

Enchanted 171

"What are you doing here, Doctor Irish?" A slightly cheerful voice asked.

Irish slowly calmed herself, and at the next moment, she really wanted to dig a hole to bury herself in. Daisy was also sitting at the table, how could Joseph be drinking with her there?

"Oh, it's Dr. Irish. Did you come here for a vacation?" Megan greeted her warmly.

Irish didn't want to reply. Britney's presence must have had something to do with her. Irish couldn't help calling this woman a pimp in her heart, taking actresses into her own hands to flatter investors. Was this woman going to bed with him next?

Joseph sat in his seat without saying anything, and she didn't look at him again. She was afraid of being ashamed. Daisy was happy to pull her in and said, "That's fantastic! Come and join us!"

"Ah, no..." Irish deliberately turned a blind eye to Joseph and gave a stupid excuse that she would curse herself for the rest of her life, "I... I've walked into the wrong room, don't mind me." At the end of her pitiful excuse, she hurried off.

Wrong room?

Had she also called out the wrong name?

Irish wanted to slap herself.

Because Joseph had coincidentally appeared in Light Town, Irish became absent-minded. After hanging around the pawnshop, she turned back to the slate-paved street. It was originally a small ancient town, so she would always head back along the same streets.

But then Irish saw Joseph again.

She was on the north side of the street, and he was on the south side. Irish stopped and stared at him in the distance. There were people coming and going in the street, locals, foreign tourists, parents shouting at their running children, and backpackers who had just arrived. But she saw him at a glance, he looked so conspicuous in the crowd.

He seemed to have seen her as well, and he stopped.

Unspeakable grief and sadness poured into her heart, and Irish wanted to turn and walk away. Was this really because of fate? It made her feet difficult to move, and it seemed to her that heaven was trying to force them to meet again.

Joseph walked slowly towards her, his tall figure standing out in the ancient town.

Hearing her own heartbeat, she felt that her temples were swelling and her cheeks were heating up and hot, and even her breathing seemed to be getting rough.

When he came closer to her, she reacted. If she had turned around and left, it would have been embarrassing, so she had to smile at him and exclaim, "Wow! What a coincidence!"

Joseph stopped in front of her and looked down at her. He was dressed casually, with his hands in his pocket, and his lips slowly raised into a smile, "I didn't expect you to be here."

"Mm-hmm." Irish was agitated by her frantic heartbeat, barely getting her words out and biting her lower lip. "I have to go now. Bye."

She immediately turned and left.

If he were there, she would rather end her vacation early.

Behind her, the man raised his deep voice, "I can't turn a blind eye."

Irish suddenly stopped.

Joseph then stepped forward again, reached over her body, and fixed his eyes on her. "You said you wanted to ignore each other if we met again, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't control myself. I still care about you, even though you don't."

"You followed me?" Irish hesitated.

Joseph shook his head. "I'm here because of business."

Not knowing what to say, after a long time, she answered, "Well, take care of your business first."

But Joseph clenched her hand. He smiled sourly, lifting his other hand to pat her head. He took out his phone, dialed a string of numbers, and the other party quickly answered the phone. She looked up at his face, puzzled, and did not know what he was going to do. She listened to his command on the phone, "Come to the other side of Slate-paved Street to look for me."

Irish first thought of Britney White, then frowned and tried to pull her hand back. He looked at her and clenched her hand even more tightly.

"Joseph, you can't do this."

"From now on, you have to follow me," Joseph's eyes were harsh and serious, but he had a smile on his face.

The remark frightened her and made her forget to break away for a moment. After a while, she saw Daisy coming up from the south street, trotting towards them.

"Key." Joseph reached her.

"Ah?"

"The key to your hotel room." He repeated with patience.

Between words, Daisy had already stepped forward, looking at Irish with a gentle smile, "Doctor Irish, where did you leave? Mr. Dover and I have looked for you for a long time."

Irish looked at him in astonishment, but he still persisted in reaching out to her. "If you don't give it to me, I'll still find it. Don't say I'm harassing you."

"How dare you!" Irish was startled.

Joseph's eyes turned serious, "You will see."

Daisy knew Joseph best, and smiled, closing her lips, "Dr. Irish, you'd better listen to Mr. Dover."

When Irish heard Daisy, she realized that Joseph wasn't joking, and she had to take out the key to give it to him. Joseph handed it directly into Daisy's hand, and she left without saying anything.

"Uh-oh."

"Come with me," Joseph took her by the hand, and they started in the other direction.

"Joseph, how can I get back without my key?"

Silently, he pulled her through the streets and alleys.

"I have something valuable at the inn."

More silence.

"Where the hell are you taking me?" Irish's hand couldn't break free. He always clasped her fingers, and the strength of his big hand was warm and powerful.

Joseph said in a lazy voice, "Accompany me to find someone."

"I don't have time, I am going to..."

"I left the old town before you could leave." Joseph dismissed her.

"I have to go to the temple to see the fireworks," This was not an excuse. "I heard that tonight's fireworks display is magnificent."

They left the street. Joseph looked at his wrist and said, "You'll have time. After I deal with this business, I will go with you to watch the fireworks display."

"Huh? I didn't say I wanted your company."