

Enchanted 172

It turned out that Joseph had come to the ancient town looking for someone. He was looking for an embroidery master. Irish followed him to an old white house, and above the entrance, there were four words: Phoenix passing through peony.

When they entered, they came into a common courtyard, which was not large, but the owner had planted viburnum macrocephalum flowers. When the wind blew by, petals floated to the ground.

They were at an embroidery shop, and the door was open. Joseph let go of her, before entering, he gave her some serious advice, "Wait for me, don't walk away."

She didn't intend to leave because she was attracted by the beautiful embroidery in front of her. Along the way, there were all kinds of embroidery samples on the walls of the room. One of them was macrocephalum, and the lifelike embroidery made her eyes open wide. She looked back at the macrocephalum tree in the courtyard and sighed. "It's just like the real thing. It's beautiful."

After hearing her words, the old man who had been chatting with Joseph looked up at Irish. As soon as he wanted to open his mouth, he heard Joseph say, "She came with me."

"Oh." The old man was the famous local embroidery master that Joseph had been looking for. He was from a famous family who had lived on embroidery from generation to generation. Several generations of his ancestors had paid tribute to the Imperial Palace, and two of them had also worked in the palace's clothing office, which was an incredibly prestigious position.

"Is she your girlfriend? You're a perfect couple."

Embarrassed for a moment, Irish pretended to look at something else. Joseph was amused by her reaction, turned to the old man, and continued to point to the patterns, "I hope such an effect can be achieved."

She did not listen to what the two of them talked about, nor could she understand what the jeweler had to do with an embroidery master. Her eyes were attracted to the screen, on which was a large white orchid on a brown background. She had never seen a screen with an orchid pattern. Most screens in China were mainly landscapes, birds, or peonies. When she approached the screen, she couldn't help admiring his embroidery work. Even up close, the petals were lifelike. Irish raised her hands and caressed the embroidered figure. It felt like she was touching real petals.

She stared in awe at the piece of art and noticed the price tag hung next to it. Irish took a look and cried, "115000 RMB?" The screen was unbelievably expensive.

The old man looked up again and laughed, "Well, this screen is embroidered on both sides. The silk thread here is one of the best in the world. You will never find another identical embroidery here."

"It's so expensive." She shook her head.

"These days, there are fewer and fewer people who can stitch embroidery. It was embroidered by my own hands. It's not expensive." The old man looked proud.

Joseph looked up at the screen and then took a glance at Irish, saying nothing more. He went on to discuss the master drawing with the old man.

After looking all around, Irish became bored and wanted to leave, but when she thought of Joseph's words, she sat on a rocking chair in the courtyard. From this angle, she could see how Joseph and the old man seriously discussed the pattern. His expression was extremely serious.

A large macrocephalum blossom fell off the tree, and the wind happened to blow it into her arms. A few petals flew away and dazzled her eyes. She looked at the white flower in her hand, and the fragrance went into her nostrils. Somehow her heart became quiet.

The unexpected encounter had frightened her, but she could not escape again. There was no NYC, no Lake family, and no media, so what was making her feel so nervous?

She had been afraid to meet him, but now she was glad to see him. She looked up at the man in the room.

Petals were blown into the room, and a few pieces fell into his hair, adding some tenderness to his face, and Irish could not help laughing.

After shaking her hands, the petals were scattered, and she sighed. She thought that this coincidental encounter would probably make a nice memory.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they left the embroidery shop.

Joseph extended his arms in relief and then took her by the hand again, "Let's go to the temple."

Because of the smoke and rain from the night before, the sun wasn't as strong, and only a faint afterglow came down, which reflected in his eyes, deep and charming.

Irish heard the sound of her heart beating madly again and was about to open her mouth when his cell phone rang.

That would at least ease the tension.

Joseph answered the phone. She saw his brows wrinkle slightly, and he looked so serious again.

"I'll be right there."

She thought he was busy again, and when he hung up, she thought she could go to the temple herself, but he held her hand and said, "Go to your inn."

"Huh?" She was astonished again.

Across the stone bridge, they arrived on the other side of the river. Irish took Joseph back to the inn and stepped into the yard to see exactly what had happened.

Daisy, who took the key and left a few hours before, turned up and put Irish's suitcase on the ground. The innkeepers stood beside them in embarrassment while Pea sat leisurely on her suitcase, perched on it like a tiny king. Seeing Irish come back, he got up and shouted at her, "Irish, a thief went into your room. She tried to steal your suitcase, but I stopped her."

The reason Joseph gave the key to Daisy was to let her take her luggage away. Looking back at Joseph, he rubbed his temple because of this headache and looked at Daisy, frowning, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Dover, I'm sorry," Daisy's consistent calmness was replaced with embarrassment.