

Enchanted 136

Joseph was amused by her. "Everything is so clear to you, and you're still unhappy?"

"Should I still pretend to be happy when you've withheld my pay so many times?" She murmured, "It's just my bad luck, first it's you and then the landlord, who is trying to drive me crazy."

"Landlord?" Joseph slightly raised his eyebrows.

Irish seemed to have found the place to vent and sighed heavily, "The more money she has, the more stingy she is. Are seasonal payments and annual payments not the same? I'm asked to pay it every year!"

Joseph said that he did not understand.

"Boss, you are a rich man, naturally, you wouldn't understand the troubles less wealthy people face. The annual rent of this house is \$60,000, do you understand?"

Joseph looked at her in a strange way. "Is it possible to make the rent you pay for the season cheaper? They are all the same."

"But I can't take out \$60,000 at once," She freaked out.

Joseph suddenly understood.

"Screw the landlord, she's crazy about making money." Irish resented her and suddenly pulled Joseph, "You think it'd be smart to bring some cockroaches here?"

Joseph was startled, "Why?"

"So I could tell the woman that the house wasn't clean and then could tell her the rent needs to be reduced." Irish gnawed her teeth.

Joseph did not expect that she would think of such an awful idea but smiled helplessly. He reached out and patted her head, "Take it slow to think of a solution, I'll cook for you."

"Joseph..."

He paused.

She was pitiful. "Can't you use your high IQ and help me out? If you didn't deduct my salary, I wouldn't have to bother trying to find a way to handle this rent."

"To my understanding, even if I don't deduct your salary, you'll find a way to catch cockroaches and lower your rent." Joseph smiles after saying this.

"Well, you can't let me die."

"I'm still keener to save your stomach." Joseph went into the kitchen.

Irish let out a cry, lying askew on the sofa, squeezed the pillow, and shouted, "I have a headache!" I have a headache!"

Joseph did not listen to her.

Irish buried her head in the pillow and began to meditate.

In the kitchen, Joseph skillfully prepared a dish, reaching out to the cupboard to take out a brand-new set of knives, as naturally as he was in his own home. Seeing that in the living room, there was no sound of movement, he could not help shaking his head with a light smile. He pulled out his cell phone to dial a string of numbers. The other end of the phone connected, he put the phone with his shoulder in his ear, and while cutting vegetables, he said in a low voice, "Jasmine, my name is Joseph."

The sun went down slowly. In the living room, Irish did not know what to do, but in the kitchen, Joseph had already prepared a cold dish, and at the same time, he was preparing to make a second hot dish. When he heard a cheer from the sitting room, he did not stop and only raised his lips.

Soon Irish ran into the kitchen, hugging him from behind excitedly, "brother-in-law, my dearest brother-in-law."

Joseph's white shirt was soon covered with her snot.

"What made you so excited?" He turned a blind eye to the wetness behind him and still concentrated on cutting the vegetables.

Irish wiped his back with a tissue and smiled at him as he looked at her. "The landlord just called and changed her mind. Not only did she agree that I can pay for just a season, but she also lowered the price."

"That's great." Joseph smiled and looked at her. "So, did you use your cockroach plan?"

"Of course, as soon as she called, I cried and felt that she was going to make me pay for the year, and she was moved because of my tears."

"You cried?"

"I faked it. Don't forget that I'm a psychiatrist who can handle people like this. I told her that there were so many cockroaches in the house. If there were cockroaches in the house, it would be very hard to rent this place in such an upscale neighborhood, of course, she's afraid to kick me out." Irish smiled at him triumphantly.

Joseph looked at her little white face, and her beautiful eyes filled with jubilation because she had taken care of it. Naturally, his heart was also leaping with happiness, and he could not help reaching out to hold her in his arms. He kissed her on the forehead, "Smart."

Her face was a little red, and the man's lips burned her heart.

Since when did his kiss become so casual and free?

People's minds change in certain circumstances or because they get used to someone. Irish was trained in studying the human mind, so her detection of this was naturally more sensitive than ordinary people's, even if it was somewhat imperceptible.

She saw a change in her mind and, at the same time, was secretly resisting it. Stepping away from the heat of the man's breath, she tried not to think of him as if he had just given her a light kiss and asked a tentative question, "Should I do this?"

"Can you?" Joseph asked, but he didn't stop chopping vegetables.

Irish's eyebrows arched in a faint smile, "Of course, otherwise, how was I going to live when I was abroad for all those years? You can't eat pizza and burgers every day, can you?"

Joseph looked up at her, and the corners of his lips curved. "I know you can do it, but you are just too lazy. The kitchen utensils are still brand new."

"I am a professional woman, and I'm busy all the time. Why would I cook on my own?" Irish retorted, reaching for the vegetables in his hand and picking them slowly. "But I can help you do so today."

Joseph laughed but did not speak and allowed her to help.

The kitchen wasn't small, and there was an additional toughened glass partition wall that separated it from the dining room. It was dark outside behind him, and neon light came through the window, illuminating the figure in the white shirt mirrored on the glass. Irish stood beside him like a night flower nestling against a towering green tree. The air around him was sweet and peaceful.