

Enchanted 729

This is Joseph's usual eating habit. Even in the past, when they ate at home, his words were very few. Occasionally he just responded and then listened to Irish's chatter with a smile.

In the past, she was a little dissatisfied with him. She didn't like to say a lot of things, and she got a reaction from him, who nodded or shook his head, and then she always asked him, "What do you think?"

Joseph would respond to her and say, "Okay."

She asked again, "I said a lot of things, and you just said okay, huh?"

Then, Joseph would add, "It's enough that you feel good."

That day they were truly silent. He did not speak, and Irish did not bother to speak. But she was still saddened by the passing of the money, and the food was not enough to save her heartbreak, so there was no mood for her to say anything more.

More importantly, that day couldn't be counted as a date.

The sudden change in their relationship was awkward, and there seemed to be something missing and something more in getting along with each other.

Until the restaurant chef went up in person, slightly breaking the silence between the two.

He asked Joseph for advice on the dishes, how he had tasted them, and if they needed improvement.

Irish bowed her head and was always buried in the delicious food.

In a restaurant like this, the level of the chef was higher than the restaurant manager, but the question was, why didn't he ask the woman for advice first? This was the same as when two people showed up at luxury stores, and shop assistants were much more enthusiastic about men than women because bills were always handed to men when they checked out, so did women deserve to be ignored?

While lamenting that men and women were born to be different, Joseph, on the opposite side, opened his mouth but asked her. "What do you think?"

Irish looked up.

Joseph stopped eating and looked at her.

The chef smiled and looked very politely at Irish and asked, "Madam, are you satisfied with today's food?"

Irish wanted to make a long speech about the food for the chef with a standard smile. By the way, she reminded him what respect for women was, but when people really wanted to listen to her opinion, she couldn't say anything. After thinking about it for a long time, she spoke out such a sentence. "It's delicious."

Well, she admitted she had no potential as a food critic.

"Thank you." The chef said with respect.

Joseph put down the cutlery and asked her, "Do you like the food in this restaurant?"

His voice was bewitched as if he was concerned about her. But listening carefully, there was always a difference in his voice, so Irish could not catch too many emotions in his words, so she said, "Not bad."

Joseph gently nodded, took the cloth, gracefully wiped the corners of his lips, and said to the chef, "Let the manager come."

"Okay." The chef hastily answered, leaving.

Irish did not know what he asked the manager to do, but it was none of her business, and then she ignored him.

Soon the restaurant manager came. Before she came forward, there was a very light fragrance. This fragrance and the smell of the restaurant complemented each other.

And the sound of high heels was also very light.

But it stimulated Irish's ears.

She looked up in astonishment.

She didn't expect the restaurant manager to be a woman.

The female manager wore the same uniform as every staff member in the restaurant, but the enthusiasm in her eyes was far more than that of every employee here.

After a few steps forward, she said pleasantly, "I didn't expect Mr. Dover to come."

Joseph only made a light smile as an answer.

"Are you satisfied with today's food?" The manager asked again.

"Excellent." He was so grateful.

The manager expanded her smile. "I didn't expect you to come to the restaurant today for lunch. It happened that the restaurant collected a few new bottles of red wine these two days, both of which were in good years. I'll have someone bring it to me and give it to you to try it out now."

"No, thanks." Joseph refused calmly and politely. "I still have to bother you to apply for membership for this lady, and the membership fee will be recorded in my name."

Irish was stunned, stopped eating, then realized that this restaurant had a membership system.

The manager was stunned at first, reacted, and then smiled again. "Is this... your girlfriend?"

Joseph gently smiled, silent. He did not admit it but also did not deny the manager's speculation.

"Well, I'll go through the formalities for this lady." The manager smiled and looked at Irish again. "Is it convenient to show your ID card?"

Irish glanced at her and answered unexpectedly, "I don't need to be a member, thank you."

The manager froze.

Joseph did not expect her to refuse, and his eyebrows showed puzzlement.

Irish insisted on her own decision. After the manager left, Joseph could not help asking her why. She was too lazy to explain, saying that it was unnecessary and that the extra words were hidden in her heart.

She knew that women's emotions had always fluctuated so much that she saw the manager's reaction was very disagreeable.

That woman was too enthusiastic, and she strangely looked at Joseph.

Convinced of her sixth sense, Irish could feel the mind of the female manager by intuition, not to mention her eyes, which revealed too much emotion. She looked at Joseph, in addition to worship, there was also an inherent love behind it.

This made Irish extremely uncomfortable.

There were so many restaurants in New York and many membership-based restaurants, why did she have to please him?

Irish was sure that if that day she became a member here when she came here for dinner, she would see the figure of that woman. Provided, of course, that Joseph must be present.

Irish knew what deadlock she and Joseph were in now, but she was afraid she couldn't avoid it.

Therefore, Irish was very honest in admitting that she was narrow-minded and still a vile person.

"Don't you like the food here? This is a place where only members can get in." Joseph stated.

Irish replied very faintly, "It's not a big deal."

Joseph sighed, "Are you in a bad mood?"

"Seeing our identities, do I dare to be in a bad mood before you?" Irish asked, thinking about the female manager who had just been filled with enthusiasm.

What had she been looking at?

She wanted to dig out her eyes.