

## Enchanted 85

At the moment when the door was closed, the anxiousness and fanaticism outside were separated. A sorrowful feeling occurred to her, and she could see Fredrick's figure was getting vaguer and vaguer.

The car galloped to the airport, and the driver drove the car steadily. There were no traffic jams since the road was unobstructed during this period of time.

They all kept silent in the car.

Joseph was a reticent man who had been processing the documents when he got into the car, while Irish was also silent, leaning on the seat and watching the buildings outside the window.

The silence lasted for nearly twenty minutes, and perhaps Joseph finally had finished his official papers and asked her when he closed the paper, "Is he really your mentor?"

Irish, who was absent-minded at the moment, did not expect that he would speak to her, so she just turned to look at him with her blurred eyes, like the dewdrops.

The beating of his heart suddenly got faster, and he repeated again, "Is he your mentor?"

"Em, yes." This time Irish heard clearly of his question and answered briefly.

Joseph did not say anything, putting the documents aside and leaning on the seat, he began to close his eyes and rest his mind. But Irish was confused and wondered what he meant.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when the airplane launched at Pittsburgh.

On the top of the sky above the clouds, Irish could see that the clouds were layered like waves and spread out to the far side. When the plane was sliding down the runway, a beautiful scene unfolded before her.

The exhibition only lasted for two days. Time was tightly arranged, and the first day was a press briefing, while the second day was the exhibition and auction. Joseph had very little luggage, and when they got off the plane, he helped Irish to take her luggage carrier, which made her feel embarrassed.

Many people came to pick them up, and before they left the airport, there were many people waving at them. Joseph also waved to them, and at that moment, Irish found that he looked more cheerful than ever before.

Upon getting out, numerous people surrounded them, and without the smile on his face, Irish would have mistakenly taken them as reporters. But when she looked carefully, she found some familiar faces that frequently appeared on the television. She knew a few of them who were some big shots in political and business circles.

It seemed that Joseph was intimate with them and just stood there, allowing them to hug him. Irish knew one of them. He was the chairman of Danton Group, Bowen. It was said his father started from the rich resources of Pittsburgh, and he inherited his father's wool industry and developed it for the global high-end market. And in recent years, he turned to energy development and almost monopolized the market in Pittsburgh. At the beginning of this year, he reached a purchase agreement with Sweden

Natural Gas Corporation and became a billionaire. Obviously, he was the most intimate friend with Joseph, and he patted Joseph's shoulder and said, "We will drink till all's blue tonight."

Joseph laughed a hearty laugh and said to them, "I am a three-bottle man now."

Bowen laughed and said, "Then why don't we have some firewater?"

Joseph smiled and answered at him, "You should do the honors."

Everyone who heard it burst out laughing.

This was the first time she had seen him laugh so happily. Unexpectedly, he showed a completely different side to his friends. Looking at such a warm scene, she felt very sweet.

"Stay a few more days here. I heard that Leo would come soon. We have been struggling in business for several years hand in hand. Being frank with each other, we are still intimate friends."

It seemed that others all stood in amazement for a while.

Finally, Joseph broke the deadlock and smiled. "Bowen, you are still fond of meddling in this business." Finishing his word, he turned to Irish and gestured her over.

Irish walked to him and stood beside him. He began to introduce her to them, "This is Isabel, the consultant of my company." He called her Isabel, a name she didn't accept at all.

Bowen shook her hand warmly and greeted her. "There is a pleasant climate, and the environment here is good, so stay here for a few more days."

Irish was amused by his words, while others began to greet her.

"Let's have afternoon tea, and Jean will come to have dinner with us. They are still on the way."

Joseph said, "I heard that he just came back from abroad."

"He knows that you are running the exhibition this time and came back without any hesitation," Bowen said with a loud voice.

The group of people drove to a famous teahouse. Though it was just afternoon tea, when Irish looked at the delicate snacks, she couldn't help swallowing. Among those snacks, there was one especially for her, which was carved like a lifelike swan.

Joseph didn't eat anything; instead, he kept chatting with his friends, and the room rang with cheers and laughter. None of them talked about things at work, which made it easier for Irish to eat those delicious snacks. It was clear that other people did not want to eat, which left them all for Irish while others drank tea or coffee.

When the bills were settled, the service staff put down the check, and Bowen paid it straightforwardly. It was so expensive that Irish nearly cried out in alarm.

After one and a half hours, they drove to the restaurant and got ready for dinner.

Upon entering the restaurant and going into the box, they heard the cheers from the crowd. Fixing her eyes upon them, Irish found there were more than a dozen people waiting there.

After the arrival of Joseph, they all stood up to greet him, while Joseph also greeted them with great enthusiasm. Irish knew clearly that they also came from afar and had just arrived since their luggage carriers still stood at the corner.

"Hey, Joseph, long time no see," A tall man the same height as Joseph stepped forward and hammered on his shoulders. He was extremely charming when he showed a warm smile.

"Yeah, long time no see," Joseph smiled brightly and shook hands with him cheerfully.