

Enchanted 337

Joseph took a sip of his black coffee and answered after a long time, "Two of the board directors are going to come to pick us up from the airport with Daisy."

Irish was surprised, and soon she realized the reason, so she put her tea aside and tried to smooth his frowning eyebrows. "Don't frown because you look very serious."

He looked at her sorrowfully, but she smiled faintly and said, "Don't worry. I won't let them see me, and I will walk out after you have left."

After hearing this, Joseph felt even more depressed, but he said nothing and just looked at her quietly.

"Do you want more coffee?" Joseph did not respond but took her hands. After thinking for a while, he said, "Do you know why I came to find you in Hong Kong, all the way from South Africa?"

Irish drew back her hands slowly and replied, "I know."

He looked at her and continued, "When we were in Light Town, I asked you if you still wanted to stay with me. There are still many obstacles waiting for us in the future, and though I will try my best to protect you, I can't promise you that you won't get any hurt. Your answer was that you would like to be with me as long as I didn't leave you alone."

Everything that happened in Light Town was still fresh in her mind, so she nodded and said, "I know, and you promised that to me at that time. That's why you came here to find me."

Joseph sighed and didn't reply.

"But Joseph, you really don't have to worry about me. I'll be fine. You go to the company, and I'll go home. You are not breaking your promise." She stared at him and smiled softly.

However, the more she smiled, the more pain she felt.

After a while, he looked at her with meaningful eyes and then sighed. "Isabel, you should know what I am worried about."

She gazed at him silently.

"I am worried that you will leave me in the future if there are too many obstacles." He said slowly.

Irish shook her head violently and promised him, "I definitely won't."

"You promised that without consideration." He smiled helplessly while he nodded again.

"Women always give promises so quickly." Sadness wrapped his voice.

Hearing this, Irish bit her lip but said nothing.

"Isabel, can I trust you?" He asked quietly.

"Yes." She glared at him firmly.

"Okay." After getting her promise, his brow relaxed. But in her heart, she felt very sad too.

"But I still have another requirement."

"What?"

Joseph kept silent for a while and then said, "Stay away from Leo."

"Are you jealous?"

"Yes, you are my girlfriend, but he wants you." His eyes turned deep, and he looked severe when he spoke.

Irish suppressed a smile, looked at his face, and said deliberately. "But I don't feel you are actually jealous. He kissed me in front of you that day, but you didn't get angry at all."

"I was angry." He said frankly and then added, "But I know him well. He would use all kinds of means in a business competition, but with this, he would compete with me fairly. At least he wouldn't do anything to you behind my back."

"You are being contradictory." Though she felt pleased when hearing this, she still replied to him deliberately, "You said he wants me just now, but you still think he is competing with you fairly?"

Joseph smiled and said, "In my eyes, any man who wants to woo you is coveting you. Leo is smart, and I'm afraid that he will try to woo you during this period, so you have to stay away from him."

"But I'm always so moved by his words."

Unexpectedly, Joseph giggled and said sarcastically, "The man you're thinking of is me, not him."

"You are so arrogant." She smiled sweetly.

"What I can promise you is that if we drift apart again when you want to find me, I'll be in the same place waiting for you." He said in a low voice, and he looked so serious that Irish trembled.

"What if you're not in the same place?"

He smiled and answered, "Then I will come and find you."

"I'm really afraid that will come true, and we will have to keep finding each other endlessly."

Joseph took her hands and squeezed them, "Give me some time."

Irish held his hands tightly and nodded.

There were only twenty minutes left before boarding. When he came back to the waiting area after finishing a call, he found Irish resting in the chair with her eyes closed. He sat down beside her and said, "Lean against me."

He knew she hadn't slept much last night, but Irish shook her head and said, "Everyone in this room is going to New York, and I'm afraid that someone will recognize you."

Her words moved him, but the next second, he pulled her into his arms.

"Joseph.."

"You can still have a rest for a while, and you can continue to sleep on the plane later." He interrupted her softly.

Irish leaned on his shoulders, smelling his woody fragrance, then shook her head slightly, "I won't sleep on the plane. There are only a few hours left for us to spend time with each other alone, and I want to cherish it."

Joseph stared at her and kissed her forehead gently. "After getting off the plane, you can go out at Exit Eight."

Irish was confused after hearing this.

"I have arranged for a driver to pick you up there."

"That's unnecessary, I can call a taxi."

"You have to listen to me." He definitely wouldn't let her go home alone.

Twenty minutes passed quickly, and it was time for them to get on board, but Joseph sat there motionlessly.

Irish leaned on him and sighed after a long time, "We have to get on board now."

Joseph held her hands tightly for a long time and whispered in her ear, "Call me at any time if you miss me."

She nodded, and her nose twitched.

"And remember, do not provoke Shirley."

Irish was shocked and looked at his chin.