

Enchanted 498

It is the first time Daisy has refused his arrangement all these years. It made Joseph feel even more uncomfortable. His eyes fell on her face with a stern look. "Otherwise, you would attend the board meeting for me, and I would pick him up myself?"

Daisy was shocked, detecting Joseph's unhappy tone, and hurriedly said, "I'm sorry, I'm going to pick him up this afternoon."

Joseph's face was only slightly relieved.

When Daisy left his office, Joseph sighed and touched the clown bear on the desk, so the little bear began to roll madly, laughing so badly.

He could not help but tickle his thin lips.

When the Runestone Group was in a mess, Irish was quite good.

Because of injuries on her hands and feet, Joseph specially hired a nanny to take care of her. Mia was in her early twenties but had three years of experience as a domestic nanny. She had to drop out of school to work in NY for her father's sake, who was in a hospital bed. The little girl was diligent, shy, and obedient, unlike other nannies fond of complaining.

Joseph agreed to hire a young nanny so Irish would not be lonely, after all, they were the same age, and they could chat, which was better than hiring an aunt.

When Mia returned from buying fresh vegetables and fruits from the supermarket, Irish sat on the floor reading a book.

She wore a suit of white linen, her hair was put behind her head, and her plain cheeks slightly lowered. Her long hair dropped down. Out of the window was the sun shining and the autumn leaves falling in the light wind, the light splashing down on her, making her wrists turn pages clear and white.

This scene was as beautiful as a picture.

Even Mia could not help saying, "Dr. Irish, you are so beautiful." There was no wonder why she had such a handsome and considerate boyfriend.

Mia has no clue about the economy. Of course, she didn't know Joseph's identity.

She only knew that the hostess of the employer's family was a psychiatrist very young. When she came here the first day, she met the male host, who left a deep impression on her.

It was the first time she had seen such a good man in New York for so long. The man was tall and handsome, his manner was calm, and his voice was pleasant to hear. Although he spoke very little, he was mostly silent and serious, but Mia could see that the host loved to hear the hostess and that his eyes were always following her. When the hostess laughed happily, he would follow and lightly smile, attractive, with the mature man's unique charm.

Mia knew that the two of them must have a good relationship, especially when they were together, they were wonderful to look at, and she felt that looking at them was like appreciating a picture of beauty and fantasy.

When Irish saw that she had brought back the big bags, she closed the book and had to help her. Mia quickly put down the bag, ran to her, and helped her. She shook her head, "Before Mr. Dover left, he told me to look at you and not let you move around. You'd better sit down."

She was speechless. She was not so delicate.

"The midday recipes have been sent by fax, and Mr. Dover orders that Doctor Irish, you must be hungry. I'll go to the kitchen right away,"

"I'm tired of eating nutritious meals." Irish sighed helplessly.

"Are you tired of having a gentleman like Mr. Dover? He's so concerned about you." Mia said with admiration.

Irish smiled softly.

In fact, she never told Joseph that when she was climbing, she often suffered far more injuries than she was. Fortunately, she did not have a scar; otherwise, he must be scared.

But then the doorbell rang, and Irish pulled Mia. "I'll open the door, and I can take the opportunity to exercise, you can cook."

Mia had to follow her.

She jumped to the gateway, freeing the unhurt hand to open the door. Unthinkably, it was Jordan.

Leaning against the door, chewing gum in his mouth, he was very casual in his clothes. He wore old jeans with a half-long green coat with a hat, hung a light scarf at will on his shoulders, and when she opened the door, he swaggered in and looked around. Whistling, he said in a wildly exaggerated tone, "Good, my brother is willing to spend a lot of money to keep you as a bird."

He was not polite since he got in. However, that was Jordan's typical tone; if he were polite to her, Irish would feel very strange.

Closing the door and limping into the living room, she said, "What? Do you envy and hate me? Your brother loves keeping me, what's wrong?"

Jordan didn't expect her to say that. He glanced coldly at her and sat on the sofa, humming, "Bitch."

"Do you think I can't beat you now?" Irish sat down along the side of the sofa and said lazily.

Jordan's teeth squeaked, and his lips closed.

"Is the sun coming out from the west? I didn't know you liked visiting?" Irish sneered.

Joseph did not understand, frowning, with a confused face.

Seeing that, Irish changed her question, "How do you find my house?"

"Your house?"

Irish thought, "Are you asking if this is my house?"

"No." Jordan sneered and said in his poor English, "You, as my brother's mistress, how can you pay for the house?"

Irish understood what he meant, rolling her eyes, and did not bother to explain to him that it was the house she had rented and said, "Yes, I spent your brother's money."

"I despise you." Jordan rolled his eyes and added a word, "really."

"Thank you." Irish was motionless and calm, then immediately called to the kitchen, "Mia!"

Mia quickly walked out, seeing a big man sitting on the sofa. She was startled for a moment. Irish told her to prepare some fruits and cakes for the guest, Mia nodded, turning around, but Jordan stopped her.

"I want a cup of coffee." Immediately he made a request, "without sugar."

Mia's face became red, gently nodded.

"Thank you, young lady," Jordan said. Mia looked at him, and her face turned red. Not to blame her red face and fast heartbeat, Jordan's handsome face was enough to make little girls elated at her age.

"Do you care about my injuries, and you come to my house?" Irish said to the point.