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At the next moment, Fredrick kept Cassie, who almost rushed to fight, leaving her only to scream, "I will kill you!"

"Man, your girlfriend is fierce. I think you should break up with her quickly." Roy kept smiling, looking at Fredrick as if nothing had happened.

Fredrick only wanted to take away Cassie and also did not listen to this man's words, but these words made Cassie even angrier, "Shameless toy boy! You dare to urge us to break up. Why are you doing fucking things? I curse you so that there is no woman desiring to give you a son!"

"Cassie, come with me." Fredrick knew her.

She was seldom angry, but it was scary when she was irritated, so he dragged her.

Roy always smiled, looking at Cassie to be more and more distant, and made a goodbye gesture toward her.

"Don't let me see you for the third time, or I will kill you!" Cassie's curse reverberated through the air.

In Pennsylvania, free of the heat and fog of NY, there were always blue skies with white clouds, like flowers decorating blue jewelry, looking sentimental and tender.

The press conference of the jewelry fair was in the afternoon, and Daisy and all the working staff of the fair arrived at the site. In addition, Master Bernert was also there because he personally cut "Blossom", so he was required to introduce its cutting process.

When Irish and Joseph arrived at the site, the conference had already begun.

Daisy, as the spokesman for the general manager, was in charge of the meeting. There were also Bernert and the managers of the planning and marketing departments, who were answering questions from reporters one by one.

Joseph was so relaxed that even reporters didn't find him sitting quietly in the corner. Irish found that he didn't like to interact with the media. Thinking for a while, she understood him because the higher you climb, the more you have to keep a low profile, which is the way to behave.

She sat in the corner with him, but she could not hear a word from the seats. Compared with the experience at the Lake's house, what had happened the night before seemed to be really difficult for her to face.

At Lake's house, Joseph never left her room until dawn, who really accompanied her for the whole night, but she felt comfortable, feeling nothing wrong. However, this morning was different, though last night she did not have a dream. When she woke up, she did not dare to open her eyes. She was afraid that she would look directly at him after opening her eyes, or she might see his face if turning over.

In short, she began to be afraid.

But surprisingly, Joseph was not in bed, and the other side of the bed felt untouched, indicating he had left for a long time. When she had finished washing and dressing, he happened to come back from the outside, dressed neatly, and, seeing that she had washed, said faintly, "Go downstairs and have breakfast."

Until that moment, she was sitting next to him in the corner, which was so hidden in the space, but she could not ask him where he had gone the night before that day. Maybe he just had woken up earlier, and maybe he had had a lover here, and he had gone to the other woman. Irish did not know and never wanted to know.

However, from the morning to the present, it was natural enough, as if nothing had happened the night before that day. Irish even had a moment of a misconception that he had been drunk that night. But he was more considerate, asking her for advice at breakfast and not even being as silent as he had used to be along the way.

"What are you thinking?" His voice rose again, and at the same time, he lifted his hand and knocked her lightly on the head.

Irish turned around and looked at him, seeing his brows looking lighthearted. "I thought that it was bad luck for Daisy to follow you. She takes charge of all things, but you, as a boss, are at ease down there," She spoke lightly as her thoughts converged.

"What do you mean by following me?" Joseph was amused by her words. "It sounds a bit of a pastime."

"It is not a pastime, it is leisure." Irish sat lazily on her chair and yawned. "I thought I could see different things and scenes rather than these tall buildings. It's boring."

Joseph could not help but shake his head. "I brought you here for study, not for play."

"I think we are taking a trip," Irish retorted. "You are so smart, and even Henry gave you power. What else should I learn?"

"Sooner or later, you will think that affairs of the Lake family matter."

Irish sneered, "No, I am not interested in it."

Seeing that she was a little impatient again, Joseph did not continue to meditate on this topic, "There will be the annual Three Rivers Arts Festival in two days, and I can take you there to see beautiful arts and eat delicious dinner," he thought for a while.

When Irish heard that, her eyes suddenly became bright. She blinked at him, "What is it? Is it fun?" She had heard from the hotel receptionist about this festival, which seemed quite lively.

Seeing her high spirits, Joseph stretched out to clasp a strand of her hair and put it behind her ear, saying with a pampered smile and an easy tone, "This is an international grand festival in Pittsburgh, and there are many art shows." he shortly explained.

"Really?" Irish became more and more interested.

"You can see dancing and singing performances, watch plays, and then at night, we can eat delicious food. At night you can see fireworks, which are magnificent."

"Oh, my God, it sounds beautiful," Irish was drooling at the thought, unable to restrain her excitement.
"Then I must go and see it."

"Okay." Joseph agreed, "The auction is almost over. We can stay here for two more days."

Irish cheered that a man focusing on his time and work had even satisfied her request. When she wanted to praise him honestly, she found that his eyebrows frowned. Surprised, she turned her head to the presentation table. The master Bernert was talking about the cutting process, which was shown on the big screen, and his fingers were slightly trembling.

Her heart, too, trembled inexplicably.