

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 10 10: Where Are You Taking Me?

The first whitish rays appeared above the horizon, and the bluish-green light was like a hand drawing away from the darkness.

Irish sat on the bed, staring at the USB in her hand and Joseph's voice, his magnetic, sonorous and determined voice resounded in her ears.

After a long while, taking out her phone, she found out the man's number that he forcibly inputted and dialed firmly. The phone rang twice, and then a deep voice came into her ears.

"Hello, Doctor Irish." He still spoke slowly without any surprise.

"Mr. Dover, you need to know that I charge my client by hours," Irish said with a slightly cold attitude.

"Money is not a problem." His words sounded negotiable.

"I have charged a client with a high price."

"No problem."

Irish was silent for a moment, and her eyes gradually became serious. "I can accept your case, but first, I need to know if the man in the video was still alive."

"Come down, and we can talk about it."

"Go downstairs?" Irish frowned.

"I am downstairs and never leave for a single moment." His voice was full of wine-like mellowness.

Irish's hand that was holding her phone trembled inadvertently.

It was very dark outside, as Irish stepped downstairs, the first thing she saw was a black commercial vehicle stopped under a lilac tree. Its purple petals fell down onto the roof of the car. There was no movement as she went back upstairs.

Joseph stood beside the car, the shadowy figure of a businessman made the scene look very classy. He lit a cigarette, clipped it with slender and clean fingers, and leaned against the window with an arm at his side idly.

There was a pile of purple lilac petals and blue light behind him. The smoke cloud twined around him just like the shadow of a charming girl, making his angular face appear softer.

The scene made Irish feel something she had never had before. It was strange but kind of familiar, and even she could not place it.

Joseph put the cigarette out as he saw her go downstairs, and his lips curled up in delight.

The air was filled with the fragrance of light smoke, lilacs, and Joseph himself. At that moment, Irish approached him. She seemed to have also been affected by such a Spring smell as she inhaled the air around her.

"Mr. Dover, has anyone ever told you that you scare people?" She raised her head to look at him with a seemingly joking face. From this angle, she could see the contours of his chin.

"Is that so?" Joseph raised his dashing eyebrows slightly, which formed a nice pattern on his forehead. He didn't seem to be someone who liked playing jokes, so he looked at Irish to wait for her answer.

Irish shrugged her shoulders and kindly reminded him, "You're a man who stresses everyone out all the time."

"Including you?" Joseph knew he did but still wanted an answer.

"You shouldn't read people's minds." Irish answered his question indirectly, "Of course, psychoanalysts are excluded, like me."

Joseph smiled surprisingly, a light smile that she could indulge in.

"Seriously, where is the client?"

Joseph didn't answer immediately but turned to the front of the car and opened the passenger's side, and with a neutral voice, he said, "Go on."

Irish was not anxious now. Her clean eyes looked at his face and said word by word, "Such an annoying voice."

Joseph's eyebrows flickered a hint of surprise, but soon he shook his head smilingly. And when he spoke again, his voice became softer, "Please."

Irish rolled her eyes reluctantly. She thought she would do some research on Joseph to know why he was so reserved and serious all the time.

When she got in the car, he didn't just drive off. He took a case in front of the back seat. She felt kind of amazed, so she took it and opened it. It was breakfast.

"You can eat it on the way." Joseph started the car after saying that.

The street lights outside turned off, and a ray of light glowed on the window after penetrating through a cloud. The light halo refracted by the glass fell on his nose, which was straight like a hill, and made his face more perfect.

It was still warm, and the bottled milk was even hot. Irish stared at the breakfast with something on her mind, and then she raised her head to look at Joseph and said, "Have you ever thought of becoming a psychoanalyst?"

This man had recognized that she would change her mind and come downstairs, so he had brought breakfast.

Such a man would have to be her enemy if they couldn't be partners since he had such remarkable insight and ability to guess the thoughts of others.

"I don't think I could ever be," Joseph held the steering wheel steadily and made a turn so that the car moved into the third lane, going a stable speed in the direction of Rainbow Bridge.

Irish sneered, "You're so modest. Your ability to guess others' thoughts makes you perfect for it."

Joseph released his chin as he heard these words and said, "You can't say that I'm guessing the thoughts of others. I don't have enough time in the day for that. I think the word you're looking for is to exploit others."

The last two words fell slightly on the side of modesty but made Irish take a deep breath. He was exploiting others!

After a while, she recovered to calm and deliberately changed the topic, "Where are you taking me?"

"You'll know when you see it. Now eat something." He said lightly without any change in tone.

It felt so good when dawn finally came. The morning light was dim as fog, and the floating light covered the entire city. A workaholic's day was just beginning.

When Irish met Ken for the first time, he was lying in bed without any movement, wrapped up like a mummy, with dull eyes and a pale face. His thin and weak figure made it difficult for others to believe that he was the man who killed his wife on video.

"Ken, do you remember why you were sent to the hospital?" After looking at him for a while, Irish asked him with a calm voice. She then subconsciously turned her head to look at the full-length mirror across her. She was very

aware that Joseph was in the next room, observing through the one-sided window what was happening in the room she was in. That was the reason why he took nearly an hour and a half to drive her here.