

Enchanted 549

The questions of the reporters were even more varied.

"Mr. Dover, what exactly is your relationship with Miss Irish Lake?"

"Irish, your return has anything to do with Mr. Dover? Or is it because of Mr. Dover that you entered the Runestone Group?"

"Yes, Irish, we all know that the Runestone Group has always been cautious and strict on employees. However, you will be able to work in the Runestone Group right after you return home. Is it up to your father or Mr. Dover to make the decision?"

"Mr. Dover, is Irish your mistress? Have you two been seeing each other before you got divorced?"

"Was Ruby Lake forced to declare a fake marriage a day ago?"

"Irish, you are the illegitimate daughter of Henry Lake. Do you hate your father?"

These questions were like cold arrows thrown at Joseph and Irish without mercy.

Irish struggled with anger and wanted to yell at the reporters, but Joseph kept his arms tight and kept her protected, her coat tightly wrapped around her head, leaving only a slit to see the ground.

Then she saw Joseph's difficult steps, seeing a pair of shoes in front of them.

Her throat was blocked, and her nose became sour.

On the contrary, the buzzing voices around her made her unable to hear what everyone was asking. Words such as "mistresses, annihilation, third person involvement, and illegitimate children" would become numb when they hit their ears for a long time. It was true that even if ten thousand arrows were thrown at the heart, they got used to it and didn't feel anything.

Facing the difficulties against these journalists, Joseph had always remained silent, at best, he said, "Please make a way."

He was so calm that Irish felt that she would never learn to control her emotions.

Suddenly, a sharp voice rose, followed Irish, and she heard something that seemed to be hitting on Joseph's shoulder, and the voice was not polite.

"Get out of here! Shameless Adulterers! Don't influence our harmony here!"

"Yes, you two get out of here, and don't let the whole neighborhood be humiliated with you!"

"Get out!"

There was a succession of things hitting on Joseph's body.

Irish tried to reach out her head to see who was so unscrupulous, but Joseph put his strength on her and kept her head buried in his arms, and she was not attacked. But she could feel in the whole process, Joseph protected her with his whole body.

"Joseph!" She screamed in haste.

"Shut up," Joseph ordered in a low voice, and the arm pushed the crowd with strength aside.

Suddenly such a group of households. "Seeking justice" appeared in the community, distracting the reporters' attention. Nevertheless, they perhaps knew that Joseph's silent attitude could not expose any valuable news, so most reporters rushed to those households.

The road ahead was a little better to go, and Irish made efforts to look up; through the seam, she saw those women and men not far away, cold to the extreme. She did not know these people and did not offend them, but why did they treat her like this?

Only listening to one of the households roar. "They look upright and dress well, but who knows, he betrays his wife outside and keeps a Mistress. The woman is too shabby, knowing that the man still has a wife, and I don't know how her parents taught her!"

Irish wanted to rush forward to quarrel with them.

"Don't get angry. We're almost in the parking lot." Joseph pressed his hand on her head.

The moment she shrunk her head, she caught sight of an aunt who even threw an egg at their side when she was indignant. She was shocked, and the egg fell on Joseph's back before she could react.

"Joseph." She exclaimed.

"It's nothing." Joseph put his arms around her for a few steps. Finally, in front of the car, he pushed a few reporters who were still sticking to him, pulled the door, and ordered, "Get in the car."

Irish hurriedly got into the car and, along the way, saw Joseph blocking the front door, and some messy things were thrown at him. There were eggs, cabbage leaves, and rolling potatoes.

If he hadn't stood in front of the door for her, these things would have hit her. At the door, Joseph quickly turned around in the driver's seat. At the leaving moment, an egg "clapped" on the car glass.

Joseph, his eyes, pressed his lips and stepped on the throttle without saying anything.

As the car left the danger zone, Joseph turned into a secluded alley, stopped, and closed the engine.

From getting in the car to now, Irish's mood had not settled down, and her brain had been thrown into the courtyard of the community, repeatedly receiving the images of eggs, cabbage, and potatoes on the back of Joseph and the cameras in the hands of those reporters had become tools for killing people. Let her know that, originally, the reporter's lenses were not used to capture justice.

Irish was angry.

Potato!

Damn it, and she recalled Joseph's words in the kitchen, "Wasting is a disgraceful act!" No matter how much salt she ate, she thought she didn't eat as much salt as the aunts in the neighborhood. How could they not even understand the truth when they were old? The size of the potato she had eyeballed was enough for a meal.

Angry, listening to Joseph speak, "Give a napkin to me."

"I wish I could turn around and have a good fight with them," she said angrily. She pressed the main box in the direction of his fingers and took the napkin out, swabbing the stains on his shirt.

"There is no need to waste time with two kinds of people." Joseph lifted his hand and loosened his tie, pulled it out, rolled it up, and threw it on the back seat. "The first was the man who was used, and the other was the man looking for trouble."

"I never knew there were such idle owners." Irish pulled out a few napkins again, rubbed hard against a corner of his shirt, and gnashed her teeth.

Joseph calmly answered, "They just, unfortunately, met the two conditions, so it's no use trying to get angry with them."

Irish stopped, "who do you suspect?"

Joseph was silent for a while, and at the bottom of his eyes, an inadvertently dark light skimmed, soon, like a bird lightly leaping over the calm water, causing tiny invisible ripples. Later, he tickled his lips and looked at her, "It looks like you've cleared Shirley as a suspect."