

## ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

### Chapter 12 12: You Flatter Me

The most beautiful things can't last forever.

Irish didn't say a word until they got to the car. Joseph gave her a hot coffee, and soon the smell of the strong coffee filled the car, as well as the smell of a clean and strong man.

He didn't say anything and started the car straight away.

Irish raised her head to look at him after sipping the coffee, with something on her mind. From this angle, he looked very handsome. His perfect face with lips and strong chin showed his ruthlessness.

"I've been thinking about one question since I left the care unit," Irish spoke slightly as the car drove onto the main road. Finally, her slender fingers were warmed by the hot coffee.

With a traffic light ahead, Joseph slowed the car and turned to look at her until it came to a steady stop. He looked at her calmly and waited for her to go on patiently.

Irish adjusted her sitting position and sipped a mouthful of coffee slightly. Her expression became placid, "Some people have obvious mental health issues, but they work and live regularly. And some are normal, but they are confined in asylums and treated like psychotics. Such cases are not frequently seen but actually exist. How do you feel about that?"

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When the car came out on the other side of the overpass, it was met with a traffic jam. A crowd of cars slugged along, filling New York City in all directions.

Joseph started the car and drove to the side of the road, steering steadily. He answered her question quickly, "Just put them where they should be; that's the best solution."

Irish sipped her coffee slowly and thought about his frank answer. "What if I suspect you?"

Joseph had been standing in the observation room, so he must have had a clear idea about what Ken had said.

"That's why I asked you, a psychologist, for help directly," Joseph said with a calm expression. "You're the most eligible one to judge whether his words are true and what on earth is wrong with him."

"You flatter me," Irish said with obvious vigilance. To be honest, she didn't want to be this close to Joseph because he was so calm and unreadable.

"At least Runestone Group hasn't been influenced by it." She added.

Joseph smiled tightly and slowed the car, "It's not difficult to conceal news sometimes. And the news appearing right now is the best news."

"Should I envy a rich guy like you?" Irish sneered slightly. As a matter of fact, concealing news of a general manager of a listed company wasn't difficult at all.

Joseph recognized the sneer in her words and turned a little to look at her. Then he looked forward again with a bit of mischief, "How can I eliminate myself as a suspect?"

Irish took a while to reply, "I need to know something about Ken's mother." She knew that Joseph had a strong heart, and it wasn't difficult to sense his resolution by talking with him. It was hard for someone to get close to him because of this kind of resolution. He tended to do everything by himself and make things as clear-cut as possible because he didn't want to provide

opportunities for someone to know his real thoughts. As a result, Irish would rather find another way to grasp some clues. However, Ken's wife had become a patient in a vegetative state and what Irish could do was go to the source.

"All the information about Ken is at the Vera Club." Joseph was not surprised by her thought process.

Irish stared at Joseph and said, frowning her face, "Mr. Dover, have you ever been surprised?"

"What?" He seemed not to have understood her, so he turned to look at her with slight doubt in his eyes.

"Nothing." Irish thought.

"Are you going to take me to the Vera Club?"

"Afraid?" Joseph's voice showed surprise. He thought Irish was afraid due to the murders.

However, Irish thought differently. She was fed up with everything related to the Runestone Group. So she controlled her annoyance and answered lightly, "I have no reason to be afraid of a place in your control."

"You know what, that answer makes me have a sense of achievement," Joseph said jokingly, turned the steering wheel, and drove in the direction of the Vera Club.

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"Run away!"

"Ah...." Irish woke up suddenly, and when she opened her eyes, she found that her hair was wet with sweat.

Outside the window was a splendid night scene already, and surrounding her was yellow lamplight that was dimmed by someone intentionally. She saw the time easily through the dim, soft light. It was half-past one in the morning.

Irish stood up, and the lingering music was replaced by reality gradually. Her nightgown slipped down her shoulder, so she lowered her head and found that it was a man's suit jacket.

It was Joseph's. There was a clean smell and light smoke on the coat. It was so strong that her breath and hair were imbued with his masculinity.

Then without any reason, her heart started beating quickly.

During the day, Joseph had driven her to the Vera Club. There was so much information about Ken, so she must have fallen asleep watching it. But she remembered that it had been in a different room than the one she was in now.

Looking around this new room, it was large with dark brown and black as the accents, and it was decorated with silver-gray. It had a full range of living facilities, so this must be a lounge.

Standing up, Irish walked out of the room with the suit jacket draped across her shoulders. The light in the living room was soft, and it was refracted onto the crystal surface, making it dim and dreamy. Irish focused on the light, and she saw a man standing not far from her.

This club had an excellent location, while the lounge was nearly 6 meters in height. The transparent french sashes from top to bottom framed the most beautiful night scene of New York. Standing in front of it, Joseph was totally a king as his tall figure was a part of the beautiful scenery.