

Enchanted 547

Irish admitted that she was selfish. At this time, knowing how tired he was, she was very happy to see him because she couldn't bear such a big storm alone. She thought that as long as she could endure it, she just needed to wait quietly for the news to pass.

But she could not remain calm.

After hearing her words, Joseph was more suffocated and whispered, "Now, don't think about anything."

Irish looked at him and nodded.

"If you're tired, you can sleep a little longer." He uttered gently.

Irish hugged him again, shook her head gently, and sighed, "You've come back, and I won't sleep anymore."

"Fool." Joseph also hugged her.

Joseph's return gave her more support. Although she usually walked alone, she experienced all sorts of things, and her proud wings began to degenerate after she met Joseph. It was not until she cast away all the eyes that she found she could not fly.

She only wanted to rely on Joseph's breath to breathe and his temperature to survive, from the birds flying in the sky to *Cuscutae Chinensis*. Without him, life would be dried up.

Although Irish did not want to admit it, she had to say that Joseph's return had finally brought her down to take a good meal.

Joseph's words were not much, and he also did not mention the photo matter, like returning from a business trip as usual.

In addition to tidying up the refrigerator and rummaging through a pile of wilting vegetables, Irish stood in front of the kitchen, barefoot, and watched as he threw a pile of vegetables in the trash can with some shame on her face.

"Put on your shoes and return here." Joseph washed his hands and whispered.

She obediently followed, put on her shoes, and returned to the kitchen.

"Wasting is a shameful act, as your family and your teacher have told you." Joseph had the tendency of elders to reprimand the younger generation.

Irish leaned against the doorframe and looked at him. "I see."

Joseph stopped talking, searching the fridge for leftover ingredients and thinking about what to do after putting them on the board.

He was shrouded in a large beam of light, which was like gold on his hair, each reflecting the light of animal fur. The most delightful visual feast was the handsome side face, the high nose, the thin lips, and the stylish chin.

At once, Irish felt that the room was getting brighter and warmer.

He looked at the ingredients with a slight frown between his eyebrows, Irish couldn't remove her eyes away from him.

Irish felt that her heart had never been so satisfied.

She could not help but reach out and put her arms around him, her face against his broad back like a slug.

Joseph took an egg in silence, and a long time later, he said, "Eat well whatever it is."

"Okay." She nodded on his back in a muted voice.

Joseph began to beat eggs skillfully, allowing her to stick to his back, whispering. "Just eat something simple."

"All Right."

Not knowing which meal she was eating, anyway, it was delicious as long as he prepared it.

Joseph did not eat much because the exhaustion during his trip back to New York did make him lose some appetite, so he only took a little soup.

When she finished as well, Irish looked up at him and whispered, "I fired Mia."

"Why?" Joseph raised his face, asking.

Irish told Joseph as to why she kicked out Mia.

Joseph kept silent and did not interrupt her narrative. He was a man who listened more rather than talked. After hearing the reason, he smiled faintly, "So you can't help going to the Lake's house?"

"You know about it?" Irish was surprised.

"I haven't known about it, but I guess according to your personality, you should do that." Joseph downplayed.

Irish's fork stopped midway, and she sighed heavily.

Joseph saw the situation, and he smiled slightly, "Just eat, I don't blame you."

Irish raised her eyes and saw that he didn't look angry. She could not help but add another comment, "Shirley is too bully."

"But you can't get your aunt and Cassie involved." He finally blurted out his opinion.

"I didn't expect my aunt and Leo to be waiting at the door." But, she explained, "I know I made a mistake. I'm sorry. Cassie's arm was scratched, and she was hurt too."

"The injury is nothing, how to face Shirley in the future is more important." Joseph suddenly said these words.

"What do you mean?" Irish was startled.

"Roy has not given up on Cassie yet."

Irish was more surprised, "But Cassie will get married soon."

Joseph looked at her, "So what?"

"What do you mean, so what? Fredrick and her marriage is a matter of certainty. Roy can't ruin their wedding if he is not happy."

Seeing that she was anxious, Joseph reached for her hand and gently clenched it, "Don't worry, it's just my personal perspective. Eat quickly so we can leave here."

Apparently, he did not want to continue the topic of Roy and Cassie, which he was not originally interested in. And Irish also really was caught by his sudden topic shift.

"Where?"

"Let's go back to Long Island." Joseph said straightforwardly, "just pack up a few clothes after dinner and buy what you need."

"Why should I go to Long Island?"

"You will not be harassed by the media, and it will be easy to travel when you live there." Irish was silent, with her head down.

Seeing that she was in a bad mood, Joseph asked, "What's the matter?"

"I know your house is safe, whether it's in Long Island or the one I live in now," she said in a vague voice later, biting her lips and bowing her head.

At this moment, it was Joseph's turn to be surprised.

Irish put down her fork, stood up, and walked out of the dining room.

Joseph saw that, whose eyes were tight, and got up to follow her without saying anything.

In the cloakroom on the second floor, Irish was packing their clothes, silent.

Joseph stood at the door and looked at her for a minute or two. He could not help but walk up to her, pull her over, and glance at her, "You know the truth?"

Her eyes, parallel to the button of his shirt, moved up a little and landed on his sexy throat, and she did not look into his eyes and nodded softly, "This is the only good thing Shirley has told me."

Joseph understood and sighed, "I didn't mean to hide it from you. In fact, I didn't know you would live in my house."

"But...you should tell me the truth," murmured Irish.