

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 21 21: Get In My Car

He had served the Lakes for a long time. Though he felt pity for Ruby, he had to follow Joseph's orders. After all, he was the son-in-law of the Lake but with the strongest say in the Runestone Group. The wedding ceremony of Ruby and Joseph was very simple. They only informed the people in the commerce circle in the name of not making a fuss. In fact, he thought that this marriage was just so the two families could keep together.

Jason sighed slightly as he tried his best to take Ruby into the elevator.

After getting out of the house, Irish walked aimlessly. It was a lie that she'd been in a hurry, and it was untrue that she had an appointment. It was true that she escaped from there. The dark night covered her complexion, and the sound of footsteps made her feel more alone. She was used to being alone, used to her lonely life. But this walk was making her feel melancholy.

She kept walking until her feet hurt, then stopped and smiled to herself that she'd made it all the way to the fifth avenue.

This street was always crowded. The nearby fountain danced to the tempo of jazz music, and the water reflected the light looking like fireworks.

Irish couldn't resist herself, so she walked to the fountain and looked for a moment. Watching the waves of water rising, intertwining with each other, colorful as the city lights. It added coolness to the air. At that moment, she didn't feel so alone.

She heard the laughter of some young people wearing skates. They competed with each other, and there was a boy who couldn't control which way he went, rushing toward Irish at high speed. It was too late when she

reacted. Her feet were stuck to the ground, and her eyes bulged out of her head.

Just in the nick of time, she felt a strong arm grab her, and a big hand appeared in front of her. The boy was also pulled toward another direction, skates turned around, and made a gesture of "I'm sorry" toward them before skating away.

This all had taken place within a matter of seconds. Irish fell into a strong and broad chest and smelt a slight woody smell. She reacted in shock until she realized this was a familiar smell. She looked up and was met with dark eyes.

"Are you okay?" He asked at first; his voice was extraordinarily pleased with the surrounding jazz music, like a breeze falling over her head and cheeks, making her relaxed and happy.

And there was the possibility that because of the music, his voice didn't sound so serious.

"I'm okay, yes." What a familiar situation! This scene took place that night when they watched the video together. She seemed to have an unspeakable destiny, and she couldn't rid herself of the attraction to his low voice and his strong chest. She then said with a very thankful tone, "Thank you, Mr. Dover."

Was this a movie? Or could God not bear watching her wallow away in self-pity, so he let him save her in such a big city. At least he gave her a consolation prize when she was upset.

"You look beside yourself." Joseph lowered his head to stare into her face. His voice was soft then, which was like a question but with a certain degree of certainty.

He planned to go back to the office after leaving the Lake's. While he was driving through the fifth avenue, waiting at a red light, he saw a familiar figure

faintly, which seemed lonely. She was quiet in a soundless way with so much surrounding noise, looking around and walking aimlessly in silence.

There was too much quietness with her, and it was incompatible with the city's nightlife. But it captured many an eye, including his.

He just wanted to look at her from afar and didn't once think of getting out of the car to disturb her until she approached the fountain, and he saw her face glowing in the reflection of the light and mist. He felt like his heart was melting. She was dressed very casually today, in a simple white linen blouse with loose legged jeans, her long hair swept back into a ponytail with a Bordeaux red cap on her head. Her small face looked much paler in this light.

He had only seen her in business clothing, never dressed so casually.

The light switched to green, as he turned the car, he got out at a curb quickly, his blood rushing.

"Are there any laws that say a girl can't hang out alone once in a while?" Irish smiled and distanced herself a little as she noticed people starting to stare.

Irish stepped away from his touch, leaving only a trace of her fragrance on his fingers. Somehow Joseph felt that in his intense emotion, he had missed something. He drew back and restored his usually very calm and casual gait. "Our encounters are always fate."

Irish raised her hand and fixed her hat, sighing with relief. "According to the financial report last year, we learned there are 179,000 millionaires in New York alone, which is the most concentrated city in America. So it's not at all surprising that I find myself bumping into you. After all, the odds of such an encounter are not small."

Joseph didn't expect that she would explain this in such a logical way. He looked at her up and down. "I was wondering if you had finished your walk for the evening."

"I can tell from your eyes you'd prefer if I did." Irish looked up at him.

"If you have finished, get in the car."

"Excuse me?"

"Get in my car," Joseph repeated very patiently.

"That would make me feel like I was being kidnapped."

"Anyway, it's not like we could talk right here, right?" He seemed amused by her words, and his tone turned to a milder one.

As she spoke with him, something was eating away at her. She didn't have enough time to think about all that had happened. But she saw how seriously he was behaving and, more importantly, how handsome he was. His appearance attracted attention from pedestrians, so she had to compromise.

"Where is your car?"

"Just by the curb."