

Enchanted 354

It seemed that he was too busy to make even a short reply.

She became more sleepless, rose from her bed, and went downstairs to the living room. She curled up on the sofa like a little animal that no one wanted, gazing at the white orchid screen for a long time, so long that she was almost petrified. The large room was tranquil. Would it be better if it were smaller? Irish turned on the TV as boredom struck her, and the sound of the television filled the solitude of her heart.

She aimlessly changed the channel, and finally, on the screen, she saw a familiar face wearing a bright smile. She stopped and stared at it. It seemed like a press conference, and Irish didn't pay attention to the woman's face, only noticing the bunch of microphones before her. It was Britney White, and her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

Irish put the remote control aside and stared at Britney on the TV screen. She couldn't help sighing that the star was indeed an idol, and her little face could be called perfect, which was beautiful from 360 degrees, no matter what angle people would look at her. Thinking of this, she got up and ran to the mirror to take a closer look at her face, turning both sides carefully to check her facial features. After looking at the mirror for a while, she said to herself, "Hey, you're also pretty, much prettier than that woman, and your skin is better than hers. No one could guess that you're already 28. You look as young as a little girl of eighteen."

Saying that to herself, she felt a lot relieved. She hastily walked to the kitchen and removed a milk bottle from the refrigerator. She returned to the living room, stood in front of the TV, and drank it while watching Britney. A little reporter asked Britney how she kept her figure. Britney laughed and said it might be because of her healthy habits, despite her eating pattern often, she was good at eating. She also added that she didn't get fat no matter how she ate.

Hearing that, Irish could not help laughing, "Britney White, you still dare to talk more nonsense? You are good at eating without getting fat, huh!? What a big liar. I am the one who never got fat regardless of consuming huge amounts of food!"

Recalling how she broke into the box for the sake of Joseph in Light Town, she was not blind. Britney ate a little at that time, and there was almost no oil on her chopsticks. How could she dare to say that she never got fat?

She was telling a lie!

Irish opened her mouth, then poured in a belly of milk and pointed to the TV screen. "Silly woman, do you dare to eat dinner like me at night?"

Britney, on the TV screen, was still talking and laughing with the reporter. The more brilliant she looked, the more dazzling she felt. Just as she was about to change the channel, a reporter asked her, Britney, the gossip about your affair with Mr. Dover, general manager of the Runestone, was widespread, and before it had been said that he had been divorced, what was the relationship between him and you?

The reporter asked the question boldly and directly.

Irish stopped, clenched the empty milk box, fixed her eyes on the TV, and waited for her to answer.

Britney's smile was still calm. "Well, Mr. Dover and I do know each other. After all, he's an investor in the movies. It's normal to meet and talk about the plot."

Irish frowned.

"So, Mr. Dover's marriage has a lot to do with you?" The reporter once again bluntly asked.

Britney covered her lips with a smile. "I didn't say that it was your own assumption."

"Then, what do you think of Mr. Dover?"

Irish gradually tightened her grip on the milk box, and before she noticed, it was already deformed.

"I think Mr. Dover is a very responsible man. He had a successful career and wasn't conceited at all. Besides, he is so handsome that most women, I think, like this type of man." Britney, in front of the media, boasted about Joseph and added, "He's the type of man I really want to marry."

"What the hell!" Irish, in front of the TV, was completely annoyed, pointing to the screen and yelling. "You want to marry him? Is your head hit by the door? Bitch! Son of a bitch! Why are you so cheap? What the hell are you dreaming about?"

At the end of the whole charade, she turned the TV off and didn't want to see the face of that lovesick woman!

Irish sat down on the sofa and put the milk box on the coffee table. She hastily took her phone, crossed her legs, and crutched her belly. She was agitated and quickly pushed her to give Joseph another message.

If you don't reply to me, I'll break your legs! she sent it immediately.

After sending it, she put the mobile phone on the tabletop. She lay on the sofa with a burning blaze in her eyes.

The night was calm.

In the other corner of the city, the streets were still busy, and the neon lights indicate that the bustling glamorous town is lively.

The light in the Runestone conference room was on from morning to night as Joseph held five consecutive meetings. At this moment, the moonlight lit up the window, and the agenda of the meeting went on.

After hearing the progress report from Vincent's mining team, the person responsible gave a detailed report on the diamond quality of the M100-2 mine to Joseph, who remained silent and occasionally gave some advice. Most of the time, he didn't talk much, but when he was talking, it was often to the point, so those who knew him understood that the presentation at the meeting must be concise and clear and that Joseph didn't like to waste his time.

He once threw out a sentence: don't ask me what to do at the table, what I want is just a result.

"The South African executive position is vacant, and the group's headquarters means to transfer someone from the New York branch." The voice Director of the personnel department came in. He had also been working in this company for many years, so his reporting was concise. "Mr. Rvan, the list of candidates has been sent to your email inbox, and my suggestion is Director Law from the Marketing Development Department."