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Irish was shocked when she saw his face. She had seen reports of him in the media before, and it was said the man only accepted interviews twice. The first time was a news briefing when there was a public relations crisis in his company car which caused a stir, and it happened a few years ago. The second time was when he announced that he had monopolized the abundant water resources abroad last year and successfully listed them in England.

Though he did not publish much information, people were impressed by him. He was the chairman of Glory Light Group. He was a famous big shot in business circles and was skilled in corporation mergers and acquisitions. His father was also a man who should not be taken lightly.

It was beyond Irish's expectation that he was also conversant. When she saw such a group of familiar elites, Irish could not help but think deeply that the world was really small.

The temperaments of the two people were similar, but they each gave a completely different feeling. Jean was gentle and considerate, such as the spring breeze, while Joseph was a handsome and reserved man and even looked severe and doleful when he did not laugh. However, when they stood shoulder by shoulder, it looked harmonious and attractive.

Jean should have made a special trip for this exhibition, so when they chatted with each other, sometimes they would mention something about the jewelry show while

Bowen asked everyone to take a seat and ordered the restaurant manager to bring the best specialties.

There were various wines on the dining table, and Irish understood that they would be as drunk as lords. But she knew Joseph rarely drank, and suddenly, a fearful feeling struck her since she feared that Joseph might let her decline the toast.

When meeting friends, people usually drink to celebrate, and they usually get a good drink.

Unlike Bowen, who swirled, Joseph just took sips of wine. Though Irish was adept at drinking and loved to drink, she usually drank red wine instead of liquor. But Bowen was extremely enthusiastic, asking if she could drink liquor, and raised his glass to propose a toast to her.

Irish thought since she had and she just wanted to stay and enjoy it, so she directly took the glass and was about to drink with them. Some of them began to boo and hoot at Joseph. They thought she was a tough girl.

But Joseph didn't say anything and just smiled at her with his profound eyes, and Irish couldn't see through his expression. After Bowen filled her glass, Irish tossed it back.

All the people there applauded her.

Bowen originally thought she was just a squeamish woman, but unexpectedly she was as forthright and generous as a man. After giving her a thumbs-up, he drained the cup with one gulp.

But soon, Irish's cup was filled with wine again, and she just kept a smile on her face. But when the wine slid into her throat, she felt like a sharp knife cut her throat, and soon her stomach was churning as if it was on fire. She wanted to rush to the toilet and throw up.

Looking at the men who were eager to drink with her, Irish groaned inwardly.

When she was thinking, a man stood up and laughed at Joseph, "Joseph, you don't have to drink with us, but your assistant has to drink with us for you." At some point, Irish became his assistant in their eyes.

Joseph smiled helplessly.

"Isabel, welcome to Pittsburgh." The man proposed a toast to her.

At this moment of reunion, all of the men were drinking hard liquor. Irish underestimated the degree of the alcohol, and after drinking a glass of the liquor, she felt her stomach flipping, but exactly right at the time, a man raised his glass to her.

When she was about to brace herself to drink, the man beside her had taken over her cup silently and said, "Bob, you dare me to drink with you. Well, let me drink first."

He soon drank it in one gulp, and when he finished, he patted her shoulder, suggesting she should sit down. Irish was not conceited but a timid woman, so when he got the hint from Joseph, she hastened to sit down quietly.

But she was somehow moved by Joseph's words and behavior, and an unnamed emotion lingered in her heart.

The man wouldn't let go of the chance to drink with Joseph, and he was forced to drink three cups of liquor in succession. This time he did not decline the man's toast, and then he drank three cups of liquor in succession. Looking up at Joseph, Irish could see his expression and the side of his face as well as his chiseled chin.

The party got quite hilarious after they brought more wine, and they began to woo.

Looking at Joseph, who had been drinking one after another, Irish felt a little heartache. She always remained faithful to friends, and several times she wanted to drink for him, but he simply held her back.

She couldn't help but sigh to herself that he was really a heavy drinker.

Jean, who had been looking on, also stood up and took a larger cup for Joseph. He said while pouring liquor into his cup, "Joseph, I came back from abroad for you, so you have to drink with me."

Looking at the cup that Jean took for him, he said, "Man, why make things difficult for me?"

Jean patted his shoulder and got closer to him, pointing at the cup of liquor in Joseph's hand. "Brother, you can make your own choice. You drink it, or she drinks it for you."

Taking a glimpse at Jean, Irish thought that all crows under the sun were black and all the drunken men in the world were the same.

Joseph did not say much and tossed off the cup directly. Jean laughed and also chugged. After that, their talk sounded faint to Irish. It seemed that Jean asked Joseph if he was enthralled by her.

Irish felt a little puzzled and turned to Joseph but could not tell anything from his expression.