

Enchanted 667

Irish did not expect that Joseph would bring a woman back.

The woman in front of her was almost as tall as she was, and the proportion she was standing with Joseph was exactly the same as when she was standing beside him. The woman was as delicate as a doll, with long brown hair, which was longer than hers, and was carefully drawn into the princess's hairstyle, with scattered pearls in her bun and a haphazard charm in the hair.

From the outline of her features, she was supposed to be a hybrid of Asia and Europe, with a high nose and deeper eyes than the Asians, and then her eyes were deep and attractive, but she had a small cherry mouth on which was an orange-pink lip glaze. It looked soft and made her skin shiny, but she also looked beautiful.

Irish could read the expensive feeling of this woman. Everyone has a temperament, good or bad.

Irish had always felt that temperament was natural, and it had nothing to do with life experience and how much money you could make, and the temperament was not accumulated over time, nor could it be accumulated by money. Like a nouveau riche, no matter how much money he made, he never understood that the nobility was not flaunting on horseback but enjoying spiritual behavior.

So Irish felt that this woman should be a kind of noble lady, not only expensive but also delicate.

At the same time, the woman was also looking at Irish. As soon as she entered the restaurant, she talked to Joseph, but her eyes fell curiously on Irish and never moved away.

Most people understood that beauty couldn't be remembered, but a woman with a character couldn't be forgotten.

But the woman in the white cotton pajamas was the kind of woman who was too beautiful to forget. She could not be said to be beautiful, or, to be exact, the kind of beauty that a woman had to look at with admiration.

She was a little apathetic, not knowing whether she was dressed too plainly or because of her eyebrow.

Her eyes were like an empty firmament, without the slightest joy or sadness, looking indifferent or just looking at you. Her features were meticulously carved as if deities preferred them. Her standard face had no flaws, and her eyebrows, radians of nose, and lips were perfect from either angle.

Draped on the shoulders was the most enviable long waterfall hair, soft, which was the most mysterious Asian black, without any modification, so gently scattered, reminding her of the shampoo advertisement.

She couldn't help asking, "Joseph, is she?"

The lines of Joseph's side face were a little heavy, not answering a woman's question but staring at Irish with a vague light in his pupil.

Aware of the atmosphere's incongruity, Jessica looked at Irish, then looked at Joseph, and asked carefully, "Sir, still prepare the rose tea?"

Joseph's eyes always fell on Irish's face, with the dark fog that could not be driven away and explored what he thought in his mind. When he opened his mouth again, he faintly said, "Prepare the rose tea for this young lady."

His tone was so light that it was cold as if a blade had gently scratched Irish's heart. She tried not to feel pain but was shocked to find that she had been hurt when hearing those words slip from Joseph's mouth.

She lowered her eyes, and her long eyelashes obscured the shimmering light of her eyes, she returned to the table, took up the cutlery, and ate silently without any noise.

Joseph stared into her eyes, and he looked cooler.

Jessica felt more and more depressed in the deadly air existing between them, she did not dare to ask anything and nodded to prepare the tea.

The woman looked very curious, and her eyes fell on the table, gently making a voice, "wow, so many dishes?"

Irish did not look up, she knew she could not speak at this moment, and such a sweet voice must be spoken for Joseph.

Then she heard Joseph say to the woman, "Wait upstairs for me."

The woman gave a gentle "Okay," and then left the restaurant.

Upstairs, except the bedroom was the study or the guest room, he still let that woman upstairs no matter which private place he was referring to.

Irish's hand holding the fork and knife clenched, and she took a deep breath. The woman was undoubtedly superior to her, beautiful and elegant, and above all, she was obedient. Did he not say that he liked the obedient woman?

So why is he still keeping her?

He had found another rich girl, so he should let her go. As a woman, Irish suddenly felt that she had never been so embarrassed.

The woman's footsteps soon disappeared.

But Joseph still stood in the dining room, less than ten steps from her.

Irish always kept her head down and tried to keep her eyes on food, not to think about the man who was not far from her. Nonetheless, she could not ignore the tension in the air, as if a bow was slowly being pulled, the string was almost broken, and it was impossible to say that a cold arrow would come the next second.

She did not know what Joseph would do or what he was thinking.

Feeling that the atmosphere was increasingly depressing, she stopped eating, put down her cutlery, and suddenly got up and was about to leave.

In the next second, she heard a low order from Joseph, "Sit down and finish it."

Irish was startled and looked up at him.

He stepped forward, the tall figure carrying her with great pressure. She frowned slightly, and he sat down opposite her harshly as his eyes fell on her.

"Sit down." His tone was always bland.

Irish thought of last night's scene and of her own weakness, so she was not foolish enough to compete with him.

She sat down again.

Sitting opposite, Joseph no longer spoke, silent.

She picked up her cutlery and ate as quietly as she had before.

In this way, the restaurant was very quiet.

Only the occasional sound of cutlery gently hitting the plate could be heard, and only this sound reminded each other that there was only silence left between them.

This kind of quietness was even more terrible than making a big noise.

He did not say a word until Irish's food was almost finished.

But she could always feel his eyes on her face.

Then suddenly, Jessica came in and said respectfully to Joseph, "Sir, the rose tea is ready. Will it be sent upstairs?"

After two or three seconds, he said to Jessica, "Just give it to me, I'll bring it."

"Okay." Jessica went out.