone rang. Someone keeps finding you, and I got through since you were still inside."

"Thank you." Irish took over the phone.

Mary went back to the living room.

Irish took a glance at the phone, and she found that it was a call from Joseph.

She soon felt sorrowful.

She put the phone beside her ear and answered lightly.

His voice sounded pleasant and low, "Why do you go to your aunt's house?"

Irish closed the restroom door and looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were not brilliant at all and showed no glamor.

"Can't I go here?" She asked angrily.

Joseph was silent for a while. Maybe he didn't expect that she would answer in this way.

"Irish." Joseph sighed lightly on the phone out of spoiling or tolerance. He said with a low voice, "I don't mean to blame you. I just called you and knew that you were not at home, so I am worried about you."

Irish smiled slightly, "Worrying about the child or me?"

Joseph seemed to have figured out the changes in her mood, so he just explained, "Both. Do not trick me."

Irish didn't say anything.

"Wait for me there, and will pick you up when I am off duty. I have ordered your favorite dishes for you in the Mark Joseph Steakhouse. And we can just have dinner there."

"You don't have to pick me. I will go there by myself." Irish said it out of annoyance.

Joseph didn't know what to say again. After a while, he just said softly, "Irish, you are pregnant now and in a special period. I am not meant to restrict you, but out of concern. Okay, if you don't want me to pick you up, let the babysitter take you there. Is that okay?"

"I said No!" Irish gripped her fingers and made her voice louder.

Joseph kept silent for a while and finally compromised.

Hanging up the phone, Irish opened the restroom door with a pale face and met Mary. Mary asked her anxiously, "What's wrong with you? Having a quarrel with Joseph?"

Irish shook her head lightly and didn't say anything.

Nowadays, Joseph's name is a heavy stone for her, making her lose her breath.